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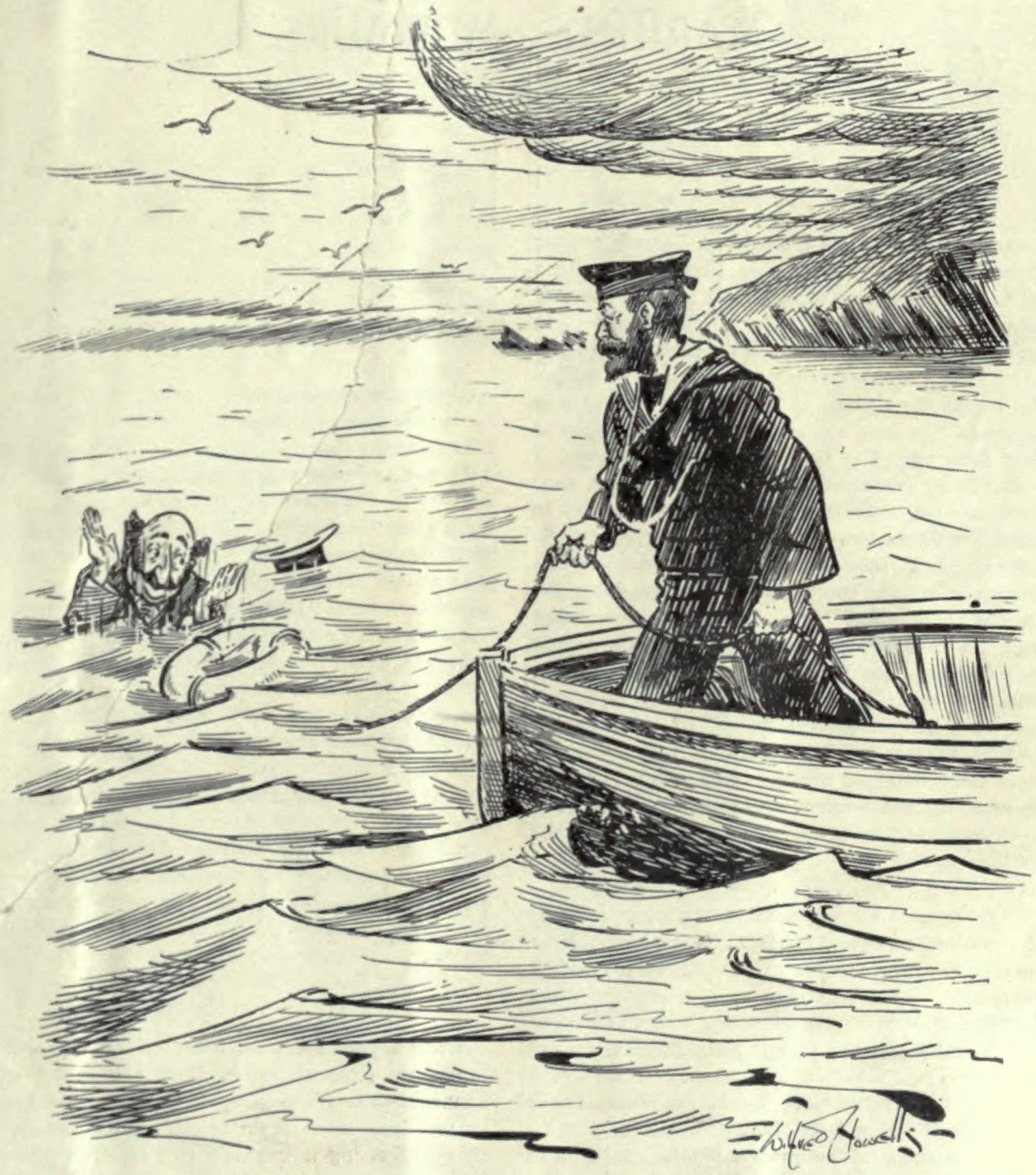
Gold in the Sea—A Natural Corollary?



Mr. Goldstein (sinking for the third time): "Go 'vay, man—I die a loffly death!"

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MARITIME MURMURS.

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DOCKS, CARDIFF,
Thursday Afternoon.

THE stranding of the triple-propellered French cruiser *Sully* at Along Bay—Gulf of Tonkin, in French Indo-China—has been the cause of some straight talk on the part of our contemporary, the *Matin*. Our Gallic friends are worrying about the fact that if *Sully* breaks in two and sinks, there will be a loss to France, running into a million pounds sterling, to say nothing of the serious reduction to her Naval power, "as such a vessel could not be replaced in less than five years!" Eh? Five years to build a cruiser! But in all probability, the statement is as near to truth as makes but little difference, and we are glad to note that the French writer, has pluck enough to face the situation as he finds it: not as he would pretend it is. The latter tactics are left for the Briton! In discussing the possible causes of the stranding, the *Matin* remarks that Along Bay is a well-known sheet of water, and that its rocks and shoals have been carefully charted. With this in mind, and wishing to be generous to the unfortunate, it was suggested that *Sully* had plumped on to one of the pinnacle rocks for which that part of the world is famous; rocks which favour the submerged monolith idea; dangers which, unless the sounding lead drops fair on to it, will lurk there for ages—or until some steamer "sounds" it with her bottom plating.

BUT the "generous" interpretation of the catastrophe is destroyed; is wiped away; is knocked on the head: for a telegram from the seat of the trouble—if we may put it thus—declares that *Sully* has struck upon a charted rock, which bears the name of Canot. Leaving out the French pronunciation, and taking the rock in plain English, we are constrained to repeat that old jape anent "What's in a name?" The rock should be re-named—at once—for it can! Can muss up a million pounds' worth of French cruiser! Still wishing to be magnanimous, *Matin* is of opinion that *Sully's* helm failed to act at the crucial moment, even while admitting that such an explanation is *tres difficile* for the comprehension of a sailorman. You see, there were three propellers to wear and haul on, and with a ship dodging into a crib like Along Bay, you may be sure that she wasn't emulating her conduct on the measured mile. Not by a long chalk! You may take it for granted that *Sully* was creeping in, in exactly the same fashion that would be adopted by the veriest old crock afloat? The conditions would be all in favour of "three turns ahead, and two broadside" as the Yankee sailing ship skipper remarked, when first put in charge of a "smoke stack"!

UNDER the circumstances, therefore, we are not inclined to believe that the stranding occurred through any direct mishap to the steering gear. The helm might have struck duty, but there were still those "bucking screws" to fall back on? Furthermore, if the navigating officer had a fairly clear idea whither his ship was proceeding, he would also know that the Canot rock was adjacent to the particular rhumb affected on this occasion! In this case, it would have been "astern, all"—when the helm jibbed: or "ahead, port; astern, starboard,"—or *vice versa*, whichever was demanded for the purpose of complying with Cocker. Of course, we are prone to admit that it is easy enough to steer the *Sully* into Along Bay (or anywhere else) at this distance therefrom; theoretically, you know. Also that it might sound very much like presumption on our part, to suggest that a highly-trained French Naval officer didn't know enough to get in out of the wet, when a crisis faced him. But then, we are sailors, and have more than a nodding acquaintance of how these things are worked. We also realise that if the helm had gone wrong; and if two propellers out of the three had struck, right at the psychological moment; there was still a chance of screwing the *Sully* out of her tight corner with the remaining propeller.

WHEN a poor old shipmaster of the British persuasion brings his steamer across from the United States, and cannot reverse his engines in time of need because their brasses have worn down so badly in a twenty days' run, that a reversing is impossible; well, "off with his head" is the verdict. It is useless for the Old Man to plead the impossibility of the circumstances. He might state that So-and-so's engine brasses are noted for this same kind of conduct; that after a long run, the derned things will never reverse. It is all the same, though. It will be

intimated to him that, in the interests of law and order, and as became the dignities and responsibilities of a self-respecting shipmaster; he should have stopped his old crock, somewhere outside of Scilly; should have seen that the Chief had put a few "liners" under those brasses; that after this was safely engineered, he should have backed and filled for twenty minutes; and being then satisfied that everything was according to the book, he could have proceeded, in safety, up Channel. It will further be impressed on him that if he had dodged about in this amiable manner, it would have given the steamer with which he ultimately collided, a half-day's chance to be somewhere else, when his old crock crossed her line of progression.

MIND you, the worthy folk who propound nautical quiffs for the benefit of Board of Trade inquiries, might not put the matter exactly in our words. Indeed, we have serious doubts as to whether they would be able to. But their "verdict" will work out to the same length, on each occasion. It is ever a case of "Why didn't you use the lead?" "I did, sir!" "Then, what the hangment did you do it for? This was an instance of where you would have been better employed than you were in flopping around with a deep sea lead-line, whose marks and deeps were quite four inches out of truth. Off with his head!" And the operation is carried out, according to law! But, lordy us! We have got away from that *Sully* affair! Never mind, 'tis no trouble to get back to it, again, so in company with the *Matin's* nautical man, we will dismiss the thought of jammed helms; broken-down screws; and things of like nature; even as we give you the French writer's words on the subject. He expresses grave doubts if the right man is put in the right place: suggests that these big jobs are not always entrusted to officers who are "capable of bearing the crushing responsibility of commanding a modern warship which is, at the same time, a factory and a fortress." At least, that is how the *Times* translates the phrase—and you are safe in accepting it as o.k.

IN other words, the French Navy is conducted in no happier manner, than is the glorious one of Britain! It is all very well to pretend that they manage those things better in France! They don't. Real working navies have not been long enough in existence, to convince everybody that what was good enough a hundred years ago, is not good enough to-day. We have (most of us at any rate) heard the old jape that "the fool of the family was good enough for the Church, the Army, or the Navy," and the saying might have been true, when it was manufactured. Times have changed, however, and the nation which doesn't change with them, will rapidly gravitate toward the exact spot where it ceases to be a nation. Is anybody going to believe, that the crop of accidents which eventuate among the relatively few units of the Navy, at manœuvre time, are unavoidable? Or that, if real working seamen were in charge, those accidents, to a large extent, would not be obviated? Certainly not. In the old days, when time was no object; when a man joined the Navy merely for kudos, and as a means of killing time—and "totties;" it didn't much matter what kind of stuff was pitchforked into epaulettes and things. Especially as the probable enemy, in those days, adopted the same methods of procedure.

BUT even as times have changed, the "probable enemy" has changed with them: has seen to it that while Britain, the "mistress of the seas," is giving all her attention to ships and hang the *personnel*; that enemy is attending to both ships and men. The result is that although Mr. Enemy has but a small fleet—again relatively—it is manned by fellows who have taken to the business as a means of earning a decent living. Not for the mere "fun of the thing." Britain has become altogether too vast an undertaking, to be able to afford the foolish tactics which obtained 'way back. If the "gilded youth" of the country is honestly fit for his job, well and good; give him an opportunity of showing that he wasn't made for ornament, alone. On the other hand, if a tallow-chandler's son is a probable Nelson, is there any sense, reason, or anything else to the point, in keeping him back as a "warrant"—unless you make it understood that, in times of crisis and terrible stress, his words are to stand; an obvious absurdity! We have no quarrel with these "curled darlings," merely because they are the sons of political wire-pullers; if they are "fit," then, allow the universal law to operate with them; but don't risk breaking up the combination, simply because they must have a soft job.

TO put the thing in a few words, it would pay the nation to pension off these dilettante "sailors"; to keep them ashore in idleness, at so-much per annum. In that case, the country would know exactly what the luxury was going to cost. As things are at present, and as they have been for a long time past, nobody is quite clear as to whether the *Pinafore* will come out of the manœuvres, "clean and tidy": if she will sink the *Apronpiece*; or if she will merely run aground—and stay there until the fun is over. Indeed, and in view of the comparative fewness of fighting ships that are about, it must be admitted that the "accidents" are all too frequent, thereon. If a similar state of affairs existed with the Mercantile Marine; if the per centage of serious mishaps were on a par with that ruling with our First Line of Defence, then, Britain would have ceased to exist, long since. Insurance rates would have been so high, that enterprise would have been killed. Consider the clock-work-like regularity with which our big liners make their passages! Think of the high tension that is in evidence (although her sailors are too well-trained to allow that tension to be seen) from start to finish.

WITH it all, think of the immunity from disaster that obtains with this class of vessel. Having thought, bethink you of what happens, directly a few warships are mustered together for the purpose of playing at war! Why the crop of "breakdowns" is larger than a probable enemy dare hope to inflict, if out on the war-path in real earnest. In fact, we have heard foreigners jeeringly remark, that if war eventuated with Britain; playing the "waiting game" would beat her, hands down! If the enemy were to stand off, for a while, there wouldn't be any fighting to speak of, because the British Fleet would have succeeded in either burning all its boilers; smashing each other up in collision; or running aground! We know it would not be as bad as that; but there can be no gainsaying the fact that matters would be considerably worse than the country has a right to expect—remembering the handsome manner in which the shekels are thrown around. Looked at from any standpoint, there is a quantity of sound sense in the *Matin's* doubts as to whether its nation's warships are entrusted to men "capable of bearing the crushing responsibility of commanding a modern warship." Unfortunately, the same thing applies on this side of the Silver Streak.

YET the country has any quantity of men eligible for the work that the nation demands; but their fathers haven't "pull" enough to secure a Home Office nomination for the boys! Is the country to be sacrificed to this political Moloch; must we all go on "in the steps our fathers trod;"

and regardless of the fact that if our poor old fathers were about, now, they would wish to be excused from commenting on what most of us are pleased to term "the march of civilisation." You have seen ships brought home from foreign stations, so that "their crews might be eligible for 'efficient' ships in Home waters?" That is, the *personnel*—or its lack—of the Navy, is just as big a danger as is that in the Mercantile Marine: but it is fashionable to pretend that "all's well;" that it is silly to admit the rottenness of things nautical, as then, the wicked foreigner would know equally as much about the subject as we do. The unfortunate part is, that the foreigner knows a dashed sight more about it than does the average Briton; moreover, the said foreigner makes his plans accordingly. The German hangs up photographs of Britain's "possibly effectives" in the ward-rooms of his fleet; gives every point about them that is worth having—even as we, on this side, elect to believe that everything is exactly as it should be.

THE fact of the matter is, the country needs a commercial man at the head of affairs. A sort of national Managing Director: one with brains—and power—enough, to ensure that the greatest nation on earth is managed on commercial lines. With such a man as this in charge of the "shop," the politicians could pursue the merry tenour of their way, feeling sure that when the necessity arose, the M.D. would roll them in a bit. As things are at present, every departmental head puts his time in, hunting for some other departmental head on whom to saddle a given responsibility. These heads, are all for honour—as if a show the size of Britain could be successfully run on such lines! It cannot! That is being evidenced, daily. And unless there is an awakening very soon, you will have cause to remember that your business has been entrusted to folk who are not "capable of bearing the crushing responsibility of commanding a modern" nation. As a matter of fact, the responsibility—to an efficient man—is anything but crushing; it is only to the play-at-governing person, that the task is tough.

WE have already given some extended consideration to the Navy League and its doings, but that is no reason why we should not record the latest development in connection with this, more or less, august assemblage? If the objects of the League were merely political, instead of national, we could understand the newest phase of its alleged endeavour, and should dismiss it from our thoughts. Anyhow, here it is "at the suggestion of the executive committee of the Navy League a woman's branch has been formed, which will enable women to take their part in the movement. The annual subscription of members is one guinea, and of associates, 5s." We had an idea that the "nautical" combination would come down to that, eventually! We are not sure, but we believe that the "softer" element would be well-employed in attending to the stewardess side of the show. It is absolutely certain that they will be of negative use in really nautical questions. In sizing-up the arrangement for this occasion, we are more convinced than ever, that Britain will receive but precious little help from this particular association of philanthropists. When an alleged business concern inaugurates a "women's branch," it is as well to say "Fare ye well, Killavey, dear," even as one sadly thinks of the might-have-been!

HOLD on a bit, though! "Which will enable women to take their part in the movement." What will "their part in the movement" consist of? A fairly extended sea-career, merely gave us one instance of where a women had a hand in the proceedings. The lady in question, was a "female cabin boy," and tradition is somewhat mixed as to her "movement." Our nautical friends will remember the old yarn, and possibly, the song that was afflatussed in honour thereof? On the face of it, the heroine of this occasion must have served on a man-of-war, because there was a doctor on board; the men slept in hammocks; and yet the captain had his better-half along. We are clear on this latter point, for the reason that the come-all-ye says:

"The Captain's lady being on board
And seemed to enjoy,
The fact that Captain had engaged
This handsome cabin-boy!"

THAT the men hung-out in hammocks is exemplified by the following:

"As through the Bay of Biscay,
The gallant ship did plough,
One night among the sailors
There was a jolly row;
They bundled from their hammocks
And did their rest destroy,
For they swore about the groanings of
The female cabin-boy."

Obviously, the lady was sea-sick? At least, we hope she was, although we could never see where the joke came in, really, for the song assures us that "The doctor ran with all his might, And smiled well, at the fun. To think a little sailor-boy, Should have a ——" but never mind. That is the only instance in which history, or tradition, speaks of a woman sailor! At least, we believe it is. And throwing our thoughts back yet a bit more, we are of opinion that this "female cabin-boy" was merely a partial success. Personally, and leaving tradition, we trust the new departure of Navy Leaguism will prove a complete success; but we hae oor doots—especially as we have ever considered that there were already a sufficient number of old women in the combination. Of course, the new idea might be for the initiation of young—as well as middle-aged—women, in which case the Navy will soon be in good fettle.

HARKING along on this "women's branch" idea, we next note that the Kensington Branch of the Women's Liberal Unionist Association has been having a field-day, for the purpose of discussing alien immigration. A Mr. Leo Maxse—a name with a delightfully British ring about it?—presided, while one of the women associates (by the way, should we write "one of the lady associates?" We do not wish to give offence, and merely wrote "woman associates," because the arrangement is styled the "Women's Liberal Unionist etc.") a Miss Hyams (more British ring?), spoke with personal knowledge of the Russians and Poles in the East-end. The lady in question maintained that "the standard of living was not so low as had been made out," and we are glad to know it. If that standard were only half as bad as is made out, then, it is bad enough. Miss Hyams declared that "it was only on the aliens' first arrival that the standard was low." Exactly! That is about the whole of the claim against these gentlemanly (and ladylike) immigrants. They come across to free and happy England as dead-beats; with a "standard" that is so low that the native would break his neck trying to peer down at it; but in a short period, Mr. Alien has raised that "standard" 'way up—with ooftish which he has gathered at the expense of the Briton.

FOR instance, this Miss Hyams declared that the aliens who are now in England are a benefit to the country which has sheltered them. We hate to appear to split straws on such a subject, but while we are proud to acknowledge that the aliens are of benefit to the country; they are exactly the reverse, in connection with the country's

native population. This is where the trouble eventuates. The country, itself, is too tough a combination to be hurted by any number of aliens: it is the native population which suffers; and they have no right to suffer—seeing that they and their fathers have paid up (in blood and treasure) to make Britain what it is, at present. The fact is, the gentle alien stays at home, until he notices that some other country has spent a deal of blood and money in making a high-class residence; then, the alien friend "comes down, like a wolf on the fold:" under-sells the native: reaps where he hasn't sowed; gathers where he hasn't strewn; and raises his "standard" to the skies! It is all very pretty, and enjoyable—if you are built that way. If you are not constructed on the suggested lines, then, the alien is exactly the portion of the community which you can do without.

CONSIDER the nautical alien. Is he a benefit to the country which shelters him? Nary a benefit, for he is a big curse. He comes across to Britain, with a wardrobe that is extended enough to admit of dusting a fiddle therewith—if the fiddle is not too big. Unkempt, unwashed, unhonoured and unsung; with a knowledge of English that admits of his saying "Nix, fershtan'," to Ze Shippins Maestro; with a vague idea as to which end of a ship really goes first; but withal, a look that is child-like and bland: your alien is snapped up—at from a sovereign to ten shillings per month below the Briton's wage rate. The gentlemanly renegade makes about three steamer voyages, and if he hasn't been jaw-locked by that time, will have as much old guff to the folk who are working him, as would be honestly sufficient for ten Britons. If you wish to put him to work, you must leave everything else to attend to itself, or the "benefitting" shentlemans will nonchalantly insinuate his shibboleth "Nix fershtan'," every time you demand why the——, how the——, where the——, he didn't do so-and-so. By the same time, too, he will have annexed enough clothing (for an alien), to enable him to start a clodin' shtore!

FURTHERMORE, he will make use of your own paternal Government and its quiffs, to the extent of sending "seamen's money orders" to mein bruder, und fader, und coosins, zo dat dey all across might come, to England. You cannot tell us about the beauties (or otherwise) of the alien, for we have had too much to do with him. We do not like to be rude to a woman (er—a lady, that is); all the same, we must record our disagreement with that Miss Hyams, when she maintains that the festive alien is a benefit to the country which shelters him. He is not, Miss, and that is written emphatically. The only benefit which hangs about your alien friend to-day, is that he will engage at work for starvation wages, thereby ousting the Briton who has to "go on the rates." Rates which, by nature of the cheap lodgings affected by alien, are benefitted to a very inappreciable extent through any rent of his: he will not be satisfied in finding a "home from home" for himself, as he may be depended on to bring as much of his family as is able to travel, to share in the blessings of his new-found Golconda. And so the game continues.

WE have ever maintained that the American Brother may be depended on to do the right thing at the right time. Proofs that this is so, come across the Pond frequently enough for all practical purposes. The latest, is connected with the *General Slocum* disaster, in June last. A Bill has passed the United States House of Representatives, fixing the liability of steamer managers in so far as their management is concerned. On this side of the Ferry, it is the shipmaster who has to take the blame; "over there" they see things differently. If a Briton goes to sea with an obviously unseaworthy vessel, and trouble eventuates, the unfailing result is, "Off with his head." No matter what the Old Man pleads, he alone, is to blame. His compasses might be a gigantic farce; his charts might have done duty with old Father Noah; his ballast might be expressed by the letter x; his bunker coal might be unburnable, and four-days-whack-less-than-is-necessary in quantity: a southerly wind might have set in, for keeps, in his bread locker; his crew might not be able to understand or speak one solitary word of English; and his funnel might have a canvas patch on the fore side of it.

THE owner might know all about these little matters; might have had the items trotted out to him in writing; but if the Old Man is convinced that "If you do not care to sail with our steamer, Captain Blank will gladly relieve you" meets the case; if thereafter "our steamer" sails and returns as a mechanical wreck; what ho! The Board of Trade will instruct its solicitors to prepare a case against this foolish Old Man; the bromlie-kites will meet; will ask all manner of irrelevant questions: will trot out the traditional platitudes; and will give the professional ruin to the skipper, even as "our steamer" is handed over to another old whale to sail again, and be again undone! Not so with the American friend. He might not have had a tremendous pile of shipping experience—principally because he doesn't hanker after it. But he has a good grip on everything which appertains to human nature. Moreover, he has a happy knack of fixing responsibility on the responsible shoulders; won't have any trade with the scape-goat idea; and we honour him for it. At the same time, we could wish that the Briton would take a leaf out of his book, and thereby tend toward the saving of a situation which has become parlous.

THE good people of Truro, are concerning themselves with the wickednesses of their river and its silting-up propensities. Time was, and that not so long ago, when there was room for five or six vessels to ride in Malpas Pool: to-day, alas, there is room for but one to swing! Mind you, this is not so much on account of the natural cussedness of the river, as it is because of original sin on the part of shipbuilders. The last mentioned have a lot to answer for! On that point, there can be no two opinions. Why, twenty years ago, three vessels of thirteen feet draught could lay afloat (*Royal Cornwall Gazette* declares that they could *lie* afloat) off the Ship Hotel at dead low water, whereas to-day, that precise spot is "all dry" at four hours ebb! The natural effect on the shipping trade, is disastrous, for "during the last ten years many large steamers and vessels, which usually chartered for Malpas, have discharged their cargoes at Falmouth Docks"—and the matter will have to be seen into. You see, the trouble up at Malpas, at the present time, is that the same number of the same-sized vessels would now touch "ground at low water, and lay across each other's decks."

EVERYBODY knows that it is a serious matter when a number of vessels decide on laying across each other's decks; but a thousand times more so if they "touch ground" in a place that is "all dry" at four hours ebb. Good heavens! It makes us watery-eyed, when we contemplate the evil days upon which poor old Malpas Pool has fallen. It does, indeed, for away back in the days that have gone beyond recall, we sailed up to Malpas Pool. At least, we sailed up when the wind served: on other occasions, ourselves and another mariner—two-thirds of

the crew, that is—got in a boat, and towed the geewillikin old crock "up along." But our troubles were as nothing, when compared with those of other unfortunate sailormen. "Only recently, a large (ye gods! a large steamboat up at Malpas!) steamboat from Liverpool lay so unevenly that the flange of the pipe connecting the ballast tank burst, and the forehold was flooded and the cargo damaged," it was. This, in itself, was bad enough. But there was worse'n more of it, to follow. The nasty, wicked "insurance companies refused to allow the vessels to discharge at Malpas, and the Liverpool trade is being diverted to Falmouth Docks."

SEE? Not only have shipbuilders got a lot to answer for. The insurance companies are in the same boat. So, for that matter, are the Falmouth Docks' people, and the sooner all three of them are talked at properly, the better will it be for Malpas. Putting the sad affair into figures, we are gravely informed that "the loss in revenue (Malpas revenue, you know) is something like £20,000 a year," and although there was nobody about with sufficient courage to ejaculate, "Now, then, al-tew-gether—W-h-h-h-a-a-a-at a something cuffer!" we rather wonder at the absence. We do, really! However, there is a good time coming. Sir Allen Young is represented as having said, when he was "down along" on a visit, "that it was high time the proper authorities should be made acquainted with the fact that a natural harbour was being gradually lost through the neglect of the local authority." We shouldn't like to be that "local authority," now that the "proper authorities" have had their attention called to the heinous fact. Of course, it may be that "only in the event of a formal complaint in writing will the Trinity Board take action;" if so, we are wondering who is going to have pluck enough "to put it in writing." Poor old Malpas; poorer Truro. Our compassion is with you both, and we forgive that towing job of our youth. We do, indeed!

THE Canadian Government is awakening in good style. We have remarked on the fact before, and have pleasure in reiterating it. You all remember about that scheme which is going to keep the St. Lawrence open in winter? The ice-breaking job that is contemplated? It's a big thing, ain't it? A colossal undertaking, and all that; and the only drawback to the enterprise is, that nobody seems to have decided as to the best methods of removing the *debris*—if we may put it thus. Mind you, those ice-chunks are merely a circumstance; we admit it. A simple detail—as long as you are not a shipowner, a shipmaster, or a ship-insurer. If you are either of the parties mentioned, you might be inclined to use swear-words when you toboganed into one of the ker-chunks of frozen water which had been detached by the ice-breaker. However, you cannot expect to have everything your own way—especially if you contemplate carrying on a trade with the Canuck. You can't, now! But going further with the awakening idea, we note that the Canadian Government is considering a scheme for the carrying out of improvements in the harbour of St. John's, New Brunswick, so as to make the said harbour "more available for ocean steamers." No rude remarks, please! They are in earnest, this time!

BY the way, the fiscal policy as connected with British shipping continues to claim the interest of many good people. We are told that "under the policy of free imports, our shipping trade and shipbuilding has prospered marvellously." It has, and that is one of the queerest things about it. So queer, in point of fact, that although most thinking individuals are convinced that the prosperity is in spite of this free trade; but few of them appear to get down to the reason therefor. The amusing part of the business is, that when the antagonists of Protection wish to clinch their arguments, they invariably point a metaphorical—but warning—finger to Uncle Sam. The poor old chap is their "fearful example." But nary a one of them all, appears to remember that "Protectioned" Germany is the only rival on the face of the waters which we have any need to fear. How is it, think you? It is all very fine to prate of Germany's absolute increase in shipping as being filled with "misleading percentages." The percentages do not alter the fact that the German has gone ahead by leaps that have been ever so much bigger than Britain's at a similar period in her history, and when she hadn't a rival on earth to fear.

TALK is cheap enough; but you cannot get away from the fact that Germany is getting closer aboard of us at each year end; neither can you pretend that Germany is other than "Protectioned." It is a common phrase, that which treats of "cheap cost of construction" and the "absolute freedom of our shipbuilders to purchase their raw material in the cheapest market." As if "Protection" would alter either of these items! Under any circumstances, the shipbuilder could still purchase in the cheapest market, couldn't he? And there is a lot of controversial matter in the statement that because shipping is cheap, it is good for the nation. For the particular few—comparatively speaking—cheap ships, to a given point, are desirable: after that point is reached, it is a moot point whether cheap shipping is good or otherwise. Certainly, cheap shipping has made low freights, and that ought to be good for the nation. On the other hand, seeing that the nation's money is invested in those same ships, it is a questionable policy which makes them find the wherewithal for cheap rates to "the other fellow." Again, if the cheap freights were confined to the Briton, alone, there would, perhaps, be less to jib about in the matter.

UNFORTUNATELY, however, the low freights favour the foreigner every bit as much as they do the Briton. Therefore, our native cheap shipbuilding talent is by way of a free gift to our natural enemies, and out of the shipping investors' pocket. The point which appears to be overlooked by these exponents of the alleged beauties which have surrounded Free Trade, is that Britain is the carrier for the world—practically. As a natural consequence, the world has the use of all Britain's invested shipping capital, and in effect, for nothing. It cannot be gainsaid that at present, British shipping is, to all intents and purposes, carrying stuff about the world at cost price. Anyhow, the bulk of shipping is leaving very little return in the shape of dividends. Very well, then. The Briton puts up £50,000 for a steamer; accepts a freight that will barely cover expenses; and carries a cargo of raw material to Hamburg, say. Who is the winner, here? Why, the German! Yet those with most at stake, appear to forget this little side of the deal. All you have to say to them is "cheap ships," and they are off on their hobby. Want to jam it down your neck that it is all because of Free Trade.

To our mind, if Free Trade is really responsible for the conditions, then, the sooner it is thrown overboard, the better will it be for all hands. We do not, personally, object to having a cheap loaf at the expense of the shipping shareholder—if he is built that way; but we are dead against

seeing the German, or the Frenchman, or other nation's population, receiving, out of British capital, the same blessings that are vouchsafed to us. "We build the cheapest ships in the world. Even Germany, with considerably cheaper labour, could not beat us here, and the difference in first cost between a ship built in Great Britain and in the United States is anything from 30 to 60 per cent." That is a quotation. Whence, it doesn't matter, for a thousand people have used practically the same words. And there is no getting away from the first part of the claim. We do build the cheapest ships in the world, and then hire them to the foreigner for nothing! Clever folk, aren't we? Great financiers! What incentive is there for the American to give up his "notion" factories, for the purpose of going into steam shipping, when he can hire as many British boats (cheap builders' boats) as pleases him, for a price that works out at cost: cheap builders' cost? None, is there?

THE foregoing reminds us of a "Yankee yarn" that was current in our youth. It concerned the presidents of two rival railroad lines—in 'Murrica. Both of those president gentlemen were as keen as they made them, even in those days, and Jim and John might have been their names. To-day, Jim would lower his freight rates to the extent of five cents a ton; to-morrow, John would retaliate by lowering his ten cents. This lowering process kept up, day after day, until John's line had got down to the irreducible minimum, and Jim appeared to be "licked." Anyhow, his railroad was carrying absolutely nothing, while John's was congested, abominably. This went on for quite a time, and John developed swelled head. Concluded that he—and one more—were about the only two men on earth. Jim played Brer Rabbit. As a matter of fact, Jim continued to play Brer Rabbit, and principally because he could well afford to! How was that? Was his line really bested? Not by a long chalk. Jim was simply accepting all the freight he could lay his hands on, and was sending it humming along over John's line. See the point? You do, then perhaps you will not be surprised to know that, eventually, Jim was shot. However, there are other kinds of Jims and Johns, save the two we have written about. The same applies to the smart Briton, don't forget.

THE "Conciliation Board" has met: the masters have tabled their demand for the 3¾ per cent. reduction in wages: one of the "vice-presidents" of the men's combination has asked if the owners' side were really in earnest; and—well, the independent chairman has to come in! Frankly, this pretence at conciliation is one of the funniest arrangements in the industrial world. We are prone to admit that scarcely a body believed that a different working of the thing would eventuate; but even so, the fact does not remove the Gilbertian element, does it? On February 4, the masters give notice that they intend asking for a given reduction, as per terms of charter-party—no, conciliation board: a duly convened meeting to consider this matter is held, some ten days later; and the men's "president" has the calm effrontery to ask, if the owners are really in earnest! Eh? Couldn't there be a lovely farce engineered out of the situation? Rather! But then, it is all of a piece with what we have claimed right through the business. There is no more conciliation in connection with this "board" thing, than there are natural feathers upon a pig. It is all a bluff, and every time the opposing sides come together, the farcicality of the business is again exemplified.

REALLY, the time has passed when these bits of bluff should be allowed to pass without action. There is absolutely nothing conducive to the dignity which one has a right to expect, where such an important industry as the South Wales coal trade is concerned. The methods of procedure at these latter-day meetings between masters and men, have deteriorated into a sham: a make-believe. On the one hand, if the men ask for a rise in wages, the masters make a counter demand for a reduction, thereby hoping that the *status quo* will continue; if the masters have pluck enough to seek the reduction which is their due, the men retaliate by putting in for a rise—if there is a possibility of working the thing on these lines; if not, the men—as represented by their "president"—satisfy themselves, by suggesting that the masters are merely "guying" them, and that the whole trouble and expense of calling a meeting, was merely by way of a joke. The spectacle is pitiable, no matter how you look at it, and for our part, we are sincerely sorry that a number of employers of labour should submit to being made such exhibitions of. That is all it amounts to, view it as you will.

TRUE, on this particular occasion, the masters appeared to be disinclined to "argue the matter out"—small blame to them. In the words of an up-town scribe, Mr. Fred. L. Davis "contented himself with a bald statement of what the owners' demand was." We suppose it is alright, and a bald statement is as valuable as a hairy one—where the other side has decided to have none of it? And anyhow, of what use is it to pass around a number of flowers of rhetoric, for the use of a concatenation of humans who appear to think they have mustered at an Arcadian music hall; an entertainment for which they are paid to attend, instead of having to pay—which is the cream of the situation, to the workmen's "representatives." If we had been in Mr. Davis' place, we should have emulated the hairless speech idea. We should, indeed—unless we had suddenly become religious, and revivaled; in which case we might have hunted through the Good Book, for bits of proverbial philosophy dealing with pearls and things. Next account we shall hear, will be that the "conciliation board" has gone in for a large consignment of Snatcho-for-the-Skin (of the head). After that, will come the millennium!

BUT the "Board" must be getting into the contemptuous stage, you know! Here are "the workmen's representatives," themselves, declaring that it is absurd to style the arrangement a "conciliation board," when an opportunity for negotiation is denied. Now, if the men's "leaders" are convinced that the "board" is an absurdity—especially when we remember what the men have made out of it—the whole combination must have sunk very low. So low, indeed, that it is high time—if the interests of the community are to count, at all—that the whole thing were put lower still, and then covered over, for good and all. You see, the "bald statement" was the outcome of bitter knowledge gleaned in past encounters with the "leaders" of the Sacred Cause. The men had already shown that they were not going to accept the reduction: had convinced the masters that any discussion was fore-doomed to be abortive; so where was the sense of trotting out the masters' case, only to find it being brought up against them as evidence, when Sir Michael Hicks-Beach foregathered for his thankless task? And with it all, the employers cannot—or say they cannot—see the weaknesses of this Conciliation Board, with its beautiful opportunities for adding shekels to the banking accounts of the professional agitators, who thus justify their existences.

With the Sliding-scale, the question of this "conciliation" nonsense, justified itself automatically. There was need for no argument: no meetings; no days' pay to this, that, or the other "labour leader." And thus it came about, that "leader" was dissatisfied therewith. Having plenty of time on his hands, "leader" had ample opportunities of thinking up new dodges. Sliding-scale didn't amount to much in the matter of "expenses, look you!" Conciliation Board would. First there would be the initial meeting at which the masters' demands would be tabled. Expenses! Next, there might be an "adjourned meeting" or so, worked up. Expenses!! Then would come the meeting at which the independent chairman would preside. Expenses!!! Bless us, 'tis all a case of heads I win, tails you lose—with the agitating fraternity, and we are surprised that, to-date, every section of trade hasn't worked up a "conciliation board" of its very own. It is fairly well understood, that the hard-working collier has but little time—or inclination—to fuss around with these little items of alleged policy. All he wants, is to be let alone. And if Dai This, or Shon That can manage to hoodoo the Boss without bothering the collier, well and good.

Again, with the masters. They have but little time in which to fool around with these indefinitely adjourned meetings—if they hope to keep Cardiff's coal-trade where they have succeeded in placing it. That is, if the said trade is to be made the butt of every industrial "tired Tim" and "weary Willie" who has nothing to recommend him but a quantity of old buck, then, the genuine workers will eventually find their occupations gone. This is an absolute certainty. The master must feel that he has some continuity of purpose connected with his business, or that business will, ultimately, fizzle out. When a man is harassed with the thought as to how the independent chairman is going to view the matter; how he is going to decide as to the lines on which a number of men are to carry on their legitimate businesses; well, it doesn't need a large amount of the prophetic spirit, to successfully decide on the end of the undertaking. Does it, now? Of course it doesn't. Therefore, we are surprised that the masters should have stooped to such paltry tactics, in the the first place; and are more surprised that they should continue that stooping, after all the examples of utter indifference to the welfare of the community which have been laid at their feet, through the action of "labour leader."

'Tis never too late to mend! That is a truism—apparently! Really, it is nothing at all of the sort. It is too late to mend, if the whole garment has gone to that bourne where mending is prohibited. All the same, the masters would appear to be desirous of trying some kind of mending—ere it is too late. When the chairman on the masters' side leads off with a "bald statement," it ought to be realised that the point of disintegration is perilously near. How near, is exemplified by the remarks of those "labour leaders" who jib at the absurdity of naming an arrangement "conciliation board," when "no opportunity for negotiation is afforded." That is what's the matter. In all probability, the "leaders" know, perfectly well, that the claimed reduction is necessary; is as it should be; and ought to pass without running up more expenses. But then, "conciliation board" was instituted with a very perfect understanding as to where the blessed word "expenses" would eventuate; so of what use is it to split straws on the matter? None, is there? The Sliding-scale was too cheap; too efficient; and too silent in its working; to admit of its finding favour among the mob whose sole reason of existence is to hear itself speak—for "expenses." By and bye, sense will return; so will the Sliding-scale.

Here it is! The Admiralty are meaning to get up-sides with the wicked colliery people who sweated the nation during the Boer War! Coal prices at that time, went up to sweetly suggestive figures: suggestive of large profits, and consequently fat banking accounts! When those prices were "up" the Admiralty pretended not to notice the matter—but it did, all the same. As a step in the direction for stopping any such wickednesses in future, there is to be a large oil-depôt constructed at Portsmouth. Gasoline is to be the stuff on tap; so when the dogs of war again become unleashed, the South Walian coalowners will have the go-by given them, altogether—perhaps! You cannot go on sweating a Government for ever, you know; neither may you always make a virtue out of its necessities. Dear us! When that oil-depôt is an accomplished fact, poor old Wales will—will—well, it will amble along in its old sweet happy way, you bet!

A book which we can strongly recommend to our nautical readers is entitled *Hints to Young Shipmasters*, and is from the able pen of Captain J. W. Anderson, Head of Navigation Department, Marine School, S. Shields. Exactly why the author has named his treatise "Hints to Young Shipmasters," we cannot say. One thing we are sure of. Many an old shipmaster (if the cult ever really becomes old) will find "points" of interest, and of value, contained within the 100 pages of information which may be purchased for 2s. nett., and which is entitled as set out above. We have gone carefully through the little book—noticing, by the way, a familiar name on the model of a "(B.B.)" which is inset between pages 44 and 45!—and must candidly confess that to the "old shipmaster"—no less than to his "young" *confrere*—Captain Anderson's latest screed is an eye-opener. This is as it should be, for after all, the man who writes from personal knowledge, as against mere hearsay, may be depended on, every time. To particularise as to the varied features contained within this veritable *multum in parvo*, would be unfair to the author. The best advice we can offer on the subject is: Don't take our word for it. Flutter two shillings, you "young (and in the prime) shipmasters," after which, we know that you will thank us for putting you on to a good thing. The publishers, are Messrs. James Brown and Sons, "The Nautical Press," Pollokshields, Glasgow, E.

On Tuesday, the 14th inst., Messrs. C. W. Kellock and Co., offered for sale by auction, at the Baltic Mercantile and Shipping Exchange, London, the steel screw steamer *Restitution*, 3,290 tons gross. Built and engined by Messrs. Wigham, Richardson & Co., Newcastle. Dimensions, 340ft. x 43ft. 4in. x 23ft. 4in.; carries 4,650 tons deadweight; with engines 29in., 44in., 74in. x 48in. stroke. £7,000 was the highest bid, at which she was withdrawn, the reserve price not being reached. The steamer is owned by Messrs. R. Condway & Co., Liverpool.

PATENTS.

26,350/04—Vojacek—*Machine for breaking coal and the like.*

This coal crushing machine consists of a casing fitted with or containing a pair of rollers which rotate in opposite directions at equal speeds. These rollers are each fitted with alternately long and short spikes. A long spike on the one coming opposite a short one on the other. The spikes are interchangeable by having conical roots which fit into conical sockets in the rollers.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL!

THIS is our first birthday, so we feel that you will be patient with us, if for a brief space, we gossip a little concerning the happenings of the past year in as far as they affect THE MARITIME REVIEW. True to our motto of openly and fearlessly, we will admit that, in February last, certain "knowing ones" predicted for us, the life which is usually assigned to the Piccadilly girl—a short and merry one! Sundry animated "knowledge-boxes" grudgingly admitted that our little effort might survive to its third issue; others, *more* grudgingly, avowed, that six weeks would probably elapse before its demise; yet others, *most* grudgingly, declared, that if it "hung out" for thirteen weeks, then, something was going to happen! But there is always a number of self-constituted critics about; folk who are so busy in setting the world—outside their own limited sphere—right, that they have little time (and less ability) to put themselves any nearer "right," than is expressed by the words "a square feed," and which has been secured through the kindness of a philanthropic friend!

You know the kind of critic to which we have alluded! The chappie who would be wealthy, at once, were it not for his too pronounced ideas of scrupulosity; at least, that is what he pretends! Really, he would be rich, if he had but sense enough to succeed at his business. However, we do not wish to mar THE MARITIME REVIEW'S birthday greetings with a tale of woe connected with the "man who knows" everything outside of the best fashion in which to manage his own affairs. Rather would we discuss the con[illegible] measure of success [illegible] continual adding of friend after friend to a list that long since passed the limit to which we, in our most sanguinely expectant hours, ever dared aspire.

SECOND EDITION BOUND FOR THE POST OFFICE!

OUR success has been gratifying, and we are fain to hope, is the outcome of some little merit. Certain is it that we have thrown around no posters artistic or otherwise filled with home-made claims to superiority; we have never declared that THE MARITIME REVIEW is "the great organ" of this, that, or the other branch of industry; have not even bothered you with pressing claims to your consideration and help. Week by week, we have given you in return for your threepence, a plain, unvarnished tale concerning ships and shipping and you have been pleased with our efforts; have helped us in a manner for which we are honestly grateful. That further effort on our part will continue, you may take for granted; for as we have won your esteem, be sure that we mean to keep it—if a continuance of the tactics which won, will also retain.

WE have never tried to fill you with the pretence that THE MARITIME REVIEW "is now the best paper," and principally because we realise that you, yourselves, are the best judges of that little matter. Neither have we impertinently claimed that ours is "the largest circulation" on earth—or elsewhere. That our circulation is more, perhaps, than we have deserved, the accompanying illustration will amply demonstrate. That little picture was the outcome of a happy thought—at least, we believe that it was such. 'Tis like this. Last week, after our first edition had gone to post, it suddenly dawned on us that the next issue would be our "birthday number!"

EVEN as the thought illumined our weary minds, the second edition of THE MARITIME REVIEW was "loaded up," and ready for post. Here is the thought which eventuated: "Why not take a photograph of that 'little lot?' It will show, far better than a quantity of old guff, what our weekly tale amounts to. Deeds, not words, are what the keen business men for whom we cater, desire." Thus it comes about, that you have an opportunity of gazing at the "second posting" of the journal which, with that issue, completed its first twelve months of strenuous endeavour. That is fair enough, *n'est-ce-pas*? Is just the kind of proof which you, yourselves, would offer under similar circumstances?

WE know it is, and therefore, have great pleasure in offering you a visible example of what, in our quiet way, we are achieving. Any two-cent. "news sheet" can claim a superiority which its "conductors" know, only too well, they may never dare hope to attain; but when you get the thing put before you in concrete form, well, you can believe? Furthermore, we wish you to understand that every copy represented in the picture, is paid for; there is nothing of the "complimentary," the "specimen copy," the "just-to-let-you-see-what-our-rag-is-like" idea about the natty little illustration, which is dropped into the middle of this particular page. It is a genuine picture, which truthfully portrays the "second posting" of our last week's issue of THE MARITIME REVIEW.

THE first posting went off ere we had "tumbled" to the notion, or we might have given you that, as well. However, there it is, and comforting (to us) as the "little lot" undoubtedly is, we are by no means satisfied to rest on any laurels that might gravitate, or otherwise grow, around it! On the contrary rather, for with the advent of THE MARITIME REVIEW'S second birthday, we trust that we shall be able to give you an equally good illustration of our "fourth posting." We are Cardiffian, and as a consequence, we recognise that the coping-stone of to-day, must be the starting point of to-morrow. The tame business man finds no abiding-place in Cardiff, so it is highly improbable that a tame journal will be better circumstanced!

THE moral is, to see that nothing of the "tame" notion gets around you? It won't, where we are concerned, you bet! There have been "tame" journals in the dear old past; but they either died, or developed measles; in both instances they didn't count! Touching on the business side of our undertaking, this could have been made much bigger if we had been willing "to hold a candle to the devil." We are not built that way, yet the business side will increase, you'll find. There are a number of really decent people in the world; many more than of the other kind. The former do not always "rise" to every new quiff that is offered; *festina lente* is their motto—until they realise that if you cannot altogether command success, you can deserve it? That is the position in which the decent ones have been good enough to place THE MARITIME REVIEW; with what result, you will notice, later on.

IN conclusion, we wish particularly to offer our sincere thanks, to the many kind friends who gave us their assistance and encouragement, at a time when both were most earnestly needed; that is, when THE MARITIME REVIEW was merely a journalistic toddler. At the moment, she is "quite grown up," please, but she hasn't outgrown a becoming sense of the gratitude that is due the staunch supporters who, in her baby-hood, declared that they meant to see her through; aye, right into the hair-up-and-long frock stage! For more of this "private and confidential," please see her next birthday number.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

ON the preceding page, we have passed a few remarks on our first year's work, and there is a probability that the hypercritical might be inclined to sniff a bit, even as he remarks, "Oh, yes! It is all very easy to work off a pæan of praise on your own merits, real or assumed; but is such a claim justified by fact? Has anybody else given expression to similar remarks?" To such person—or persons—we would reply, that many discriminating folk saw good in our efforts, long before we dared adopt a similar attitude. As a matter of fact, in the early days of our struggle to force THE MARITIME REVIEW to the front, we were altogether too busy to afford time for a contemplation of our wake; all our attention was concentrated on the course, ahead! We knew that we had come through water that was deep enough for our flotation; our anxiety was for the water, ahead. We could see that there was plenty of it, there; but true to our nautical training, we were intent on getting the necessary soundings which should convince us that the said water was not too much spread out! We realised that we did not need a tremendous expanse of the hypothetical fluid; we hankered after depth—like all true sailormen. Looking for that depth, and dodging the discoloured patches, kept us too busy to note what the world was likely to say about us. All the same, the world was watching us—as we found, later on; was reporting on our progress; was offering us words of encouragement for which—now that we have dodged the shoals, and have the increasing time—we are grateful. Moreover, our gratitude is none the less sincere, for the reason that we never expected to be favoured with such cheering expressions of opinion. True, we laid ourselves out to do our best, and hoped to pass through with the crowd! That is all! Foremost among the encouragement to which we have alluded, is that which came from the general Press of the country—that institution without which, dear old Britain would be no better off than is Russia. In perusing the Press notices which we are proud to reproduce herewith, the patient reader will probably imagine that we have been discourteous in not giving them an opportunity of reading the remarks—eulogistic or otherwise—which have emanated from the local units of the Fourth Estate? So! Then you are condemning us without cause. Probably those local units have not had sufficient time to realise that we are in existence, for THE MARITIME REVIEW is but twelve months old, as yet! By and bye—when Mr. Lloyd George and the Revival King have given place to other sensations—those units might (we do not say they will, as that would be daring too much!) find time to notice what their contemporaries recognised, many months ago; might recognise that—but please read it for yourselves:

The Financier, LONDON, March 3, 1904.—"Cardiff seems to be developing importance as a publishing centre, and a recent production gives the impression that, in respect of craftsmanship and resources, the Welsh metropolis has little or nothing to learn of London. The latest newcomer from there in the way of trade journalism, is THE MARITIME REVIEW, which is an able and very attractive publication. Its cover in blue and red is very striking, the type in which the text is set, whilst unconventional, is remarkably clear, and the taste exemplified in letterpress and illustrations is matched by the brightness with which technical matter is treated in the editorial columns."

British-Canadian Review, LONDON, MARCH 5, 1904.—". . . The get-up of the paper is novel and attractive, and it is written in a breezy style that will doubtless recommend it to the enterprising citizens of Cardiff. We wish our new contemporary every success."

The African Review, LONDON, March 5, 1904.—". . . There is no call for an apology. No industry is the worse for plenty of competition among its trade papers. The new paper is very attractively got up, and the articles in the first number are readable, and obviously by writers who are more than superficially acquainted with maritime affairs. Some admirable photographs and good reading matter are contained in an article comparing old with new Cardiff."

Western Mercury, PLYMOUTH, MARCH 7, 1904.—". . . It is full of bright promise, and comes in very able guise, with an abundance of illustrations, and with dainty little sketches as title heads throughout, an unusual, and yet very pleasing feature for a business journal. A maritime organ of some kind has long been wanted in the metropolis of Wales, the centre of a very populous and growing community, whose principle interest is shipping. . . . Judging from the very excellent maiden number, there is every reason for the fulfilling of the editor's hope that his journal may soon 'become one of the elect.' We can certainly promise that it will be well read."

Liverpool Journal of Commerce, March 8, 1904.—". . . As may be gathered from its title, it proposes to concern itself with all that relates to our premier industry. The initial numbers are a distinct credit to those responsible for its production; it is admirably, not to say unusually artistically, printed and produced, while its information is well written and full of sound sense. We cordially welcome the advent of THE MARITIME REVIEW, and beg to wish for it just that measure of success which it itself hopes to obtain."

Liverpool Mercury, March 16, 1904.—"Under the title of 'A Grave National Danger,' the question of Britain's maritime decline is discussed in a *capital article* which is embraced in Cardiff's latest journal, THE MARITIME REVIEW. The paper is illustrated, and contains many excellent features."

Glasgow Herald, March 18, 1904.—"THE MARITIME REVIEW is a new shipping weekly, published at Cardiff. The first numbers are very creditable productions, smartly written and brightly illustrated. Coal naturally requires a good deal of space, but apart from this, the leading industry of the great Welsh port, THE MARITIME REVIEW promises to cover very well the whole of the shipping industry."

Eastern Morning News, HULL, March 19, 1904.—"THE MARITIME REVIEW is the title of a very attractive publication hailing from Cardiff As its title indicates, it is devoted to shipping matters, and should prove a welcome volume to the shipping community. "Advance Australia" is worthy of mention, as also is the article on "Cardiff."

Shields Daily Gazette and Shipping Telegraph, March 26, 1904.—. . . "Is well written and admirably illustrated, and from a typographical point of view, is unique for the beauty and clearness of the type in which it is printed."

Merchant Service Review, LIVERPOOL, March 26, 1904.—"We hail the advent of a new shipping contemporary, THE MARITIME REVIEW, whose birthplace and permanent (we hope extremely permanent) residence, is the Welsh metropolis. If an extremely smart get up, print and paper of the best, bright writing and commonsense opinion can command success, its originators may calmy contemplate the future of their enterprise. . . . We may mention that the current

number contains the concluding instalment of a series of powerful articles on 'Britain's Maritime Decline.' The writer has the courage of his convictions, and his boldness is the more to be admired, in that the port which is the birthplace of THE MARITIME REVIEW, is not the least guilty of permitting and encouraging some of these conditions in shipping and on shipboard of which he complains. We wish our contemporary long life and much success."

Dundee Courier, April 1, 1904.—"In these strenuous times of business competition, a magazine devoted to shipping and commerce, with reliable data, and advancing sound comment, cannot come amiss. It is for this reason that THE MARITIME REVIEW will be welcomed. An excellently-produced journal in respect of printing, it has special qualifications to appeal to the shipping world particularly, as well as to the business world in general. Issued from one of the great British hives of industry—Cardiff—the news in regard to coal and freights, receives special attention. . . . "THE MARITIME REVIEW ought to succeed."

Barry Dock News, April 1, 1904.—"THE MARITIME REVIEW, to which we have already drawn the favourable notice of the readers of the *Barry Dock News*, is an excellent trade production issued at Cardiff. it is capitally printed on good paper; the illustrations are well chosen and excellently produced, and the reading matter throughout is well written and of special interest to the maritime world of the Bristol Channel."

Limerick Leader, April 6, 1904. . . . "A new illustrated high-class publication, . . . which it is needless to state, is devoted to shipping and marine affairs. It is beautifully printed and its illustrations are excellent, . . . is published at threepence, should be of much value to those who take an interest in any of the branches of business that come within the scope of maritime affairs generally."

Newcastle Weekly Journal, April 9, 1904.—. . . "If the promise of the early numbers be fulfilled, there need be no fear of its continued publication, for the contents so far have been alike attractive and up-to-date. The latest issue suggests enterprise and a knowledge of the kind of reading those associated with shipping look for . . . There are informative notes on shipbuilding, the coal trade, money speculations, and other matters of maritime interest."

THUS far, you have the comments of the general Press of the country; comments for which we are grateful, in that they came as words of encouragement; as incentives to "keep the lead going!" Furthermore, you will observe that the notices which we have reproduced, are thoroughly representative, and from scattered centres of industry. True, they are—nearly all—from non-nautical sources; but their values are by no means impaired on that account. Indeed, to our mind, those values are increased, for our ambition is to convince the non-nautical mind that we write solely of what we know; that supposition has no chance in the pages of THE MARITIME REVIEW; that as long as you see a statement in our columns, then, you may believe that "it is so." The nautical mind already realises this. It's like this. If you had spent the major portion of a life-time at sea; had sampled every kind of crock, as well as the decent sorts of shipping; had worked for owners, and "owners;" had seen log-books faked up so that their own mothers wouldn't know 'em; and in the course of the years, had visited most of the desirable places of the earth—as well as quite a number that are undesirable; wouldn't you consider that you were justified in writing on nautical matters? Of course, you would! So is it with us, for we have done as suggested. That the nautical profession agrees with us, is amply evidenced by *The Guild Gazette*, and *The Scottish Shipmaster*—official organs of two Societies numbering between them, some twenty-thousand certificated sailor-men. With a remembrance that a sailor is, after all, the best judge of a nautical production, please read:

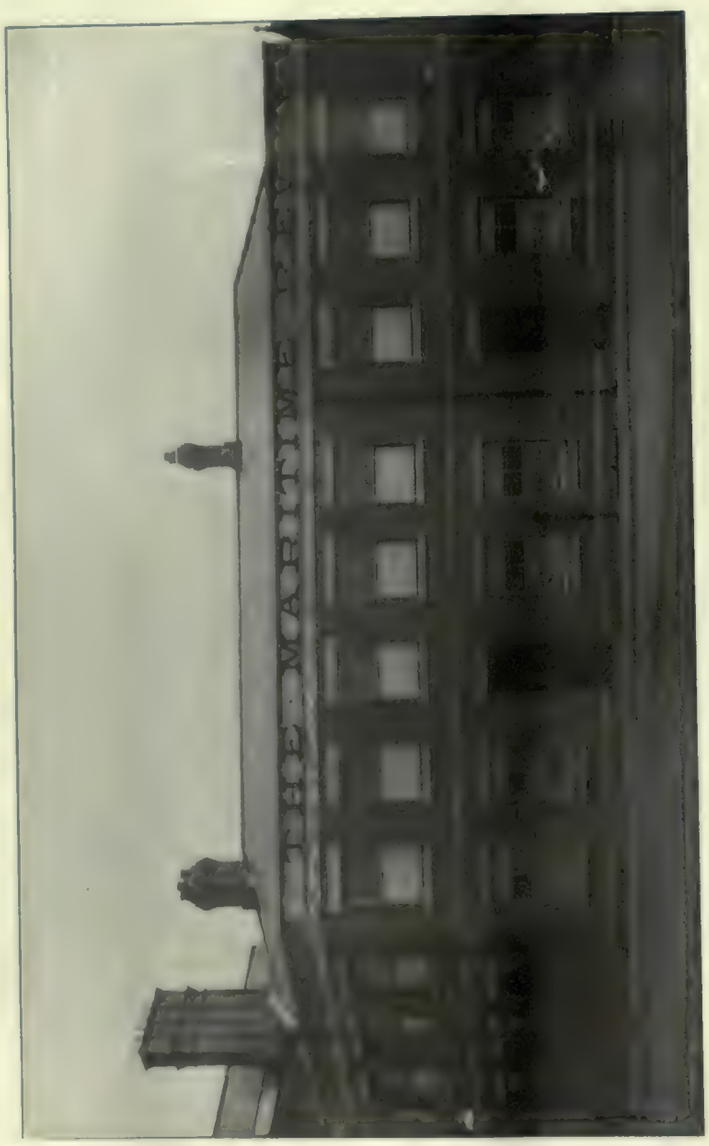
The Guild Gazette, August, 1904.—"A nautical paper edited by a nautical man, . . . is the very thing to appeal to our readers. . . . In THE MARITIME REVIEW we have a journal got up in a most tasteful, even elaborate, manner, and evidently no expense has been spared in making it of the most approved type. But after all we must go beneath the surface, and careful examination of the contents must convince any thinking man that here is an opportunity which must not be lost. Every page is chock-full of real practical views, expressed in a most racy and readable style. . . . Empty "puffs" find no place in these columns. We recommend THE MARITIME REVIEW simply because it promises to be a most valuable adjunct to the cause. When a man has really experienced what he writes there is no mistaking his facts, and the public are able to see things as they really are, and not through the rose-coloured spectacles provided by organs having other interests at stake. We hope then that members of the Guild will "take the current when it serves" and become active supporters of, and subscribers to, THE MARITIME REVIEW."

The Scottish Shipmaster, December, 1904.—"Scotsmen are proverbially said to be cannie, and invariably bear the reputation of knowing a good thing when they see it. Well, that may or may not be the case, but our Committee think they do, and as the old lady told her son, though what one person says may not be true, what everyone says must be true, we may take it that our Committee were right in their assumption that, at the time the first copy of "THE MARITIME REVIEW" was placed before them, they had dropped across a good thing; indeed, the very thing that they had long been looking for—namely, a weekly publication written for shipmasters and officers by someone who knew something about the life led by shipmasters and officers; and promptly instructed our Secretary to have "THE MARITIME REVIEW" regularly placed on our news-room table, for the benefit of our members. No one knows better than the Editor himself an ex-shipmaster—the disadvantages under which masters and officers labour, and no one is more fearless than he in letting his opinions in this respect be known, or in championing the cause of the shipmaster and his mates. The language used in his columns is straight and to the point without any "hunker-sliding" about it, no reference to an agricultural implement when a common or garden spade is the article meant. The publication throughout is most interesting to all seafarers, and is decidedly well got up. Now then, ye skippers and ye mates, support those who support you and advocate your rights. We know you want a good weekly dealing with your profession specially, so plank down your threepenny pieces, and see what THE MARITIME REVIEW has got to say for or against you, for you may take it from us that the Editor, like ourselves, is no flatterer, and if you deserve a 'slating,' you may bet your bottom dollar that you are going to get it."

THERE it is! We are no flatterers, and if you *deserve* a "slating," you are likely to receive it—in which case, you must kiss the rod, even as you declare that, never, again, will you deserve it! Having got through with the literary side of THE MARITIME REVIEW, we can do no harm by referring to the work of our Printer and his staff of able assistants. That both Printer and staff are able, is evidenced by the statement made by the *doyen* of British Printerdom, *The British Printer*, to wit. Even as is the case with THE MARITIME REVIEW in connection with the shipping and allied industries, so is it with our contemporary as regards printing. If you have earned encomiums, the *B.P.* will cheerfully grant them to you; if you are in need of honest—though uncomfortable—advice, *B.P.* is just as ready to oblige. For those reasons, we value the opinions of *The British Printer*, and are unfeignedly glad that the man who is doing his best to hound us into a premature grave through his voracious appetite for "copy"—drat him—has earned the following:

The British Printer, Aug.-Sept., 1904.—"From the manager, printing department, of THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD., Cardiff, comes a copy of the current issue of the REVIEW. This is a 24-p.p. journal, in covers with design in colour, well illustrated and an admirable example of magazine production. A couple of small jobs nicely worked out in a couple of printings, and a quarto circular. . . . We learn that fifteen months since there was no sign of the land now housing the office building being used for that purpose, yet now a very complete and literally up-to-date establishment is in operation there. The office is evidently well equipped for high-class work, and the samples show that such is being well carried out.

ERE leaving the merry theme, we might be forgiven if we impress upon the minds of our Cardiff-and-district friends, that in deed and truth, "The office is . . . well equipped for high-class work:" that if any doubt as to the assertions of *The British Printer* is experienced, it is merely necessary to send along a trial order, to be convinced that when THE MARITIME REVIEW, LIMITED, tells you that a job is impossible—then, you had better modify your demands, for they are absolutely that way!



Telegrams: "Review, Cardiff."

National Telephone, No 1019.

SHIPBUILDING.

VERY few orders for new tonnage have been placed during the last few days, but the builders have sufficient work on hand for months to come, and it is just as well that the re-action is setting in.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE CAMPBELTOWN SHIPBUILDING COMPANY, have contracted to build a steamer of about 2,000 tons dead-weight, for Scandinavian owners. The machinery will be supplied by Messrs. J. G. Kincaid & Co., of Greenock.

✦ ✦ ✦

MESSRS. R. CRAGGS & SONS, LTD., Middlesborough, have contracted to build two cargo steamers, each of 5,500 tons dead-weight, for Messrs. Fernie & Sons, Liverpool.

✦ ✦ ✦

MESSRS. MURDOCK & MURRAY, Port Glasgow, have received an order to build a passenger and cargo steamer for service on the River Amazon.

✦ ✦ ✦

MESSRS. JOHN PRIESTMAN & CO., Sunderland, have contracted to build a cargo steamer of about 6,500 tons dead-weight, for Norwegian owners.

✦ ✦ ✦

MESSRS. WM. HAMILTON & CO., Port Glasgow, are reported to have booked another order for Liverpool owners, and we understand they now have 14 building contracts on hand, most of them for steamers to carry 7,000 tons dead-weight.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE CLYDE SHIPBUILDING AND ENGINEERING COMPANY, are reported to have booked an order for a cargo steamer, and have been entrusted with the repairing of the damaged steamer *Stromboli*.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE KING LINE, LTD., London, who recently submitted tenders to builders for a 7,000 tonner, have, we understand, contracted at about £39,000.

✦ ✦ ✦

WHEN the shipbuilding returns for 1904 were reported, the greatest surprise was the low position held by Messrs. Harland & Wolff, Ltd., Belfast. Their return only showed 31,842 tons, as against 110,463 tons for 1903, and naturally the depression was felt very keenly in Belfast during the last year. The industrial situation has changed at Queen's Island, as Messrs. Harland & Wolff have now plenty of work on hand, and the works are in full swing, giving employment to all the old hands. They have a liner as large as the *Baltic* in frame, for the White Star Line, and as big a ship, the *America*, nearly ready for launching, for the Hamburg-American Line; a liner of about 12,000 tons gross, for the Holland-American Line; a sister ship to the *Worcestershire*, for the Bibby Line; two steamers, each of about 12,000 tons gross, for the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company; a steamer of 420 feet, for the Italian service of the Hamburg-American Line; a cross-channel steamer for the London and North Western Railway Company; and four steamers, each about 490 feet long for the Brocklebank Line. This work is estimated to reach at least 120,000 tons gross, and in addition, must be added the engines for a dock-yard-built battleship.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE other Belfast shipbuilding firm, Messrs. Workman, Clark & Co., Ltd., are also in full swing, having eight steamers on the stocks in their two shipyards, and we understand they have at least nine more to lay down. In addition, their turbine steamer *Virginian*, for the Allan Line, is fitting out alongside the Antrim yard.

✦ ✦ ✦

YES, the revival has reached Belfast, and when the shipbuilding returns are issued at the end of this year, these two celebrated firms will probably be found amongst the three largest tonnage producers for the year 1905.

✦ ✦ ✦

MESSRS. RAEBURN & VEREL, of Glasgow, have sold a new steamer which they have building by Messrs. Napier & Miller, Ltd., Glasgow, to the Hamburg South American Steamship Company, Hamburg. Her dimensions are, 385ft. 6in. x 48ft. 8in. x 29ft. 9in. Dead-weight about 7,000 tons on 23ft. 9in. draft. Machinery by Messrs. D. Rowan & Co.; engines 27in., 44in., 73in. x 48in. stroke. We understand the price paid is about £45,000.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE HAMBURG SOUTH AMERICAN COMPANY, have also purchased a new steamer building by Messrs. A. McMillan & Sons, Ltd., Dumbarton. Her dimensions are 365ft. x 50ft. x 26ft. Dead-weight about 6,300 tons, on 22ft. 6in. Machinery by Messrs. Dunsmuir & Jackson; engines 26in., 42in., 70in. x 48in. stroke. We understand the price paid is about £42,500.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE Union-Castle liners reported sold, in our last issue, to the Vestindiske Kompagne, of Copenhagen, are the *Dunolly Castle* and the *Ragland Castle*. They were both built and engined by Messrs. Barclay, Curle & Co., Glasgow, in 1897. The *Dunolly Castle* is 4,167 tons gross; dimensions 368ft. x 46ft. 3in. x 27ft. 5in.; with engines 26½in., 44in., 70in. x 48in. stroke. The *Ragland Castle* is 4,324 tons gross; dimensions 383ft. 5in. x 46ft. 3in. x 27ft. 5in.; with engines 26½in., 44in., 70in. x 48in. stroke.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE steel screw steamer *Carlton*, lately owned by Messrs. R. Chapman & Son, Newcastle, has been bought by Messrs. James McIntosh & Co., London, for the Bombay and Persia Steam Navigation Company, Ltd., of Bombay. She was built by Messrs. Ropner & Son, Stockton, in 1894. Dimensions 301ft. x 42ft. 5in. x 29ft.; 3,085 tons gross; machinery by Messrs. Blair & Co., Ltd., with engines 23in., 37½in., 61½in. x 39in. stroke. The steamer will be renamed *Firoozi*.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE steamer *English King*, recently reported sold, has been renamed *Montblanc*. The new owners are Messrs. C. Eitzen & Co., of Christiania.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE steel screw steamer *Omba*, lately owned by Messrs. Wright Bros. & Co., London, has been sold to Mr. Heinrich Diederichsen, of Kiel. She was built by Messrs. J. Laing & Co., Sunderland, in 1894. Dimensions 320ft. x 41ft. 8in. x 26ft.; 2,950 tons gross; with engines 23in., 38in., 62in. x 42in. stroke, by Messrs. George Clark, Ltd.

✦ ✦ ✦

MR. C. ANDERSEN, of Hamburg, is the purchaser of the steamer *Waikato*, reported sold in our last issue. We understand the price paid is about £22,500. The steamer has been renamed *Augustus*.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE Hamburg-American Company's twin screw fast liners *Deutschland* and *Hamburg*, are reported sold to the Russian Government for £700,000 and £400,000 respectively. The negotiations have been conducted through a private firm in St. Petersburg, as in the case of the *Furst Bismarck*, *Columbia*, *Belgia* and *Auguste Victoria*, which were sold in the early part of last year.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1905.

WORKS OF SUPEREROGATION!

IT is highly probable that if a man were to erect at the back—or other—end of his dining-room, a steam-hammer having a striking capacity of ten tons, and the whole of which had to be used solely for the purpose of cracking nuts well, if his sorrowing friends didn't call in the doctors, they ought to? You can realise the ridiculousness of the whole idea, can't you? Can assimilate the fact, that such a man would be a menace to the public peace, and for the simple reason that you would never know where his little peculiarities would next break out? Indeed, if you happened to occupy a villa residence adjoining to the steam-hammer-gentleman, this would be a case of another "desirable messuage," going cheap? Certainly—to all the queries. But then, you might be inclined to suggest that no sane man ever got to such a height of supererogation, as is implied by the instance we have quoted. Perhaps not, in so far as the actual steam-hammer is concerned: but then, it is by no means essential to build steam-hammers for nut-cracking purposes, if you honestly wish to fix up an example of a work of supererogation. There are numbers of such examples about, and in directions where they are least understood. As a matter of fact, there is no difficulty in finding these works in the shipping industry—or hanging on to the fringe thereof. For instance, will any person who has given the subject consideration, declare that the establishment of these so-called training ships are other than works of the kind we have suggested? We submit that the person alluded to, will not. True, the comparison might not be quite on a par with the steam-hammer idea—although, in view of the relative cost of the hammer as against that of the training ship and its continued administrative charges, there is room for much interesting argument. The truth of the matter is, that the good folk who bother their poor heads with this training ship craze, commence at the wrong end of the business; they merely follow on, where their fathers left off! Time was, and training ships were all very well; were essential to the interests of the community: and were worth the money which they cost. So, for that matter, were yew bows, and "cloth-yard" arrows. Looking back on it from this late date, Locksley was a pretty good chap at hitting the mark, and we can admire him for his pluck and pertinacity. At the same time, we should none of us care to issue an insurance policy on his life—supposing it were possible if he and his "cloth yard" arrangement were detailed for war, out East, at present? Not likely. It would be quite a thousand-to-one chance that Locksley got any nearer to the real seat of disaffection, than is expressed by the range of the modern rifle; and that is a power possessing a greater "all-embracingness" than belongs to the "cloth-yard." With Naval training ships, and on this particular occasion, we have no concern. The sample which deals—partly—with the Mercantile Marine, is quite large enough for one screed. And here, again, is another bit of the supererogation to which we have referred. The training ship which is alleged to be as good to train a Naval neophyte as a Mercantile marvel is, after the fashion of all hermaphrodites, of questionable virtue. There is absolutely no similarity between the needs of the Services, so where is the sense in pretending that the training which has been made out on one and the same plane, is going to be of utility in diametrically opposite professions? Leaving the hypothetical portion of the argument, and coming down to actual fact, let us consider that off-shoot of the Navy League—the Lancashire Sea-Training Home. In April next, the Surrey County Council is going to flutter a portion of the money which has been allotted to them for educational purposes, in founding six annual scholarships, valued at £25 each, so that the winners thereof may be trained for the Mercantile Marine, at the Navy League's cram-shop at Liscard. Presumably, the County Council gentlemen will have a mortage on the lives of the successful scholars? That, under no circumstances, will the latter be enabled to back out of the contract, at the expiration of their three years' of training—or at any subsequent period of their nautical careers? True, these favoured lads will "do" but eighteen months at Liscard, after which, an eighteen months' sojourn in the Navy, or "in selected ships in the Mercantile Marine," will round up the job. It is right here that the supererogative part of the undertaking comes in! By placing your sucking skippers in "selected ships in the Mercantile Marine," you fill them with false ideas of what to expect, when their wet-nursed period is finished. The inevitable result is, that when they have to dodge around the scrap-heap in an endeavour to catch a vacancy on a non-selected ship, there is another "highly-trained seaman" driven ashore! Meanwhile, the scarcity of British blood in British vessels continues; the British Mercantile Marine meanders along the road which leads to *Nirvana*; for even as to-day, you have but few British sailors, so to-morrow, will you have just as few navigators. You will not listen, and you are not altogether to be blamed. It has been left to private philanthropy—this handling of the manning question—although it is about the gravest national problem which confronts the Government. Not only has the subject been left to private philanthropy, for it has been allowed to drop into the hands of persons who—no matter how well-meaning they might be—know positively nothing of the subject. Persons whose nautical knowledge—save the name—has been either gleaned on a warship (where fifty men are detailed for what is honestly the work of one); or has been assimilated on a pleasure yacht—where all the work is carried out at the end of a cruise, and in the builders' yard. What can such people possibly know of the needs of a problematical Merchant sailor? Moreover, with a whole-souled disregard of the true inwardness of the situation, these otherwise estimable people spread themselves on what they contend is necessary; plead for additional help in the way of more capital: and honestly believe all that they preach. However, we find that the Liscard school was brought into existence in August, 1903; has at the present time, 106 boys on its register; and of those who have passed through its curriculum—which is rather a nice way of putting the matter?—16 have entered the Navy, while 36 have gone off in "selected vessels" in the M.M., "with every prospect of becoming Royal Naval Reserve men." Yea lor', but it's a great result to achieve, out of a place which costs we don't-know-how-much, and which has a curriculum—and other things—upon the premises? Fifty-two possible sailormen, since August, 1903! Why will not these people face the situation in a manner that will be calculated to do some good? Why wander along in a fools' paradise of their own making? Out of an experience that reaches over more years than this Liscard school does months, we say, emphatically that the whole idea as exemplified in the modern training ship is wrong; utterly wrong. There would be no difficulty in getting as many men as could be needed under any circumstances, if a sea-life were put upon the level of a similar grade of livelihood on shore. Every prospect of becoming Royal Naval Reserve men, forsooth. Practical experience has taught us that every one of those 36 lads have a far better prospect of figuring out as 'longshore clerks, by the time they are twenty-one—and then where does the County

Council scholarships come in? It is useless pretending any longer; the circumstances have become too serious. You can get any number of lads to start away on a sea-life; but you can get but mighty few to stay there, after making one voyage. Furthermore, the higher the education you give the lads before starting, the sooner will they be disabused and disgusted at what they meet, when once the "selected ship" is a thing of the past. Let us ask, in all seriousness, what does the Navy League know, at first hand, of the miseries to be met with on the tramp of commerce; is there a man among that whole "League," who has experienced the utterly hopeless and demoralising existence that is meted out to those who yet remain to uphold the departing majesties of the Red Ensign? No, sirs, or they would not be so foolish as to sit down at conferences, and board meetings, for the purposes of mutual admiration. We are willing to admit that "with the decision of the Surrey County Council a new era of prosperity for the scheme appears to have opened." The scheme, as such, is alright; but as a means of recruiting for either branch of the sea-service, you may safely write it all down as piffle. We are further assured that "the scheme is a good one, and one which promises to form a valuable reserve for the Fleet, while, apart from that, it is undoubtedly of service to the Mercantile Marine, etc." Fudge! It will neither "form a valuable reserve for the Fleet," nor will it ever be worth twopence-halfpenny to the Mercantile Marine. If you secure 36,000—instead of the paltry 36—lads for the Mercantile Marine merely through the agency of training ships, you may take it as an indisputable fact, that not more than an inappreciable percentage thereof will stay in the merchant service, any longer than is required to assimilate its miseries and hopelessness. If the Navy League is serious in hunting up a *personnel* for both services, let it set about putting both of them on a par with modern ideas, and we will help by every means in our power. Give up twaddling; leave the tactics which might have been workable in the neolythic age; start in on up-to-date movements—and we are with you: can offer you no end of practical advice for the reason that we have "been there"—and left it because of the impossibility of living as a Briton should live. Ask yourself in all sincerity, if you think it possible for a well-educated lad to grope along under the conditions prevailing at sea, in this present year of grace: to receive some £4 per month for, possibly, eight months in the year: to be fed worse than a dog; housed worse than a pig: worked worse than a slave: and to be thrown aside at forty, there or thereabout, because he is "too old." We have seen good sailormen laugh, at a recital of the Navy League's doings—and have envied the poor old salts their humorous development. For ourselves, we are too sad to laugh. We are constantly hearing Jack ask for bread, and see the "gentlemen of England" replying with a stone. Jack asks for an opportunity of leading a fairly moral life as a sailor: that is, he seeks a chance of earning enough wages to enable him to marry, and rear a family for the good of the nation; the philanthropist replies by throwing "curriculum" at him; by fitting out swagger training ships with contributed cash: training ships which made a continuance of life at sea impossible; and as a result, Jack is really allowed to wander along in any kind of wickedness that comes his way. Why do not the Navy Leaguers start a training ship for the "rotters" in shipownerdom? That would be starting in the right direction. We are personally acquainted with shipowners here, at Cardiff, who would willingly pay the sailor a fair wage, and give him fair conditions of life; but they may not do so as long as their grasping competitors would make a virtue of the sailor's necessity, by offering him thirty shillings a month, and make him victual himself out of that. Here is the chance for the County Council men. Use that money in eradicating the "sweaters" that have placed Britain in her present parlous state, and you will have no trouble in obtaining recruits. THE MARITIME REVIEW will help you, free, gratis and for nothing.

AGAIN, THOSE LIGHT DUES.

ONCE more the shipowning fraternity have fruitlessly approached the gentleman who has to find the money for the liquidation of Empire's demands. Personally, we are wondering if last week's deputation really hoped to get the unjust light dues removed from their patient shoulders? Of course, Mr. Austen Chamberlain—the liquidating gentleman referred to—was courtesy personified; so was his "friend, the President of the Board of Trade," for that matter! We suppose it is rude of us, but the whole affair appeared to savour of the Dan Leno business. It was anything but a question of bare-faced robbery, *versus* legitimate taxation. The thing resolved itself into "I am afraid it is true that recently the shipping industry has not been enjoying a very prosperous season;" all the same you ought to pay up and look big! Shipping "has had its ups and downs *like many other industries*"—eh? what?—"... but you must, after all, average out a result over a series of years!" This is where the Dan Leno part of the argument came in? It is not a question of an unjust tax; that is admitted. But seeing that it is unjust; that you have to pay it; then "you must take the lean years with the fat," in which case the "look big" notion will come off alright? However, it is useless going through the whole lot of talkee-talkee which grew out of the deputation. When a Chancellor of the Exchequer deigns to meet a number of well-meaning shipowning gentlemen, you may depend on receiving little else but polite verbiage? Of course, the "wicked partner" is introduced—in this instance, he was Mr. Gerald Balfour: and the deputation is referred to him! Before being passed over to the tender, and amiable treatment for which the President of the Board of Trade is famous, Mr. Austen Chamberlain summed up his side of the wickedness which hangs around the light dues: "It would be much pleasanter for me to give way on this, as on many other occasions; but I have to consider what the effect of this would be on the taxpayer and on the House of Commons, which so lightly passes a Bill of this sort on a Friday afternoon." Here, breathe, even as you conjure up "lightly passes" and unlucky Fridays! Having breathed, let us continue: "The House of Commons is apt to separate its two functions of approving expenditure and providing the ways and means"—so a nimble Chancellor has to join up the two functions by robbing the shipowner, for the good of the remainder of the community? When the Head of the Board of Trade had his innings, the old, old tale of paying without having a word to say as to how it shall be spent was re-raked over. The advisory committee was brought in; so was Mr. Courtney's committee; and several other items; but the whole thing fizzled out according to Cocker. We do not suppose that anybody present believed it would be otherwise. The light dues question has become a hardy annual; has degenerated into a cut-and-dried catechism between the shipowners and the Government, and—well, and there you are! Shipowner will go on paying his £500,000 light tax; his £150,000 coal tax; his—at least—£100,000 coal-trimming tax (although in this latter instance, the Government gets but mighty little of the imposition; not even in Income Tax!); and a few other items which need not be enumerated. He is told that he must take the fat and lean years in conjunction; in effect, must feel pleased that he is allowed to run steamers, anyhow; and he leaves the Treasury with a gratified feeling that his atmosphere is, as yet, free! True, he will not make an undue fuss about the latter item, or he might find himself on a sliding-scale arrangement. One that will give him six breaths per minute, free; for over six and under nine, £3 per annum; over nine and under twelve, £3 10s.; for twelve and over, £4! And then what a time the "wheezy" old fellows would have! Really, you cannot treat this matter seriously.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *February 15th, 1905.*

THE coal market, since our last time of writing, has undergone but little change, for there continues to be something of a quietness in most branches of the premier industry. True, the general tone of business is steadier, although during the past few days, prices—especially for prompt shipment—have been easier. Collieries have been disposed to concede a little, in order to keep their arrangements up to the necessary pitch; but it must not be imagined that this is the prevailing condition. It is, just here, and there; but in the main, there is a somewhat reassuring steadiness about. Of course, there is a reason for this jubilant state! Chartering has been fairly active, and as the bulk thereof has been for this month's loading, stemming has been active, too. Furthermore, the "paper stems" are undoubtedly good, in the majority of instances.

AGAIN, there has been a pleasing

Improvement in tonnage

supplies—which is ever a happy condition, for coalowner; providing, of course, that he participates therein! When this eventuates, you may always depend on receiving—from those quarters—the smile that is cherubic and bland. Yards of it! Why? Simply because good tonnage supplies have the happy little knack of keeping the colliery arrangements up to the pitch alluded to, 'way back. With colliery arrangements up to pitch, available supplies are usually of a limited order; when limited order is in the market, buyer is constrained to feel that this is not exactly a fitting time to attempt to rush his very dear friend, the seller. Seller will merely smile, if that attempt is made; while if buyer as much as dares suggest "concession,"—well, there is always a lady possessed of a dog with which coalowner might have an interest; or some other item which calls him away from temptation.

YES, sirs! Under the circumstances; conditions; state of affairs; what you will: the

Poor down-trodden buyer

has ever to admit his inferiority; his clay-like propensities; his get-off-the-earth attributes; his won't-you-buy-my-pretty-flowers state. If he doesn't, then, you can take it from us that seller will jolly soon make him! And that's a fact! On the other hand, when the tide is in buyer's favour—phew! Won't he get some of his own, and a large chunk of the other fellow's back? He will, then! But never mind. We have remarked that the market is certainly steadier. But that is no reason why you should suppose that there has been any material improvement in prices. There hasn't. Rather the contrary, although the variation between this, and last week's prices, do not amount to much.

THERE is, too, the same restricted amount of new business in evidence. Or, rather, there is but

Very little of the new and strange

at all. We have been continually promised "new accumulations," but to-date, these form merely a vista in the background, and from the middleman's point of view, trade is dull. Poor old—or young—middleman! You will have noticed that he always has our sympathy? Well, he deserves it, for unless he is an awful bounder, we could none of us do without the gentle middleman. Of course, we realise that it is fashionable—in some circles—to everlastingly anathematise the poor unfortunate; but don't you believe the swears; never a bit. The middleman is more often

The saving grace to the trade

than otherwise, for take it as you will, there are a number of colliery people who would be better employed in running a revival meeting, than but never mind; this is, we have been told, THE MARITIME REVIEW'S birthday number; under the circumstances, therefore, it would be unseemingly to pass rude remarks anent colliery people. We could, an' we would, however. One of these days, we probably shall!

THE Belgium affair? Oh yes! But what about it? It has been responsible for no undue raising of demands, either for Smalls, or for any other grade. Moreover, we are of opinion that it never will be. Strikes may come, and strikes may go, but Welsh coal goes on for ever—even if Professor Boyd Dawkins, and the coal-tax man, would aver otherwise!

Mind you, there is a reason

assigned for the scarcity of Belgium business on the local market; prices are too high. So they would be, if the stuff sold were merely Belgium qualities. But remembering that coal hereaway is Welsh coal—well, the prices are not too high. The other fizzle—the Westphalian wrangle—has about disappeared, and sad to say, the anticipations of the "bulls" have not fructified.

THE conditions of that Italian Marine Contract (shove it in caps, please) have been amended. Merchants are now asked to tender for the supply of 80,000 tons of Admiralty coal, for delivery within the next two months. While we believe that it is now considered essential to wrap each separate cob in tissue paper; to tie it with parti-coloured ribbon; and seal the ends with green wax; we yet are convinced that the clauses relating to ash, small, etc., remain as before. Even so, there is a

Very keen competition

among the cult, and the "cutting" will be close and fine, ere that consignment is trotted off to the Mediterranean. Writing of contracts reminds us that there is an enquiry about, for some 10,000 tons of Admiralty coal, for Kiel—no less a place. Prompt delivery is stipulated for, here, and it is unnecessary for us to remark that this is von Sherman pit ov peesniss.

BEST CARDIFF ADMIRALTYS have been ruling along steadily at 13s. 9d. and as far as the top sorts are concerned, there is no disposition exhibited to entertain anything less, in price. Certainly,

The position of this grade

is a favourable one, even supposing there is not an undue amount of really active business about. In any case, the quotation is firmly maintained. There has been considerably more enquiry, here, during the past few days; but to the time of writing, the tactics most favoured by the intending buyer, is the hold off trick; the I'm-going-to-wait-a-bit-dear-boy, dodge; and you can hardly blame him, can you? Even if the price does not come down, and the poor chap has to reach out more, rather than less shekels, ultimately—well, he will still have had an opportunity of showing that he isn't to be rushed by a mere colliery man.

And that's a fine feeling

—in some instances!

SECOND CARDIFF ADMIRALTYS, too, continue steady at about 13s.—a shade above, or below, as the case (and pertinacity of buyer or seller) determines. Collieries here, are fairly busy, and contractors have been stemming up their requirements pretty regularly. As a consequence, there is no undue abundance of the stuff obtainable, at the moment. Mind you, the open demand for this grade has been nothing abnormal; but prices, nevertheless, are maintained at quoted figures—which are also those ruling for any forward business.

ORDINARIES, on the other hand, are quiet, and but little business is passing in this branch of the industry. Generally considered, collieries are on the "easy" line, with the natural result that, where buyers have really meant to trade, they have been enabled to do it at figures below former quotations. For instance, prompt coals can be had at as low as 12s. 3d. True,

In exceptionally well-positioned cases,

as high as 12s. 6d. has been paid, but the odd threepence is the general figure appertaining to ORDINARIES, at the time of writing.

DRYS continue to be favoured with a good enquiry, consequently the grade may be marked up as a steady commodity. For prompt shipment, too, stems remain satisfactory, so that sellers have been enabled to obtain recent figures for all that they have to spare—these being 12s. 9d. Inferiors are hanging out for 12s. 6d.—and getting it! Ahead, there is very little doing, and therefore, the tendency in this direction is toward easiness.

MONMOUTHSHIRE COALS have been by no means an active market. Stems for prompt shipment are still slack, and prices are largely governed by the state of the colliery implicated, and the date which buyers can give for shipment. Certainly, a few of the

Collieries are busy,

and the quotations with them fluctuate between 12s. 3d. and 12s. 6d.; but the majority, as we have said, are slack, and BEST BLACK VEINS can be negotiated without undue trouble, at 12s.—t'other fellows prices (or quotations) notwithstanding; possibly a bit under the figures given! At the time of writing, the prices quoted are top values. Naturally, there is enquiry; there always is; but buyers are holding off as much as possible, in the belief that the present weakness will have the inevitable result.

ORDINARIES are not troubled with a great demand, and what is doing, is going at an average price represented by the figures 11s. 6d.—in individual cases, 11s. 7½d. Collieries are fairly well off in the matter of stems, but for prompt shipment, quotations are all toward easiness.

SECONDS have shown but little movement since our last, and prices are about maintained.

Prompt stems are well-filled

thanks to past orders—and current figures are from 10s. 9d. to 11s.

RHONDDA No. 3's are unchanged, and their position continues satisfactory. Indeed, the collieries are busy, and present engagements are likely to keep them so for some time ahead. In addition thereto, the demand is good, and with but little coal obtainable, sellers have been freely booking at 14s. THRO's remain at 12s. with SMALLS from 10s. to 10s. 3d.

RHONDDA No. 2's are also difficult to obtain for anything approaching prompt shipment. In consequence of this scarcity, prices keep firm at 10s. 9d. for immediate business. True, the pressure of stems is gradually easing, so that the chances are all in favour of a three-penny drop in the near future!

SMALLS, to all intents and purposes, are unchanged; if any difference obtains, it is that

Prices tend toward easiness.

Sellers have been maintaining their quotations; but they've caught no fish, so to speak! Up-the-sleeve is only good for after-dinner conjuring, generally speaking. The trouble is that the other fellow has a sleeve, and thus when the game of diamond-cut-diamond begins—well, both of them get chipped a bit, if they are only black diamonds?

PATENT FUELS have slumped somewhat, in sympathy with their yoke fellows of the SMALLS persuasion. Present figures are represented at 13s.—13s. 3d., at which makers claim to be firm. They are—sometimes; again, sometimes they are not!

PITWOOD is weak, supplies being in excess of the small demand of the moment. Quotations are at 16s. 6d., but prompt quantities can be secured at less than this.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	13s. 9d., 14s. 0d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 9d., 13s. 9d.	13s. 7½d.	13s. 6d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 3d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d., 13s. 3d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d., 12s. 6d.	12s. 4½d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.
Drys ,, ...	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.
Best Newport ,, ...	12s. 0d., 12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d., 12s. 3d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.
Seconds ,, ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 0d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d., 11s. 0d.	10s. 10½d.
Best House Coal ,,	16s. 6d., 16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,,	14s. 0d.	14s. 0d.	13s. 9d., 14s. 3d.	14s. 0d.	13s. 9d., 14s. 0d.	14s. 0d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,,	10s. 6d., 10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 7½d.	10s. 7½d.	10s. 6d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro."	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.
,, 2 ,,	9s. 9d., 9s. 6d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 0d., 9s. 3d.	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.
Smalls:						
Best Cardiff	8s. 0d., 8s. 3d.	8s. 0d.	8s. 0d.	7s. 9d., 8s. 0d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.
Seconds	7s. 6d., 7s. 9d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 3d., 7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 3d., 7s. 6d.
Ordinaries	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 0d., 7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 0d., 7s. 3d.
Best Newport	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 0d.	7s. 0d.	6s. 9d.	6s. 9d.
Seconds	6s. 9d.	6s. 9d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 3d., 6s. 9d.	6s. 6d.
Rhondda No. 2	7s. 0d.	6s. 9d.	7s. 0d.	7s. 0d.	6s. 9d.	6s. 9d.
,, No. 3	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d., 10s. 0d.	9s. 9d. 10s. 0d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.
Foundry Coke:						
Special	21s. 0d., 22s. 0d.	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d., 22s. 0d.
Ordinary	17s. 6d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.
Furnace Coke	16s. 9d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d., 16s. 0d.
Patent Fuel	13s. 6d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 3d.	13s. 0d.
Pitwood (ex ship.	16s. 6d., 16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 6d.

All less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *February 15, 1905.*

THE market at Swansea has been more active this week, and the tone is somewhat steadier. Arrivals of tonnage have been better, which has made Collieries somewhat busier: but in view of the limited amount of new business coming on the market, there is no improvement in prices, generally.

ANTHRACITE LARGE quotations are ruling at about last levels, and are steadier. There is not such a quantity of prompt Coal offering, Collieries being fairly busy, and as the demand has been of increased proportions. Sellers are now firmer in their quotations. RED VEIN is selling at about 10s. to 10s. 6d., according to the position and grade.

MACHINE MADE COALS are experiencing a good enquiry, and prices hereaway have undergone no change—that is, they rule steady. PEAS are, however, a trifle weaker, the demand not being so great as recently. Figures quoted are, on average, 10s. 6d. for the ordinary sorts, with Bests somewhat higher.

RUBBLY CULM may be regarded as an improved section of the market, for there has been better enquiry, and this has resulted in increased stems, all 'round. Indeed, collieries have been filling up their stems rapidly, and seeing that the quantity available for prompt shipment has been somewhat limited, prices for this position have become firmer at 4s. 9d.

STEAMS are an easy market, and there is very little doing at the moment. Bests are at 13s. 9d., Seconds about 12s. 6d. to 12s. 9d. The others you will find in the list.

PATENT FUELS keep busy, and Makers are enabled to keep prices ruling at 11s. 9d. There is a satisfactory demand, and this section can be ticketted sound.

BELOW, we give the average prices for the week:—

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large	20s. 6d., 21s. 0d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 0d., 20s. 6d.
Seconds do.	18s. 6d., 19s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 3d.
Big Vein Large	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.
Red ,, ,,	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.	9s. 9d., 10s. 3d.	9s. 9d., 10s. 0d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 6d., 17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 0d.
,, ,, Nuts	17s. 6d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.
,, ,, Peas	10s. 0d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 6d.
Rubbly Culm	4s. 6d., 4s. 9d.	4s. 0d.	4s. 0d.	4s. 9d.	4s. 9d.	4s. 0d., 4s. 0d.
Duff	3s. 0d.	3s. 0d.	3s. 3d., 3s. 9d.	3s. 3d., 3s. 6d.	3s. 0d.	3s. 6d.
Patent Fuel:	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.
Steam:						
Best Large	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d., 13s. 6d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 6d.	13s. 3d.
Seconds ,,	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d., 13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.
Bunker ,,	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.
Thro' and Thro'	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.	9s. 4½d.	9s. 4½d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 0d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

CARDIFF, *February 15, 1905.*

FOR once, we will depart from our usual custom of discussing EASTERN rates as a commencement to our weekly freight report. Principally because there is nothing bound to that quarter of the world that is worthy of discussion! The Eastern market is hung up; is closed for alterations and repairs; is non-existent *pro tem.*; is anything-you-like, for the sake of peace.

WESTWARD, however, we find that rates are well-maintained, with 7s. 9d. as current figures for the Lower Ports, PLATE-WARDS. Then, RIO DE JANEIRO keeps fairly steady at 8s. 9d.—there or thereabout; for the ISLANDS, there is nothing save a lifeless spectacle to contemplate!

No, there is but little doing anywhere—outside of the MEDITERRANEAN. Indeed, this latter branch of shipping trade has been the feature of the week; about all the freight-feature the week has had, for the matter of that! ITALY has been "taking it" as if her continuance as a nation depended on the amount of good Welsh coal she could assimilate, in a given time!

FOR GENOA, SAVONA and SPEZZIA, shipping to the tune of seventy-five thousand tons has been "taken up" since our last confidence with you. Naturally, one wonders where all the tonnage is coming from; what the Italians are going to do with the stuff; if there is anything "behind" this mad rush; and anyhow, what it's all about, generally. Mind you, we do not insinuate that there is a natural scarcity of ships about. If the Italian friend needed four times as many tons of cargo space in the same time, he could have it—and there would still be a few tons left over among the unemployed.

For the remainder of the little deal—is it not in the list, below?

Week Ending, (Wednesday), February 15, 1905.

N denotes Newport, S) Swansea, P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Aden, Steamer, 7s.
Batavia, Steamer, 5,000 tons, 8s. April.
Singapore, *Hillbrook*, 2,546 n.r. 8s.

WESTWARD, Etc.

Rio de Janeiro, *Roddam*, 3,000 tons, 8s. 9d.
River Plate, *Dartmouth*, 4,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Steamer, 4,700 tons, 7s. 9d. (N).
Gena, 3,000 tons, 7s. 9d.
Steamer, 2,800 tons, 7s. 3d.
Middleton, 3,600 tons, 7s. 6d.
Vulcan, 3,900 tons, 7s. 9d.
Terra, 3,000 tons; *Meadowfield*, 3,500 tons; both 7s. 9d.
Las Palmas, *Frutera*, 800 tons, 5s. 7½d. option **Teneriffe**
Teneriffe, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 5s. 9d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Staufield*, 5,000 tons, 6s.
Regent, 4,200 tons, 6s. 6d.
Steamer, 6,000 tons, 5s. 9d.
Afonwen, 4,300 tons, 6s.
Genoa, *Wentbridge*, 4,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Coventry, 2,000 tons, 7s. 1½d. option **Savona/Leghorn** (spot).
Bermeo, 3,700 tons; *Bona*, 2,800 tons; *Vera*, 3,200 tons, *Karma*, 5,000 tons; *Tre——*, 3,000 tons; *Huelva*, 3,300 tons; Steamer, 5,500 tons; *Llanberis*, 3,300 tons; Steamer, 3,500 tons; Steamer, 3,000 tons, all 7s.
Steamer, 3,500 tons, 7s. option **Naples.**
Tigullio, 2,300 tons, 7s. coal, 7s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Poldhu, 2,700 tons, 7s. 1½d. option **Savona.**
Fenchurch, 4,000 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Abbazia, 3,500 tons, 6s. 9d.
Shepperton, 3,300 tons, 6s. 9d. spot.
Elfrida, 3,000 tons, 6s. 9½d.
Raithmoor, 4,000 tons, 6s. 6d.
Steamer, 2,300 tons, 6s. 7½d.
George Fisher, 1,500 tons, 7s.
Steamer, 2,600 tons, 6s. 6d.
Olympo, 1,800 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
Bari, *Guiseppe*, 2,100 tons, 7s. 6d. coal, 8s. 3d. fuel, (s).
Alexandria, *Wingrove*, 4,000 tons, 6s. 1½d. 700 delivery.
Naples, *Evangeline*, 4,800 tons, 6s. 9d. option **Leghorn**
Etonian, 5,300 tons, 6s. 9d.
Lydie, 3,600 tons, 7s. option **Torre.**
Girgenti, 2,700 tons, 6s. 6d.
Venice, Steamer, 2,800 tons, 7s. 6d.
Linwood, 2,100 tons, 8s. coal, 8s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Steamer, 3,000 tons, 7s. 6d. (N).
Rosina, 4,000 tons, 7s. 6d. option **Ancona.**
Athos Romanos, 3,100 tons, 7s. 7½d. option **Ancona.**
Ruperra, 5,800 tons, 7s. 3d.
Steamer, 5,400 tons, 7s. 3d. option **Ancona.** (N).
Torre, *Chas. T. Jones*, 3,000 tons, 7s. 3d.
Marseilles, *Netherby*, 2,500 tons, 8 francs. (s).
Steamer, 3,700 tons, 8 francs.
St. Wandrille, 2,400 tons, 8 francs.
Isle of Kent, 3,900 tons, 7·50 francs.
Anna Eugenie, 3,000 tons, 7·50 francs.
Jenny, 2,700 tons, 7·25 francs.
Algiers, *Petunia*, 2,200 tons, 7·50 francs.
Rhio, 3,500 tons, 7 fcs. option **Marseilles,** 7·50 fcs.
Cette, *Waterville*, 2,500 tons, 8 francs.
Oran, *Westergate*, 2,000 tons, 7·50 francs.
Elmville, 2,200 tons, 7·50 francs. (N).
Deutscher Kaiser, 1,600 tons, 7·50 francs. (s).
Barcelona, *Clymene*, 1,800 tons, 7s. 3d.
Albula, 2,100 tons, 6s. 9d.
Steamer, 2,300 tons, 6s. 6d.
Bencroy, 3,200 tons, 6s. 7½d. coal, 7s. 4½d. fuel.
Acuba, 2,200 tons, 6s. 9d.
Palermo, *Trematon*, 3,000 tons, 7s.
Marima, 1,900 tons, 6s. 11d. coal, 7s. 8d. fuel,
Malta, *Hazeldene*, 2,900 tons, 6s. 6d. fuel, (Admiralty a/c).
Hilliarn, 4,000 tons, 5s. 6d.
Rowtor, 2,800 tons, 5s. 3d.
Valencia, *Minna Horn*, 1,200 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Alassio, 1,300 tons, 6s. 9d. coal, 7s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Steamer, 1,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Lisbon, *Saltwick*, 2,000 tons, 4s. 7½d.
Gwendoline, 1,900 tons, 4s. 7½d. spot.
Jersey, 2,000 tons, 4s. 9d.
Cassia, 1,450 tons, 4s. 9d.
Carnlyon, 1,800 tons, 4s. 7½d.
Gibraltar, *Glenwood*, 2,500 tons, 5s. 3d. (Admiralty a/c).
Jeanie, 2,300 tons, 5s. 3d. ,, ,,
Tana, 1,600 tons, 5s. 4½d.
Bona, *Eshcolbrook*, 2,600 tons, 7 fcs.
Constantinople, *Meggie*, 2,100 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Phillippeville, *Henry*, 2,200 tons, 7·25 francs.
Piræus, *Leo*, 2,500 tons, 6s.
Civita Vecchia, *Raylton Dixon*, 2,100 tons, 7s. 3d. coal, 8s. fuel. (s).
Tunis, *Dalbeattie*, 1,600 tons, 9 francs,
Cagliari, *John Marychurch*, 1,800 tons, 6s. 9d. coal, 7s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Seville, Steamer, 1,400 tons, 5s. 9d.

BAY, Etc.

La Rochelle, *Ingoldsby*, 1,600 tons, 4·25 francs.
Baltique, 1,700 tons, 4·62½ francs. (s).
Nantes, *Abertay*, 1,200 tons, 5 fcs,
St. Nazaire, *Skeldon*, 1,750 tons, 4·37½ francs.
Crimdon, 2,100 tons, 4·37½ francs. (s).
Bayonne, *Emilie*, 1,100 tons, 5·25 francs.
Sables, *Peter Hamre*, 1,400 tons, 4·30 francs. (s).
Bordeaux, *Cederic*, 1,500 tons, 4·75 francs.
Rosneath, 2,300 tons, 4·75 francs. (s).

BALTIC, Etc.

Koenigsberg, *Alverton*, 750 tons, 6s. 7½d. (s).

COASTING, Etc.

Caen, *Carlston*, 780 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Odin, 1,300 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
Bremerhaven, *Dyle*, 2,100 tons, 4s. 7½d.
Gerent, 2,900 tons, 4s. 4½d.
Emden, *Maimaxa*, 2,900 tons, 4s. 6d.
Bremen, *Occident*, 950 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Berehaven, *Jeanie*, 2,200 tons; *Clonlee*, 1,300 tons; *Gransha*, 1,500 tons; all 3s. 3d. free discharge, (Admiralty a/c).
Chatham, *Wallsend*, 1,250 tons, 4s. usual, (Admiralty a/c).
Sheerness, *Curran*, 1,400 tons, 4s. 3d. usual ,, ,,
Sinbad, 1,150 tons, 4s. 3d. ,, ,, ,,
Sphene, 850 tons, 4s. 3d. ,, ,, ,,
Devonport, *Pearl*, 700 tons, 3s. 4½d. ,, ,, ,,
Skeldon, 1,700 tons, 3s. 3d. ,, ,, ,,
Honfleur, *Iron King*, 520 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Rouen, Steamer, 1,000 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
St. Malo, *Eastcheap*, 1,500 tons, 3s. 9d.
Brest, *Speedwell*, 1,200 tons, 3s. 10½d.

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Cardiff, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 3s. 10½d. ore
Bilbao to Briton Ferry, *Trafalgar*, 2,000 tons, 4s. 4½d. ore

Maritime, and other Money, Matters.

THERE ought to be a panic in the local money market—but there isn't! Why ought there to be? Haven't you heard the dread news? The dire intelligence? Great Scott! What possesses you? The real Revivalist is not coming to Cardiff; it's too wicked: without wishing to appear irreverent "the Spirit" has forbidden that you, and you, and you, sirs, shall be saved from the results of your own wickedness. You have to wallow along, for yet a year or two longer, in the mire of sin! Under the circumstances, therefore, oughtn't there to be a panic in the local money market? Rather! We always had an idea that some parts of Cardiff were pretty bad, but, dear us, we never thought it would drop to that extent! Did you?

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JUST when you had been "newspapered" into a beatific state of expectant belief, too! It's positively bad. Personally, we are sorry, in the extreme, and gazing at the subject from any point that is left us, we can only advise you to hang on to your shekels—like a bromlie-kite is supposed to hang on to a dead nigger. Don't part with a single copper, until such time as you see whether a reconsideration of salvation is allowed you. No, we do not mean to be wicked. Our remarks, to-day, are merely on a par with those which appeared in THE MARITIME REVIEW, a week or so ago. We are not emotional; have been brought up in too hard a school: flatter ourselves that we can see a hole in a ladder, as easily as most folk; easier than a number!

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BUT stay! You needn't hang on to quite all your odd coppers. There is a chance for you, even at the eleventh hour. There is, indeed! The Head Revivalist is a quietly unassuming gentleman; we had it—at second hand—from a very estimable Docks person. Beside, we know, from personal observation, that the something-short-of-Divine young man really is unassuming; were he not so, there would have been newspaper articles and puffs of all descriptions concerning his habits of life; what he eats, drinks and avoids; his—oh, you know, without our particularising, too much. What is that? Where does your chance come in? And what is the chance composed of? Bless us, we have been so kerflummixed in thinking up the happy deliverance which you have had; of the shekels you will now save through being careful, and realising that Cardiff is a wicked place; that we forgot all about that chance!

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WE did, indeed. However, it is never too late to mend—either in your case, or in ours. The chance! Well, you wish to go to heaven when you die, of dourse. All good men—and most good women—wish that, so there is nothing unique in your wishing it. You cannot have the real Simon Pure of "revivalism," we admit; but you have the chance alluded to. Read this carefully, please. You can purchase a "revival button" for a penny; a ditto handkerchief—for a copper or so; a cameo'd post card for another penny; and a real "revivaled" post card for the same amount. So! When your time comes, you will be wise to take these along with you, and if St. Peter should ask any awkward questions about the length of years in which you patronised Cardiff; just lay out the articles enumerated on the head of the turnstyle, mention the *Western Mail*, and—well, there you are, friends!

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WHILE on the subject, we feel that it is but just to all of you, to set out what we have heard you declare, all through the miserable chaos. That there has been too much of the man, and too little of his Master in all this linotyped flap-dash of nonsense. You are right, and we have often wondered why the matter was not pointed out in the quarters where you have a right to expect it. According to the "real revival," at least, as far as we can read it, there is no need to consider the Master; He is completely overshadowed by the mere man. If not in the man, himself, then, by the persons who are exploiting him in button-making, post-card printing, "revival paragraphing," and fakes of a like nature. Has not the time come, when a sea-serpent should be dished up: or a big gooseberry—seeing the weather is so mild; or even the appearance of the cuckoo would be an agreeable change from the absolute rot with which the district has been inundated, for the past month or so.

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THUS far, the spiritual dry dock. Turn we now to the material ditto. Have you any money in the latter kind? You have? Then you might be lucky or unlucky—as the fates direct! If your money is out on mortgage and you work the oracle as do some of the financial giants of which we could write whole reams—then, you will figure as lucky investors. Put £50,000 on for a year, at 5½ per cent. interest, and see that "the usual" 2½ per cent. is paid your hobby-horse—for you, of course. At the end of the year, the poor little dry dock cannot pay back the £50,000, but can pay your interest. You renew, again seeing that 2½ per cent. brokerage commission is paid your own poet laureate (which is a nice method of writing "bucket shop keeper").

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ALLOW this little bit of "finance" to continue for a year or two; then get rorty. As a result, threaten foreclosure, the bums, sudden death, bubonic plague—or anything that will frighten the souls out of the hard-working folk who are trying to drag the little property out of the hands of the modern Shylock. If you frighten them hard enough, you might succeed in buying out the mortgaged property at prices which are popularly supposed to rank for old songs; again, you mightn't. In the alternative, you may continue with the renewable-mortgage-plus-the-everlasting-2½-commission until the clap of doom—or the summons from the Old 'Un, whichever materialises first. There's money in dry docks, don't forget. Sometimes, the money is clean—but there's always money, there!

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WHEN all is said, however, this is a very common—and ancient—manner of playing the game of finance. It is merely on a par with the "nautical pawn-shop." An embryo "shipowner" launches himself—and a few confiding friends—on the giddy sea of "shipowning." Matters go exactly opposite to the schedule, and the baby concern is in Queer Street. Shylock—in this instance, a non-conformist gentleman, say—comes along; possesses a philanthropic desire to help the youth; puts up enough cash (on a mortgage) to enable the next voyage to be entered on; then, sits down to smile. Voyage ends; expenses have increased; mortgagee's ooftish cannot be returned—neither can the interest thereon.

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SHYLOCK smiles—in a deprecating manner—even as he instructs his minion to foreclose. Foreclosure eventuates: Shylock thus secures the use of a £30,000 steamer for £2,000. But why make a fuss about it? You knew all this, years ago. Could "give him a name," at any portion of the period indicated. Yet you go on "putting up" your money on the same conditions. Is it any wonder that you are supposed to be beyond the means of grace? Or that a boss revivalist means to keep clear of you? Don't you fash yourself with the belief that the b.r. feels that he couldn't "stuff" you quite as easily as the man up the hills. If you do, you will be wrong. All that is necessary, hereaway, is a good tale, and bless you, *you* are to be depended on for the stamps, and things!

THINGS are not always what they seem, even if visions are not about, and I, for one, sincerely hope that our respected Chief has not developed revivals for the disease, judging by recent examples, is considerably worse than dysentry! It's like this. Last night, before packing up, he-who-mus—but you know? Anyhow, the question was, "Seen all this rant about the hard time which is in store for us? This with-holding of the manna from the hungering souls at Cardiff?" Of course, I admitted the soft impeachment, and then had to sit down to listen to a most soul-harrowing tale of fervour and finance. The yarn was a good one. So good, that I have half-a-mind to trot it out here. I hate to keep all the good things to myself. But perhaps you will have observed my generosity in this respect, in which case, it is unnecessary for me to write thereon?

But the yarn? Yes, yes! I'm coming to that, directly, although with birthday screeds, revivals, and unrevivals good lor' it would be no wonder if a self-respecting sailor man took his sextant out of—er—away from the respected Hebrew shentlemans who has kindly consented to attend to its tangent screw—and other parts—for a little consideration running into some twenty-five per cent. on the mon—but there! Mind you, this is not a revival tale. True, it has to do with a Chapel; but it is in the regular profession, this. Nothing of the freak about it. Really, I forget the man's name (and I don't like to ask the Chief: want to sort of spring this on him!) but if I write him down as HE, I shall not be far out, because I know the person wore pants.

HE, then, was a highly respected shipowner man, and carried on business—I believe—in the Bristol Channel. In addition to being "a highly-respected shipowner man," HE was by way of becoming a FINANCIER (all in capitals). Indeed, in this little yarn, you will recognise traces of *haut finance:* but nothing to some of those which I may explain to you, later on. Outside of the fact that HE was a shipowner and FINANCIER, he was what the world styles a "good living" man. I don't mean in so far as his table stuff was concerned. In that, HE was most abstemious. Didn't believe in any ostentatious display—and things of that sort; and personally, I honour him for it. Come to think of it, there is altogether too much of that ostentation idea about among shipowner folk; at least, among some of them. But this is a deuce of a yarn to slip out of hand?

However, having given you all that I remember of his name: having told you of some of his attributes; I had better particularise to the extent of saying that HE was foster-father—along with some other estimable "good livers"—to a brand-new Chapel, or Church—I am not sure what this particular sect style their meeting place. 'Twas a nice chapel—or church, as the case might be. Was built of stone, and had a slate roof; none of your corrugated iron touches, with match-board linings, and things of that sort. Why, it was lighted with electric light—unfortunately, as you will recognise, further along. The place had rather a swagger entrance; cathedral glass fakes in the windows, and—oh, heaps of up-to-date notions, and things. The only thing it didn't have, at the time when this yarn eventuated, was a pastor who was on a par with the internal (and external) economy of the chapel—or church.

This absence of pastor was the fly in the ointment, and HE, good man, set himself the task of supplying this very necessary adjunct to successful Worship. That is, if HE didn't quite set himself the task of supplying the pastor, HE undertook to arrange matters so that his stay would be permanent—as chapels (or churches) go. Anyhow, and for the purpose of cutting a long story short, there was an applicant for the created vacancy; a really high-class person; one that it would be rude to offer less than a five pound note on the weekly pay night; and HE was laying himself out to attend to the matter. There appeared to be a doubt as to the offertory—I think it is styled—mounting up to the required limit that should cover salary and incidentals; so, in a sudden burst of transient-induced magnanimity, HE declared, in a most gentlemanly manner, that if the revenue from all sources, stopped below the necessary limit, then, HE would guarantee the difference, for quite a number of years.

Naturally, the assembled people said it was kind of HE; equally naturally HE said, "Not at all." Also that he was proud to do it, etc., and so on. But this was in the glare of the afternoon's setting sun (bit poetical that, don't you think); or it might have been in the electric lights' glare; I rather think it was the latter, and hence the "unfortunately" which I dropped in above. Anyhow, it was either in the fading sunlight, or in Electra's thrall, and the guarantee was a straight affair. Of that, there can be no doubt. We do not insinuate that HE sat there with a beatific look on his striking frontispiece; wouldn't suggest that HE even looked smug, and ultra respectable. Principally, because we do not know. All that we remember is, that HE posed as a guarantor to the pastor's fund, and that later on, the congregation dispersed—feeling as if somebody had left them a legacy, and that they could get their preaching now, for an occasional threepenny piece. Not two occasional you know; but just occasional enough!

For the sake of euphony, I will suppose that it was on the next morning that HE wished to hedge a bit on his rash promise of the night before. It might not have been next morning; but that is good enough. HE did try to hedge, and that is the main point. With this idea in front, HE visited another worthy shipowner. Name of HIM, I believe. It doesn't really matter, you know, but HE said to HIM—well, HE stated the facts, and asked HIM to underwrite the guarantee to the extent of a thick 'un, weekly. HIM wasn't having any. In fact, HIM was rude. Awfully so! Said "Seems to me you want to run that pastor as a sort of limited company. One in which you will be promoter, managing director, and everything but FINANCIER. You get all the kudos, *eclat*, prayers of the people, and all the rest of it. Go away, sir, and pray for it." He is still praying for it, but you will admit that the dear old chap is something of a FINANCIER—even as 'tis admitted by

Petrel.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on February 2, 1905, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

401 04—THOMPSON—*Improvements in and relating to conveyors.*

This is a conveyor for shifting coal in bulk. It consists of chains built up of flat plate links across which other plates with lateral flanges are mounted. The chains are fitted with rollers at intervals and are guided in the usual manner. To prevent the lateral flanges from buckling a transverse web may connect the two.

664 04—DREAPER—*Improvements in the manufacture of hemp or other fibre ropes.*

This improvement consists in embedding one or more wires in each strand of a fibre rope.

5,513 04—CLERY—*Improved means for propelling ships and boats.*

This invention relates to a method of propulsion of vessels by means of a collapsible cone carried on the end of a reciprocating shaft. Two shafts, one on each side of the rudder, are guided so as to project beyond the stern of the vessel. These shafts are continuations of the piston rods of fluid-pressure cylinders arranged inside the vessel. A collapsible cone is fitted to the end of each shaft. On the stern ward stroke of the rods the cones open out and on the forward stroke they collapse.

5,687 04—MANCO-SCHNURER—*An improved device for saving life at sea.*

This device consists of one or more flexible bags or pouches in connection with a capsule of compressed or liquified gas, such as carbon di-oxide. The capsule is fitted with a valve which is adapted to be opened by a plunger. The end of the stem of the plunger is split and headed so as to spring outward and engage behind a shoulder forming the valve seat and hold the valve open against the gas pressure, for the purpose of discharging the gas from the capsule into the bags.

6,022 04—TEALE—*Improvements in rope haulage clips.*

This clip consists of a casing in which a pair of jaws are adapted to slide. The upper jaw slides in under cut guides in the side of the casing and is hooked at the top to embrace the rope. The side or guide portion of this jaw is provided with an opening through which passes a spindle with a cam. This spindle and cam is adapted to be turned by a handle to close the upper jaw and is fitted with a catch whereby it is held in the closed position. The lower jaw slides in a slot in the casing and is pressed upwards against the rope by springs. A cam-lever, connected to the load by a rope, also presses this lower jaw upwards when in use.

6,057 04—JAGGER—*An improved rowlock.*

This improvement consists in fitting a flat spring in a recess in the shank of a rowlock, so that the end of the spring projects and prevents accidental displacement of the rowlock.

6,067 04—GRUBY—*Improvements in connection with the adjustment of magnetic compasses.*

This invention relates to devices for facilitating the magnetic adjustment of compasses. These devices consist of frames for containing magnets secured to and inside the binacle casing. Each frame consists of two notched brass strips pivotted to the binacle casing at their bottoms and secured by a screw at the top. The notches for the reception of the magnets are inclined upwards and their mouths are on the inner or casing side. Angle bars, secured to the casing, form flanges for preventing the magnets from falling out endways.

6,111 04—Sir W. G. ARMSTRONG, WHITWORTH & CO., LTD.—*Improved apparatus for tipping coal or other materials.*

This invention relates to double deck hoists for railway waggons in which the waggons on either deck can be tipped at will by the same mechanism. For this purpose the tipping rope instead of being secured to the hoist, has its ends secured one to each tipping frame, and is led around pulleys of a hydraulic ram and cylinder. On one frame being locked and the ram actuated the other frame is tipped.

7,500 04—HUNTER—*Improvements in lifting jacks for mine timbering.*

This jack consists of an upright fitted with spikes at the top and a screw adjustable spike at the bottom for holding it against the roof and floor of the mine passage. The upright is built up of three members adjustable in length to form a narrow open fronted box inside which slides the end of a hook shaped carriage or support for a timber. The upright is fitted with a pulley at the top over which a cord from the carriage is led to a drum mounted with a handle and gearing near the bottom of the upright.

24,761/04—BROWN—*Improvements in life boats.*

This invention relates to that class of life boats in which an inner carriage remains in equilibrium independently of the rolling of the outer hull, and consist in providing these boats with propelling and steering mechanism operated from the inner carriage which will remain submerged independent of the movement of the outer hull and to various other improvements.

25,178/04—NELSON—*Improvements in tip wagons.*

This invention relates to a means for tipping railway wagons which are too large to be tipped by hand. According thereto, the wagon is pivotted to one side of the under frame and a hand-operated screw-threaded spindle is connected by a collar with gudgeons to the underframe and is carried through a nut and sleeve connected to the wagon body by gudgeons.

25,511 04—NORMAND—*Improvements in screw-propelling vessels.*

In order to obtain the most efficient propulsive effect in vessels propelled by a single shaft fitted with a screw or screws, the shaft should be arranged at as small an angle as possible with the direction of the stream of water. According to this invention this is attained by arranging the shaft in a small hull below the main hull or in a small extention thereof. The shaft is driven by a reciprocating engine with its cylinders arranged above the shaft in the main hulls and the cranks and connecting rods in the small lower portion.

27,101/04—WESTLE—*Improvements in and connected with steering propellers.*

A number of revoluble shafts are fitted fore and aft; and if desirable at the sides of the vessel. These shafts are fitted with blades which are adapted to be turned around their axles by cam sectors.

These applications for patents are, until March 18, 1905, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Sale branch of the Patent Office or through the undernamed.

TRADE MARKS.

The following application for the registration of Trade Mark relating to the shipping and coal trades was advertised on February 8, and is open to opposition by interested parties within the period ending March 8.

Class 4—Including coal.

No. 268,928—30th December, 1904—ECORCITE—for: Partly prepared vegetable, animal and mineral substances used in manufactures not included in other classes.

Caeser Marter, No. 6 Phillip Street, Islington, London, N., Engineer and Manufacturer.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

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Colliery Proprietors.

CORY Bros. & Co., Ltd., Cardiff and London. Depôts at all the principal Coaling Stations in the World.
Telegrams "Cory, Cardiff"; "Cory, London."

INSOLE, George & Son. Cardiff. Sole Shippers of Cymmer Steam Coal, Windsor Steam Coal, and Insoles No. 2 Rhondda Coal.
Telegrams: "Insoles, Cardiff."

LEWIS Merthyr Consolidated Collieries, Ltd., Proprietors and Shippers of "Lewis Merthyr" Navigation Steam Coal.
Telegrams "Lewis Merthyr, Cardiff"; "Lewis Merthyr, London."

MARQUESS of Bute Collieries, Aberdare, Hirwain, and Rhondda Valley. Shipping ports:—Bute Docks, Cardiff: Penarth Dock; Swansea; Briton Ferry; and Newport (Mon.)
Telegrams "Sema, Cardiff."

OCEAN (Merthyr) Coal Co., Ltd., 11, Bute Crescent, Cardiff, proprietors of Ocean (Merthyr) Steam Coal.

UNIVERSAL Steam Coal Co., Ltd., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Proprietors of "Universal Steam Coal."
Telegrams: "Versatile, Cardiff."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

VIVIAN, H. C. & Co., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole European Agents for "The Puritan Coal Mining Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A."
Telegrams: "Vivian, Cardiff."

WATTS, Watts & Co., Cardiff and London. Contractors for the supply of Coals at all Depôts abroad.
Telegrams: "Watts, Cardiff."

Dock Owners.

THE Cardiff Railway Company, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Ship Repairers.

SHEARMAN, John & Co., Ltd., Cardiff, and at Barry Dock.

THE Bute Shipbuilding, Engineering, and Dry Dock Company, Limited, Roath Basin, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Caisson, Cardiff."

THE Cardiff Channel Dry Docks and Pontoon Co., Ltd., Cardiff and Barry Dock.
Telegrams: "Entrance, Cardiff." "Channel, Barry."

THE Mercantile Pontoon Co., Ltd., Roath Dock, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Mercantile, Cardiff."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

Miscellaneous.

LEWIS & Tylor, Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole patentees and manufacturers of "Gripoly," a patent woven belting: and "Burals," a semi-metallic packing.
Telegrams: "Belting Cardiff." Telephone, Nat. 231.

Steamship Owners.

DAN. JENKINS & Co., Steamship Owners and Brokers, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Stonewall, Cardiff."
Nat. Telephone: 1318.

BARRY.

Dock Owners.

THE Barry Railway Co., Barry.

Ship Repairers.

BARRY Graving Dock & Engineering Co., Ltd.
Telegrams: "Bardock, Barry."
National Telephone No. 7. Post Office Telephone No. 7.

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IN THE TOILS!

Von Tootn: "'It 'im von udder, mein friendt. I 'im vill 'it, bime by, yah!"

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MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

ANOTHER Act in the working of the Welsh coal trade has come and gone. The Conciliation Board has met; Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has graciously listened to the alleged argument from both sides of the fence; has inclined his ear to the Sacred Cause, even as he dropped in his vote on the workmen's side of the bag of mystery. Presumably, the combatants are "conciliated," for they went their respective ways without, as far as we can see, asking each other if the demand for a reduction was really made in earnest. From the men's side, emanated a claim that they were entitled to take into consideration the volume of trade which had been large. Apparently, their title in this—as in every other respect—was allowed, and thus it happens that the men, once more, are enabled to decide for the masters, what the latter shall be allowed to pay for their labour; in other words, how they shall be allowed to run their own particular businesses—by the grace of God, and the Welsh collier. Of course, the sliding-scale was referred to. It always is! The contending parties elect to declare that they will have none of that sliding-scale; but we doubt if there has been one meeting of this euphemistically-named Conciliation Board, where sliding-scale has not been the largest factor toward settlement.

ON this particular occasion, "Mabon" (who is back from America, you'll remember) brought in "volume of trade," *plus* "the reduction in certain charges (which is sort of vague?) affecting the price f.o.b." While on this phase of the pow-wow, the same authority pointed out that "the sliding-scale would have been without a maximum, etc." See! The much-abused sliding-scale is brought in as a very real factor in the settlement of these little matters. In other words, the colliers appear to be willing to accept the working conditions of the sliding-scale—providing the "expenses" accruing through the establishment of the Conciliation Board, is given to their "leaders." Really, the subject is a most pitiable one? Here we have a spectacle of employers who are responsible for the working of a colossal industry, and who yet are willing to allow their methods of working to be placed in the hands, and at the mercy—more or less tender—of a number of professional agitators, who have all to gain and absolutely nothing to lose, according to which way the cat jumps. On the one hand is a group of employers with millions at stake; on the other, is a group of what the world has aptly styled "stormy petrels."

THE constructional parts of the Conciliation Board, too, are merely a caricature of commercial methods. You have an equal number of employers and of workmen's delegates; the former have been engaging in the coal business—that is, the business of finding markets for their commodity, and of regulating the supply in accordance with the demand and value thereof—all their lives; have, in consequence, learned all there is to know concerning the financial, as well as the labouring side of the undertaking; and on their efforts, depends the despatching of that black bag of sovereigns which goes up the hills, fortnightly! The other side of the combination has positively no interest in the undertaking, outside of a day's pay—when they care to work. In the event of their declining to work, the community, in the ordinary way of trade, would be effected nothing at all; for there are a hundred applicants for each man's job—directly there is a vacancy. All this notwithstanding, the two sides referred to sit down and haggle about prices; fail to agree; summon an outsider who is merely one man, who has to be biassed—for that is what it really amounts to—toward one side or the other; and on his individual decision, the welfare of the community hangs!

WE are quite willing to admit that Sir Michael will, on each occasion, do what he conscientiously believes to be right and proper; but even so, it is placing the staple industry of South Wales in an awfully dangerous position. If the independent chairman could be depended on to give, at all times, the correct trend to the disputed course, all would be well. But Sir Michael is merely a man, as we have already remarked, and therefore, is by no means infallible. Furthermore, is it to be seriously pretended that the gentleman's knowledge of the coal trade is such, that it is safe to entrust to his wisdom, the decisions which may mean life or death to the industry? Mind you, we are not

unmindful of the fact that Sir Michael has had experience—of a sort—with coal and coal people; he engineered the coal-tax, and consequent on that piece of iniquity, was brought in close contact with numerous deputations from coal-land. However, we are disinclined to admit that because a man succeeded in putting a tax on an already sorely-tried undertaking, that he is, therefore, the very man to come down and settle all other disputes. Beside, the principle of the thing is wrong. What sense is there in laying the welfare of a whole community open to the decision of one man—supposing he were as good as General Jackson?

YET this is all that the Conciliation Board amounts to! Its destinies are given over to the care of an outsider, whose principal recommendation lays in the fact that he was willing to take the breach, when other—and probably more coal experty—men, declined. There is no getting away from this fact, is there? The mere notion that a number of colliery owners and colliery workers meet together to discuss the *pros* and *cons* of their business, and failing to agree, bring in an outsider, is no guarantee that a correct decision will be arrived at? Indeed the whole arrangement is strongly suggestive of "blind man's buff," in which, to all intents and purposes, the independent chairman is "blind man!" He comes along to the meeting and, metaphorically, is set adrift among the two opposing sides; he gropes around; catches an idea (or a man!); and straightway takes off his figurative eye-cover! In the words of the local folk, Sir Michael has given his decision, and the world is conciliated! Is not the whole affair of a pitiable nature, as we have suggested to you, ere this? Of course, it is but right and proper that a cordial vote of thanks be accorded the gentleman, or that it be proposed by the president of the losing side. We have no quarrel with Sir Michael *qua* Sir Michael; our contention is, that an industry the size of the South Wales coal trade has no right to be laid open to the caprice of a one man decision—for that is all the Conciliation Board (its cost notwithstanding) amounts to.

WE hardly know whether to be glad or sorry! We mean in connection with the revolution that is due in steam shipping in 1915! It appears that a London "daily" has fallen across a genius who is going to fit out a steamer—or steamers, we presume—with a "row of propellers on each side of the vessel." In addition to all this multiplicity of "screws," the shafts actuating them are to "slant forward, inward and upward at about 30 degrees." From this you will realise that the inventor knows something about the business? Just think what would have been bound to follow if those shafts slanted aft, and outwards and downwards at the same angle! Great Nelson, why, the steamer would have gone astern when her commander meant her to go ahead: pointing outwards they would have played the very deuce with the poor inoffensive fish; while if they had pointed downward—no we cannot contemplate the disasters that would surely have followed. It's awful, and in the year of grace exemplified by the figures 1915, we shouldn't care to be a fish. The risk of meeting a *Daily Express* "side-screwed" steamer would be too great. Of course, there is a secret to this invention: but as it has been imparted to the "daily" alluded to, we see no reason why we should suppose that it is meant to be of a private and confidential nature.

THE secret, then, is "in securing the rise of the vessel"—whatever that is. Especially when she is "going fast." In our sea-days, if a vessel were "fast," she was supposed to be tied up in such a manner that she couldn't "rise" for Father Peter. But let it pass. Especially as "the propellers then by one movement of the water (Eh? Don't know. Ask *D.E.*) force her forward, push the water from the sides and bow, and give her the rising buoyancy, and thereby she has only half the water to displace that an ordinary steamer has." Yea, lor', but it's awful! It is really. Still, you don't need to wonder much, after that, as to why the general public are so much in the dark concerning the sea and sea-life? The wonder would be if they were not. However, present-day shipowners need not fall over each other in their mad desires to sell out existing tonnage, that they may be enabled to go in for the "revolutioniser." Nary a need. We are willing to admit that the inventor is a genius; a very real one; but he can make up his mind that his ambitious scheme will never catch on! The gentleman has overlooked one point, at least. What is going to happen when this monster of the deep attempts to come alongside a dock or wharf—that is, supposing the remainder of the quiff were possible, which it ain't?

IN fancy, we can hear the rude words on shore, and on the steamers deck, directly she brought her multiplicity of propellers along the new South Dock at Cardiff, say. Wouldn't there be a rending and a grinding of good metal; and wouldn't there be joy in the hearts of our friends at the local dry docks? Rather! Talk about that one movement of the water forcing her forward? Why she would be forced in a number of directions other than forward! Push the water from her sides and bow, forsooth! Of course, in such a brain as would successfully think up these all-in-a-row propellers, it is highly probable that some sort of rigging-in appliances is connected with the fake? That is, as soon as the vessel goes alongside, the rigger-in will be brought into operation, and, hey, presto, the propellers will fold up against the steamer's side. Nothing is impossible to a man who will fit propellers so that their shafts slant forward, inward, and upward: is there, now? One other item must not be forgotten. Those shafts are going to "pass" out through "a very massive steel girder," which will "add enormously to the strength of the vessel." It will! And is ever so much better than putting the shafts out through a square of ginger-bread.

TRULY is there a quantity of shrieking on the subject of Sir John Fisher's salary going about. As if anybody ever expected a sailorman to be paid anything of a decent character, by way of wages or salary! Why, people, the sailor is the one man on earth who is willing to work for the honour of the thing. What matters it that Sir John is bringing order out of chaos; that he is giving the nation value for money; what odds, again, is it if, by implication, his predecessors have merely fobbed their salaries for fun; the sea-dog who is doing everything that man may do is merely a sailor. Let the fact not be forgotten. Cease this wild shrieking about his paltry £1,500 per annum. If you were to try to pay him for his honest value, you would bankrupt the nation. And anyhow, he is getting quite as much as a manager of a brewery; or the boss of a colliery office; so what is the use of cackling about the thing. Beer and coal is satisfied with the same "honorarium," so why should it be supposed that Sir John—who is saving the nation millions—is deserving of a higher rate of pay? Beside, the gentleman has passed no remarks on the subject, himself? Not he, and principally because he is a sailor!

WELL, the miners' delegates from the coal districts of England, Scotland and Wales, have had their little "Treasury day," and the Chancellor of the Exchequer has patiently listened to their growl anent the iniquitous coal-tax. No, that is wrong! Mr. Austen Chamberlain didn't patiently

listen, for he did the thing "carefully." As a matter of fact, the gentleman does all his work carefully. See how careful he was with the shipowning people when they undertook to give him points concerning light dues! He was even more so with the miners, and principally because he recognised the Sacred Cause which those delegates represented. However, the men were sent away with a nice sort of feeling. The Chancellor had listened to them; had told them that numbers of inquisitive trades-people took it upon themselves to write for information concerning their individual trades; and altogether showed that to be a Chancellor in such an enterprising country as Britain, was no beer-and-skittles job. In conclusion, the delegates were referred to Mr. Austen's Budget statement—which please see. It is nice to know that the Chancellor of the Exchequer considered that the men had stated their "views with clearness and moderation," even if—in view of the fact that the same words were thrown at the shipowners the quotation is somewhat of the stereotyped order.

WE live in a mercenary age. Of that there can be no denial. The latest phase in this connection, and as exemplifying the truism, comes along from Gorleston, where the regular lifeboat men are—or were—on strike. The men in question, were engaged on the sailer *Optima*, which ran amuck on the Hasborough, about a month ago. The lifeboat men allege that they were on duty for three days and four nights; claim remuneration for the double crew which amounts to some £180; the Royal National Lifeboat Institution has sent them £23; hence the trouble. There is a small ray of sunshine in the whole miserable fit-out. It is: The volunteer crew is always available, should dire necessity call for the lifeboat. But there appears to be a considerable amount of insubordination among the employés of the Institution, these days? As a rule, it is believed that it takes two to make a quarrel. Is a lifeboat concern an exception to the rule? If so, why do not those responsible to the nation, see to it that they get none but men who are above suspicion? Has the country become so bad, that men will resolutely declare that if a call for help eventuates, they are on strike—and the crowd might drown and be jiggered—until the Institution pays up its alleged indebtedness?

REALLY, it appears to be time when there should be less of this laundry work in public, or the donations will soon show that public confidence has departed from the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. Such a condition of affairs would be bad for the Institution, and worse for the nation. In the past, that Institution has done good work; has a record that it might well be proud of; if the "high horse" is really getting in evidence among the powers that be, a little straight talking from the right quarter should be amply sufficient to put matters, once more, on a workable basis. We had occasion to remark, at the last time when the Institution came before the public, that there appeared to be just a taste too much of the grand seigneur in the methods of progression adopted by the responsible heads. Is this latest fuss consequent on the same idea, we wonder? If a number of men claim, for life-saving purposes, a matter of some £180, and receive instead, but £23, then, there must be something radically wrong somewhere, don't you think? The men would hardly endeavour to rush the difference herein shown?

AND if, as is claimed by the lifeboat officials, the boats are only launched for life-saving purposes, then why are they allowed to keep afloat for three or four days on a stretch? Obviously, you cannot be three days in saving a shipwrecked crew, can you? Yet just as obviously the lifeboats were afloat for the specified time. If that period were unauthorised, it would appear that the Institution has a just claim against the lifeboat men. If the period were authorised, then, £23 to be divided up among two boats' crews, as remuneration for a run of three or four days, is not by any means an excessive rate of pay? It is all very well to say "we can admit no property salvage claims," but if the property has been salved, surely the salvors are worthy of their hire? Viewed any way you care to, these frequently recurring squabbles are, to say the least, unseemly, and calculated to do, as already suggested, incalculable harm to a worthy cause. If the men are in the right, they should be paid. If they are wrong, then, they should be debarred from ever again entering a boat belonging to the Institution. In any case, it is highly unsatisfactory: this threat that has been made by the men.

IS it really a "startling discovery" to find that the bulkheads in some of our much-vaunted warships, are unable to resist water pressure? It appears that during a recent test carried out by order of the admiral of the Channel Fleet, the spirit-room bulkheads were first shored-up, and then water was admitted. "Long before the compartments in several of the ships were full, the water-tight doors and walls (*sic*) began to give, and buckled several inches." Geeroosh! "Had the rooms been filled with water, as they might in the event of collision, and had there been no shores, the walls would inevitably have burst"—heaven save us!—"and the other bulkheads gone in turn, with disastrous results." There! After this, don't you go meandering around the world saying big things about our First Line of Defence. If those rooms had been filled with water; if no shores had been *in situ;* if the ship's cat hadn't stopped to—cant around on its heel; and if the little dog hadn't laughed to see such sport—well, there had been a national calamity! Of course, the admiral had some kind of notion of the business and probable results, or he would never have shored-up those "walls," with "battens and uprights" and things. No wonder the London "daily" headed the terrible occurrence as "warships' peril!"

WRITING of admirals, it is interesting to note that our American friends are off on a bone hunt—said bones being those which, erstwhile belonged to one Paul Jones, the admiral who painted things incarnadine, during the War of Independence. Like all genu-ine Americans, the gallant Admiral passed in his final checks at Gay Paree. It is a weakness with the cult, you know. America is a grand place in which to live and pile up the oof; but when it comes to dying—"gi' me Par-ee!" is the statement. However, be that as it may, Admiral Paul Jones, as became such a hardy old sea-dog, started out—at the end of his career—as the pioneer mausoleum maker among the 'Murricans. Died, and was buried at—Par-ee! This, of course, was at some time "aftah de Wah." When; or how; is rather hidden by the sands of time. Popular belief, however, is all on the side of digging a hole in one of the Parisian streets of to-day, in the sure and ample belief of finding something worth having—the "something" being the structural portions of Poor Paul. So far, a shaft some thirty feet deep has been run down into the bowels of Paris, and the borers have come across two layers of bones—and other things.

UNFORTUNATELY for the searchers after the morbid, the tally-marks on those bones have been effaced; the Parisians of that comparatively early epoch didn't use indelible marking-inks, it would appear, and hence the difficulties of identification. Not to be turned aside from this holy search, the American colony at Paris has plumped

solid for the business, and General Porter, United States Ambassador, has hallowed the search with his presence. Furthermore, Congress is to be asked for a £7,000 appropriation to cover the expenses incidental to the search, while the American Consul General in Paris—not to be beaten in his patriotic endeavour—has offered a £100 reward, for "the discovery and identification of the remains." It is a good and worthy undertaking, and for ourselves we are sincerely wishful that success may rest upon the banners of the sappers and miners, engaged in this interesting pastime. What are they going to do with the bones, once they have found them? Why, don't you know? We are a decadent race, and the go-ahead Americans wish to analyse those bones (when they are found), so as to assay the exact amount of sand that was kneaded into the framework of dead-and-gone heroes. The results will be tabulated in those books by one Schenk; those concerning sex, we mean.

We knew it would come! Last week, we commented on the beauties—real and assumed—which hang around the Navy League's Lancashire Sea-training Home; told you as plainly as possible, that the whole arrangement was little better than a chimera; and that instead of really doing any good to the Mercantile Marine, it was merely holding the service up to, more or less, ridicule. But that is not all! The *Navy League Journal*, bless it, with that all-embracingness which usually characterises itself and supporters, impudently claimed that there is "no training-ship in existence solely for boys of good character"—save, of course, "ours," in Lancashire. Now the president of the Marine Society, the Earl of Romney to wit, is up ag'in that Navy League affair with half-a-dozen words of a sort The noble president, "whilst rejoicing in the fact that the question of our Mercantile Marine being so largely manned by foreigners is occupying the attention of thoughtful men"—you will please observe that The Maritime Review has not pleaded in vain?—"...I would point out that the Marine Society's ship *Warspite*, at Greenhithe, receives only boys of good character, and no boys convicted by a magistrate or known to have committed any serious offence are admitted on board."

There you are! If the Navy League had an idea that it was going to get a little puff in the *Times* for nothing, and alone, it is by way of being deceived! In the words of the immortal one—there are others! In the case of the *Warspite*, providing the boys "pass the medical examination and fulfil the conditions as regards age, height and physique, they are clothed, fed, and trained for a year absolutely free, and are then drafted into the Royal Navy, or placed in the Mercantile Marine"—to be more or less of a nuisance to every officer on board? Gainsay the fact who will, the training-ship lads to be found to-day, are anything but a joy to those on to whom they are unloaded. Filled with a smattering of all kinds of knowledge, but thoroughly grounded in few—if any—the lads are well on the road to sea-lawyerdom, before ever they taste actual salt-water. It would be interesting reading to get the actual records of the horde of lads who have passed through one training-ship and another; not only interesting but instructive. Of course, we are willing to admit that each particular training-ship has a right to claim super-excellence for its own little lot; but is the claim capable of substantiation? If so, then we must have been singularly unfortunate in our sea-days.

However, as in the case of most of the training-ships, so is it in connection with the *Warspite*. The vessel "can accommodate 300 boys, but the annual income of the society does not permit of more than 200 being maintained at present. Should funds increase, 100 more boys could be trained with only a slight addition to the staff; and" here is where the usual comes in!—"subscriptions are invited to enable this old society to carry on its useful work to the utmost limit." Exactly! This training-ship dodge is carried out on similar lines obtaining with some of the chapels which we could mention! Given a building, with seating accommodation for five hundred; a congregation of, say, two hundred; result, constant debt, and consequent back-bitings. Ultimately, some two or three of the dissentients agree to chuck the old place; will go down the street and start a corrugated iron show—although there is seating accommodation to spare, for some two hundred persons in the old shop. The corrugated abomination is built; poignant appeals for "subscriptions" are thrown around in the customary manner; and by and bye the corrugations are swept away, to make room for an up-to-date "church."

In a little while, the new "church" is too hot for some few of the members, and they, incontinently go off to make another tin-shed-of-a-place somewhere else. The whole business is carried out in exactly the same style, and develops into yet another "church." Meanwhile, the first chapel is still cursed with about twice as many seats as there are people; the debts are still accumulating; so are the back-bitings. Training-ships, as far as we can see, are run on the same lines. That is instead of being purely commercial ventures, they are quasi-religious undertakings, and thus it comes about that although the country is blessed—or otherwise—with three or four ships which are but half-used, the philanthropical folk are badgered with requests to support half-a-dozen new arrangements, which haven't half the chance of succeeding, as have the older-established concerns. Instead of concentrating the powers in this direction; instead of filling one ship to her full limit; new fakes are instituted, and under the sacred name of patriotism, "subscriptions" are bummed for the purpose of establishing new homes, new staffs, new committees, and new expenses generally; while there is yet a super-abundance of room waiting to be filled, in a dozen other localities.

After considering the matter in this manner, do you wonder that we have systematically set ourselves against this training-ship nonsense? On the very face of it, the enterprise is bound to be a miserable failure. Here are a number of well-meaning recruiting sergeants with not enough of unanimity among them, to admit of their filling one "sea home," before romping off for the purpose of creating another. To our mind, their appeals for support ever partake of the seaman's boarding house idea. A one-time steward boards a homeward bounder, and with a sweeping bow insinuates that, "Me and the missus have started a snug little place for you fellows. We ain't a boarding house proper, and I don't keep any runner, preferring to do the walk-round job meself. Come up, boys, an' we'll make yez welcome. You can pay by the meal, the day, the week, or the month; and what you don't have, you don't pay for." Now, in the whole of that hold-forth, there is a damning insinuation that rival boarding masters are all bad. They do keep runners—to swindle you; their shanties are anything but snug; and, worst of all, you will have to pay for what you don't have. So the merry game continues!

If those training-ship folk will drop the one-against-the-other dodge; will realise that they are all supposedly pulling together for the common good; we shall be proud to help all that lays in our power. We are not to be bull-

dosed with any old clap-trap, and for the simple reason that we have been through the "curriculum." Have tested its general rottenness. And have satisfied ourselves that not this way does salvation for Britain's Mercantile Marine lay. As a last word on the subject, let us remark that there is absolutely no use in multiplying alleged sources of supply, if there are still a number thereof which are not being utilised to their full limit. Concentration is just as essential in this connection, as in any other. We would never think of putting a stopper on the cheerful givers herein concerned; but, in all seriousness, we would appeal to them to take a little heed as to where their well-meant efforts were directed; and not to be guilty of the sin of raising the costs of administration, while at the same time, the results remain as before. As the idea works out to-day training ships are merely a delusion, and will help neither Navy nor Mercantile Marine in anything like a ratio that is consistent with cost. Now, let us leave the subject.

That International Conference of Shipowners that was to meet at Copenhagen, and to which we referred a week or two ago, have had their initial pow-wow. Representing some 4,000,000 tons of shipping (we wonder how much of it was British first-hand, and how much British second-hand?) the merry little concern ought to prove a veritable thorn in the flesh of the wicked charterers. Of course, nobody expects that this will happen. Still, a meeting of the kind possesses potentialities. While the dear souls are mutually admiring each other, they are being saved from any other possible strayings from the paths of strict virtue. Anyhow, they have gone far enough to pass a resolution, in which they unanimously declare in favour of the necessity for the immediate formation of an international association of shipowners. Seems to us that Copenhagen is a long way to go, before any such an unanimous declaration can be faked up? Personally, we should have thought that the same decision could have been reached, here, at Cardiff? But there 'tis. They have passed their resolution: have created an association: and freights are wobbling along at the same old rate!

Those marconigrams are continuing to occupy the attention of travel caterers. The Cunard liners, at present, will be the only boats which are to come in for the "unique advantages" accruing from constant touch with the girl he left behind him—er, that is, with the office. Don't know what made us think of the girl. The system that is to be followed, is that the outward bounders, for the first half of the journey out, will be in direct touch with Poldu, Cornwall. Thereafter, the intended messages will first be cabled to the American side, and then repeated back to the approaching steamer. Here is a danger ahead of the sailor! The 'longshoreman has his bicycle-back; his motor car; and brandy-blossom. The poor old salt of the future, will be cursed with what will be handed down to posterity as "the marconi-eye." Fancy an old whale sitting patiently forward in the little house allotted for the task; watching the sweet little indicator that is trying to tell some happy—but runaway-for-business-purposes—papa on board, that baby has a tooth; or that the domestic Thomas Ca—but no, we cannot pursue the theme. It is too soul-harrowing!

Dear, dear, a gentleman with a fine taste for Latin—both of the bog and the other kind?—has been writing to *Daily Chronicle* because Mr. F. S. Watts, in his inaugural address as president of the Chamber of Shipping, declared what every shipping man already knows: that is, that the shipping trade in 1904 was not only bad, but worse than for many years. The gentleman referred to above; the Latiney one, you understand; appears to ha'e his doots about the matter. 'Tis this way. The shipping trade in 1904 was notoriously bad, and yet, as it happened, sea-borne traffic constituted a record. This gars our Mr. S. Keith Douglas to write: "The sea-borne trade for 1904 has reached larger figures than in any year before, yet the shipping trade *(quorum pars magna fuit)* has been unprecedently bad; *sic vos non vobis fertis aratra naves.*" Well, what about it? Mr. Watts did, undoubtedly, play a conspicuous part in the sea-borne trade—at least, his steamers did; and Mr. Douglas may take it from us who know, that the firm of Watts, Watts and Co., got about all that there was around in the shape of decent freights, and in this manner, the firm really did labour for themselves.

Presumably, however, Mr. Douglas cannot assimilate the truth that although shipping might be unprecedently bad—from a shipowner's point of view, which is all in the way of profit: it might also be unprecedently large in volume. In other words, the cargoes were carried at giving-away-prices. On the other hand, if Mr. Douglas merely intended to be sarcastic, or "funny," when suggesting things about the shipowner not labouring for himself; what would the gentleman have? Mr. Watts in no wise took the blame, or otherwise, for the deplorable state of shipping to himself; he did but state a fact. One which, unfortunately, is beyond his individual power to remedy—much as he would probably like to. But after all, Mr. Douglas might as well amuse himself and *Daily Chronicle*, with bits of Virgil, more or less misapplied, and questionably spelled, as in other and more harmful manner. When all is said, shipping was undoubtedly bad in 1904; and just as undoubtedly, it was a record year for sea-borne traffic.

A London contemporary, in a recent issue, publishes a letter under the imposing title of "bazaar religion." The screed is from the pen of a clergyman, and to our mind, touches the spot, most indubitably. You might be inclined to suggest that "bazaar religion" can have no possible connection with shipping matters? If you do, then, you have a lot of leeway to make up, before your nautical education is, in any manner, complete. To begin with, we will quote you the salient features from the letter to which we have referred. "Here is a nice little quartette of mischiefs which the bazaar has fostered: Unwomanliness; forwardness; pertness; flirtation; 'smartness.' Dishonesty; 'the almighty raffle'; false pretences; undue influence. Drink—not always *sub rosa*. 'Copper Christianity'; alms-giving a matter of Sunday pennies only." It will be admitted that the indictment is fairly heavy, and dismally correct? But it merely gives one side of the question, and that which is open to an inland clergyman, only. That there is another side, must be our excuse for finding room for the matter, here. Yes, friends, there is a shipping side to the subject, and as we ever aim at doing some little good in our time and generation, we will give you a few facts which doubtless you have heard of, but maybe, have forgotten.

In addition to the wickednesses set out in the preceding par, "bazaar religion" has floated more single steamer companies, than all the other wiles of the devil, put together. Not only has it floated the single steamers, for it has floated many an otherwise happy domestic combination, off into a stream where mighty little happiness is to be found. True, on occasion, these "bazaar religionists" meet their match; but taking them all in all, they score far oftener than they are scored against. That they are scored against, once in a way, the following little episode from real life will probably

demonstrate. He was a "bazaar" shipowner, and we'll call him Tim—because his name was nothing resembling it! Tim, then, was a "shipowner," and procured most of his capital from "religious" assemblies. He was *facile princeps* at bazaar opening—and endowing; and from first to last, drank as much whisky-and-water as would probably float one of his smaller steamers. At one of the bazaars, he had the felicity of meeting the wife of the mate of one of his boats. She was a nice little woman, and about as good as she was nice. Tim recognised, at once, that she was nice; he agreed about the goodness—later on.

In the intervals between passing pious remarks and swilling "medicine" from a pocket-flask, Tim made himself agreeable to the "nice little woman," and vowed that he was going to give her husband command of the *Religeuse*, on her return from the current voyage. Naturally, the n.l.w. was glad, and said so, at the same time thanking Tim for his kindness. Tim disclaimed all kindly intention, and appeared to dismiss the matter with the remarks, "Your husbands deserves the promotion." That was alright, and on thinking the matter over, the n.l.w. confided the great news to her brother, and wondered at the same time if he would mind dropping in of an evening—you see, the n.l.w. was profiting from her husband's tuition—for the next ten days, by which time the budding skipper would be home. The brother agreed, willingly enough, and on the third evening Tim drew up to the house in a hansom, "just to tell the lady what he had arranged in connection with the husband." That appeared to be alright, and he was asked to enter—but the brother played propriety! Tim stayed on until eleven p.m.; and filled the front parlour with goo-goo eyes, and whisky fumes; then, seeing that this brother was a "sticker," he tore himself away. Twice again did he essay the "just to tell the lady" trick, but brother still held the fort!

According to schedule the husband arrived home: had the sack on arrival, and before he had a chance of interviewing the "nice little woman;" which was a mere detail. Mind you, that husband wasn't altogether nice although his wife undoubtedly was! Indeed, Tim told us, some time afterward—and in the belief that we knew nothing of the occurrence—that the husband was a blackguard; a low despicable wretch. Perhaps he was; perhaps, again, he was not. But we do happen to know that he talked so seriously to Tim, that the worthy gentleman's tympanum (and other parts) was damaged so badly that he was unable to come to his office for exactly three weeks. Meanwhile, the bazaars languished, and shareholders were lost, abominably. Please remember that the foregoing is a bit of real life; that it really happened; and that this was only one occasion where Tim came to grief; in several others that we are acquainted with—he scored all along the line, and purely as the result of "bazaar religion." Our little bit of testimony added on to the clergyman who unwittingly started us off on the reminiscent lay, might be of use: again, it might not. Anyhow, we have "shown willing."

It will be conceded that the maritime interests of the community were well represented on Friday, last, when the Chamber of Shipping had its annual meeting? On the motion of the retiring president, Mr. W. F. G. Anderson, the annual report was adopted, and the proposition that Mr. F. Shadworth Watts be the president for the coming year, was agreed to with universal satisfaction. Mr. Watts, after thanking his colleagues for the amiable manner in which they had received his election, started in on his first presidential address. Unfortunately, the speaker had nothing of a cheering nature to impart. In his opinion—and it is an opinion that will be shared by most of his colleagues—1904 was, as far as shipping interests were concerned, the worst in the history of the industry; furthermore, the present outlook was by no means any more roseate-hued. Touching on the vital necessity of keeping abreast of the times by securing the most economical vessels, the president touched on the Suez Canal controversy. Our readers are already aware of the points in this dispute, and of the high-handed manner in which the Canal Company elects to treat its patrons.

Mr. Watts declared that British shipowners are willing to enter into the conference which has been suggested between the Canal Company and Canal users, in a friendly and reasonable spirit; also that the council believed that a satisfactory agreement will be arrived at. We trust the prophecy will be fulfilled. Personally, we have serious doubts thereon, and are of opinion that the Canal Company will never see shipowner-reason, until they are forced to. The Canal has had it all its own way for such a number of years, that its exploiters have grown accustomed to the belief that without their gracious consent, the universal world would cease revolving on its axis. Back in 1883, the Canal Company agreed that after its revenue was sufficiently large to admit of a 25 per cent. dividend, all further profit should be devoted to bringing about a reduction of dues. Needless to say, this agreement has been ignored, repeatedly, and the ones who find the money, have a reasonable cause for complaint. Indeed, that complaint has grown so palpable, that alternate routes have been discussed, and competition threatened.

Of course, the Canal Company will continue its temporising tactics as long as possible; equally of course, that period synchronises with the ability of the shipowning fraternity to force an alteration. The proposers of a competing canal scheme rightly assume, that if they merely "knock" the existing Canal to the extent of half its revenue, there would still be some thirteen per cent. dividend for the fortunate shareholders. It is open to believe that, in reality, a competing canal would do the "knocking" to a far greater extent than half, for shipowners would remember the days of their need, and the shameless manner in which they were exploited, then. Remembering, it is competent to suppose that the "new chum" would receive the lion's share of the patronage, and where would the old concern be then, poor thing? In the words of Mr. Watts, shipowners should encourage, as far as practicable, the alternative route by the Cape. They should, for although the time would be longer, this very fact would reduce the amount of available tonnage, with the natural corollary that freights would rise. This would give a *quid pro quo*, which, if added to the Canal dues saved, would be worth consideration. Why don't you go for the thing in an enterprising spirit, you shipowning people?

When all is said, the lot of the naval architect whose business takes him into the walks of naval life, is by no means a happy or easy one! We are constrained to this admission, after reading Sir William White's lecture on "Modern Warships," and which was delivered to an interested assembly at Carpenters' Hall one day last week. Some of the disability which surrounds the naval architect in the pursuit of his business, lays in the fact that his creations have to contain engines of enormous power, which must be self-propelled; they must carry the necessary fuel; must be habitable; capable of encountering the wildest warfare at sea; easy to manœuvre; and altogether mobile. The warship has to do everything that

the merchant ship must do, and in addition, a number of items which belong to a "fighting unit," alone; but all of which must be provided for, on paper, and before the work of building commences. The latter statement is somewhat open to doubt, for we all know that during construction, a thousand-and-one things which have been overlooked at the beginning, have to be "worked in" during construction. But even so, the task is still a big one. So big, that but few among our able army of naval architects succeed in shining unduly, at the business.

CONTINUING, this phase of architectural skill must be fit to carry guns, torpedoes and mines. Must be protected against torpedo attack. Her guns, being of enormous power and energy, are certain to give the most terrible shocks on her structure, every time they are exploded, and as a natural result, strength must be worked in to withstand the consequent strain. The trouble here, is that the architect may not always place that strength where he would, but has to put it where he is enabled to, and in hunting around for that possible position, is where his grey hairs eventuate! On the other hand, it must be admitted that cost is no object. The architectural person is practically given a free hand, and thus it comes about that a vessel of the *King Edward* class will put the nation in for £1,500.000 before the "bull dog" is ready for its first bark! But remembering all the skill and shekels which have to be sequestered in this search for the "best fleet on earth," doesn't it appear as paradoxical that, when completed, those same ships are entrusted to a number of more or less callow youths, whose only recommendation—in the majority of instances—is that their fathers lived before them? That as sailormen, they have but a tin-pot chance of proving themselves a success?

TALK about a paradox! It is all that—and more! Here are we searching the world for the finest material, and the best brains to create fighting units, but as soon as they are completed, they are handed over to a number of nonentities who might be alright; but who, again, might be all wrong. And this is carried on, even while the community has thousands of desirable men among it; men who would be fit and proper for the job; and who could be depended on to take to the business, as a serious undertaking. In fact, this dear old Britain has progressed with the remainder of the world, save in one particular. It cannot assimilate the truth that "class" and inclusion among the "smart set," will in no wise help the fate of Britain's warships, once they are called upon to prove their title as rulers of the deep. When the war commences, the combatants will not even be introduced to each other; they will do all the scrapping from afar; so that the mere fact that the problematical fighter carries a coronet on his visiting card, will amount to but little, after all. If there is really anything in this craze for the "sons of gentlemen," why not institute a "society bureau," on each warship; put it in charge of the aowistocwatic lispers; and leave the handling of the ship to men who have no time—nor inclination—to lisp? This way, would safety lay.

WE can quite agree with Sir William White, that it is "a great consolation, and a great honour, for anybody to have undertaken the designing of the national ships of the Fleet of the country." But we are certain that the honour would be ever so much more accentuated, if a number of public-spirited gentlemen would set themselves the task of designing a number of seriously-inclined officers for the custody of that same Fleet. It is the fashion, in certain quarters, to pretend that all is well with the Fleet, and simply because we have a brave show of "fighting units." But the claim is merely pretence, for those "units" cannot fight of themselves; and to learn how to fight them is a big undertaking. The learners will certainly have no time for "social functions;" garden parties; polo ditto; and the dozens of dissipations which take the stiffening out of the men on whom the country will have to lean, directly the North Sea is considered as fit for the ball. The writing is already on the wall, and instead of hustling around to read it properly, we merely fool each other with the thought that, "Oh, by the end of the current year, there will be a number of the *King Edward* class afloat; t'other fellow will soon pull up his socks, then."

BUT will t'other fellow do any such thing? Will he not rather make up his mind to have a dash for that lot of warships; to endeavour to collar them cheaply; to take them over as a going-concern? If the present tactics are continued, he should not find the foregoing a difficult task—for warships cannot do the thinking. You need men for that part of the show; serious men; men who are willing to look upon their business of sailors as a means of earning a livelihood; and who merely consider gold braid, epaulettes, and cocked hats as the outward insignia of their situations; not as the be-all and end-all of life. We have moved among the cult, and this is mainly why we venture to call the attention of you, who have merely hearsay to go upon, to the miserable conditions which are gradually growing up in your midst. It cannot be gainsaid but that "Naval officer" looks upon the genuine sailor as a sort of natural history specimen; something that must be indulgently treated; and, behind its back, smiled and guffawed over. But friends, when the trouble eventuates, the genuine sailor is about all that will stand between you and the deep sea. Are you going to allow him to pass away without one regret? And merely because the "curled darlings" shape better at a masquerade than at a manœuvre; at a "social evening" than at an evolution?

ALL FOOLS' Day is responsible for many strange initiations and happenings! The latest, is in connection with the Parcel Post between this country and the United States. On April 1, will commence the new service referred to, and the limit for weight by the new quiff, will be 4lb. 6oz., while the shekels necessary for the liquidation of the carriage will be 2s. for each parcel. Outside of Customs duty, there will be no other non-postal charges; neither will the insurance dodge apply, here. But seeing that the new system will be carried on concurrently with the semi-official agency at present in vogue, and by which parcels up to 11lb. in weight, and of an insurable value of £120. are admitted there will be need for no bother on this account. The new arrangement should prove a boon; no doubt it will; and in the near future, the country will be flooded with those interesting price-lists and catalogues so dear to the heart of the American friend. Such "literature" has a free stem in dear old England; on the "other side" it is subject to duty! After all, the item is but a detail; is one of the blessings derivable from one-sided Free Trade.

WE are in receipt of a little book concerning *Le Marin Anglais*, from the pen of Doctor Andre-E. Sayous, Secretary of the Federation des Industriels et des Commercants Francais, 50, Boulevard Haussman, Paris. As an example of French opinion on the British Mercantile Marine, Dr. Sayous' book is of value, and gives the Briton a pretty good example of the old adage concerning that "would some power the giftie gie us"—but you know what we mean. As the Frenchman sees the English Marine, the picture is not over pleasant; yet he does but see it as it really exists, and not as some of the false friends on this side of the Silver Streak would have us believe it is. It behoves all well-wishers of Britain's backbone, to acquaint themselves with any impartial criticism that is open to their hand. This latest book by Dr. Sayous is open; its price is three francs; and it may be obtained from the author or from Librairie du Recueil Sirey, 22, Rue Soufflot, Paris.

SHIPBUILDING.

Although a fair number of inquiries are still being made by owners for new tonnage, there are indications that the boom in shipbuilding has practically exhausted itself. During the last two months, orders for new tonnage have been given out so freely, that there is hardly a yard of any note in the country which has not a large amount of work on hand, and both builders and their workmen, have contentedly settled down to the enjoyment of a period of prosperity. In the meantime, however, the hoped-for revival in freights is not even within measurable distance, as the amount of tonnage at present available, is more than sufficient for the trade of the world, and the vast amount of tonnage to be put into the water this year, will be more than any expected expanding trade can appropriate.

✦ ✦ ✦

Messrs. Harland & Wolff, Belfast, have received an order to build two high-class cargo and passenger steamers for the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, Liverpool.

✦ ✦ ✦

Messrs. Watt & Co., Liverpool, have bought a steamer now in course of construction by the Montrose Shipbuilding Company. The steamer is to be employed in the coasting trade.

✦ ✦ ✦

The Grangemouth & Greenock Dockyard Company, have received an order from Glasgow owners, to build a cargo steamer of about 5,300 tons deadweight.

✦ ✦ ✦

Messrs. Wm. Hamilton & Co., Port Glasgow, have received an order to build a steamer of about 7,000 tons deadweight, for Messrs. Hardie & Co., Glasgow.

✦ ✦ ✦

Messrs. Pickersgill & Co., Sunderland, have received orders for two large cargo steamers from a Liverpool firm.

✦ ✦ ✦

The Palmers Shipbuilding Company, have received an order for a high-class cargo and passenger steamer of about 400ft. long, from Messrs. Currie & Co., Melbourne. The Palmers Shipbuilding Co., have also booked an order for a cargo steamer of about 7,000 tons deadweight, for the King Line Ltd., London.

✦ ✦ ✦

To replace the steamer *Carlton*, which they recently sold, Messrs. R. Chapman & Son, Newcastle, have contracted with Messrs. Ropner & Son, Stockton-on-Tees, for the construction of a steamer of about 8,000 tons deadweight.

✦ ✦ ✦

Two large oil tank steamers, built at Jarrow, by the Palmers Shipbuilding Company, to the order of Messrs. Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd., have been sold, after laying idle in the Tyne for nearly eighteen months. One of them has been bought by a Russian Company, and will follow the Baltic fleet. She will take about 8,500 tons of fresh water. The other has been purchased by the Anglo-American Oil Company. We understand that both vessels have been sold at considerably less than the original contract prices. They are the last of six tank steamers built on spec. for Messrs. Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd.

✦ ✦ ✦

Mr. H. Wicander, of Stockholm, has purchased a new steamer, at present under construction by the Campbeltown Shipbuilding Co., of about 2,100 tons deadweight.

✦ ✦ ✦

It is rumoured at Elswick, that the Armstrong Company have just secured orders to build several new warships for Japan. Elswick has a long and close connection with the Japanese Government, and it is certain to be called upon to a large extent, when any new orders are placed.

✦ ✦ ✦

The iron screw steamer *Lemnos*, owned by Messrs. Lumsdon, Byers & Co., Sunderland, is reported sold at about £4,250. She was built by Messrs. Short Bros., Sunderland, in 1880. Dimensions 270ft. 3in. x 34ft. x 18ft. 7in., 1,530 tons gross; with engines 30in., 60in. x 39in., stroke, by Messrs. Short Brothers.

✦ ✦ ✦

The steel screw steamer *Brookside*, lately owned by Mr. J. L. Browne, Sunderland, has been sold to foreigners. She was built by Messrs. Short Bros., Sunderland, in 1893. Dimensions 300ft. x 40ft. 4in. x 24ft., 2,705 tons gross; with engines 22½in., 37in., 61in. x 42in. stroke, by Messrs. W. Allen & Co.

✦ ✦ ✦

The steel screw steamer *Kingwood*, recently bought by Messrs. Owen & Watkin Williams, Cardiff, has been renamed *Gymrian*.

✦ ✦ ✦

The Allan liner *Peruvian*, has been sold to Italians for breaking-up purposes at about £6,250. She has had a long life, as 41 years have elapsed since she was built, by Messrs. R. Steele & Co., Greenock. Dimensions 373ft. x 38ft. 6in. x 32ft., 3,262 tons gross; with engines 29½in. x 73in. x 48in. stroke, by Messrs. J. Howden & Co.

✦ ✦ ✦

The steel screw steamer *Enfield*, lately owned by Messrs. C. W. Ormston & Co., Newcastle, has been sold to Messrs. Speeding, Marshall & Co., Sunderland. She was built by Messrs. J. Priestman & Co., Sunderland, in 1897. Dimensions 288ft. x 40ft. x 19ft. 4in., 2,124 tons gross; with engines 21in., 35in., 58in. x 39in. stroke, by Messrs. W. Allen & Co.

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Messrs. Cayzer, Irvine & Co., Glasgow, managers of the Clan Line of steamers, have sold six of their old steamers, the *Clan Macarthur*, 4,054 tons gross, built by Messrs. Scott & Co., Greenock, in 1883; the *Clan Buchanan*, 2,968 tons gross, built by Messrs. A. McMillan & Son, Dumbarton, in 1882; the *Clan Mackenzie*, 2,987 tons gross, built by Messrs. Ramage & Furguson, Leith, in 1882; have been bought by a Bombay firm. The *Clan Macpherson*, 3,989 tons gross, built by Messrs. Napier, Shanks & Bell, Glasgow, in 1883; the *Clan Macintosh*, 4,053 tons gross, built by Messrs. Scott & Co., Greenock, in 1883; the *Clan Matheson*, 3,930 tons gross, built by Messrs. Napier, Shanks & Bell, in 1883; have been bought by a German firm.

✦ ✦ ✦

The Union-Castle Mail Steamship Co., Ltd., London, have sold their iron screw steamer *Roslin Castle*, to German buyers. She was built in 1883, by Messrs. Barclay, Curle & Co., Glasgow. Dimensions 392ft. 8in. x 48ft. 3in. x 32ft. 9in., 4,487 tons gross. Machinery by Messrs. T. Richardson & Sons, with engines 36in., 60in., 96in. x 60in. stroke. The steamer has been renamed *Regina*, and has sailed from Tilbury, flying the German flag, with a cargo of stores, and the port of destination is given as Tsingtau in China. We understand that Mr. Heinrich Diederichsen, the Russian Consul at Kiel is the purchaser, and that the vessel will really act as a transport for the third Russian Baltic fleet.

✦ ✦ ✦

The Empire Towing Company, of Gravesend, have sold their iron screw tug *Empire*, to buyers in the Argentine. She was built by Hepple & Co., Ltd., South Shields, in 1902. Dimensions 90ft. x 19ft. 6in. x 10ft. 9in.

✦ ✦ ✦

Messrs. J. R. Haws & Co., Liverpool, have sold the steel screw steamer *Verax*, to Mr. Joseph Hoult, Liverpool, at about £10,500. She was built by Messrs. E. Withy & Co., West Hartlepool, in 1890. Dimensions 290ft. x 40ft. x 19ft. 3in., 2,531 tons gross; with engines 22in., 35in., 59in. x 39in. stroke, by Messrs. T. Richardson & Sons. The steamer has been renamed *Bengar*.

The Maritime Review
An Illustrated Weekly Journal

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1905.

AMERICA'S MERCANTILE MARINE.

THE newspaper discussion concerning those American ship subsidies and their possible effect on Great Britain, continues intermittently. In the majority of instances, the discussers start off with the ready-made assumption that the American Brother really hankers after the maritime supremacy of which we hear so much. Is this assumption a genuine one? In our opinion, it is merely a bogie. Why do we conclude thus? Simply because we have had a fairly extended acquaintance with America, and we never remember hearing one native, outside of America's very limited shipping population, express a wish, or a thought, that prompted us to believe that "American Mercantile Marine" was other than a mere phrase, on the other side of the Pond. The trouble on this side of the water is, that our would-be moulders of public opinion invariably discuss a possible American Mercantile Marine from a British standpoint, and principally because they know nothing of the point of view adopted by the American. Interested people from the other side, send across their versions of the story and movement, and because the Briton is a nautically minded person, he accepts all the twankey which is unloaded on him for political purposes, in good faith. Being absolutely dependent on a maritime supremacy, the Briton cannot very well assimilate the fact that there are other components of the human race, who do not care twopence-ha'penny about the arrangement. Much less can the Briton be brought to believe that the American is included among the "don't care" contingent. We, on this side, can contemplate the tremendous success that the American has made in every branch of trade which he has considered as worthy his attention; but even with this example in mind, it appears impossible to make the man in the street absorb the fact that if the American wished for a colossal Mercantile Marine, he would simply hustle around and get it—even as he has done in numberless other branches of industry. It is all very pretty to "poke fun" at the Yank; we most of engage in the pastime, on occasion. For that matter, he retaliates in a similarly more or less jocular manner. All the same, we none of us forget that the progress of the United States has been phenomenal, and providing we stop to think, can readily believe that if this cry for an American Mercantile Marine were a national one—instead of a mere political catch-phrase—that Marine would have been in existence, long ago. We are willing to admit that in 1870, General Grant—the then President of the United States—plaintively commented on the national humiliation which hung around the fact of America paying up to 30,000,000 dollars annually to foreigners, in return for their carrying out the duties "which should be done by American vessels, American built, American owned, and American manned." But then, why did General Grant record his dissatisfaction with the then state of affairs? Simply because the American nation was, at that time, a maritime nation. True, it had lost its shipping; but the one-time shipping property was not such a far-distant possession that the nautical spirit had died out; thus General Grant did but give vent to a feeling which at that period, was a very real one. In 1870, the American nation, as concerned maritime matters, was as a plumber who had lost his bass of tools. It will be conceded that the mere loss of a bass of tools will not make a plumber less a tradesman? Neither would the loss of a big Mercantile Marine make the good people who recently owned the fleet, less shipping people? Certainly not! And thus it comes about that General Grant did but express the ideas that were about in his time and generation. Erstwhile, the American had owned American vessels, that were American built, and American manned. The fortunes of war had removed the tools, but the men—shipping men—remained. It is all clear enough, if one cares to look at the subject with an unprejudiced mind. Leaving General Grant, however, and considering the maze of years which have elapsed since 1870, do we find many Americans of note: men whose words would be taken as representing their fellow-countrymen; do we find this class of man groaning because of a paucity of American owned, built and manned vessels? Not to any appreciable extent! Indeed, this cry for an American Merchant Marine is a brand-new discovery! Why is this, think you? Is it because of inherent cussedness, or rather for the reason that the American is no longer a nautical person? You are safe in assuming that the latter is the genuine cause. A few would-be exploiters of a dead industry have attained a sufficiency of power to enable them to get a hearing, and finding that every branch of trade, save shipping, is as keenly contested as makes probable success a very hard ideal to follow; these talkers endeavour, by every means in their power, to whip up an interest in ships and shipping. The patriotic idea is faked for all it is worth; other nations are to be told, in a most uncompromising manner, to "drop that bundle"—if the latter happens to consist of American made notions; and at some time in the dim vistas of the future, America is going to play high, low, Jack and the game, all 'round the earth. If America, as a nation, believed all these little points, then, you could take it for granted that "something would come of it." Unfortunately for the would-be exploiters, however, the America of to-day is no longer a maritime nation. The men who flourished with General Grant have taken their last sea-trip; Charon skippered the boat; their sons have wooed fortune in other paths of industry; and no matter how you look at it, that American Mercantile Marine is a long way off. Seeing that there are no means of refuting the statement, it is fairly safe to say that if President Arthur—who relieved General Grant and took the same interest in ships and shipping—had been succeeded by "another Republican President, it is humanly certain that a more or less comprehensive system of subsidies would have been adopted." This is the amiable manner in which the subject is treated by the *Times*. Of course, there is a nice bit of the "if" about it all, and most of us have heard that old tale about the cat, and "if?" Leaving the "if" part of the business, and coming down to the absolutely certain portion of the argument, it cannot be denied that the subsidies were not instituted; that America has no Mercantile Marine; and judging by appearances, doesn't want any. It matters really not a cent, whether "it was only the accident of Mr. Blaine's defeat" when he "ran" for the Presidency, which saved British shipowners, some twenty years ago, or what not. In these "revivalled" days, we are taught to believe that in the destinies of nations, there is precious little of the "accidental" about. Be that as it may, and whether Mr. Blaine's defeat was a contributory cause or otherwise, the fact remains that America is not a maritime nation, nor for the next century, at least, is it likely to be. Again, if the Americans, at the time alluded to, were such ardent would-be shipowners, why didn't they bury their petty jealousies for long enough to put Mr. Blaine in power? Obviously, there were more 'longshore legislators, than were there nautical dittos! The same thing obtains, to-day. Here is another little quotation which should appeal to your shipping souls: "Rightly or wrongly, the American has no question of his ability to wrest England's trade from her, if once he be but given equal weapons in the fight—established lines of mer-

chant ships flying his own flag, and banking facilities at the necessary trade centres of the world; and when the steamship lines are established, the American banks will be quick to follow." See? Rightly or wrongly, the American feels that he has the ability to wrest away your trade, if he is *given* equal weapons in the fight! Who gave those weapons to the Briton? Great Cæsar! Did anybody come across here, and make a Christmas present of the British Mercantile Marine, to the British Nation? Was it all a dream, good friends, or did the Briton really have to hustle around and forge the said weapons for himself? Personally, we could never see the shadow of a "gift" in the whole business, and in all seriousness, we must say that if the American is satisfied to sit him down and await the presenting of those "equal weapons," then, he is committed to about the toughest job which he has ever undertaken. Mind you, the Columbian friend doesn't appear to want a lot, before wresting our trade away, does he? Merely established lines of merchant ships flying his own flag, and banking facilities, here, there, and t'other place. If our esteemed competitor had an old Aladdin's lamp concealed in one of his numerous museums, the thing might be engineered in short order: but to-day the only Aladdin's lamp that is worthy of consideration, is the one which lights up the path for you to do the work, yourself! Lamps are "off"—since the American set such store by electricity! Coming along to a further consideration of the findings and suggestions of the United States Merchant Marine Commission, we note that it is proposed to create a volunteer naval reserve from "the best officers and men of our merchant ships." Personally, we are of opinion that it is a mere waste of time and space to discuss the many phases of the "retaining" fees which are provided in this connection. In the first place, the Commissioners, themselves, admit that although an enrolment of 20,000 reservists is provided for, still, "if all the available men in the present American service were to volunteer, they would not amount to more than one-half that number." Exactly! That is why we remarked that a consideration of this phase of the subject, would be a mere waste of time and space. The Commissioners opine that their volunteer scheme would not draw in more than 10,000 men. We opine that they wouldn't get one-half that number—until they have weaned away the few remaining British sailors that sail in British bottoms. This latter is the American's only chance. If he will make it worth the while of the remnant of British sailors to emigrate, take out papers, and enrol as American Naval Volunteers, then, the American Navy is by way of getting a nucleus for a reserve. "Annual subventions," at so much per gross registered tons, is all buncombe; nobody knows it better than the estimable folk who have drawn up the scheme. The Anglo-Saxon race is rapidly becoming a shore-loving race. At the next shaking-up of the nations, this will be conclusively proved. Under the circumstances, therefore, there is but little sense in wasting a nation's time, in the consideration of schemes which have long since outlived their use. For our part, we are prone to admit that the following is on the spot: "Rightly or wrongly, the belief in America to-day is that Great Britain holds her commercial position now, not by virtue of her present ability or manufacturing energy, but only by reason of her position, won for her by a generation that is gone, as the carrier and broker of the world." That is the truth, undoubtedly, for look where you will, and the same spectacle confronts you; decadence, and ever decadence. Men selling sarcanet and lace fichus; women gradually sequestering the confidential positions in commercial houses! The Yank is credited with the belief that Britain is living on her accumulated capital in money and ships; and the Yank hits it every time! On the other hand, if Yank can do no better in the wresting of England's trade, than is exemplified by the soulful yearning of a present of "equal weapons," then, our American friend has no need to start off "saying things up ag'in Britain." If Yank really wanted those ships, and to re-engage as a maritime nation, we know him well enough to justify us in believing that, in reality, he wouldn't wait for those "presents." He'd buy! Failing that, he'd "acquire!"

LLOYD'S STATISTICAL TABLES FOR 1904.

THE above tables have recently been issued, and as usual, give food for some very interesting considerations concerning the "maritime supremacy" for which dear old Britain has become famous. On this particular occasion, we shall deal only with that portion of the tale set out by Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping, which treats of tonnage "transferred to foreigners." In comparison with the total tonnage owned by the whole of Britain, the amount transferred to the foreigner—323,175 tons, that is—doesn't loom unduly tall. Particularised, we find that this same total is made up as 276,059 tons of steamer, and 47,116 of sailer—or about 55 and 44 per cent. respectively, of the gross deductions. We are informed that the total slightly exceeds the relative figures for 1902 and 1903, so that it will be realised that the evil is a growing one. True, with the exception of the two years last mentioned, the "sold foreign" contingent is smaller than in any other year since 1894; but seeing that for three years past, the increase has been fairly constant, it follows that "sold foreign" is a growing evil. Furthermore, with the advent of all the new tonnage which is either launched or on order, it is safe to assume that the increase will continue? When a Briton gets a number of new brass-plates outside his offices, the observer will always notice a gradual diminution in the number of old-time brass plates. British shipowners are enterprising folk, and when they go in for a number of new, and high-class steamers, they are prone to do even as the wealthy among us do with their cast-off clothing—pass it along to poorer relations, or send it up to Bute Terrace! However, pinning down this "transferred to foreigners" little lot, we find that our Eastern ally has taken over 92,261 tons—by purchase, you understand, and without reckoning in the by no means inappreciable amount which he has taken by *force majeure*, and because it was caught *in flagrante delicto!* The Hardy Norseman has assimilated to his own uses (and our freights) 42,137 tons, while it is safe to assume that he has purchased them merely at giving-away-prices, and with the sure and certain hope that he will use them against the late owners. The amiable Teuton has taken in a fleet represented by the figures 41,457 in tons; Italy is responsible for 30,507 tons; and France (where the bounties ran riot) 21,993 tons. Altogether, the "little lot" is fairly well distributed, don't you think? It is also placed in the very hands that may be calculated to do the most with it. In the words of the compiler of Lloyd's Statistical Tables, we find that "In the main, the vessels which are transferred to foreigners, are not of very recent construction." The trouble of the whole mistaken business however, will be that every ton of that "transferred" amount will be all for recent freights! Of that, we may be sure. Concerning the construction of the "sold foreign" combination perhaps, the least said, soonest mended. As a matter of fact, it is because of the vessels' antiquity—in the main, again—that they were sold at such pound-of-tea rates? Where the trouble will eventuate, is in the absolute certainty that every one of those, at present, foreign-owned bargains, will walk off with cargoes paying exactly the same rates as will be current with the newer, more up-to-date, and altogether more expensive tonnage under the British flag, and which, at present, is not intended for sale to the foreigner. It is alright to say that "17 per cent. of the tonnage removed from the Register . . . was built before 1880, 35 per cent. before 1885, 55 per cent. before 1890, and about 80 per cent. before 1895." But the whole boiling will rank equally with the Briton's best samples, for freights that are ruling in 1905. Hence the pity—and shortsightedness—of this "sold foreign" policy.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *February 22nd, 1905.*

BUSINESS in the coal market, during the past week, has been extremely quiet. Indeed, there has been but little doing since last we had the pleasure of spreading our weekly tale, for your kind consideration. Recent anticipations have been by no means realised. On the contrary, rather, for prices have weakened abominably! At least, that is how we heard a "factor" put the matter, this morning; and when a coal "factor" starts out to talk about his own staple—well, you can believe him (if you are built that way!) Outside of this particular gentleman's wail, we are of opinion that the weakness is merely applicable to prompt coal, and this solely because of the delay, and consequent scarcity, of tonnage in this position.

NATURALLY, under the conditions suggested, a quantity of coal is thrown upon the market, and with

No abnormal demand about,

the amiable buyer has recognised that to manipulate prices so that they suit his own very peculiar ideas of the fitness of things, is a matter that may be attended with no very great difficulty. Providing, that is, that the gentleman has a handy boat—either little or big—into which the glutted commodity may be romped with as little delay as possible. When the colliery gentleman sees an opportunity of releasing his wagons (and in the event of his hungering very badly for that same release) he is not unduly anxious about the odd threepence. Heaped up wagons are an abomination—to the colliery man!

BUT writing of wagons, reminds us that the merry mannie who deals therein, and who is the lucky possessor of a goodly number thereof, is in a very happy mood, at present! We should not be surprised to see that sealskin sacques, and things, had "riz.!" Not us! When the colliery man is in the position which brings out a sentence such as

"I MUST have Wagons!"

then is the life of the hirer-out, one long dream of loveliness. At the moment, the "I MUST have" has materialised, and the hirer is cherubically inclined, in consequence. Yes, sirs, times like the present suit the hirers-out of wagons right down to the bottom edge of their boot-soles when they are standing on *terra firma*.

REVERTING to the buyer for just a minute, it cannot be said that he is taking much advantage of the ruling conditions. On the contrary, as a matter of fact, for there is practically nothing doing in either demand, or actual business. But 'twas ever thus—in the coal trade! When prices are high, your buyer must have the stuff; when prices are low,

He hasn't any money.

How is it, you experts at the business? Give it up? So do we, and pass on to other considerations.

OUR own "Old Moore," has been handing us in his prophecies—and he knows a bit about the business. What has he been saying? Lots! Among the ruck of it, he assures us that the prevailing weakness in the staple trade, has all the appearance of being of a temporary character. And mind you, he gives very cogent reasons for his predictions. Some of them are, that the recent heavy chartering is bound to result in a good arrival of steamers, soon. This, coupled on to those dear old lag-behind samples of tonnage, will be sure to make shipments busy, in the near future. We hope he is right. He means to be, we know. Meanwhile, we can but look and wait for the good time.

WE have it, too, on the authority of another "expert," that the colliery man is engaged at the anticipation business; believes that the

Re-attainment of his recent good position

is simply a matter of days; is convinced that he will be in the middle of a wild "rush" for coal, before he has had time to breathe. Why is this, think you? Simply because the stemmed tonnage is becoming due. When it has arrived, you are warned to keep off the grass. Colliery man is willing to admit that buyer has the best end of the stick at the moment; at the same time, he has made up his features on the lines of "He laughs best, who laughs last," and it is even so.

PERSONALLY, we do not believe that any improvement is likely to materialise immediately—bar accidents, of course. Present stocks will take some working off, before the word "scarcity" will come on board in coal-land. This accumulation has been the cause of frequent stoppages, even with those collieries which, on paper, are really over-stemmed. Paper stems, however, are not of much use. They do not bluff the buyer; neither do they work the confidence trick unduly among the colliers. As a matter of fact, those same paper stems are just the little tricks

Which bring out arbitration awards

against the colliery owner.

WE have been assured, most positively, that the decision of the independent chairman was the reverse of unexpected. Sometimes, we might be inclined to believe it. At others, we might—if we were rude—remark about the prevalence of rats in the district. Anyhow, if it really were expected, then, what we have maintained all through the contraption, is correct. What have we maintained? Why that the masters ask for a reduction, so that the men may not seek a rise; and the men ask for a rise so that the masters may not demand a reduction. In any case it cannot be denied that contracts have been taken at lower figures, than ruled last year.

MEANWHILE, sellers are patiently—if not anxiously—awaiting the result of the Italian Marine tenders, the placing of which should have a beneficial effect, and the probability of

A hardening-up process

where it is most wanted. We have not noticed any undue rise in the tissue paper trade, or, for the matter of that, in the ribbon departments. Possibly the Italian gentlemen have decided to take the stuff "neat," after all? We hope so, for the wrapping and tying-up would constitute a very grave precedent.

BEST CARDIFF ADMIRALTYS, in the matter of quotation, range along at about 13s. 6d.; but this is by no means firm, for spot business. Certainly, paper stems (always paper, you'll observe) are good, but lack of tonnage supplies has placed collieries in a very uncomfortable position, as the Man who Sells finds, to his dismay, that he has more on hand than he can dispose of. As a natural consequence, this little item doesn't always allow him to obtain his quotation, and he finds that if he would dispose of a decent-like quantity, he must be of an accommodating turn of mind.

Must smile at the friendly buyer.

So much is this in evidence at the moment, that buyer realises that there is no necessity for any undue gift of the persuasive, providing he wishes to do himself proud in this direction. Notwithstanding these little points in buyers favour, and as already stated higher up the page, there have been but few transactions. The value in this section is therefore, anything below 13s. 6d.—that you are in a position to dictate.

SECONDS, quite naturally, are much easier than they were. This, out of sympathy with the premier sorts. A few collieries in this group are in the happy position of keeping fairly busy, but here, as in other quarters, there is an uncomfortable easiness hanging around prompt stems, So much so, that cargoes for this position can be

Arranged on advantageous terms.

Generally, the quotation is 12s. 9d., a little over or under, according to the position of the colliery in question; but the figures fairly represent the value of SECONDS, at the time of writing.

ORDINARIES show no improvement in so far as demand is concerned. Indeed, the demand in this grade is slack; shaky; watered; anything you like, as long as it means weakness. There is nothing new in this weakness; this sad lack of appreciation; for it has been around for some time, past. Here, as in other qualities, prices are more governed by date of shipment, than by the cuffer spun by the would-be buyer. Prompt cargoes of this stuff may be easily booked at 12s.—and a little less easily at threepence under that.

DRYS have been fairly well-maintained, at from 12s. 6d. to 12s. 9d. for BESTS, which

Continue fairly busy.

Outside of their present engagements, however, there is but little doing in this phase of the trade, which may be considered as easy. That is, prices are merely maintained because of past bookings—and a scarcity of any demand. INFERIORS are weaker on a limited request, and can be easily obtained for 12s. 3d.

MONMOUTHSHIRE COALS are unchanged, for this section continues to be exceedingly quiet. Demand is practically non-existent, and in view of the fact that stems are distinctly easy with the collieries, prices, as you might well suppose, have declined. In addition to there being but little demand for prompt shipment, so also is there a scarcity for anything of a forward nature. Indeed, so dull are these particular sorts, that there is but little indication of anything approaching a

Rise in the immediate future.

BLACK VEINS are asking 11s. 9d., and in one or two instances which have come under our notice, prompt business would have brought an appreciable reduction. The prompt business, however, didn't eventuate, so the quotation remained, even as we have written it.

ORDINARIES, in this grade, are also weaker. Outputs are considerably in excess of what demand there is. Indeed, when sized up for what it is really worth, there is precious little of the latter about in any of the units of this section. This lack of demand, coupled on to

the scarcity of tonnage which exists, has made matters unpleasant for the collieries involved, so that stoppages have been frequent. Under the circumstances, therefore, quotations are but nominal, and the actual value can only be obtained, when Greek meets Greek, in solid earnest! From the sellers' point of view, the price is 11s. 6d.; but the stuff may be obtained at 11s. 3d.—easily.

Seconds, on the contrary, have been somewhat busy, and are likely to continue in this vein, at least, into next week. Most of the collieries are blessed with good stems, and there is also a satisfactory amount of enquiry. On the whole, the value may be accepted as 10s. 9d. which is being steadily maintained.

Rhondda No. 3's have not been affected by the prevailing tendency of the market, for this grade continues to show a very firm front. Collieries have their hands full, and the state of their stems admits of their taking on but little new business. Even into March,

Buyers have difficulty

in covering their requirements, so that there is little fear (or chance) of prices declining hereaway, for a time. Values are firm at 14s. to 14s. 3d. for Large; Thro's are getting 11s. and 11s. 3d.

Rhondda No. 2's are experiencing a passing good demand, with prices beautifully steady. Collieries are busy, and have every prospect of continuing so, and business has been done at 10s. 6d.—frequently.

Smalls have not been so active. The demand has eased, until it has really got below what might be termed the average. And in spite of the restricted supplies of large, which usually gives this section a more or less fictitious firmness, prices have still further declined. Bests may be scheduled at 7s. 3d. to 7s. 6d.; Ordinaries, at 6s. 9d.; and Inferiors, at from 6s. to 6s. 6d.

Patent Fuels show but little variation in values, those current being about on a par with those of last week. Pitwood, too, is about the same; if any change is noticeable, it is on the side of firmness. Actual prices are unchanged, although as suggested, somewhat steadier. Scarcity of wagons militates against any improvement at the moment.

Approximate Figures for the Week, are as follow:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

Quality.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	13s. 6d., 13s. 9d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d., 13s. 9d.	13s. 3d., 13s. 6d.	13s. 3d., 13s. 6d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d., 12s. 3d.
Drys ,, ..	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d., 12s. 6d.
Best Newport ,, ...	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d. 12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	10s. 10½d.	10s. 10½d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.
Best House Coal ,,	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 10s. 9d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	14s. 3d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 0d.	14s. 0d.	14s. 0d., 14s. 3d.	14s. 0d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,,	10s. 7½d.	10s. 7½d.	10s. 6d., 10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 4½d., 10s. 6d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	12s. 3d.	12s. 0d. 12s. 3d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 1½d.
,, 2 ,,	9s. 0d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d., 8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 7½d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 6d., 7s. 9d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 3d., 7s. 6d.
Seconds	7s. 3d. 7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 0d.	7s. 0d.	6s. 9d.
Ordinaries	7s. 0d.	7s. 0d.	6s. 9d.	6s. 9d.	6s. 7½d.	6s. 6d.
Best Newport	7s. 0d.	7s. 0d.	6s. 9d.	6s. 9d.	6s. 6d., 6s. 9d.	6s. 6d.
Seconds	6s. 6d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.	6s. 0d., 6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.
Rhondda No. 2	6s. 6d.	6s. 6d., 6s. 9d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 3d.	6s. 0d., 6s. 6d.	6s. 3d., 6s. 6d.
,, No. 3	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 1½d.	10s. 1½d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 3d.
Foundry Coke:						
Special	21s. 0d., 22s. 0d.	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.	21s. 3d.	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d.
Ordinary	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.
Furnace Coke	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d., 15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 15s. 9d.
Patent Fuel	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d., 13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.
Pitwood (ex ship)	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 16s. 9d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

Swansea, *February 22, 1905.*

In considering the state of the market, hereaway, we find but little change to chronicle. An average business has been passing, but the limited number of new orders coming on the market, keeps prices at their present levels, although these are steady.

Anthracite Coals are keeping steady at the figures given below, and which have not varied greatly, since our last. Best Sorts, being fairly well stemmed, maintain their position, and are helped in this, by the satisfactory demand obtaining at present. Inferior Sorts are, however, not so firm, and business in them is somewhat quiet. For prompt shipment, it is possible to improve upon the quoted figures. Red Veins, however, are experiencing a satisfactory demand, and values are rather firm.

Machine Made Coals are an easy market, especially for prompt shipment, and buyers who are in a position to take delivery promptly, have been able to book at lower figures. There is very little business passing in this section, so that values are naturally weaker.

Rubbly Culm maintains its improved *status*, and this grade is still a firm one. Sellers have had a good week in the matter of demand, and with stems in the position known as satisfactory, naturally, the quotation for this quality, is firmer than has been the case for some little time. For anything prompt, the figure is 4s. 9d. for Bests. Inferiors, of course, are correspondingly less; 4s. 3d. for instance.

Duff is selling at 3s. 6d. There has been an increase in the request for the stuff this week, and although prices have not risen, those current, are very steady.

Steams have weakened, on a scarcity of tonnage, and on account of a limited demand. Prompt coals are plentiful, and for this position it is possible to negotiate Bests at 13s. 3d. Seconds are also weak at about 12s. 3d., with other local Bunker Large at about 11s.

Patent Fuels are unchanged, and retain their accustomed firmness. Stems are full for early into next month, and seeing that a good demand continues, the present sound state of this section has all the appearance of being maintained.

Below, we give the average prices for the week:—

Quality.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.
Anthracite:						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large	20s. 6d.	20s. 0d., 20s. 6d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d., 20s. 6d.
Seconds do.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d., 19s. 0d.
Big Vein Large	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.
Red ,, ,,	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.	9s. 9d., 10s. 3d.	10s. 0d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.
,, ,, Nuts	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.
,, ,, Peas	10s. 0d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.	9s. 9d., 10s. 0d.
Rubbly Culm	4s. 9d.	4s. 6d., 5s. 0d.	4s. 9d.	4s. 9d., 5s. 0d.	5s. 0d.	4s. 9d.
Duff	3s. 3d.	3s. 3d.	3s. 6d.	3s. 6d.	3s. 3d., 3s. 9d.	3s. 3d., 3s. 6d.
Patent Fuel:	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 7d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.
Steam:						
Best Large	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d., 13s. 6d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 3d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.
Seconds ,,	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 0d., 12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.
Bunker ,,	11s. 0d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	10s. 9d., 11s. 3d.
Thro' and Thro'	9s. 0d., 10s. 0d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d., 10s. 0d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

CARDIFF, *February 22, 1905.*

EASTWARD, the market continues in a most apathetic condition, for business is about as meagre as it is well possible to conceive. Indeed, the only apparent movement worthy of note in this direction, is where the amiable ally is taking over a portion of the British Mercantile Marine as a going concern! Taking 'em over for nothing, we mean. Beyond this, we note that a boat has been fixed for Bombay, at 7s. 9d., and another one for the Cape at 9s. 10½d., with 450 tons delivery.

WESTWARD, and taking the Plate market first, we find that prices are most erratic. However, one boat has obtained 8s. for the Lower Ports, although the major portion of the business has been carried out, on a basis which stretches to anything between 7s. 3d. and 7s. 9d. Indeed, a small boat has been closed for ROSARIO, direct, at 7s. 6d. For RIO DE JANEIRO, the amount of transactions has been fair, with 8s. 9d. as the prevailing figures; while SANTOS, has recorded a touch at half-a-guinea!

FOR the WEST COAST of SOUTH AMERICA, we note that a cargo has been booked at 11s., and a fuel cargo for VERA CRUZ, at 6s. 6d. HENCE the ISLANDS, there is but little doing. TENERIFFE, LAS PALMAS and MADEIRA being worth from 5s. 6d. to 5s. 9d., according to size.

THE MEDITERRANEAN market has recovered somewhat, and once again there is a good demand for the Italian ports. Prices, here, ought to go still better, seeing that a bit of tonnage will soon be needed for the Italian Marine contract purposes.

GENOA has again touched 7s. for a fairly big boat, and in all probability this figure will be repeated. PORT SAID charterers, again, have taken up a fair amount of tonnage at 6s., and one boat, at least, has been fixed for forward loading for ALEXANDRIA, at 6s., although 6s. 7½d. is the current price for handy-sized tonnage. MARSEILLES remains steady at 7·60 francs, and for ALGIERS, 7 francs is the current rate. To fill their requirements, BARCELONA merchants are paying 6s. 9d. while fixtures are also reported, HENCE BEYROUT, at 7s. 3d.; CATANIA 6s. 7½d.; CAGLIARI, 6s. 10½d.; and VALENCIA, 6s. 7½d.

For the remainder, see List.

Week Ending, (Wednesday), February 22, 1905.

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Reunion, *Reynolds*, 4,000 tons, 11s. 3d. March April.
Bombay, Steamer, 4,700 tons, 7s. 9d.
Cape, *Ben Cruachan*, 3,500 tons, 9s. 10½d. 450 delivery.

WESTWARD, Etc.

Santos, Steamer, 10s. 6d.
Rio de Janeiro, *Weardale*, 3,600 tons, 8s. 9d.
Commonwealth, 4,200 tons, 8s. 9d.
Fellbridge, 4,000 tons, 8s. 9d.
Penarth, 4,000 tons, 8s. 9d.
Las Palmas, Steamer, 2,500 tons, 5s. 9d. option **Madeira**
Selma, 5,100 tons, 5s. 6d.
River Plate, *Ethelwalda*, 3,000 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Steamer, 4,200 tons, 7s. 3d.
Talavera, 3,300 tons, 7s. 6d.
Alumwell, 3,400 tons, 7s. 9d.
Lady Curzon, 4,800 tons, 8s.
Carham, 3,100 tons, 7s. 6d.
Penmount, 3,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Steamer, 3,200 tons, 7s. 6d.
Rosario, *Blagdon*, 2,700 tons, 7s. 6d.
Vera Cruz, Steamer, 3,500 tons, 6s. 6d. fuel.
Talcahuano Pisagua, Steamer, 5,000 tons, 11s.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Genoa, Steamer, 2,500 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Oratios Couppas, 2,900 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Lamia L. 3,000 tons, 6s. 6d.
Dunbarmoor, 5,000 tons, 6s. 6d. option **Savona/Naples**
Benevoy, 3,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Steamer, 5,000 tons, 6s. 9d. option **Savona/Spezzia.**
Steamer, 1,500 tons, 6s. 9d.
Firby, 3,000 tons, 7s.
Steamer, 4,600 tons, 6s. 9d.
Naples, *Sigrid*, 3,000 tons, 6s. 3d.
Vasilefs Georgios, 5,300 tons, 6s. 6d. 1,000 delivery.
Anthony Radcliffe, 3,400 tons, 6s. 6d. 700 delivery.
Steamer, 5,500 tons, 6s. 6d.
Port Said, —— *Hall*, 5,200 tons, 6s.
Trevalvan, 4,000 tons, 6s.
Chumleigh, 5,800 tons, 6s.
Penlee, 5,800 tons, 6s
Gogowale, 5,000 tons, 6s.
Alexandria, Steamer, 3,000 tons, 6s. 3d.
Tre——, 3,000 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Tregantle, 4,200 tons, 6s. 7½d. delivery.
Venice, *London Bridge*, 4,500 tons, 7s. 4½d. option **Ancona.**
Rhodesia, 5,900 tons, 7s. 4½d. option **Ancona.**
Malta, *Druidstone*, 2,800 tons, 6s. 3d. fuel.
Robert Eggleton, 2,400 tons, 5s. 6d.
Nethermoor, 2,500 tons, 5s. 6d.
Kirkwall, 3,100 tons, 5s. 6d.
Leghorn, *Antwerpen*, 1,500 tons, 7s. coal, 7s. 9d. fuel. (s)
Probus, 1,800 tons, 6s. 9d. option **Torre** or **Civita Vecchia.**
Barcelona, *Kirkstall*, 2,300 tons, 6s. 9d.
Buckminster, 2,500 tons, 6s. 9d. coal, 7s. 6d. fuel. (s).
Dorothy, 3,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Marseilles, *Annie*, 1,750 tons; *Dolcoath*, 2,000 tons; *Neapel*, 1,900 tons; Steamer, 2,500 tons; Steamer, 1,500 tons; all 7·50 francs.
Algiers, *Aline Montreuil*, 2,100 tons, 7 fcs. coal, 8 fcs. fuel.
Fort Louis, 2,300 tons, 7 fcs. coal, 8 fcs. fuel.
Elorrio, 1,600 tons, 7 francs, (N).
Cagliari, *Orbo*, 2,300 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Catania, *Marie Therese*, 2,100 tons, 6s. 7½d. coal, 7s. 4½d. fuel, (s).
Beyrout, *Penpol*, 2,300 tons, 7s. 3d. coal, 8s. fuel, (s).
Seville, *Radnor*, 1,700 tons, 5s. 7½d.
Gibraltar, *Dunstaffnage* 1,700 tons, ppt. (Private terms).
Maggie Schultz, 1,300 tons, 5s. 3d. (N).
Tangiers, *Bostad*, 750 tons, 7s. 3d.
Vigo, *Rocio*, 1,700 tons, 5s.
Oporto, *Skald*, 1,500 tons, 5s. (N).
Huelva, Steamer, 1,800 tons, 4s. 7½d.
Lisbon, *Auckland Castle*, 1,300 tons, 4s. 9d.
Steamer, 1,800 tons, 4s. 9d.
Sicily, *Orn*, 2,000 tons, 6s. 6d.
Tunis, *Gafsa*, 2,500 tons, 8·25 francs,
Torre, *Nike*, 2,500 tons, 6s. 9d. option **Civita/Leghorn**
Valencia, *Silurian*, 1,200 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Cairnmona, 2,000 tons, 7s. coal, 7s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Alicante, *Glenmoor*, 2,100 tons, 6s. 6d. coal, 7s. 3d. fuel (s).
Palermo, *Tockwith*, 2,600 tons, 6s. 9d.
Arzew, *La Vienne*, 2,000 tons, 7·25 francs. coal, 8·25 francs fuel, (s).

BAY, Etc.

Bordeaux, *Lionel*, 1,400 tons, 5 francs.
Steamer, 2,000 tons, 4·50 francs, 4 voyages.
Nantes, *Rive de Gier*, 1,400 tons, 4·75 fcs.
Sables, *Aasta*, 1,400 tons, 4·50 francs.
Rochforte, *Pomaron*, 1,900 tons, 4·25 francs.
Pasages, Steamer, 1,300 tons, 4s. 7½d.
La Rochelle, Steamer, 2,200 tons, 4·25 francs. option **Rocheforte,** 4·50 francs. (s).

BALTIC, Etc.

Stettin, *Aarvak*, 1,000 tons, 6s. 6d. (Burryport loading).
Kiel, *Cleveland*, 2,600 tons, 5s. 6d.
Nyborg, Steamer, 1,800 tons, 5s. option **Aarhuus.**

COASTING, Etc.

Rouen, *Raloo*, 1,350 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Steamer, 1,200 tons, 4s. 9d.
Surbiton, 1,000 tons, 5s.
Emperor, 700 tons, 5s. (s).
Peter Berg, 800 tons, 4s. 10½d. (s).
Clonlee, 1,300 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Alice M. Craig, 1,200 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Honfleur, Steamer, 52 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Fulton, 1,200 tons, 4s. 6d. option **Caen.**
Havre, *Lutece*, 1,700 tons, 3s. 10½d. (s).
Steamer, 1,200 tons, 4s. 1½d.
Steamer, 2,200 tons, 3s. 10½d. option **Dieppe/St. Malo**
Dieppe, *Carlston*, 750 tons, 4s. 9d. optn. **Rouen,** 5s. 3d. (s)
Emden, *George Allen*, 2,900 tons, 4s.
St. Malo, *Sando*, 1,100 tons, 3s. 10½d.
Dag, 1,200 tons, 3s. 10½d. (s).
Brest, *Grane*, 1,400 tons, 3s. 9d. (s).
Castleford, 2,400 tons, 3s. 9d.
Caen, *Zealandia*, 800 tons, 4s. 6d.

HOMEWARD.

Villagarcia to Cardiff, *Rosella*, 1,500 tons, 6s. 9d. pitwood.
Bordeaux to Cardiff or Newport, Steamer, 1,100 tons, 5s. 3d. pitwood.
Bordeaux to Newport, *Thomas Coats*, 1,200 tons, 5s. 1½d. pitwood.
Bayonne to Cardiff or Newport, *Larpool*, 1,400 tons; *Warick*, 1,000 tons; both 6s. pitwood.
Bilbao to Cardiff, *Seirak Bat*, 3,100 tons, 3s. 10½d. ore.
Bilbao to Swansea, Steamer, 15,00 tons, 4s. 1½d. ore
Bordeaux to Swansea, Steamer, 1,200 tons, 5s. 4½d. pitwood.

Maritime, (and other) Money, , Matters, ,

AMONG the quietly progressive little dry dock concerns in the Bristol Channel, the Cardiff Junction Dry Dock and Engineering Company, Limited, occupies a foremost position. We write "quietly progressive" advisedly, for somehow or other there is never any undue fuss around the place, and yet it succeeds admirably, in "keeping its head up." Quoting from its latest rendering of accounts, we find that: "The revenue account shows a credit balance of £4,493 7s. 8d., thus balance 31st December, 1903, £5,974 1s. 1d., less dividend at 5 per cent. per annum paid March 5th, 1904, £1,250; balance of revenue, 31st December, 1904, £2,019 6s. 7d., less dividend 5 per cent. per annum paid 1st September, 1904, £1,250; less portion of cost of widening entrance to the dock, £1,000; leaving a balance of £4,493 7s. 8d.

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"THE directors recommend the payment of a dividend at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, £750, and carry to credit of the current year, £3,743 7s. 8d." There you are! Not only coming out with a little bit to the good, but also in a position to pay for the widening of the dock entrance; an achievement which has tended considerably toward bringing the dock in line with modern requirements. Not that "the Junction" was ever any other, for the matter of that. But steamers are easily lengthened with each succeeding year, while a dry dock once made, has, practically, to remain even as it was in the beginning. That the directors of this particular property may be depended on to make the most of their opportunities, has been amply evidenced in the past. That the future will give an equal showing, it is fairly competent to believe.

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EH? Money is in good demand! Ain't you glad, or do you think that it is only a ringing of the financial changes? But there, don't be too pessimistic about the matter. Times are bad, we know; but when money is in good demand, there is surely a good time coming. Being in such good demand, Cape of Good Hope 3½ per cent. stock is trying to convince you that it is a good investment. Will you be convinced?—that is the question. Are you willing to put up your money for Cape local works, railway works, compensation for war losses, and for general money-lending purposes? If so, you have a splendid opportunity in Cape of Good Hope 3½ per cent. stuff. Eh? What's that? You would rather put your money out, a little nearer home? Well, that is unkind! Even if you do believe that the wicked Sheenymen are having the usually undue "pull" over the country, "out there!"

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MONEY is in good demand! Thus it comes about that you have a chance to put some of the spare portions thereof in Kent coal. Or in the Consolidated Kent Collieries Corporation, Limited, an' it suits you better. The directors of the big mouthful have issued a circular conven—but you know the rest of it. Re-capitalisation, is the idea, and clauses (1) and (2), etc., will affect it. What are the clauses? Don't you worry. Keep to South Wales coal. That is a good thing; has proved itself over a number of years; there is plenty of it yet undeveloped; opportunities for putting on your ooftish abound; so—stick to your native, and proved, investments. Personally, we do not know of any South Wales collieries where—but don't trouble about it, even supposing there was a cob of Kent coal in the House, t'other day. Coal at the Docks is the most likely to be satisfactory, and there is any amount of it at the local Docks?

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WRITING of docks, what is the matter with considering those at Milford? Not too big a consider; but just consider enough. Milford Docks are a paying concern; more'n twice as paying as some concerns; laundry concerns, for instance! Anyhow, the half-yearly report for the Milford Docks Company, ended December 31st, 1904, declares that the nett amount available for interest on debenture stock "A," is £2,366, which is at the rate of 11s. 9d. per cent. What is it all along of? Why through the transferrance of a certain number of trawlers to another port, the earnings of Milford Docks have been adversely affected. Still, those trawler people needn't get a lip up, and fancy they are everything in the fish trade. They are not! "Their places, . . . as was anticipated, are being filled by other trawlers (most of them newly-built)"—you in this, George?—"and it is not expected that their loss will again be felt"—until those newly-built trawlers also go "off to another port."

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BUT somehow or other, the Milford concern is always naïve. Not that it considers naïveté a fair substitute for capital, or for dividends; but it is naïve. Was built like it, we suppose, so cannot help it! Anyhow, "Expressions of approval have been received from the owners of fishing vessels and merchants for whose use the new stage and market have been erected," so that is alright. When expressions of approval romp in, there is something to be said for the place receiving them. Don't you think so? Furthermore, "there is every reason to believe that these facilities will lead to a considerable extension of the company's business." We should smile! Fancy having a Milford Dock report that had no reasons for believing that, at some time, bime by, "a considerable extension of the company's business" would not materialise!

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NOW, we'll let poor old Milford pursue its hybernating course for another half-year, even as we pick up the thread which we dropped two paragraphs up the page. You mind us remarking about laundry concerns? Well, then, see if we were not right about it. There is the Cardiff Steam Laundry, for instance. But let us give it its full title, for its trading warrants it. Here goes then, and take a breath for a minute—The Cardiff Steam Laundry, Dyeing, Carpet and Window Cleaning Company, Limited, phew! But never mind the old tag about what's in a name. The concern shows a balance on the profit and loss account of £1,796 18s. 7d.—against that at Milford, which amounted to £2,366! Eh? We were wrong in our proportion? Let it be accounted to us for righteousness, then. We did but strive to make the poor old Milford Docks look up a bit.

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REGARDING the dividend-earning side of the business we find that the laundry is good for a ten per cent. solatium, against the Milford Docks touch of 11s. 9d. Then, in addition to that "fancy" (these days) dividend, there is a little matter connected with cottages arranged for, and one-fifth of the cost of certain debentures to be written off; all of which goes to show that there is money in dirty clothes. At least, there is money in the cleansing thereof. After this, let no man pass comparisons between dock companies and white shirt dittos. The latter have the everlasting bulge on (some of) the former. Put not your faith in princes, nor your shekels in dock companies; dump it all into laundry concerns, and it will be well with you!

THE similarity between minds that are really great, is one of the most noticeable features connected with human life. The pastime of hunting for treasure—in lieu of working therefor—exemplifies the similarity better than any other trait with which I am acquainted. Numerous reasons for this peculiar state of affairs have been brought my way; but my own personal opinion is, that the excitement which scintillates around these treasure hunts: an excitement which is consequent on the fact that, once in a thousand tries, the hunter manages to obtain something for nothing; is responsible for every hunt of the kind, to which the public has been treated. In view of the thousand-to-one chance referred to, you might be inclined to question that similarity between minds that are really great?

In any case, and however you may look at it, there is a constant recrudescence of this treasure-hunting notion. Some of them are plausible enough; some of them are slightly otherwise; but in each instance, there is the element of gleaning something for nothing; and so the game continues. I am not sure that it is altogether necessary to inaugurate a sail-away undertaking for the purpose of getting your efforts duly labelled as a "treasure hunt." On the contrary, rather, for I am under the impression that you may work up a high-class hunt of the kind, and yet never leave your native land. Indeed, the latter kind of treasure hunt is much safer than the former—if you work it properly. When you engage in a sail-away enterprise; go in for visiting foreign climes of which you know nothing; you invariably run up against nasty things.

That is, if you don't get eaten by mosquitos—or cannibals; you tobogan into "treasure caves" that have been left to the care of a number of uncomfortably dressed Ancient Mariners; arrangements which have developed the bony part of their anatomies at the expense of the fleshy portions thereof; and you either end up by going dotty because of those "silent sentinels;" or do the same trick on account of really finding the ingots of precious metal, and those old gunny bags filled, more or less, with doubloons, pieces of eight, or common ducats. No, sail-away treasure hunts are no catch for a properly constituted brain. You can do far better at the game if you stay-at-home—providing you engineer the business in a duly mechanical manner; in which case, if the bag of tricks goes agley, your stalking-horse will have to stand the racket; and after his spell of chokee, you will be in a position to show him that you are not unmindful of his merit.

Why, I went off on a "treasure hunt," myself, on one occasion. 'Twas at a place named Callao. What did I catch? Why—but never mind! That is all in the goneness of the past, and you will e'en have to await the advent of my biographist, ere learning of that particular treasure hunt. I'm a modest person, and hate to be giving away bits of personal prowess. Still, I might be persuaded to tell you of that treasure hunt—someday. Meanwhile, I would rather be allowed to explain how the thing may be worked here, if you don't mind. Never you bother about going off on a sail-away dodge for ooftish. It's a delusion; a mortifying of the flesh; and in nine cases out of ten, you lose all the money you had at the start, as well as all that you intended to have at the conclusion. You may take that from a genuine treasure hunter—that's me!

How may the dodge be worked here? That's what's the matter. Well, let me tell you how to successfully carry on, say, a dry dock treasure hunt. First of all, you, individually, form a combine of as many daring spirits as you can find up to, say, seven. So! Now, look around for some young fellow that is possessed of one notion, proper; and who has a nodding acquaintance with some stock-and-share-shovers. The notion must be that the youth is about as "fly" as unregenerate mankind may be; and the nodding acquaintance will give the knowledge necessary for the running of a fifth-rate stock-broker's office; a bucket-shop, in the parlance of the regular members of the force. If your youthful friend is "hard up," and you place him under an obligation which, out of motives of gratitude, will make him more than ever your slave, well and good. So much the better—for you.

Having got to this stage of the undertaking, you have to decide as to whether you will really have a dry dock in the treasure hunt, or if it will suit your game better to have a problematical one. Here, please note, lays one of the chief beauties of the stay-at-home treasure seekings. In a sail-away dodge, you have to get a ship; a treasure island; and, oh, heaps of other expensive items. But in the case which I am explaining to you, nothing outside of paper—and unbounded gall—is necessary. However, if you mean to have a real dry dock to play with, you hunt around until you find one. Don't matter a hang whether the man who is running it is a good man, or otherwise. Out with him! If he is a good man, he will surely queer your pitch; if he is a duffer well, he'll queer it, unwittingly. Having put out the old hand, instal one of your own. Don't trouble about having a smart one, please note. Smart men, sometimes, are dangerous to the hunt.

The man you want, must be ready and willing to believe you, if you state for sure that it is dark at mid-day. In fact, all his fitness in this case, is that he has to feel his need of you. Here you are with a combine, a bucket-shop, and a dry dock man who can be manager, inspector, scribe, pharisee—anything that you give orders for. Next thing you'll want will be a mortgage. Not too big an one; but just big enough. Later on, and thanks to the bucket-shop *plus* your manager, you will be in a position to issue circulars marked private and confidential, and with their advent, commences the treasure hunt in real earnest. Right here, you have to be prepared to do absolutely anything—if your hunt is to get you the desired shekels.

Hole-in-corner offers of purchase (from your own creatures) will come in. They will be refused. This will run down the value of the shares until you can simply pick them up for love—and a few coppers, more or less. The "silent sentinel" will come in here, too; but in most instances, you can "square" him, because he is on a treasure hunt of his own, and merely met yours incidentally! Spin cuffers; prate of religion—this is essential—and at the psychological moment, sweep the deck, and your hunt is ended! If the job fizzles, you are still alright. Put it on to the bucket-shop, your dry dock man—or to

Petrel.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on February 9, 1905, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

1,743/04—DUTHIE—*Improvements in or relating to hatches and covers for steam herring drifters and herring boats.*

This invention relates to constructing hatches so as to provide more accommodation. This is effected by raising the centre beam of the hatch, the ends thereof being hinged to the middle portion and slope down to the hatch coamings. By this means the hatch covers are pitched like the roof of a house, instead of being flat.

2,534/04—SIMPSON—*Improvements in apparatus for arresting the motion of navigable vessels.*

According to this invention a recess is formed in the ship's side. This recess is closed by two doors pivotted on spindles adapted to be turned simultaneously by levers operated by a fluid pressure cylinder arranged inside the vessels. The forward door is pivotted on its leading edge, and turns inwards, and the rear door is pivotted at its centre, and its leading edge turns inwards causing the following half of the door to project beyond the ship's side and act as an arrester. Two orifices are formed, both in the top and bottom sides of the recess, and a passage connecting the two orifices is provided both above and below the recess. On account of the projecting leaf of the door, water is deflected into the recess and finds its escape on the other side of the projecting leaf by flowing through the said passage.

3,947/04—HURLEY—*Operating bulkhead and other doors.*

This invention relates to improvements in the valve arrangements for operating bulkhead doors by fluid pressure.

6,293/04—DICKINSON—*Improvements in automatic feeds for rock drilling machines.*

This invention relates to providing a ball bearing between the spindle, at the end of the drill barrel, and the socket of the claw foot, into which the spindle fits. The socket is prevented from becoming detached from the spindle, by means of a set screw, the point of which enters an annular groove in the spindle.

6,576/04—BROWN & MCPHERSON—*Improvements in and relating to side lights for steam ships and other vessels.*

According to this invention the glass windows of ship's sides are permanently closed. For ventilation purposes a hollow chamber is formed above the window the base of which communicates by one or more passages, fitted with baffles, with the outside, and the top with the inside of the vessel. The top of this chamber is adapted to be closed by a hinged flap and a screwed spindle and nut.

18,176/04—JENKIN—*Improvements in connection with rock drills.*

This invention relates to a simple valve arrangement for rock drills. According thereto the working piston is formed in two portions united by a neck of lesser diameter. The annular space around the neck provides a means of communication between the inlet pipe and each end alternately of the valve. This valve consists of a plain cylindrical rod moving axially in a cylindrical recess. The exhaust occurs through ports uncovered by each end of the piston at each end of its stroke.

20,333/04—EATON—*Improvements in screw propellers for navigable vessels.*

According to this invention a screw propeller is constructed with its blades tangential to the boss. The blades are also made concave. The blades may be separably attached to the boss, elongated holes for the bolts enabling the pitch to be varied within limits.

22,187/04—RIDGWAY—*Improvements in belt conveyors.*

This invention relates to a new method of troughing a conveyor belt. According thereto a second belt is arranged to travel at equal speed beneath the main conveyor belt. This lower belt is fitted at intervals with cross-pieces which have a trough-shaped upper contour. The main belt rests on these supporting pieces and assumes thereby a trough-shaped contour. At each end of the drive both belts are led over separate rollers.

25,874/04—BLAKE—*Improvements in and relating to reversing gear of boats driven by explosion engines.*

This invention relates to clutches for reversing the motion of a propeller shaft of a boat driven by an internal combustion engine. It also relates to means whereby the reversing gear cannot be operated without first releasing the engine clutch. This consists in constructing the end of the gear operating lever, so that it enters a notch in the foot lever of the engine clutch, whereby the engine clutch lever must first be depressed before the gear lever can be shifted.

26,317/04—CHARLES—*Improvements in couplings for colliery trams or corves.*

This invention relates to a shackle and pin. According thereto the point of the pin is provided with a small lateral feather, so that it can be withdrawn through the eye of the shackle only when turned into alignment with a corresponding groove therein. A catch or pawl with a bifurcated end which engages by gravity over the shackle is pivotted to the head of the pin and prevents same from turning.

27,563/04—BECKER & WILLIAMS—*An improved holding appliance for suspending the guide ropes of pit cages.*

According to this invention a guide rope is suspended from the pit head frame by being gripped between two wedges. One of these wedges has tenons which enter recesses in the other so as to interlock. The wedges are embraced by a correspondingly internally tapered divided sleeve bound with clamping rings. The base of the sleeve rests on a pit head beam.

27,599/04—NIELSON—*Improvements in apparatus for raising sunken vessels.*

This apparatus consists of a number of cylinders constructed of sheet iron or steel strengthened by angle iron. These cylinders are each provided with reservoirs containing calcium carbide and with valves for admitting and discharging air and water at the top and bottom respectively. Water is admitted to cause them to sink; and, after being attached to the vessel to be raised, the calcium carbide is released and generates gas which displaces the water and renders the cylinders buoyant.

28,541/04—THOMPSON—*Improvements in propellers.*

This improved propeller consists of a fish-tail shaped member which is pivotted to an oscillating arm so as to be able to vibrate to a limited extent. Several of these propellers may be arranged at the stern of a vessel, which they are adapted to steer as well as propel.

These applications for patents are, until March 25, 1905, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Sale branch of the Patent Office or through the undernamed.

TRADE MARKS.

The following application for the registration of Trade Mark relating to the shipping and coal trades was advertised on February 15, and is open to opposition by interested parties within the period ending March 15.

Class 8—Including nautical instruments.

No. 267,215—20th Oct., 1904—The device of a crowned shield bearing two clasped hands and words UNITAS; the device only being claimed. For all goods included in class 8. The Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Society, Ltd., 95, Morrison Street, S.S. Glasgow, Manufacturers and Merchants.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

OUR MARITIME DIRECTORY.

CARDIFF.

Colliery Proprietors.

CORY BROS. & CO., LTD., Cardiff and London. Depôts at all the principal Coaling Stations in the World.
Telegrams "CORY, CARDIFF"; "CORY, LONDON."

INSOLE, GEORGE & SON, Cardiff. Sole Shippers of Gymmer Steam Coal, Windsor Steam Coal, and Insoles No. 2 Rhondda Coal.
Telegrams "INSOLES, CARDIFF."

LEWIS MERTHYR CONSOLIDATED COLLIERIES, LTD., Proprietors and Shippers of "Lewis Merthyr" Navigation Steam Coal.
Telegrams "LEWIS MERTHYR, CARDIFF"; "LEWIS MERTHYR, LONDON."

MARQUESS OF BUTE COLLIERIES, Aberdare, Hirwain, and Rhondda Valley. Shipping ports:—Bute Docks, Cardiff: Penarth Dock: Swansea: Briton Ferry: and Newport (Mon.)
Telegrams: "SEMA, CARDIFF."

OCEAN (MERTHYR) COAL CO., LTD., 11, Bute Crescent, Cardiff, proprietors of Ocean (Merthyr) Steam Coal.

UNIVERSAL STEAM COAL CO., LTD., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Proprietors of "Universal Steam Coal."
Telegrams "VERSATILE, CARDIFF."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

VIVIAN, H. C. & CO., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole European Agents for "The Puritan Coal Mining Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A."
Telegrams: "VIVIAN, CARDIFF."

WATTS, WATTS & CO., Cardiff and London. Contractors for the supply of Coals at all Depôts abroad.
Telegrams: "WATTS, CARDIFF"

Dock Owners.

THE CARDIFF RAILWAY COMPANY, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Ship Repairers.

SHEARMAN, JOHN & CO., LTD., Cardiff, and at Barry Dock.

THE BUTE SHIPBUILDING, ENGINEERING, AND DRY DOCK COMPANY, LIMITED, Roath Basin, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "CAISSON, CARDIFF."

THE CARDIFF CHANNEL DRY DOCKS AND PONTOON CO., LTD., Cardiff and Barry Dock.
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MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

Now that the settlement, or decision, of the alleged North Sea Inquiry has had sufficient time to sink in, so to speak, with the folk who have most at stake, it will not be amiss if we add our mite to the discussion of a disgraceful episode in the national life of Britain. Needless to state, most of the opinion which has been launched in this country to-date, is to the effect that "Britain will loyally abide by the decision arrived at by the Commission." Of course, she will! Had Britain any other intention, it is highly probable that Rozh-etc. would never have been allowed to get past Ushant: would have been constrained to take his fleet of clum-bunkers to the regions where, erstwhile, one Maginty has had it all to himself. Really, the farce which has just been finished, is merely an example of Governmental trades unionism. The "Mistress of the Seas" has been hurted by some of the crowd who admit that she is their "Mistress," but out of the largeness of her heart (and for other reasons that will be apparent, later on) she is willing to submit her case to the workings of a cosmopolitan "conciliation board." Being a "classy" sort of "Mistress," she deludes herself with the belief that her satellites are too much in awe of her majestic attributes, to admit of their daring to breathe, or to suggest, a word that is derogatory to her dignity or interests.

IN effect, Britain gauges the conduct of the foreigner, by a peculiar measure of her own; believes that every other nation has taken a back seat in the universal circus, purely from choice; that none of them would, supposing they could, ever dare adopt the rôle of Ringmaster; and that "Mistress of the Seas" is a heaven-sent title which no mere earth-worm—outside the Realm of the Favoured—will have the audacity to question. With it all, the inconsistency of the "Mistress" is astounding! She certainly acts as if she considered her title as sacred—otherwise she would never submit to cosmopolitan criticism; but she still squanders millions per annum, in "organising" a fleet of warships such as the world has never previously seen. If the British Government really believes in the integrity of these cosmopolitan tribunals, why waste so much money in warships? Obviously, the money is wasted, and would be better employed in the purchase of high falutin' wigs, gowns, and council chambers, for the purpose of impressing the Continental conjurers who are trusted with the mapping out of the conduct of "the greatest country on earth." We are quite willing to admit that, "beneath the rule of men entirely great, the pen is mightier than the sword."

THE trouble of the situation, however, lays in the fact that not all the governing bodies on earth are "entirely great." Some of them are unconscionably small! So small that, after the manner of their kind, they put more trust in the sword—or its modern equivalent—than in any number of "duly constituted authorities" whose sole mission is "mouth." Going farther with the Governmental trades union idea, is any sane person going to believe that a mob of "dependants"—providing they are entrusted with plenary powers—will ever care a dump for either "master" or "mistress?" Will it be contended that any interests, outside those appertaining to the said mob, will stand the ghost of a chance, once the cackling begins? No, sirs, in each instance! Numberless examples are available, from which any of us may glean the fact that *force majeure* is the only feature which is likely to operate in connection with the weaker side. The strong one might, out of a superabundance of this "conscious power" of which we read, be inclined to pose as the indulgent portion of the council; but the weak one, never. The latter will snivel and plead; will use all manner of subterfuge; will lie in a most wholehearted manner when its suits him; but as far as indulgence is concerned—well, don't you expect it from the weaker side. It is against human nature; and to expect anything that is against human nature, is to expect the impossible.

IN cases of this kind, the mistake which is ever made by the Briton, is one, perhaps, for which he is scarcely to blame, although, in view of his opportunities and blessings, he should, by this time, have learned better. We mean, that with the knowledge born of a great ability (which again is the outcome of a big fleet and a line of unbroken success in manipulating it), the Briton imagines that he can afford to indulge in chin-music, every time a "foreign complication" is to the 'fore. That he is wrong, this latest bit of chin-music eminently proves. This "finding of the North Sea Inquiry"—which is not, no matter how you look at it, a

"finding" in any sense of the word. In the past, we admit, chin-music séances were eminently successful, and principally because the other side of the argument was too weak to kick; and because they had a due appreciation of the several "lickings" to which they had been subjected. But to-day, the one-time "licked" ones are in the happy hunting grounds, and their decendants are not to be unduly frightened, with what has grown into a mere tradition. Indeed, these cosmopolitan "conciliation boards" adapt the same rôle that would be followed by a crowd of workmen whose fathers had suffered the miseries consequent on a strike; but who, themselves, have no more than the traditions thereof, to bother them.

If the Briton would but assimilate the great truth that the foreigner, on every occasion, considers as synonymous, the words "magnanimity" and "fear;" then, would there be less of this national humiliation that is for ever about. For no matter what John Bull might think about it, his attempted politenesses are ever put down to fear—by the wily foreigner. Reared in an atmosphere of political bluff; prone to ape politeness when he may not adopt the "mailed fist;" the foreigner cannot assimilate the fact that another country might, possibly, be run on different lines: that it is courteous because it realises that, an' it would, it could most successfully inaugurate another set of conditions. All the same, the positive courtesy will merely win the guerdon that is given to genuine fear—when the foreigner is the "giver." Consider the Russian official mind! Is anyone, possessed of a practical knowledge thereof, going to pretend that anything short of an actual "dressing down," will convince it that you mean business? If not the actual "dressing down," then, you have to get so near thereto, that the double-shuffling gentleman who carries the said mind, has absolutely no room to doubt; will feel, that if he has not actually experienced the blow, he yet has had a passing touch from the wind that accompanied the straightening of the arm—as he dodged away.

And yet this is the kind of intellect to which Britain submits her case! To an intellect which, for centuries past, has recognised no right; but stakes its national existence (on some sort of) might. Furthermore, John Bull expresses a certain amount of mild surprise, when his interests are played with! Mild surprise, but an absolute determination to "loyally abide by the decision" of the court of aliens who have had the hardihood to pretend to enter into the feelings of the outraged Briton! Ask yourself, quietly, what the French component of the Commission would have said, had the murdered fishers been Frenchmen. Do you believe that, under those conditions, the Rozh-etc. butcher-man would have been found to have extenuating circumstances surrounding the voyage which he should never have been allowed to continue; the voyage, which has been taken through the blood of the subjects of a neutral Power, so that Rozh-etc. and his crowd may indulge in the only bit of real freedom which they have ever enjoyed; the freedom to engage in a fishing expedition in the Indian Ocean? Of course, you do not! You realise that under the conditions suggested, *a bas* with everything, and everybody concerned, would have been the cry from Paris. And rightly, too!

Again, has the Russian murderer acted, during any of the phases of his filibustering cruise, like a man surrounded with extenuating circumstances? Has his conduct struck you as being of the kind you have a right to expect from an innocent man? You know the answer is, "No"—emphatically. You also know that the man committed murder, or was woefully unfit to be trusted out of sight with a fleet of warships; in either case, he should not be left in charge. From the beginning, we all knew there were no torpedo-boats, as stated; we also know, as navigators, that the Russian hotch-potch had no business on the Dogger Bank, and seeing that it really got there, efficient navigators should have replaced the amateurs which endangered the peace of Europe. Once more, would not an innocent man have communicated with the neutral Power which thus had attempted an outrage? Would not the Rozh-etc. person under those circumstances, have been the first to bring up in a British roadstead, for an apology and compensation? Rather! Instead of this, and after giving his nondescript conglomeration of alleged seamen their first (and apparently their only) smell of powder burned in anger, he quietly sneaked along through the English Channel, with his vessels cleared for action, and his "heroes" sleeping at their guns!

If Rozh-etc., hadn't realized that he deserved a blowing off the map, why all that clearing for action; all that sleeping at the guns; why that sneaking away without saying a word as to the brave skirmish which he had miraculously passed through? Knowing the Russian, and his fondness for braggadocio, are we to believe that if the Butcher had been in the right, he would have refrained from blowing his trumpet, for the purpose of convincing the Japanese that a holy terror was on his way East; and that if the Japanese Admiral wished to get out of a dead loss, he had better resign at once—if not sooner? We are not! We have been treated to too much romancing in the present war, to believe that any Russian is going to debar himself from the *kudos* that would have fallen to him as a result of the North Sea episode, had that episode materialised as claimed by Russia. The fact is, that the Briton has been judging the Russian from a British point of view—a manifest absurdity. Indeed, this dear old country has been attempting to cook their rabbit, before catching him! If Rozh-etc., had been brought home from Vigo, while the whole miserable affair was fresh in everybody's mind; while the wickedness of the whole proceeding was apparent, and ere it had been mellowed down with time; there would have been no opportunity for the *Echo de Paris* to suggest that the result of the so-called trial, is a "diplomatic result of the first order for Russia."

The trouble is, that the Continental nations (and nationettes) will be given the points in the decision which redound to the credit (sic) of Russia; and those points will be believed. Once again will Britain be written down as the country where the "bounce" comes from; and in all probability, generations yet unborn, will have cause to curse the supineness of their fathers who, possessed of what is said to be the finest fighting fleet in the world, yet decided to accept treatment which, in most instances, could only, with safety, be meted out to a nation which had no fleet—and never a soldier. Think, too, of the rank impertinence of the Russian Butcher. He intended to call at Brest, for the purpose of ascertaining the nationality of the fleet into which he had fired! Why Brest? If the whole thing were not a "put up job;" hadn't been hatched long before the Russian alleged-fleet left Libau; why favour Brest with his presence? But the fog intervened (there is a lot of seeming fog in the whole business?) and Rozh-etc., seeing that he hadn't a man and crock which were detachable; seeing also that his wireless outfit wasn't worth two-pence; well, he sailed away. The pity of the situation, is in the fact that he was allowed to!

That he would not have been so allowed, had another branch of the Anglo-Saxon race been interested, Rozh-etc.

may safely bet his last kopeck. *Republique Francaise*, being off on the same tack, is of opinion that Britain did well in keeping out of a fuss with Russia. According to our contemporary's ideas, such a fuss "would have admirably played into the hands of the most formidable of the rivals of the United Kingdom—who are, assuredly, not the Russians." Would it, now? The point is open to very deep argument, and there are not wanting experts who are willing to declare that when an unpleasant undertaking is imperative, the sooner it is carried out, the better. A nasty job is seldom so "nasty" in realisation, as it would appear to be in anticipation. And anyhow, if Britain has to go down, it will be more in keeping with her traditions, to do so fighting; and it would only have the same ultimate effect, as if she sits down and waits to be diplomaticised off the earth? That fortune favours the brave, has been exemplified a thousand times in the history of Britain.

THAT fortune never favours the timorous—or the fellow who would punch the other fellow's head, if it were not for the fact that the fellow were afraid of hurting also, the head of the other fellow's chum, *pro tem!*—is equally certain. We are willing to admit that golf is calculated to give its exponents a bicep like the hind leg of a horse; it is also good for a further development of that painful disease known as "palpitation of the heart;" a painful, and frequently fatal, disease. A word to the wise, is generally supposed to be sufficient! And now that the North Sea Inquiry has admitted some of the facts which all of us knew some time ago; that it has "extenuating circumstanced" some others which we also know have no right to the extenuations; that, on the one hand, Britain is said to have reaped most benefit from the Inquiry; while others, again, opine that the said results are by way of a diplomatic triumph for Russia; what is going to be done with the Butcher? Is he going to be allowed to go on with his fishing; will Britain supply him with unexpected bait; or is it to be left to our energetic ally to blow him and his fleet of cat-fish catchers, into a place where the said fish may be expeditiously cooked? Can anyone supply the necessary answer?

WE have, on numerous occasions, given our unbiassed opinion concerning that portion of the Board of Trade which is supposed to deal with shipping affairs. The said opinion might not be considered as unduly flattering, nor to err on the side of adulation. However, the opinion, nevertheless, is one that has been arrived at after due consideration; is the result of personal knowledge, as against the promptings of individuals with a possible axe to grind; and is absolutely for the purpose of allowing those who find the money, to see how their property is being managed. Time and again, we have called your attention to the general ineptitude of this "Board"; have shown you how Acts have been passed for this, that, and the other purpose; but which, from the perfunctory manner in which they are carried out; might just as well have been left off the Statute Book. We have talked to you of life-boats and life-belts; have shown you that the paternal arrangement will come on board and measure up your living accommodation, while, at the same time, the ship was obviously overloaded, and was a very real menace to the sailor and underwriter; that on other occasions, the same "paternal" fake would measure up the free-board which was just as obviously in order, when the "accommodation" was a menace to public health.

AGAIN, we have told you how the same old "paternal," would send its minions on board to size up "the line of collimation for your side-lights," at the same time when the said side-lights wouldn't burn in any position away from the lamp-room—for Father Peter. We have explained how life-belts would be counted, and thus checked off for number; while their floatability—which wouldn't rise to the support of a healthy and struggling cock-roach—would be entirely disregarded. We have shown you how there is but one verdict possible for an unfortunate shipmaster; could tell you how certain B.T. main-stays have labelled the shipmaster as about decimal-six-noughts-and-a-one above being an utter scoundrel; and could show you, in a most conclusive manner, how it naturally comes about that Board of Trade "justice" is meted out on that assumption—and oh, heaps of other points which we shall be able to explain to you, as they occur to us. But on this occasion, we wish to call your attention to some correspondence which has passed between the Scottish Shipmasters' Association, and the great "We Are." We have mentioned the Scottish Shipmasters' Association first, because they started the writing. We trust "We Are" will forgive us for our seeming discourtesy, and now, please, read:

SCOTTISH SHIPMASTERS' AND OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION,
128, Hope Street,
GLASGOW, *6th February, 1905.*

Walter J. Howell, Esq.,
Assistant Secretary,
Board of Trade, Whitehall,
London.

SIR,—In the new edition of the "Regulations relative to the Examination of Masters and Mates in the Mercantile Marine," issued recently, my Committee would respectively draw your Board's attention to paragraph 108, which reads, thus: "Service as Additional or Auxiliary first or second Mates, in large foreign going vessels, when, in both cases third and fourth Mates are also carried, will count as first Mates or second Mates service, as the case may be, provided that the candidate was entered on the articles in one of these capacities, etc."

In the former regulations which the latter supersede, service as Auxiliary first or second Mates in large foreign going vessels was counted the same as actual first or second Mates service respectively, provided a third Mate was carried.

Practically speaking, the new Regulations as drafted, will exclude Officers on all large foreign going vessels known under the general term of "Tramps" from being in the position of qualifying for a higher certificate under the conditions laid down in the new Regulations; for as a matter of fact, no large foreign going vessels, unless Mail boats, and the better class of passenger steamers, ever carry a fourth Mate.

As paragraph 108 of the new Regulations therefore, will in no ways affect the officers in the latter class of vessels, and will practically exclude the "Tramp" officer, who will relatively be in a worse position than the former, it appears to my Committee that this alteration was not altogether desirable, and that the effect of the new Regulation will be to accentuate the distinction between service on the better class of vessels and the ordinary cargo "Tramp," although a first or second Mate's certificate has only an equal value, in both.

Apart from this however, the new Regulations will undoubtedly constitute a distinct grievance to those officers who have been qualifying as Auxiliary first or second Mates for a higher certificate under the old Regulations, and it would in their case, be only just to modify the new rule so that the time served previous to the introduction of the new Regulations will count as actual first or second Mates service, as the case may be.

My Committee hope that this matter needs only to be brought to the notice of the Board of Trade, to have the desired concession granted.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) D. MCINTOSH,
Secretary.

MARINE DEPARTMENT,
7, Whitehall Gardens,
London, S.W.,
21st February, 1905.

SIR,—With reference to your letter of the 6th inst., on the subject of the alteration of paragraph 108 of the Regulations relating to the examination of Masters and Mates in the Mercantile Marine, I am directed by the Board of Trade to state that the alteration in question, was made with a view to preventing men being signed on the articles at, and getting credit for, higher ratings than that which they actually held, and served in on board ship, and so stop men with no real qualifying service or experience passing for the higher grade certificates.

I am further to point out that, under the old form of the regulations, it was possible for a man who had in reality, never held any position on board ship higher than that of junior officer, to sit for examination for the extra Master's certificate.

The Board cannot see that the alteration will hinder *bona fide* Auxiliary Officers from counting their time; and I am to point out that it was never intended that men should be signed on the articles at Auxiliary ratings simply to enable them to qualify for examination.

In these circumstances the Board do not consider that any further alteration of the rule is necessary. If however the rule is found to work unfairly in any particular case, the Board will take the facts into consideration.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) WALTER J. HOWELL.

With the Association's letter we have little to say, and for the reason that it explains itself. We wish that the "We Are" screed could be similarly dismissed. It cannot, and ours the painful duty of asking a few questions, and perhaps, of venturing on a few comments. In the first place, "We Are's" letter suggests to us that, viewed from any point you care to adopt, the Board of Trade examination for Masters and Mates, is merely a farce; a bit of buncombe; a twaddley affair that does none of those concerned, the slightest bit of credit. It doesn't matter a cheap-and-across-the-water swear-word, whether you are in a position to answer the tommy-rot questions that are put to you: the "essence of the contract" lays in the fact that you must have been to sea for a given time, and in a given capacity. You might be the biggest ass that has existed since Balaam's time; but as long as you served the necessary years in the necessary rating, and can fake up any kind of answer that appeals to you; well, you are alright! "I am directed by the Board of Trade," forsooth! What portion thereof, would dare direct its puissant secretary, or assistant-ditto, in anything?

Eh? "With a view to preventing men being signed on the articles at, and getting credit (a questionable blessing?) for, higher ratings than that which they actually held . . . and so stop men with no real qualifying service or experience, passing for the higher grade certificates." Ye gods! And this "reason" can be seriously trotted out for use in a Mercantile Marine that is rapidly becoming in a position that will soon be expressed as officer-less! 'Tis as we have said: The examination is all a farce: is useless as a guarantee of fitness: for "under the old form of the regulations, it was possible for a man who had in reality never held any position on board ship higher than that of a junior officer, to sit for examination for the extra master's certificate." Yea, lor'. And why not! Does it matter a tinker's anathema how long a man has taken to learn the probable action of a reversed right-handed propeller, providing he really does know? If a smart man has learned, in five minutes, enough to satisfy "We Are's" examiner, that to stow barrels according to Cocker, it is necessary to lay them "bung up, and bilge free, with beds under their quarters;" will the knowledge be of lesser value than in the case of a duffer who took ten weeks, and four pages of swear-words, to assimilate the same truth?

Coming along to that "essence of the contract," will it be pretended that "in reality" (to quote the granny-talk of "We are") it is probable that a junior officer will have any more opportunity of learning nautical wisdom, than if he were merely at sea, "before the mast?" When a young fellow is about for the purpose of picking up wrinkles; it may safely be assumed that he is going to pick them up, whether you fake him into an auxiliary officer's job, or merely confine him to the trick at the wheel, lookout, etc. Indeed and in our opinion, the young man who is allowed to take the wheel, entering and leaving port, will learn far more of the practical side of steamer-handling than will the auxiliary junior officer whose greatest mental struggle lays in "passing the word along," with as little obtrusiveness as possible. In both instances, it matters nothing at all, as long as the intending candidate can answer all the questions which are put to him in the examination room—does it? Mind you, we are quite ready to admit that "The Board cannot see that the alteration will hinder *bona fide* Auxiliary Officers from Counting their time." In fact, this little item is merely one of the points which "the Board" cannot see.

All the same, that same old Board will see it, later on. At the time—not far distant—when shipowner is shouting for junior officers, and they do not answer to the shout. That will be just the psychological moment when "the Board"—providing it hasn't been wrapped in tissue-paper, meanwhile—will see all about it. If a Board of Trade examination is of any value whatever, then, it should be of such a nature that, in itself, it should make it impossible for a non-sailor to pass successfully. As things are at present, and on the admission of "the Board" which instructed Mr. Walter J. Howell, it has been "possible for a man who had in reality never held any position on board ship higher than that of a junior officer, to sit for (and presumably pass an?) examination for the extra master's certificate." No, sirs, it is no sort of a joke. The matter is too serious. It is admitted that officers are daily becoming less plentiful; it is also common knowledge that before attaining to a mate's berth, the applicant must hold, at least, an ordinary master's certificate; so under the new regulations, is it to be supposed that other than a brake will be applied to the further supply of desirable men?

As is stated by our friends of the Scottish Shipmasters' Association, the new regulations will exclude all officers from the possibility of qualifying for a higher certificate, as long as they patronise the tramp of commerce. Every seafaring man knows that the tramp steamer is by no means the *locale* in which to find ornamental officers; yet the new regulations are aimed directly at the tramp. True, we much doubt if "We Are" know enough about the nautical business to realise this little fact; but that is no reason why they should not be taught. And while considering the subject, it is well to ask who are "the Board's" nautical advisers? It cannot be this Mr. Walter J. Howell, because he is not a sailor, and is simply an assistant secretary who is instructed to do things—at all times, when a reply is needed to a communication. Furthermore, we note that the gentleman intimates that he is "Your obedient servant," although we incline to a doubt therein. It appears to us that if he were "in reality," our obedient servant, he would turn the tables somewhat; would undertake the instructing portion of the business; would sadly but firmly inform "the Board" that they were hurrying the British Mercantile Marine into a ditch from whence there is no return; and would quit his up-to-now tactics, inclining rather to those that would win him the esteem, and gratitude of the men whose welfare he is paid to study—and protect.

A Liverpool contemporary has been shaking hands with itself, because of the fact that "decaying Liverpool" is an incorrect term. At least, the Liverpool friend considers the non-decaying idea as a fact. It's like this, some time ago, Sir William Forwood gave it as his opinion that the city on the Mersey was, really, a decaying concern, and as a matter of course, the statement raised a little flutter. Sundry other local authorities pooh-poohed the notion of decadence, and now, the Liverpool Steamship Owners' Association comes along, with all manner of data that is calculated to finally dispose of the wicked suggestion. For instance, at the close of last year, the members of the Association owned some 3,000,000-odd tons of shipping, which works out to about 20 per cent. of the whole of the British steam shipping afloat; they also own some 35 per cent. of the total of steam vessels having a speed of 12 knots and upward; and 43 per cent. of the total number of steam vessels above 5,000 tons. Not a bad showing, as regards shipping, is it? Indeed, it is so good, that we sincerely trust the gentlemen interested therein, will live up to their responsibilities. Instances have not been wanting in the past, where a little improvement in this direction, was easily attainable.

But with all due regard for the good showing in Liverpool shipownerdom, we yet fail to see where the per centages referred to, help to disprove Sir William Forwood's contention concerning that decadence? Seeing that most of that shipping is purchased with shareholder's money; shareholders who are scattered over the length and breadth of the land; well, it appears to us that most of the towns and villages in the United Kingdom could claim a share in the alleged prosperity of Dicky Samville? If our friends can bring nothing stronger than a big limited liability list of liners to help rebut Sir William Forwood's little thrust, then, you know, the place must be in bad case! It is all very well to say that in 1868 the gross tonnage held by the members of the Association ran into merely 310,669 tons, and that to-day, it is 3,404,937 tons—to be exact; but how does that help a place the size of Liverpool? We suppose it will be admitted that if every other occupation outside of catering for that little lot of steamships were withdrawn from the port, it would soon be apparent as to how much decadence there was about? No, no, the presence of that tonnage on the books of the Association doesn't remove the taunt conveyed in the words "decaying Liverpool."

'Tis good to notice that some, at least, of the rural authorities realise the necessity for turning out, somehow or other, good fighting material! There are the Bideford Guardians for example! See what they are doing, in a praiseworthy effort to raise the fighting line! Why those estimable folk have agreed to purchase boxing-gloves and single-sticks for the lads in their workhouse. Eh? What? A step in the right direction? We should smile! First thing we shall know, will be that other Boards of Guardians will have followed suit—to some extent. Will have purchased back-number copies of the Merchant Shipping Acts, say, so that they may be enabled to train up future Board of Trade officials, for the ultimate benefit of the country. To-date, there has been too little attention paid to these early training ideas, and the country has suffered in consequence. But now that the Bideford folk have set the example—well, you'll see what you will see? The workhouse is going to be a potential factor in the life of the nation—bime by. More power to you, over there at Bideford, and let us ask you to keep your eye on the Cardiff show. Once this revival is laid away, you'll see improvements, for the Cardiffian is ever on the lookout for new fields to conquer!

What will the professional agitator in our midst say to this? Lord Harris, in explaining matters to a meeting of the shareholders in the South African Gold Trust, some few days ago, declared that Chinamen, in the Rand, had come to stay, and that they were an absolute necessity! There you are! Will the agitator accept the expression, and set about "organising" a "union" for the benefit of poor down-trodden Celestials; or will he call a mass meeting up the hills, for the purpose of proving that this importation of the foreigner into the Transvaal is a distinct menace to those good folk who do the labouring at home? In any case, the thing is certain to receive attention—directly, when the agitator has time to look around on the landscape a bit. The trouble of the thing is, that Chinamen are coming forward readily; need no coaxing; and first thing we shall see, will be a consignment offering for service up the hills. Then will come halcyon days for the poor employers, and—well, you can give the ensuing days as connected with the poor down-trodden labourer who walks off with some £5 6 per week at present, your own name. You can, indeed, look you!

We have ever claimed that the American Naval authorities do the thing in style! Have told you repeatedly that where Uncle Sam is concerned, the law is "no shinnannakin!" Here is a bit of fact to prove the contention. A midshipman undergoing a course of training at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, has been dismissed from the service, because he put too much of his time in with the effeminate cigarette of commerce! Great Scott! Wouldn't there be a clear out, if the British Admiralty were to adopt the same course! In fact, the art and grace of handling a cigarette in the best Parisian boulevardian style, is now one of the chief items in the present-day Naval officer's itinerary. Pipes are "off," as being ungentlemanly, don'tcherknow; cigars are "no class;" while cigarettes are the *ne plus ultra* of good form in nautical ethics! As a matter of fact, we have foregathered with quite a number of the gentry alluded to, whose horizon has been bounded on the north by a cigarette case; on the south by a cigarette-roller—pronounced "woller"; on the east by Tahkish-weed, ole chappie; and on the west by a packet of cigawette paypahs! Fancy that kind of officer seeshaying along to Annapolis! Wouldn't there be a she-oak arrangement on?

There can be no denying the fact that the Australian Brother is riding for a fall. A most severe one, at that! If he breaks his neck when tobogganing into the ground, he will but have himself to blame, and a whining, then, will be of little service to him. Time and again, we have commented on the labour-mad phantasies which are driving every semblance of trade away from the Antipodes, and the latest phase thereof, lays in the prosecution of some lascar seamen—who are equally British subjects with the Australian—for offering to sell the little four-anna canes which they invariably carry when on shore. It appears that the lascars from one of the Orient boats at Sydney, went ashore, and as per usual, carried the little cane along. A wily Customs officer offered to purchase the said canes, and the not-wily lascars agreed to sell. Result: Ten lascars proceeded against for "smuggling walking sticks" into the great and glorious Commonwealth! For a wonder, the magistrates denounced the case as a trivial one—but imposed the *minimum* fine. This, the Orient Company agreed to pay—subject to appeal. Meanwhile, the same Company announce that in future, their steamers will no longer call at Adelaide.

This is the beginning of retaliatory measures, and it may be taken for granted that the Commonwealther can no more afford to thus play the fool with his future chances of success, than can any other nationette that is still in the swaddling-clothes stage. We are wondering if the Corn-stalk friend ever stops to think of what is likely to befall him if, in the near future, he should be cast adrift by the Old Country? Does he ever give a thought to that lovely stretch of land which lays on the north-ward end of his island home; the stretch that has long since been the admiration and envy of many an Asiatic nation, whose certain stroll in that direction has merely been delayed, out of fear for what the Old Country might do in defence of her child? Surely the Australian has more sense than to believe that, in the present congested state of the world, he can afford to cut himself adrift from the only protection he is likely to have for at least another fifty years? Time was, that those tactics were more or less safe; and principally because it took an offensively-minded nation some considerable time to waft her armies through the summer seas, with nothing but a tired Boreas to help things along.

With the advent of steam-propulsion, however, any baby-land needs to go slow, before arriving at the point where a severance from the Homeland is advisable. Our friends

"across the sea" should not forget that there are many longing eyes cast in their direction; eyes that are merely awaiting a plausible excuse, ere they swoop down and annex the whole caboodle. Half-a-dozen more of these malicious prosecutions, and the plausible affair is likely to be a spot job. Some of the big minds "down under," ought to make it their business to explain matters as they really are, and not as the "wind bag" has pretended. With a bit of care, and attention to detail, there is, undoubtedly, a grand future ahead of Australia: a future in which the colossal expansion of colonies in the days that are past, was as nothing. But then, it will never pay that particular "Commonwealth" to develop swelled-head, and just at the precise moment when to conserve its energies, it should appear to stoop to conquer. The labour idea made America; but then, the idea had not been exploited to the same extent that obtains to-day. At present, the Sacred Cause has had so much said in its behalf, that humanity is simply hungering for a peep at the other side of the medal. "Down-trodden humanity" can easily get too much even of the "down-trodden" particular. Australians should remember this.

For a number of years, past, the Merchant Service Guild has been interesting itself on the subject of Parliamentary representation for mariners, and for facilities that shall enable them to record their votes, when absent from the country. This question of Mariners' votes is perhaps, one of the biggest anomalies in the government of a country which is somewhat cursed with anomalies! The sailor, by virtue of his calling, is seldom or never at home, when election times come round: he is not allowed to vote by proxy—although such a method is among the easiest things on earth; and yet his business is the most-legislated undertaking in Britain. Indeed, it would appear as if the legislature, when they have a few odd moments to spare, and instead of adjoining to some suitable spot where they may be in a position to play marbles—or other equally exhilarating game—say to each other: "Look here! Time is hanging somewhat heavy, at present, and it's raining, outside. Let's pass some new law for the sailorman. He's a patient cuss: won't kick, a great lot: and if he does, well, we can pass something else to counteract this effort—when we have more time." And it is even so!

In consequence of the foregoing, Jacks of all kinds, have to submit to some of the most idiotic enactments that ever graced—or otherwise—a Statute Book; he is not considered as worthy of looking after by the majority of aspirants for Parliamentary honours, because he has no vote: and taken altogether, his chances of salvation are about as remote, as makes no odds. However, there are one or two whole-souled persons who take a little interest in the sailorman. Sir Elliott Lees, M.P., is among them, and we note that the Merchant Service Guild has expressed its gratitude—on behalf of the seafarer—to that gentleman, for the generous assistance which he has rendered, in the handling of this Mariners' Votes Bill. It will be remembered that, during last year's foregathering at the talking-shop, Sir Elliott was the means of getting first place for a Resolution on the Mariners' Votes Bill, and a very interesting—if ultimately profitless—discussion eventuated thereon, in the House of Commons. The profitless feature materialised, as the result of one Mr. R. Bell, M.P., striving to include "railway workers and others" in the Bill. This was the Government's opportunity, for—the Bill, with its attempted deck-load, was declared unmanageable.

'Tis ever thus! And we are of opinion that Æsop's Fables need re-writing, for the purpose of bringing them up-to-date! Indeed, we are thinking of setting our office boy on to the job, when we shall probably be treated to a dissertation concerning the bow-wow who laid in a manger on the top of some nice sweet sea-weed; how, later on, a sad-eyed sailor came along to the manger, for the purpose of getting some of that nice sweet sea-weed, for the packing of a gunny-sack that was intended to take the place of the old-time "donkey's breakfast"; how the dog, although there was plenty and to spare, of sea-weed, wouldn't think of allowing the sad-eyed sailor to take even enough for the purpose mentioned; how the dog snarled; showed a number of the remaining portions of a one-time good set of molars; looked unutterable things; wobbled around in the pile of sea-weed; and how the sad-eyed one eventually went off with his empty gunny-sack. You wait! There are possibilities in a re-writing of Æsop's Fables, and we might just as well insinuate at once, that the possibilities are patented, on behalf of our office kid.

Going further with this idea of ours, we note that the Mercantile Marine Service Association have been taking some pains, to garner the orthodoxy of the gentlemen who were concerned with the Everton Parliamentary election—Messrs. Banner and Aggs. Indeed, the M.M.S.A. instituted a kind of latter-day catechism. Question No. 1, was as to whether the officering of the Mercantile Marine and Pilot Service should be confined to British subjects. Mr. Banner tersely replied "Yes," and we are proud of his pluck. Mr. Aggs, however, was sort of non-committal; believed that such a Bill would act detrimentally to British officers, as it would lead to retaliatory measures on the part of other nations. Ye gods, and tiny tadpoles! "Retaliatory measures!" Wonder if that Mr. Aggs ever tried to get a bo'sun's job on a foreign vessel? If not, why didn't he say so, without any shinnannakin? Here is a gem, from the same colossal ego, and on the same subject: "If, however, a similar prohibition is in force in all other maritime countries, the detriment to British officers which I fear, would not operate, and I should be disposed to consider the proposal favourably." Eh? Did any of you say "Thank you, Mr. Aggs?" If not, why not?

When a gentleman is "disposed to consider the proposal favourably," you may conclude that it is as good as passed, right slick through? To our mind, Mr. Aggs is a most magnanimous individual. He admits that his knowledge of the subject is "iffy" no, sirs, we didn't write "niffy;" yet, this fact notwithstanding, he is "disposed, etc." Happy disposition. Blessed favourable consideration. Mr. Aggs, we take our boots off to you—no, our hat. Continuing with the catechism, the M.M.S.A. wished to know if, in the opinion of the candidates alluded to, special facilities should be granted to duly qualified, but absentee members of the Mercantile Marine, for the recording of their votes in Parliamentary elections. Mr. Banner again tersely, and decidedly, ejaculated "Yes." Mr. Aggs, however, gave a qualified affirmative; a "Yes, if any practical scheme can be devised." The gentleman may possess his soul in patience on this occasion, for the "practical scheme" exists, although it wasn't mapped out by Mr. Aggs. On the Light Load-line Bill, Mr. Banner had an idea that as arrangements to fix up this curse of modern sea-life had already been entered into, the business was by way of righting itself.

Mem. This is the first qualm of doubt as to the orthodoxy of Mr. Banner, which has crossed our nautical mind! But Mr. Aggs went strong on the Light Load-line Bill, for he considered it a matter of great importance. So do we, and we have had a "light ship" passage or so, marked down to our account. With reference to the practice of allowing British vessels, at home or abroad, to be under the charge of uncertificated persons; concerning the

improvement in the standard of discipline on British vessels: and that some kind of Old Age Pension scheme should be worked up without delay: both Mr. Banner, and Mr. Aggs, were as one. In the main, therefore, both the gentlemen were fairly orthodox—from a nautical man's point of view. Mr. Banner, perhaps, is rather the more so, because Mr. Aggs appeared to be somewhat agg-ressive in the matter of keeping British ships for the use of British people. Still, this apparent aggressiveness might not amount to much, after all: and one never knows how the M.M.S.A.'s representative boarded the gentleman! In interviewing a person, you need to have an awful amount of tact—and nerve, if he is bigger than yourself? Especially when the person is filled up with a whole-souled feeling, that he is going to give a quantity of more or less valuable time, for the uses of his countrymen—for nothing. However, Mr. Banner won the Parliamentary Stakes, being now an M.P.

We are willing to admit that since we gave our readers an explanation of our views as to whether a man is "played out" at forty, those same readers have had a number of naps, if they haven't really been asleep, lots—and principally because the dissertation alluded to, was printed in The Maritime Review, as long ago as March 30, 1904. Looking at the thing dispassionately, one has to acknowledge that it is possible to sequester a quantity of sleep in, practically, twelve months? Yes! But even so, the sleep need not necessarily be so dense that one has to forget all about the happenings in that stretch of time? Anyhow, it is not so with us, and when we read a screed from the pen of one Doctor Osler—an American gentleman, by the way—the burden of which went to prove that a man is played out at forty, we didn't start in on saying sassy things about copyrights; pirates; "lifters;" or affairs of that kind. Not at all. We simply sat down, and admitted that there is, undoubtedly, a great similarity between great minds. The mere fact that we had "got there," first, made no difference to our ruminations. Not a bit! We know that we have a fairly good circulation among the great American people—principally because they recognise a good thing, when it comes their way.

However, a good circulation in America, is no absolute reason for us to suppose that we were the means of starting this Doctor Osler off on his "age limit 40" line. We know; you know; and they know; that there is really nothing new under the sun. And for our part, we are of opinion that it is highly probable that one of the buildermen who were engaged upon the Pyramids, had very grave reasons to believe that some of the block-carriers, if not really "played out" at forty—well, then, they were near it; very near it. In looking back over our screed of March 30, 1904, we note that we gave it as our opinion that a man was very much the reverse of "played out" at forty; at least, some men; while again we suggested that yet others, were of very little use to the world, at twenty, or thirty, or even at thirty-five. We see no reason to dodge that opinion. Indeed, we have had numberless instances which have merely hardened our old-time belief. However, Dr. Osler, for reasons of his own, presumably, has undertaken the task of convincing poor suffering humanity, that it is useless their continuing on deck after they have reached the psychological age; for with a clean tell-up on forty years—the pier head, and a big jump is about their fittest method of bidding the world adieu.

Furthermore, we note that one big American financier has invited other American financiers to be present at the chloroforming of yet another financier, "by the Professor Osler method . . . on February 29 inst. No flowers." This is all very funny, and remembering that there is no such date—this year—as February 29, that "yet another financier" may possess himself in peace, even as he awaits the legitimate appearance of the Angel Azrael. However, all this is somewhat beside the mark, and coming back to our fellow "great mind," we note that Dr. Osler is prone to admit that a man may make money after he is forty, although to make money, then, is somewhat of the ignoble. Leaving the money idea out of the reckoning, the learned doctor—most doctors are learned, you know—suggests that he simply means that after forty, a man lacks the creative faculty. As proving this, Professor Osler instances his own writings. Those books were published after the gentleman had scored forty, "but they were garnered earlier." Exactly, and here is the precise spot where Dr. Osler agrees with our screed already alluded to. Really, the gentleman means nothing; his tale is merely a goak; a bung-hole-without-a-barrel.

If a man has not "garnered" sense by the time he is forty, then he will not be alive for a greatly extended period beyond that age? In fact, he is allowed to go on "garnering" up to forty, that the world may be able to gain something from, where until that period, it has been simply giving something to. Here is a bit of real American naïveté, "Research and discovery are the real essentials, and, with few exceptions, they are completed before a man is forty." We should smile! If they are not, then, the said man will have to gee-sharp, if he intends to work the research and discovery off his chest—and other parts—ere signing-on for the long voyage? Coming farther along, we find that the Osler is of opinion that "it is inconsequential to the argument whether the books are written then, or later, as in the case of Darwin." It is, sir. Dref'fly inconsequential. As a matter of fact, the whole alleged argument is of the same brand; it is all inconsequential—and utterly childlike. Altogether unbecoming to a man who has passed the mystic age of forty? Indeed, and to our mind, the man who has passed forty years of life, and will have the effrontery to offer such piffle to the world—well, that chloroform bottle would not have been an unalloyed curse, would it now?

Eh? What's this? We have already written about "decadent Liverpool," you'll remember, and quoted you per centages about Liverpool's shipping. Well, then, here is another knock at the good people, thereaway. Shipments of hessians and jute goods from Calcutta to Argentina have increased so rapidly of late, that a firm of shipowners have contracted with the principal shippers of the goods alluded to, by which they (the former) will put on a monthly service during the season, from Calcutta to Argentina direct, viâ the Cape of Good Hope. Erstwhile, the said goods have been shipped to Liverpool from Calcutta, and then trans-shipped to the Plate. This is where a bit more of the decadence will materialise? Furthermore, it is a distinct knock to that nasty Canal Company, with its princely method of talking to commercial folk. We hardly know where our commiseration is most needed, with the Liverpudlian, or with the Canal Company! But seriously, this Cape route notion only needs a fair trial, when Canal dividends will dwindle away to a low ebb. For, after all, the "first-class cargo boat" is ever the best payer, where dues and things of a like nature are concerned.

SHIPBUILDING.

VERY few orders for new tonnage have been placed since our last issue, but there are still a fair number of inquiries in the market.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE Great Western Railway Company recently invited tenders from several builders, for the construction of three fast turbine steamers. Messrs. John Brown & Co., Clydebank, have secured the order for two of them, and the other will be built by Messrs. Cammell, Laird & Co., Ltd., Birkenhead.

✦ ✦ ✦

MESSRS. FURNESS, WITHY & Co., LTD., have recently secured orders for the construction of several large cargo steamers from Messrs. Cayzer, Irvine & Co., Glasgow.

✦ ✦ ✦

MESSRS. WM. DOXFORD & SONS, Sunderland, have just booked an order from Swedish clients, for the construction of a turret deck steamer to carry about 6,750 tons deadweight.

✦ ✦ ✦

MESSRS. ROBERT THOMPSON & SONS, Sunderland, have received an order to build a steamer of about 5,000 tons, for Messrs. Charlton, McAllum & Co., Newcastle.

✦ ✦ ✦

WE hear that a new steamer building on the Tees, about 6,200 tons deadweight, has been sold at £35,500.

✦ ✦ ✦

MESSRS. CRAIG, TAYLOR & Co., Stockton, have received an order to build a steamer of about 6,850 tons deadweight for Messrs. E. Haslehust & Co., London.

✦ ✦ ✦

WE understand that the Hamburg-American Line have invited tenders for the construction of several large steamers, which they contemplate building to replace the boats recently sold to Russia.

✦ ✦ ✦

SCOTTISH shipbuilders are reported to have booked orders for 23 vessels of 49,300 tons last month, as against 45 vessels of 170,000 tons reported for January. In February, 15 vessels of 47,459 tons were launched, of which 42,499 tons came from Clyde yards, 660 tons from the Forth, and 4,300 tons from the Tay.

✦ ✦ ✦

GLASGOW shipbuilders have an excellent opportunity of securing the order to build the new Royal Yacht for the King, as five large Clyde firms on the Admiralty list have sent in tenders in which turbines are specified for.

✦ ✦ ✦

MESSRS. RUSSELL & Co., Port Glasgow, have numerous contracts on hand and have found it necessary to extend their existing berth accommodation. The keel of one of two 10,000 tonners, which they are to build for Messrs. Andrew Weir & Co., Glasgow, has just been laid.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE iron screw steamer *Cuzco*, lately owned by the Orient Steam Navigation Co., Ltd., London, has been sold to Mr. L. Pittaluga, of Genoa, for breaking-up purposes. She was built by Messrs. J. Elder & Co., Glasgow, in 1871; 3,935 tons gross; dimensions 384ft. x 41ft. x 35ft. 3in.; with engines 35in., 57in., 90in. x 54in. stroke, by the Fairfield Co., Ltd.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE steel screw steamer *Dean*, lately owned by Messrs. R. & C. Allan, Glasgow, has been sold to Japanese buyers. She was built and engined by Messrs. Gourlay Brothers & Co., Dundee, in 1889. Dimensions 257ft. 5in. x 36ft. x 19ft. 2in.; 1,538 tons gross; with engines 20in., 31in., 51in. x 39in. stroke.

✦ ✦ ✦

MR. Heinrich Diederichsen, of Kiel, is the purchaser of the steamer *Brookside*, reported sold in our last issue.

WE understand that the Cunard Liner *Aurania*, has been sold to Italian buyers at about £15,000. She was built and engined by Messrs. J. & G. Thomson, Glasgow, in 1883. Dimensions 470ft. x 57ft. 2in. x 37ft. 2in.; 7,269 tons gross; with engines 68in., 91in. x 72in. stroke.

✦ ✦ ✦

The iron screw steamer *Aird Force*, owned by Mr. W. S. Kennaugh, of Whitehaven, is reported sold. She was built and engined by the Penarth Shipbuilding & Repairing Co., Ltd., in 1891. Dimensions 145ft. 3in. x 23ft. 2in. x 11ft.; 349 tons gross; with engines 18ft., 36in. x 24in. stroke.

✦ ✦ ✦

IT is reported that the Pacific Steam Navigation Co., Liverpool, have sold their steel screw steamer *Orelland*, to German buyers. She was built and engined by Messrs. Harland & Wolff, Ltd., in 1893. Dimensions 401ft. x 47ft. 6in. x 33ft., 4,821 tons gross; with engines 29in., 48in., 79in. x 60in. stroke.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE iron screw steamer *Como*, lately owned by Messrs. Thomas Wilson, Sons & Co., Ltd., Hull, has been sold to Dutch buyers. She was built and engined by the Earles Co., Hull, in 1871. Dimensions 272ft. 6in. x 32ft. x 17ft. 4in., 1,497 tons gross; with engines 32in., 60in. x 30in. stroke.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE iron screw steamer *Hesleden*, lately owned by Messrs. R. Jobson & Co., West Hartlepool, has been sold to Mr. F. O. Liljefors, of Landskrona, Sweden. She was built by Messrs. Wm. Gray & Co., Ltd., West Hartlepool, in 1876. Dimensions 259ft. 1in. x 33ft. x 19ft. 2in.; 1,492 tons gross; machinery by Messrs. Blair & Co., Ltd.; with engines 27in., 55in. x 36in. stroke. The steamer has been renamed *Phyllis*.

✦ ✦ ✦

TWELVE of the Hamburg-American Line steamers are reported sold to the Russian Government, and will carry coal and provisions for the third Baltic squadron.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE steel screw steamer *City of Manchester*, lately owned by Messrs. Hagerup, Doughty & Co., Ltd., Grimsby, has been sold to French buyers. She was built by Messrs. Mackie & Thomson, Glasgow, in 1898. Dimensions 140ft. 5in. x 23ft. 5in. x 11ft. 2in.; 287 tons gross; with engines 13in., 22in., 35in. x 27in. stroke by Messrs. Muir & Houston, Ltd.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE iron steam trawler *Boadicea*, has been sold by the Hellyer's Steam Fishing Company, Ltd., to Spaniards. She was built by Messrs. Cook, Welton & Gemmell, Hull, in 1899. Dimensions 113ft. 6in. x 21ft. x 11ft. 2in.; with engines 11½in., 20in., 33in. x 24in. stroke by Messrs. Amos & Smith.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE steel steam trawler *Coot*, lately owned by Mr. J. Hutton, Aberdeen, has been sold to Danish buyers. She was built by Messrs. Wm. Hamilton & Co., Port Glasgow, in 1892. Dimensions 100ft. 2in. x 20ft. 5in. x 10ft. 6in.; with engines 11in., 17in., 27in. x 22in. stroke by Messrs. D. Rowan & Son.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE iron steam trawler *Escallonia*, lately owned by Mr. C. C. Morley, Milford, has been sold to Dutch buyers. She was built by Messrs. Sir Raylton Dixon & Co., Middlesbrough, in 1892. Dimensions 100ft. x 20ft. 4in. x 10ft. 7in.; with engines 16in., 32in. x 22in. stroke by the North Eastern Marine Engineering Co., Ltd.

FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1905.

ADMIRALTY *v.* BOARD OF TRADE INQUIRIES.

WITH praiseworthy promptitude, the Admiralty inquiry, into the facts which brought about the explosion on submarine *A5*, in Cork Harbour, on February 16, has been brought to a conclusion. Before going into the subject as affecting the submarine, it will be well to call the attention of our readers to the differences obtaining between Admiralty methods in connection with the Navy; and Board of Trade procrastination concerning the Mercantile Marine. When a merchant ship comes to grief, heaven alone knows when the, generally, alleged inquiry will "come off," although the veriest tyro in matters marine is fairly safe in sizing up the one and only possible verdict. The Board of Trade—and its myrmidons—with a consistency that is worthy of a better cause, may be depended on to "sit on" the unfortunate shipmaster, or other Mercantile Marine officer involved; to take away—either for good and all, or for a more or less protracted period—the certificate which this august, but frightfully ponderous combination of nautical "experts" has already granted; and to show conclusively, in practically every instance, that the Department has long outlived any utility which it ever might, could, would, or should have possessed. So much has this little showing been in evidence of late years, that the country has been promised, time and again, a sweeping away of this ancient "Board" that was never anything at all of the sort; and that a Ministry of Marine should be created instead thereof. Time passes, and so far, promises are all that the country has received. Of course, hope springs eternal in the human breast, and those who have most interest in the wiping away of this nautical paradox, indulge in the game of "Hope on; hope ever!" Some day, perhaps, a legislator possessed of more gall than his fellows, will arise and intimate that "Now's the time, and now's the hour" to bury the Board. When that legislator does arise, we sincerely trust that he will insist on burying—not merely on reforming. In the past, it has not been the title "Board of Trade" which has done such incalculable harm to the shipping of the country; rather has it been the idiotic methods adopted by its component parts; men who are paid by the country to see that all is well with ships and shipping; but who, to-date, have done little more than put a premium on the alien seaman (or alleged seaman), while, at the same time driving the Briton from his heritage. This being so—and it is—there is precious little use in changing the title of the combination, if the same old fossils are allowed to continue in harness. This little fact must not be overlooked, when the shake up eventuates, for were the runners employed by the Board of Trade, fit and proper men, there would be but little need to change over to a Ministry of Marine. Turn we now, to the findings of the Admiralty inquiry alluded to in the beginning of our present writing. Captain R. H. S. Bacon, D.S.O., R.N., Naval Assistant to the First Sea Lord, was head of that inquiry, and he was assisted by Dr. Boverton Redwood, F.R.S.E., Adviser to the Home Office on Petroleum Oils. Seeing that the accident to submarine *A5* was consequent on the escape of petrol vapour, it will be readily admitted that the inquiry court was constituted on sensible lines. To digress a little, the Board of Trade might easily take another leaf out of the Admiralty's book; might go as far as to put modern sailormen to assist the various stipendiary magistrates who have the power of making or marring the British shipmaster. As things are at present, any old-timer of a "whale" appears to be good enough to sit in court, and ask twaddley questions of the intended victim—the shipmaster. We have seen instances where the court-room navigator has applied deviation and variation the wrong way; where he has asked if the pole-compass were situated on the side of the funnel, or right in front thereof; and in one instance, we remember one amiable old fossil asking if the lead-line had been "adjusted" before the ship had sailed on that last, and altogether unfortunate voyage. True, the ancient one did offer an oblique-angled apology, when he was rounded up by the "culprit;" suggested that he had in mind the compass, although he said lead-line. All the same, lead-line would have passed, had the "prisoner" not developed gall enough to ask what the assessor meant. Furthermore, the skipper lost his ticket—in exactly the manner that is provided in cases of this kind. But reverting to submarine *A5*, there was a really high-class lot of evidence offered, all of which went to show that as far as the 'longshore portion of the business had been concerned, everything was as it should have been. Indeed, we cannot do better than to give you Dr. Redwood's own words on the subject; especially as the properties and dangers of petrol are of interest to all seafarers. The Doctor's report contained, among other items, the following: "I am of opinion that both in design and in execution, the petrol installation in this vessel is such as to ensure the *maximum* of safety, and I cannot suggest any practicable modification or addition which would have the effect of increasing its safety. Every weak point"—you will notice, farther along, that the Doctor was a little bit wrong in his summing up, for this was a case where not quite every weak point had been attended to!—"in such installation has, I am satisfied, received exceptionally careful attention, and risks have been guarded against as far as forethought and engineering skill can make provision . . . I say unhesitatingly, and without qualification, that, if the regulations handed in are duly observed, such an installation can certainly be worked with safety in a submarine boat, and I say also, in my opinion, . . . if there had not been a lamentable disregard of one of the most important of these regulations, the recent explosion would not, and could not, have occurred." There you are! It is right here that we felt like calling your attention to the one "weak spot" which had not, obviously, received the exceptionally careful attention suggested by Dr. Redwood. The machine—as usual—was perfect; its attendants were very much the reverse of perfect. Because the poor fellows came to grief, is no sufficient reason that their shortcomings should not be animadverted to—especially in view of the fact that there are other submarines about, and that it behoves their crews and attendants, generally, to profit by past oversights, or carelessnesses, as the case might be. In connection with *A5*, Doctor Redwood found that the gland of the port petrol pump was leaking freely, "but I observed that the gland was screwed hard down, metal to metal, and it was evident that it contained an insufficient quantity of packing. This leak, therefore, does not indicate any defect in the installation." Of course not. It merely indicates a defect in the human installation? A defect to which we have called attention, more times than we care to remember. Indeed, to our mind, it is ever thus. The nation, in a most ungrudging manner, supplies the finest material that money can buy; sees that everything in the Service, from a material point of view, is absolutely above reproach; and in consequence, the nation has a right to ask that a fair return be given for its money. That return is not given. We all realise the fact. And here in a submarine, we find that everything which engineering skill (on shore) can suggest, is carried out regardless of cost; but a simple gland on a pump is so

carelessly, or ignorantly, attended to, that it is screwed up without packing, and until it lays metal to metal! For half such carelessness as is here implied, the Mercantile Marine officer would have his certificate taken away for ever; and possibly find himself arraigned for attempted murder on the high-seas! There can be no valid excuse for this leaky pump-gland; none whatever. It was merely necessary to shut off the supply cock, when the petrol would have been safely confined to its tank: and after this desirable end had been attained, the leaky gland could have been attended to with ease. However, this appears to be but one of the "contributory causes" to the explosion on submarine *A5*. There was a strong smell of petrol on the boat (we should think there would be, under the circumstances!), and with a view to eliminating this "strong smell"—and incidentally we suppose, the cause thereof—the gas engine was started, with the disastrous results which followed. In the words of Captain Bacon, "the explosion in *A5* submarine was caused by the presence in the boat of petrol vapour from a leak of liquid petrol at a badly-packed gland of the petrol pump, and that the explosive mixture formed, was ignited by sparks from the main motor brushes caused by attempting to move the motors electrically with a view to revolving the engine; and, further, that such a use of the motor was in flagrant violation of the regulations laid down." There you are! Badly-packed gland, and flagrant violation of regulations! And this is merely one of the ways they have in the Navy—on which the nation and Government are supposed to set such store (although the store of the latter doesn't go far enough to punish the murderers of its fellow countrymen). In the midst of all this misery, it is good to find a little gleam of sunlight, so to speak. It appears that some 30 men from the *Hazard*, the attendant warshipette, at once volunteered to enter the submarine, on fire and all as she was, in hope to rescue their shipmates from a ghastly death. When it is remembered that *A5* was practically on fire: that she had seven tons of petrol in her tanks: that an explosion had already occurred: and that a further series might reasonably be expected—well, even as declared by Captain Bacon, it was an offer of which the Navy might be proud. For the matter of that, the country, too? Indeed, the Navy and country is proud of such heroes, and the only fly in the ointment is, that such heroic stuff is given over to the care of men who will be guilty of "flagrant violation of the regulations laid down." This has ever been our claim. The Senior Service is practically given over to youthful twigs of "society," who know as much about their alleged business, as we know of the man who made the Babylonian bricks which are in the Museum—or elsewhere. The same thing applies to the Board of Trade. There is far too much of the "nautical adviser," and too little of the genuine nautical advice. In fact, and viewed dispassionately, the advice tendered on most of these occasions to which we are referring, would appear to be made up of exactly the wheezes which the advised are hankering after? Matters of fact, have but little to do with the business; matters of expediency are more in evidence. The sooner such a rotten state of affairs is ended, the better will it be for the country. As in the case of *A 5*, so is it with a number of units in the same arm of defence, and according to Captain Bacon, once more, "As regard the regulations in force, here, again, I quote Dr. Redwood's opinion. He considers the regulations fully sufficient, and such as to render the working safe, if rigidly adhered to. Nor on examination can I find anything in them which is irksome, laborious, or inconvenient, and for such a reason likely to lead to their being disregarded. They appear definite and simple." Of course—on all counts; and principally because those regulations were suggested by men who knew their business; civilians, in the majority of instances; the only trouble is, that Naval men have to carry them out, and in spite of all the cant and humbug to the contrary, the Naval man is very much the reverse of being well-trained.

LATTER-DAY TRADES UNIONISM.

WE have remarked, ere this, that all our sympathies would go out to the man or men, who would engineer a trades unionism in which the fact of a man being a member thereof, would be a sufficient guarantee that he was a good workman. In addition to the foregoing, we have continually expressed disapprobation at the class of alleged "trades unionism" which is rampant to-day. The cult which has been inaugurated, not for the benefit or amelioration of the struggling masses; but rather for the purpose of providing a "soft" living to a number of harpies whose absolute disinclination for work, and inability to glean a living after the manner prevailing with the "Tired Tims" and "Flowery Fields" of the earth, make some such arrangement necessary. We have given a quantity of attention to the subject, and principally because we happen to know that the said cult do us the honour (which is "writ sarkastik") of reading our remarks, after which they unite in an endeavour to think up some kind of method that may be calculated to bluff us! That such tactics have made no difference to our methods of giving you the truth, has been made abundantly apparent, week after week. Time and again, we have declared that most of these "unions"—that is, the "unions" that are worthy the name, as far as numerical strength is concerned—are nothing, if not political; that the whole reason of their existence, is to supply the needful for the "pushing" of this, that, or the other "celebrity" having an ambition to hear himself speak in the national talking-shop. Of course, there are a number of little tin-pot shows, which eke out a precarious living, by battening on whom they may; but these are not within the range of this present writing. So far in the history of the world, the so-called trades unionism has stopped short at a mere amalgamation of the smaller portions of a given trade. They have never managed to secure—without gross intimidation—one half of the members belonging to that given trade. Still, with the few that have been coerced into joining "the movement," the matter has ended. By and bye—say, when trades unionism is really a power for good—we shall be treated to a "Union Boss' Association." An arrangement that shall formulate the most likely methods for pulling in recalcitrant members—and their subscriptions, when in arrears. Meantime, we must e'en take the matter as it stands, and we have been constrained to the foregoing, by reading a letter from the editor of "Reynolds," which was sent to a London "daily." The letter referred to, deals with a phase of the "union" subject to which we have frequently alluded—the question of supporting Parliamentary candidates out of the funds of the union. We are so often treated to disclaimers on this account; are assured that the whole thing is a falsehood; that no "union" would think of robbing its members for the purpose of pitch-forking some "orator" into Parliament; that Mr. Thompson's—the editor referred to—letter comes as a pleasant (or unpleasant) bit of confirmation. We will give you the whole quotation, after which you may judge for yourselves, as to whether our repeated avowals in this connection have been so very wide of the mark: "Permit me to mention a rather startling case as to the autocratic methods of a trade union executive in this respect. I refer to the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. And that there may be no mistake, I may say that I am basing my remarks on the printed report of the society dated March 14, 1904, together with reference to earlier reports and newspaper records. Three years ago, a ballot of the members of the A.S.R.S. was taken on the question of a levy of 1s. per member to support additional Parliamentary candidates for the railwaymen's own society . . . Only 29 per cent. of the members returned their voting papers: 26½ per cent. were in favour, 2½ per cent. against. The Executive Committee then compelled 73½ per cent. of the members to contribute to the levy without knowing their views." There you are! The facts are plain enough?

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *March 1, 1905.*

There certainly is but little that is new to record in connection with the Coal Market, since our last time of writing on the entrancing subject! We ought to write it, "in trancing subject," for really that about gives you the actual state of things concerning Welsh Coal. It is all in a trance; or is asleep; for there is nothing doing; the demand is slack, or non-existent—whichever shade of opinion you most favour; there is no new business; and everybody more or less connected with the South Wales staple, feels pippy in consequence. We hate to appear pessimistic, but if we are, then we are merely following the lead of the "other fellows!" Go where you will, on the Coal Exchange, and the same old state of affairs obtains.

OF course, you readily understand that the pessimistic feeling is merely one of degree. In a place where some

Twenty-one millions of tons

of coal change hands in a year, there is bound to be something doing, all the time. But just now, there is a lack of vim in the transactions; the good people responsible for the passing of the 21,000,000 tons aforesaid, appear to have made up their minds—possibly for this week only—to wander home to glory, in the steps their fathers trod. And for our part, we cannot honestly blame them. Indeed, any old steps are good enough, when the state of trade has meandered down to its present lack-a-daisical state.

CONSIDER the supply of tonnage—that vital essential to a flourishing coal industry. Having considered, tell us where the tonnage is. Eh? It's anywhere but in the place where it will be of most utility? Tonnage has been delayed; somewhat through stress of weather; otherwise through inherent wickedness. When tonnage is delayed, stocks of coal accumulate. When stocks of coal accumulate, coal people develope pip, as already explained—for that is exactly the occasion

When prices are weak.

They do not necessarily fall off; values may even remain as heretofore. But of what use is it to talk of values, or of prices, when there are no sales?

WE have heard it declared, in cold blood, that coal might be had for the asking. But that, again, is a relative term. Is merely a figure of speech. If you wish to test its value, just you try to pick up a load for the domestic cellar. That is when you will understand the figurativeness of the whole affair. However, when a colliery man cannot sell off his output; when it gradually mounts up in bulk until every available wagon is full to overflowing; what, think you, is there left for the poor fellow? Why, simply to stop his collieries, and this is a little pastime which has happened pretty frequently, of late. Eh, eh! It is a hard world, and don't you forget it!

AFTER perusing the above, it will, probably dawn on you that the present is one of the occasions when

Prices are merely nominal,

and the poor seller (seller, this time, you'll observe) is willing to accept almost any price which the gall of the buyer will admit of his offering. On the other hand, the facetious buyer is considerably nonplussed, for the simple reason that without tonnage he is unable to guarantee prompt loading; and thus it comes about, that the game of "pull devil, pull tailor" is worked for all it is worth. That it is worth but very little, you may take our word for it. Still, you must not think that in times like the present, the buyer gets the business his own way, for he doesn't—not by a very big chalk-mark, does he. No, not for immediate business, even, as somehow or other, the colliery man knows all about tonnage supplies—small blame to him!

FURTHERMORE, the colliery man is not disposed to accept alleged current prices for forward business—enquiries for which are fairly plentiful. But these enquires are

Merely a wile of the Buyer.

He realises that he can do very little with no tonnage at hand; but, shrewd man, is of opinion that now is the time to fix up all that is possible for the happy days when the tonnage has ambled along. Unfortunately for his views, however, the colliery man understands all those little moves, and seeing that he has to wait for prompt business, he decides on seeing all the buyers jiggered before he will be rushed for forward trade! Thus it comes about that at the moment, enquiry is quite all there is to go upon.

MEANWHILE, the apostles of the business sit around and tell each other yarns of what they have done in the days that are gone. Think up all manner of fairy tales concerning the "doing" of this, that, and he other Johnny. Discuss Continental journeys engaged in for the purpose of securing sundry contracts from the foreign buyer,

And pitch a fine tale,

generally. Writing of contracts reminds us that the Italian Marine variety, of which there has been so much talk, lately, has gone to Messrs. H. C. Vivian & Co., through Mr. R. De Sanna, of Naples. Moreover, the price secured is about 21s. Not altogether so bad, is it? As we have remarked in former issues of THE MARITIME REVIEW, competition in this direction was quite as keen as the job was worth, and under the circumstances, Messrs. Vivian are to be congratulated on roping in the business, from certain would-be knowing ones, who were abso-lutely sure of getting it! But let us consider the detail of the market.

BEST CARDIFF ADMIRALTYS are unchanged—in price and condition! Quotations are even as those of last week. But, as already suggested, quotations do not unduly apply at the moment. E'en as language—of the ordinary sort—was given us to conceal our thoughts; so were quotations in coal,

To conceal the price

at which it will ultimately be sold! In the case of BEST ADMIRALTYS, the actual price may only be gauged by approaching the collieries with firm business. As an example, the quotation here is 13s. 6d.; you meet it everywhere; but the man is a ninny, who thinks of offering more than 13s. 3d., for as much—or as little—as he may require. You see, prompt coals are over-plentiful, so providing the buyer can ship at once, the seller is prepared to be as gracious as all that, when price is alluded to. These little features notwithstanding, but mighty little buying has been apparent. Of that, you may take our assurances.

SECONDS are quiet. After what we have told you concerning things in the main, you didn't expect any other, did you? Anyhow, they are quiet, with the ruling figure written as 12s. 9d. Stems are, admittedly, well filled; and the quotation is being as firmly adhered to, as is possible under existing circumstances. As may be understood, however, the market for prompt shipment is all in buyers' favour; so that sellers are rather more than merely disposed to reconsider the quotation, if the buying gentleman is in the blessed position, that admits of his complying with the

Eagerly sought

condition—prompt loading. Contractors, too, are somewhat inclined to cut the direct figure, although at the moment, there is no very great demand for this variety. Indeed, it is a very easy section.

ORDINARIES continue manifestly weak, and in the absence of anything appertaining to new business, prices have weakened yet more than at our last. As a general consideration, the figures may be taken as 12s., this representing actual worth at the moment. Others are obtainable—easily—at 11s. 9d. The collieries involved, are slack all 'round, and this department is, to put it mildly and genteelly, decidedly sick. What is most disheartening in the arrangement, is the fact that there are no immediate signs of an early change for the better.

DRYS, too, continue along on the easy range. BESTS are holding out for 12s. 6d. Sometimes, they get it—on paper; sometimes, again, they don't—anywhere! Request is

Far too limited,

and as a natural result, business is the reverse of active. As a matter of fact, the figures mentioned above, are top values in this grade—Bests. INFERIORS are disgustingly weak, and bookings have taken place at 12s.—in some instances, a trifle lower than that.

MONMOUTHSHIRE coals show no improvement, whatever. On the contrary, rather, for the weakness obtaining of late, in this particular grade, is considerably more pronounced. Tonnage arrivals keep small, and stocks are naturally increasing rapidly. Then, owing to the scarcity of wagons the collieries involved, have been indulging in frequent stoppages. Contractors, too, are behind in their stems, and everything considered, this market is in a very bad way, at the moment. As you will have already surmised, prices have dropped still further on last week's quotations. BLACK VEINS are indicated by the figures 11s. 9d., but

Spot cargoes

would easily fetch figures down, at least, another threepence; while we much doubt if a drop of another threepence would be refused, providing "something firm" were in evidence.

ORDINARIES are unchanged, with the value standing at 11s. 3d., at which figures, a few transactions are recorded. The collieries here, are feeling the effects of delayed tonnage, very acutely, and the supply of coal is vastly in excess of the demand. To the time of writing, there is no record of prices having gone lower than the

11s. 3d. mark, and we have an idea that it is but for immediate shipment that those figures will be entertained. Keeping strictly to the quotation idea, we find that for anything of a "future" nature, the figures are 11s. 6d.

SECONDS, for a wonder (and blessing) have been well maintained, and in all probability, those concerned, are duly grateful. The collieries' stems

Keep them well employed,

with the result that sellers have been enabled to keep their quotations, at last figures. Not only keep the quotations thusly, but also to sell the coal on those quotations! The better classes are offering at 10s. 9d.; while the other sorts are going off at 10s. 6d.

WITH RHONDDA NUMBER 3's, we come to what is continuing as the cream of the market, if we may be forgiven for styling any such messy old thing as coal, after the nature of cream! The supply continues in the sublimely limited stage, and as a natural result, there is no change in the figure-markings, which continue along at 14s. and 14s. 3d. easily. Indeed, there are critics, and "fanciers" about, who are prepared to aver that threepence higher than this ought to be the price. This is as it may be. Our business is to record the prices at which the stuff

Has actually changed hands

—or localities. In addition to the foregoing pleasantnesses, the demand continues lively, so that this department has every justification to be included among the sound businesses.

RHONDDA NUMBER 2's are quoted at 10s. 6d. Stems are not nearly so tight as they were, when last we told you of "Cardiff (and other) Coal," and supplies are rather more plentiful. Positive—and earnest—business, might enable the amiable buyer to improve somewhat on the quotation; but comparatively speaking, this grade is very steady.

SMALLS are very much firmer. This, on an improved demand coupled with restricted outputs, consequent upon the weakness prevailing in Large Coal. Prices, although displaying

No actual improvement,

are harder—especially for prompt shipment. BESTS have been selling at 7s. 6d., and the quotation, in several instances, has been 7s. 9d. This, however, merely where full stems abound. SECONDS remain unchanged at 7s.; with ORDINARIES at 6s. 6d. Other sorts, too, range from tax limit, to 6s. 6d.

PATENT FUELS, continue to be favoured with a good demand, and are fairly steady, at around 12s. 9d.

PITWOOD values have undergone no alteration. French stuff, is quoted at 16s. 9d., with the Portuguese variety at about 16s. 6d. These figures have been fairly well maintained, in spite of the efforts of that "combination" thing! Still, there is but little doing in this phase of the market, at the moment, which is about steady—and no more.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	13s. 6d	13s 3d., 13s. 6d.	13s 9½d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.	12s 9d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 7½d.	12s. 7½d., 12s. 9d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	12s. 3d	12s 3d	12s. 0d., 12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 0d., 12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.
Drys ,, ...	12s. 3d., 12s 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s 3d., 12s. 6d	12s. 3d.	12s. 6d.
Best Newport ,, ...	11s 6d., 11s 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d	11s. 6d., 11s 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 7½d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ..	11s 3d	11s. 3d	11s. 0d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.
Seconds ,, ...	10s 0d., 10s 9d.	10s 9d	10s. 9d.	10s. 7½d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,,	16s. 3d	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d., 16s. 3d.	16s. 0d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,,	14s. 0d., 14s 3d.	14s. 0d.	14s. 0d.	13s. 9d., 14s. 0d.	13s. 10½d.	13s. 9d., 14s. 0d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,,	10s. 7½d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 7½d.	10s. 7½d.	10s. 6d.
Rhondda 3 " Thro."	12s 3d	12s. 3d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d. 12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.
,, 2 ,,	8s. 6d., 9s 0d	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 3d., 8s. 6d.
Smalls:						
Best Cardiff	7s. 3d., 7s. 6d	7s. 3d	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d
Seconds	7s 0d., 7s 3d	7s. 0d.	7s 0d.	6s 9d., 7s. 0d	6s. 10½d.	7s. 0d., 7s. 3d.
Ordinaries	6s. 3d.	6s. 3 l	6s. 6d.	6s 4½d	6s. 3d., 6s. 6d.	6s. 6d.
Best Newport	6s. 6d., 6s. 9d	6s. 6d.	6s 6d.	6s. 3d., 6s. 6d.	6s. 3d.	6s 0d., 6s. 6d.
Seconds	6s. 3d	6s. 3d	6s. 0d., 6s. 3d.	6s 0d.	6s. 0d.	6s. 0d., 6s. 3d.
Rhondda No. 2	6s 9d	6s 9d.	7s. 0d.	7s 0d.	6s 9d., 7s. 0d.	6s. 9d., 7s. 0d.
,, No. 3	10s 3d.	10s. 3d	10s. 0d., 10s. 3d.	10s 0d.	9s. 9d., 10s. 0d	9s 9d.
Foundry Coke:						
Special	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.	21s. 0d., 21s 6d.	21s. 3d.	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d.
Ordinary	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.
Furnace Coke	15s 9d	15s 0d	15s 6d.	15s 0d 15s. 6d.	15s. 3d	15s. 0d., 15s. 6d.
Patent Fuel	13s 3d.	13s 0d.	13s 0d.	12s. 9d., 13s 3d	13s 0d.	12s. 9d.
Pitwood (ex ship)	16s 9d	16s 9d	16s 9d.	16s 3d., 16s 9d.	16s. 6d	16s. 6d., 16s. 9d

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *March 1st. 1905.*

THE Swansea market, since our last, has been somewhat weaker. Scarcity of tonnage has been the primary cause, and with the delaying of that which is on stem, prices, for prompt shipment, have been ruling decidedly easy.

ANTHRACITE COALS, in the matter of quotation are unchanged. BEST Collieries have been pretty well stemmed; but delayed tonnage has upset their little arrangements, and buyers who have been able to ship promptly, have also been able to close at less than the figures quoted. The demand, too, has been of limited proportions, so that for the time being, this market is a very easy one. BEST and BIG VEINS are fairly steady, and a fair business has been passing, which has kept values ruling, steady, at about last figures.

MACHINE MADE COALS are unchanged, and supplies still exceed the call that is being made for these qualities at the moment. Consequently, there is no improvement to be marked here, and our oft repeated tale of weakness still obtains.

RUBBLY CULM continues to manifest a firmness. Stems, at present, are nicely filled, and with a passing good demand, prices have been well-maintained. BESTS, are firmly held at 4s. 9d. INFERIORS are moving along, at a steady 4s. 3d.

DUFF, shows but little variation, maintaining a steady tone. A fairly good business is recorded at 3s. 6d., which is about the current value.

STEAMS, show no improvement in the matter of demand, and for prompt shipment, prices are ruling weak. Indeed, very little business is doing in this grade, and buyers find that they are able to book at advantageous terms, provided they can oblige with the necessary and prompt tonnage. BESTS, are at 13s. 3d. The others you will find below

PATENT FUELS, remain at their old level of 11s. 9d. Makers continue busy, and buyers have difficulty in stemming anything immediately, on account of the prevailing fulness of stems. Fuels, therefore, are a firm section. So may they continue, for in the prevailing dearth of brightness, it is good to find something firm.

BELOW, we give the average prices for the week:—

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:						
Best Hand Picked						
Malting Large ...	19s. 6d., 20s 0d	19s 9d.	10s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 0d., 19s. 6d.	19s. 3d., 19s. 6d
Seconds do.	17s 0d., 18s. 0d	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Big Vein Large	12s. 3d.	12s 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s 9d., 12s. 3d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.
Red ,, ,,	10s. 0d., 10s. 6d	10s. 3d	10s. 3d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.	9s. 9d., 10s. 3d.
Machine Made Cobbles	17s 3d.	17s 3d.	17s. 0d.	17s 0d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 3d.
,, ,, Nuts	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d., 17s 0d.	16s. 9d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 3d.	17s. 0d.
,, ,, Peas	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 0d.	9s. 9d., 10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.
Rubbly Culm	4s 0d., 5s 0d,	4s 0d	4s. 9d.	4s. 6d., 4s. 9d.	4s. 9d.	4s. 6d., 5s 0d
Duff	3s 3d	3s. 3d.	3s. 6d.	3s. 6d.	3s. 3d., 3s. 6d.	3s. 6d
Patent Fuel:	11s. 9d	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d
Steam:						
Best Large	13s 3d.	13s. 0d.	13s 0d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d.	13s 0d
Seconds ,,	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d	12s 3d.	12s. 0d., 12s. 6d	12s. 0d., 12s. 3d
Bunker ,,	11s. 9d	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s 6d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.
Thro' and Thro'	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d., 9s. 6d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d., 9s 6d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

CARDIFF, *March 1st, 1905.*

POOR old Eastern Market! Whatever has come over it? Is it the blighting influences of the early Spring; is it—but there, of what use to go on querying? The Eastern Market is bare of orders. The gentlemen who usually attend to this particular phase of the chartering world, are busily engaged in blowing to their fingers, between their little attempts to cheer each other with stories of what has been, in the dear old days which appear to have gone beyond recall! As a matter of fact, we do not see one solitary fixture for Eastern account since our last time of writing, so that any further comment, hereaway, is superfluous?

WESTWARD, there is but little change to record, although fortunately, there is a fairly decent volume of business doing in this direction. RIO DE JANEIRO continues to pay 8s. 9d. for its requirements in the matter of tonnage; while for the LOWER PLATE ports, 7s. 3d. and 7s. 6d. may be scheduled as top and bottom rates. HENCE BAHIA BLANCA, we note that for a 3,300 tonner, the figures have been 7s. 6d.

FOR the ISLANDS, there is just a slight improvement, seeing that for LAS PALMAS, MADEIRA and TENERIFFE, the present rate is from 5s. 9d. to 6s.—according to size of boat.

MEDITERRANEAN business continues to enjoy what is aptly named "a firm tone"—especially for the Italian ports. Indeed, Genoa charterers have to continue with their 6s. 9d., supposing they wish to fill their requirements; while NAPLES is worth 6s. 6d. to 6s. 9d., with CIVITA VECCHIA at the level 7s. We note that the Tatem new steamer, *Wellington*, has been fixed this week, for VENICE/Ancona at 7s. 4½d. Nine thousand times that snug little amount is surely of a nature to gladden the hearts of all concerned! Furthermore, the fixture is remarkably good for a "new chum?"

REVERTING to other sections of the Mediterranean whirligig, we note that PORT SAID is more remarkable for a dulness, than for anything else. Still, 6s. 7½d. has been accepted in several instances, although this has been for the larger class of boat.

For the remainder, see List.

Week Ending, (Wednesday), March 1, 1905.

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

WESTWARD, Etc.

Rio de Janeiro, *Teviotdale*, 3,400 tons, 8s. 5d.
River Plate, *Membland*, 3,100 tons, 7s. 6d. option **Rosario,** 8s. 6d.
Ruskin, 3,000 tons, 7s. 3d. option **Rio de Janeiro,** 8s. 9d.
Bahia Blanca, *Duke of York*, 3,300 tons, 7s. 6d.
Las Palmas, *Eastwood*, 5,200 tons, 5s. 6d.
Steamer, 2,100 tons, 6s.
Belfast, 4,000 tons, 5s. 6d.
Teneriffe, Steamer, 4,000 tons, 5s. 9d.
Vera Cruz, Steamer, 3,000 tons, 6s. 6d. fuel.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Genoa, *Cavour*, 2,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Goidelian, 1,300 tons, 6s. 9d. option **Leghorn,** (s).
Glenwood, 3,900 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Newholme, 4,200 tons, 6s. 9d.
Monza, 3,000 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Olivemoor, 5,000 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Savona, 1,800 tons, 6s. 9d.
Romola, 3,100 tons, 6s. 9d.
Jassy, 2,000 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Port Said, *River Clyde*, 6,500 tons, 5s. 7½d.
Maroa, 8,400 tons, 5s. 7½d.
Alton, 5,800 tons, 5s. 8d.
Alexandria, *Columba*, 5,100 tons, 6s. 7oo delivery.
Elswick Hall, 5,300 tons, 6s. 7oo delivery.
Naples, Steamer, 3,200 tons, 6s. 9d. option **Torre.**
Ambassador, 3,500 tons, 6s. 6d.
Haulwen, 5,500 tons, 6s. 6d. option **Leghorn.**
Venice, *Eastville*, 5,100 tons, 7s. 4½d. option **Ancona.**
Kortenaer, 3,200 tons, 8s. 3d.
Steamer, 3,500 tons, 8s.
Wellington, 9,000 tons, 7s. 4½d. option **Ancona.**
Fiume, Steamer, 3,800 tons, 8s.
Sicily, Steamer, 1,600 tons, 6s. 9d.
Marseilles, *Huddersfield*, 3,000 tons, 8 francs.
Steamer, 2,700 tons, 8 francs.
Jane Radcliffe, 2,200 tons, 8 francs, (s).
Brindisi, *Ethel Radcliffe*, 3,300 tons, 6s. 6d. 1,000 dely.
Lisbon, Steamer, 1,750 tons, 4s. 10½d.
Algiers, *Helios*, 2,100 tons, 7 francs.
Dyle, 2,000 tons, 7 francs, (N).
Heim, 2,100 tons, 7 francs.
Malta, *Trevethoe*, 2,500 tons, 5s. 6d.
Zoe, 2,200 tons, 5s. 6d.
Kinderdijk, 3,200 tons, 5s. 6½d.
Barcelona, *Elna*, 1,600 tons, 7s. coal, 8s. fuel, (s).
Valencia, Steamer, 1,900 tons, 6s. 6d. coal, 7s. 3d. fuel, (s)
Vigo, *Irwin*, 1,200 tons, 5s.
Carril, *Loire Inferieure*, 1,000 tons, 7s.
Corcubion, *General Gordon*, 1,700 tons, 4s. 9d.
Gibraltar, *Haslingden*, 2,500 tons, 5s. 3d.
Corso, 1,600 tons, 5s. 3d.
Uhlenhorst, 850 tons, 5s. 4½d.
Porto Vecchio, *Eastcheap*, 1,400 tons, 7s.
Leghorn, *Skanderborg*, 2,500 tons, 6s. 9d.
Civita Vecchia, *J. L. Lassen*, 2,600 tons, 7s.
Trieste, *Perseveranza*, 5,000 tons, 6s. 3d.
Tarragona, Steamer, 900 tons, 6s. 9d. coal, 7s. 6d. fuel, (s)
Carthagena, *Scheldestad*, 1,800 tons, 5s. 9d. coal, 6s. 6d. fuel, (s).

BAY, Etc.

Chantenay, *Lovart*, 1,300 tons, 4·75 francs.
Trafalgar, 2,100 ton, 4·75 francs. (P.T.)
Bordeaux, *Ollargan*, 2,900 tons, 4·50 francs.
Cederic, 1,500 tons, 4·75 francs.
Charente, *Sunlight*, 1,400 tons, 4·87½ francs. (s).
La Rochelle, *Rosehill*, 2,100 tons, 4·25 francs.
Bayonne, *Horta*, 2,300 tons, 4·62½ francs.
St. Nazaire, *Uriarte*, 1,500 tons, 4·50 francs
Sables, *Cymrian*, 1,300 tons, 4·75 fcs. option **Nantes,** 5 francs. (s).
Marans, *Aasta*, 1,400 tons, 6·12½ francs. coal, 6·62½ francs fuel, (s).
Nantes, *Ely Rise*, 1,500 tons, 5 fcs.

BALTIC, Etc.

Copenhagen, *Roma*, 700 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).

COASTING, Etc.

Rouen, *Start*, 800 tons, 5s. (s).
Burton, 700 tons, 5s. 1½d. (s).
Alice M. Craig, 1,200 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Cragside, 540 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Camille, 1,500 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Havre, *Castleford*, 2,400 tons, 3s. 10½d.
Gransha, 1,500 tons, 3s. 10½d.
St. Malo, *Skeldon*, 1,700 tons, 3s. 10½d.
Clontee, 1,350 tons, 4s. (s).
Brest, *Cognac*, 1,050 tons, 4s. (s).
Dieppe, *Carlston*, 750 tons, 4s. 9d. (s)
Hermine, 540 tons, 4s. 10½d.
Honfleur, *Argus*, 1,450 tons, 4s. 3d.
Hamburg, *Redwood*, 1,250 tons, 4s. 3d

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Swansea, *Hazelmere*, 1,400 tons, 4s. 1½d. ore
Bilbao to Newport, *Jersey*, 2,300 tons, 4s. ore.
Villagarcia to Cardiff or Barry, *Irwin*, 1,200 tons, 6s. 6d. option **Swansea,** 6s. 9d. pitwood.
Carloforte to Swansea, *George Fisher*, 1,800 tons, 6s. 4½d. F.D.
Bayonne to Cardiff or Barry, *Horta*,, 2,000 tons, 5s. 9d. pitwood.
Bilbao to Cardiff, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 3s. 10½d. ore.
Bilbao to Briton Ferry, *Uriarte*, 1,700 tons, 4s. 3d. ore
Trafalgar, 2,200 tons, 4s. 4½d. ore.

THE MERCHANT SERVICE GUILD.

NOTICE TO MEMBERS.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Guild, will be held in the Council Room, on Tuesday Evening next, March 7th, at 7.30 p.m. It is hoped that all members who possibly can will attend. Lord Muskerry, will (D.V.) be present.

The Arcade, Lord Street, Liverpool.

JOHN G. MOORE, *Secretary.*

Maritime, and other Money, Matters,

WHY is it that investors first put up their money for the purpose of obliging some touting-circular fiend, and then sit down to wonder why they were so idiotically bent? Smart people, too! Folk on whom it would be useless to attempt the palming of "gold bricks," or "Spanish prisoner" tales; that can see an ordinary hole, in an ordinary ladder, with the best; and that are about as obdurate to any common or garden confidence trick, as it is possible for frail humanity to be. Yet these same persons, when confronted with a touting-circular which promises them a deal of something for nothing, are as palpitaty as a young girl is supposed to be, when face to face with her first offer of marriage!

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WE know that the good people alluded to are even as we have remarked, because the letters with which they bombard us, tend to conclusively prove it. It seems to be the fashion, in some investing circles, to fill in an application form; write out the necessary cheque; pin the two together in a most methodical manner; post them to the anxiously awaiting steamer-manager-in-embryo; and then sit down to write us a nice letter, which is enclosed along with the prospectus which has caused all the bother, the whole outfit being sent along, marked "private and confidential," to us who never hurted them a bit! And, mark you, this kind of communication is by no means in the nature of angels' visits. On the contrary, rather, for such screeds are painfully common.

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SOMETIMES, a shareholder in this steamer or that, will break out in an original vein. Will propound some question that would be calculated to put the everlasting hoodoo on the Sphynx, and on the Wise Men of the East. The poet's query as to why must roses fade, is a mere circumstance to a number of the questions which come our way, from time to time; and if we are not already bald and wrinkled, you may take it from us, that it is not because we haven't enough of provocation in that direction. "Why is it that in some balance-sheets, mat-money is credited, while in others, it is not?" There is a question to hurl at a self-respecting scribe, without warning, or anything at all of a preparatory nature! Why, indeed? Being willing to oblige, we hunt up facts for the querist.

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HAVING hunted up those facts, we suggest that in "some balance-sheets," the vessels implicated have been employed in carrying grain; that in grain ships, it is a tradition that mats should be used; that "in others," the vessels have been touting around with iron-ore, and that the tradition concerning the use of mats in this particular trade, has long since gone to that bourne whence even traditions fail to return. Going further with the idea, we suggest that in some instances, the shipowner credits everything for the good of the ship; while in others, he credits everything for the good of himself—and partners, who are not shareholders, anything to speak of, being merely "managers."

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BUT even so, you cannot quite convince a certain class of shareholder that the circus is none of ours; or that we have absolutely no interest in the answers that are given to them—as long as they are strictly truthful. This same class of shareholder are among they who have sent in their application before consulting somebody—outside the office whence emanates the prospectus involved—that knows a little of the conditions, and as a natural result, they are of opinion that they owe somebody a grudge! Looking around for an opportunity, they fasten on to us, with the results already suggested! It is a hard world—for those who strive to do what is right.

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AMONG our letters this week, is one which has the beautifully vague query contained within the words, "What is your idea of reserves?" Now, there is a question to unload on an unsuspecting writer chiel! There is absolutely no clue as to what kind of reserves is meant. Whether they are Army Reserves; Naval ditto; the kind which some folk adopt when they do not wish to give you the truth; or merely steamer reserves—from a capitalistic point of view. Naturally, we infer that the latter kind are indicated; but all the same, there is a question to ask! Why to deal with the subject of steamer reserves in a satisfactory manner, would need, at least, one issue of THE MARITIME REVIEW! Even then, we much doubt if we should have said the last word on the subject.

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WHAT do we think of reserves? Well, if we were included among the ranks of certain shipowners which we could mention, we should asseverate, most emphatically, that reserves were about the finest bit of business in the whole concatenation of shipowning ethics; we should, indeed! But if we were among the shareholders affected by the said reserves, we should just as emphatically declare that they were about the biggest swindle of modern times—and that is claiming a big thing? Our correspondent may take it from us, that the foregoing is exactly what we think of reserves. To save ourselves from being pestered with more of those terse queries, we will, as briefly as possible, explain our reasons for the statement contained above. Please read that explanation.

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WHY should we say that in one instance reserves are about the finest bit of business, etc.? Well, principally, because they give the man who handles them a splendid bank credit to which, otherwise, he would have no claim; gives him a pile of money on which to float all manner of real estate; gives him all rates of interest thereon, for which his shareholders seldom get a cent., or a word of explanation; in fact, and to put the matter as plainly as possible, gives the "reserver," in far too many instances, a financial position to which he has no right; and which he wouldn't keep for two extra minutes, if his trusting shareholders knew mutton from goat.

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WHERE does the swindle to the shareholder come in? Right here! If the *Slippy Sal* earns enough to pay a ten per cent. dividend, and but five of it is paid out, while five goes to reserve; eventually, the five-per-cent.-receiving shareholder sells out, and leaves his share of that "reserve" behind. In other words, he has been robbed of exactly one-half of the earnings of his property. Time passes, and the value of the shares decrease, even as the size of the reserve increases. Eventually, the shares are down low enough to admit of "shipowner" buying in the whole lot of them, at a price which is considerably less than the reserve now stands at!

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IN this case, he buys over the steamer at say, a 75 per cent. discount on her cost; and he also hushes up any possible questions concerning the reserve which he has been manipulating for years. To our mind, this is a swindle: some folk style it "FINANCE." But after all, what's in a name, and who is really to blame? Why, the class of persons who send us such foolish queries as "What is your idea of reserves." We will come back to this, later on. Will give you concrete examples, where on this occasion, we have merely generalised. Sufficient for the day, etc., is a good tag for these revivalled times!

THE train of thought which is sometimes started by what is, apparently, a very small matter, is surprising. Mind you, I don't wish to insinuate that the work of our amiable (and talented) artist is "a small matter." On the contrary, rather. But it was a surreptitious peep at the drawing which was intended to grace the first page of this issue of THE MARITIME REVIEW, which started me off on a consideration of the worrying life of the underwriter man, generally. Poor chap, he has my sympathy. And it is a sympathy that he ought to value, seeing that it is the outcome of a few years' of life among the conditions where underwriter is, in deed and truth, the Patron Saint of the combination.

PERHAPS I ought not to be unduly sympathetic with the gentleman who pays for a quantity of genuine steamer wear and tear; as well as for a quantity of the wear and tear that is not genuine—being merely imaginary; and for the reason that a dispute or so as to the tenets of *meum et tuum*, as connected with underwriting, first constrained me to put away a splendid "three circle" sextant. But that is another dash of "Spray," and I am going to keep it close-hauled, until the summer sun will be likely to make the said dash, a bit more acceptable. At the moment, the weather conditions are unfavourable to cold douches, don't you think?

THE cartoon on the front page of this week's issue, portrays the artist's opinion of the facial expression of shipowner and underwriter, under one set of conditions: but, lor' bless you, where the two gentlemen are mostly concerned, the smile which is in evidence in that cartoon, is as nothing to the sample which I have seen on sundry occasions! I remember when, in one instance, the fates decreed that I should be instrumental in getting a nice little steamer into a Black Sea port, another vessel belonging to a friendly chunk of "shipowning," happened to be already there. Naturally, (especially as the Old Man on the other packet was my senior by some years) I wended my weary way on board, and under the soothing influence of a high-class Flor de Bunkerosa, listened to tales, and things.

RECOGNISING that I was merely a young 'un, the skipper of this other crocklet laid himself out to tell me tales concerning the most approved methods of pleasing the Boss—who, according to the portents, was a pretty hot lot. I haven't room, here, for many of the "tales" alluded to; but if I had, you would probably wonder as to whether that Flor de Thingamy had been too strong for my otherwise equable temperament; or if cholora had been around, much, in that Black Sea port. As a matter of fact, the Old Man who was playing the cheap host to me on the occasion referred to, emulated that old josser in Shakespeare; the one who prattled about unfolding tales which would make every particular hair act as if it had been deluged with Snatcho, or Tarlene.

BEING young, at the time, and therefore feeling that it was incumbent on me to appear blasé, and that sort of thing; I suggested that the Old Man was "having me on," some. He disavowed any intentions in that direction, and having been somewhat deceived by my assumption of the blasé notion, acted as if I were quite as big a rotter as himself—and his employer, if the skipper's tales were true. Anyhow, I dissembled enough to make this ancient "whale" believe that I was good for anything, between barratry and baby-farming, when he strolled across to his "go-ashore" coat, which was thrown carelessly on the cabin settee. Fumbling with the inside pocket, for a minute or so, he eventually disentangled a quantity of literature from its vasty depths, and then reseated himself, by my side.

AFTER a careful search—which was eked out by a running fire of comments the reverse of revivally—the Old Man ultimately struggled through with some execrable writing that was on the sheet of paper, and then, with a triumphant look, remarked, "There, read that!" The command was easier given, than followed. The man who wrote the screed which I was commanded to read, had a "fist" that was simply wretched. A healthy spider dipped in ink, and set adrift over the page, would have made far less loops and fakerboshes than was here set out. However, feeling that the Old Man intended that I should read the screed, I placed the Flor de You-know on the penny-bazaar ash-tray; pulled up my cuffs; and essayed.

I COULD feel myself going pale, and got mad in consequence. If this continued, the skipper would see through my assumption of the blasé idea—and I should get no more wrinkles as to how to please the Boss. However, the Old Man was too busily engaged—I found—in seeking other "wrinkles," to notice my youthful embarrassment, so among other interesting items, I read: "Your dry-docking time is due on arrival home, so we could do with a stranding." Believing that old bunker "stinker" had been too much for my nerves, I read, and re-read the quotation which I have given you; and even as I read, I managed to regain command of myself. This was a good thing, you will admit, for Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves combination was a circumstance to where I felt I had wandered into!

HOWEVER, I passed the letter back to the Old Man and merely raised my expressive eyebrows; sort of, "Well, what about it?" writ large all over my face. The Old Man simply laughed, and then proceeded to dilate on the dangerous navigation in most of these dog-gone Black Sea grain ports. Insinuated that it was a little short of miraculous, the way in which some (and oh, the accent he laid on "some"!) skippers get their old crocks about, without as much as scraping a bit of paint. I agreed—as I felt that such conduct paid me. Then, I remarked, "But you don't show that class of communication to everybody, do you?" With a loud guffaw, my host replied, "Man dear, that is nothing. Here, read this, and this, and this."

I TRIED to oblige, to the best of my ability, and soon suggested that having been up all night, I had better go on board for a nap. I did so. Eventually, that old crock got back again, and would you believe it—her Old Man, had once more, been unlucky? He had actually scraped her across a Black Sea river bar. At least, he said he had, and the log-book corroborated his claim, right up to a bill averaging some £3,000. For this reason, and sundry others which I might tell you, later on, I cannot help feeling sympathetic toward underwriters, although I sometimes think they need kicking. So no more for the present from PETREL.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on February 16, 1905, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

22,930/03—PENNING—*Improvements in apparatus for governing marine engines.*

In this apparatus for governing marine engines a pendulum is employed to close the circuit of an electro-magnet on the vessel pitching. The armature of this magnet, on being attracted, opens a valve in a fluid pressure pipe. The pressure in this pipe then actuates a piston the rod of which actuates a valve to cut off steam from the engine. On the pendulum regaining its normal position, the circuit is broken, the armature retracted by a spring, the valve in the pressure pipe closed and an exhaust valve therein opened. The piston actuating the steam cut off valve is thereon retracted by a spring.

1,793/04—KOSTER—*Improved deep boring mechanism.*

This invention relates to deep boring mechanism in which the boring rod is alternately lifted and allowed to drop. The boring rod instead of being suspended from one end of a beam, pivotted about its middle and the connecting rod of the actuating crank pivotted to the other end, is suspended from the end of a beam pivotted above the before mentioned beam, and springs are interposed between the two.

2,180/04—ISHOY—*Improvements connected with the reduction of resistance in ships and the like.*

For the purpose of reducing resistance in ships they are constructed exceptionally broad with flat bottoms. A number of propellers of small diameter and pitch are arranged on shafts along the bottom. The engines for these propellers are situated in a small hull or hulls beneath the main hull.

2,443/04—FRIEH & NÖLLENBURG—*Improvements in and relating to deep boring apparatus.*

In this invention the percussive boring rod is actuated by solenoids arranged in a sleeve or cylinder in the bore hole immediately above the working level. The bore rod, part of which forms the core of the solenoids, is continued upwards and is coupled by a feather to a rotary electro-motor likewise arranged inside the cylinder. The upward stroke of the rod is effected by springs which are compressed on the down stroke. The cylindrical casing is suspended in the bore hole by a hollow cable through which water is supplied.

4,063/04—LIVINGSTON—*Improvements in or relating to apparatus for the loading and discharging of cargo vessels.*

This apparatus consists essentially of a horizontal beam, parallel to the vessels keel, from which the loads are suspended. This beam is secured to the upper ends of two spars, the heels of which are pivotted between two uprights. These uprights are situated in line with the ends of a cargo hatch. The specification shows various methods of carrying this invention into effect.

5,352/04—IRON—*Improvements in and relating to gangways or apparatus for landing and embarking passengers and goods from and to vessels, from and to piers and similar uses.*

This invention relates to a gangway, adjustable in height, for the purpose of enabling access to the decks of a vessel, from a pier, at varying states of tide. It consists broadly of a rectangular tower mounted on a truck running on rails on the quayside. This tower is of braced girder and lattice work construction. A lift, the upper surface of which forms a rectangular platform, is adapted to be raised and lowered inside the tower by a nut and a screwed vertical spindle mounted in the tower. An inclined gangway is pivotted at one end to an edge of the platform, the other end being fitted with wheels which run on the same rails as the tower. The inclination of the gangway varies with the height of the platform.

6,874/04—KENNEDY—*Improvements in marine hydraulic propellers.*

This invention relates to the propulsion of vessels by the re-action of jets of water from a rotary pump. The improvement consists in forming the discharge orifices in the ship's bottom of curved blades directed forward and aft, and the use of a slide valve for covering one or the other set of orifices.

12,149/04—BLACK—*Power slewing gear for ship's derricks.*

This slewing gear consists of a pair of drums mounted near the mast of a vessel and driven by a shaft and bevel and worm gearing from the derrick windlass. A rope at each side is led over sheaves secured to the stays of the mast and wound in opposite directions on the drums. The other ends of the ropes are connected with the derrick spar.

26,418/04—WILSON—*Improvements in propelling vessels.*

This invention relates to propelling vessels by a water jet from a rotary pump, driven by a high speed turbine.

27,162/04—MULLER-JACOBS—*Improvements in explosive compounds and the method of manufacturing same.*

This invention relates to the manufacture of gun cotton by means of machinery ordinarily employed for dyeing, &c., lengths of cambric. A cotton cloth is wound on a roller and passed through a mixture of concentrated nitric and sulphuric acid. After further treatment chemicals for increasing, restraining or otherwise modifying, the explosive are applied by printing them upon the surface of the cotton.

27,166/04—LHEURE—*Improvements in and relating to the manufacture of explosives.*

An explosive obtained by immersing the chlorates of potassium or of sodium in melted solid paraffin.

27,167/04—LHEURE—*Improvements in and relating to the manufacture of detonating tubes or the like for use in blasting operations.*

A tube of reduced diameter is filled with tri-nitro-toluene or tri-nitro-benzene.

28,158/04—GAREIS—*Improvements in or relating to life-belts or buoys.*

This invention consists of a hollow tubular belt composed of a thickly woven fabric which normally is porous but which on becoming wet becomes air tight. The belt is intended for ordinary wear. It is adapted to be inflated by the wearers breath or by gas generated, on contact with water, from a subtance contained in pockets therein.

These applications for patents are, until April 1, 1905, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specification may be obtained from the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

The following application for the registration of Trade Mark relating to the shipping and coal trades was advertised on February 22, and is open to opposition by interested parties within the period ending March 22.

CLASS 20—*Explosives.*

No. 264,424—20th June, 1904—The device of a spread eagle on a hemisphere and words "BRAUN & BLOEM in DUSSELDORF." For cartridges other than metallic pin-fire cartridges and central fire revolver cartridges. Braun & Bloem, G.M.B.H., 38, Stoffeln, Düsseldorf, Germany, Manufacturers.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

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Miscellaneous.

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MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

METAPHORICALLY, we respectfully extend our hand to Lord Ellenborough, for the able manner in which he called the attention of the House of Lords, to the-what-might-easily-happen-to-Britain, in the event of a war being rushed on her, without notice. Commerce is a grand thing; maritime supremacy is another; but to safely indulge in either, it is necessary for an Island Kingdom to give up emulating a Fools' Paradise; to quit living through the magnanimity (and pusillanimity, if you like) of outsiders; and to see to it that things nautical are really what they seem. That Britain has been wobbling along in the latter seam—has been living through the magnanimity of the foreigner—is a declaration which comes perilously near to the truth. We are willing to admit that "corner politicians"—men of absolutely no experience, and mighty little sense—will walk around and declare, after their own muddle-brain notions, that everything is alright with the defences of the country. We are also sure that such men are a positive danger to the land, and if a landslip should, unfortunately, drop down upon them, somewhat accidentally, well, in the words of the more or less immortal song—"They'd none of them be missed."

WE remember hearing, a few days ago, one of those "corner politicians" referred to, holding forth in the manner that is usual to the cult; and although he probably doesn't know which end of a ship goes first, he yet was keen to explain that our Navy was (and is, presumably) the finest in the world, sir: that the men therein are the *ne plus ultra* of sailors; that the officers were only tuppence-ha'penny short of perfection; while the captains—phew! He hadn't an adjective sufficiently expressive of goodness, with which to fit the case. This "politician," too, in his private capacity, was merely a coal-man. That is, he thought in coal; lived in it; prattled in the commodity; ate, drank, and snoozed on it; and outside of the same stuff, didn't know enough to prompt him to come in out of the wet! Yet he was willing to attempt the filling of a number of men, who were nearly as rocky on things maritime as himself, with dissertations as to the strength of the country's First Line of Defence. Of course, there are quite a few of his kidney knocking about. That is obvious—or he would be so lonely, that he would give up "corner politics" and hie him to a night school, where, incidentally, he would realise that there are other things on earth, save coal.

HOWEVER, if the "politicians" alluded to, will take the trouble to read the expressions of opinion which were given by Lord Ellenborough, they will speedily realise that there are things in heaven and earth, undreamed of in their alleged philosophies. We have no intention—nor the necessary space—to quote very largely from the remarks given by his Lordship; but there are a few which demand the serious consideration of everybody. For instance, the suggestion that any intending invader of this happy-go-lucky old country of ours, might easily bottle up our principal ports just prior to a declaration of war, by "accidentally" dropping some old crock (laden with hydraulic cement?) in the very narrow fairways thereof, is tremendously near the mark. Portsmouth could be easily hoodooed in this happy manner, without doubt. So could London river. Then, in the case of sprinkling the seascape with mechanical mines, Lord Ellenborough gave a very vivid picture of a possible enemy dropping into, say, Portland Harbour, and in a casual manner—while on her way out—sprinkling those mines around in a fashion that would be calculated to play the deuce with the "First Line," which happened along, later.

AGAIN, the effects of the foolhardiness of mobbing all your eggs into one basket; or, in other words, of gathering all your ships together for a swelled-head review, after talking of it for six months beforehand, so that a possible enemy might know all about it, and make his arrangements accordingly, was adumbrated—ahem! (Really, it was the Earl of Selbourne who did the "adumbrated" act, when replying to Lord Ellenborough's remarks.) In the words of the latter noble lord, "A night attack made by 50 or more torpedo-boats might sink all our available battleships and destroy our Naval supremacy at a single blow." The fact cannot be gainsaid, and the wonder is that otherwise sane people will be so misguided, as to gather their weapons into one heap, and thus pose them, as a maddening temptation to a jealous rival who might sink the whole caboodle, before the nation had time to recognise that war had been declared

—or to read of it in the morning papers, as was remarked by that Mr. Lee who worked the Teuton up to such a fever, some few weeks ago! Think of the magnificent opportunity which was offered by the world-famous Spithead review, 'way back! Was not the whole affair a simple flying in the face of Providence? And if the dodge is repeated when some of our rivals are ready, won't there be a bitter awakening, some fine morning?

INDEED, and touching the foregoing, we cannot do better than give you the words of Lord Ellenborough: "At the very time when we felt most inclined to be somewhat vain-glorious, our very existence was dependent on the forbearance and good faith of our neighbours." Is it possible to deny the soft impeachment? Will anyone pretend that the colossal fleet of ships referred to, was other than a danger to itself, by reason of its size: or that it would have had other than the ghost of a chance, supposing the gentle enemy had decided to "make a bid for it?" As a natural corollary to his other remarks, his Lordship insisted that the vital point was to take care that the Navy was not surprised at the beginning of a war. In view of the tricky manner in which the Russian warships were disposed of in the present Eastern War, Lord Ellenborough's advice is exactly on the spot. If reason predominates in future, there will be no more marshalling of the fleets for show purposes. Rather will they be kept moving, in nice handy little sections. Not too far apart; but just far enough to obviate any chance of a night dash at them being successful: and yet close enough that, with an extra "prick up in the backs," they might be "all in a row," inside of a few hours.

BY this means, trade and commerce will be safe enough; we shall all be able to sleep peacefully, arise the next morning refreshed, and in a fit state to go out and earn more of the stuff that keeps that same fleet in being. On the other hand, and if defeated, "we should have to accept a dictated peace, the terms of which would probably include the transfer or destruction of the rest of our Fleet, the payment of hundreds of millions of money, and the surrender of the greater part of our possessions beyond the sea." After carefully studying that "penalty," do you wonder that we have been so insistent, in drawing your attention to the possibilities which coruscate around your idiotic neglect of the sailorman? We are sure that every one of you would hate, like all that, to submit to a "dictated peace:" and when your beautiful Fleet—that arrangement which tempts you to yell, in such a soulful manner, "Rule Britannia," on every occasion that it is mentioned in your hearing—had to be transferred to a sausage-making combination: and hundreds of millions of good British ooftish had to go along with it by way of mental, moral, or might-is-right damages—well, wouldn't it break your heart?

YOU know it would, even as you also know that the same might-is-right trick was enacted—and not so long ago—with your Gallic neighbours. What reason is there for you to believe that you will be served differently, once allow yourself to be caught napping? None is there? Then, why allow your home-bred boys to drop out of the running, to make room for the very scum that is merely doing the Paul Pry act, in attempting to find out all that is worth knowing in this connection? These days, more so than in any other, the only way to secure peace, is to be prepared for war. A mere preparation for war will not interfere with your commercial pursuits; a war, itself, will hash up all your chances. *Ergo*, if you wish to carry on with your trading: if you intend to continue at the top of the commercial tree: see to it that your own countrymen are entrusted with the care of the roadways leading into your ports. Take the necessary precautions to ensure that none but Britons be allowed to practice as pilots—this is vital; arrange also, that none but Britons are allowed to steer your own ships, into your own harbours—which is more vital.

IT is useless spot-barring the pilots, if you continue to allow every foreign spy to learn all that is worth knowing in connection with your coastal navigation, while acting as a "seaman" on the upper bridge of your tramp steamers. Cannot you see, that to a pushing and ambitious foreign power, it is among the simplest things on earth, to detail a really smart officer for service in the forecastle of a British tramp, where by "gentlemanly and painstaking conduct" he will always be called to the wheel, on entering or leaving port? Personally, we have sailed with a number of the gentry to which we are referring, and have often wondered why it is, that their obvious reason of existence is so stupidly overlooked by the authorities. That "none are so blind as they who will not see," is a proverb; it is also among the truest on earth! Possibly, this accounts for the prevalence of the "nice, foreign seamen" in British steamers—especially those which are in the coasting trade, and therefore, constantly on the "in-and-out harbour" game! Lord Ellenborough assured the members of the Gilded Chamber, that "no pilots but those who are British born should be allowed to exercise their profession on our coasts. Even naturalised British subjects should not be permitted to act as pilots."

AND the noble lord is right! He remarked that "such naturalisation will often be only skin deep." We say that it will not be even that, for we have sailed with instances where the "naturalisation" was merely a bluff; a dodge to be allowed to learn the tricky navigation of our sea-ports from cross-bearings, and regardless of buoys and beacons. In peace time, an intelligent foreigner could—and he does—undertake the pilotage in most of our waterways where pilotage is non-compulsory, because they are so efficiently buoyed and lighted; what the "naturalised" gentleman is after, is a knowledge of how to do it, when the buoys and lights are *non est*. Even as they would be in war time. With regard to that "naturalisation," too, the same thing applies to the six-shilling-Britons which a paternal Government goes out of its way to manufacture. There are but few foreigners who trouble themselves with the six-shilling favour: merely those who have a sinister end in view; the fellows who are paid to glean all the navigational points possible, and in connection with the coastal ports around the British Isles, so that those "points" may be used against us, when opportunity serves.

BUT the same condition which prompts a swagger naval review, also precludes a recognition of this altogether unnecessary danger which is contained in the employment of foreign pilots, officers, and seamen; and at a time when there are thousands of Britons who are equally qualified, but who are starving, on shore. This too, in face of the fact that we have had examples of where the fighting is done first, and the declaration of war made afterward. Again quoting Lord Ellenborough, "There is, unfortunately, a belief in this country that some premonitory growls will always give us time to prepare for the tiger spring of war. We might feel the claws and teeth first. The growls will come afterward." Of course they will. That is what we have been telling you, for over a twelvemonth, now, and glad are we to note, that at least one noble lord has pluck enough to stand up, and tell his colleagues that they are

living in a fools' paradise—for that is what his Lordship's claim amounts to. If the Briton, instead of listening to the declamations of a number of alleged shipping "experts," would enquire personally into these matters of moment, he would soon realise that even as "All is not gold that glitters;" neither is the title "Mistress of the Seas" bound to be valid, simply because the country claiming it, has a few ships more than her neighbours.

Of course, Lord Ellenborough was not allowed to have the matter all his own way. The Earl of Selbourne, speaking, for the last time, as First Lord of the Admiralty, could not share all the views which we have discussed at greater length than we intended, when setting out on this writing. But the questions are so vitally important if Britain is to continue as the leading commercial nation; if her maritime supremacy is to be more than a mere phrase; that one cannot say too much, or give too extended a consideration, concerning them. We are as keen as possible to see Britain in the very front rank of the nations. Indeed, that very keenness causes us to give you the opinions, which have been gleaned from a practical rubbing with the world, away from Britain. "Corner politicians," or "newspaper nautical experts" have no value for us. We realise that if you wish to size up the situation as it really is, you must stand away from it; must take a sort of bird's-eye view of the whole concatenation. We recognise that the Earl of Selbourne—who has done some really good work in connection with our First Line of Defence—cannot be expected to share the view of the looker-on; he has been too actively employed, right in the midst of it all; has been doing the actual fighting; and thus is imbued with the idea which is common among the fighters—that they cannot be beaten.

All the same, we are most of us willing to believe that if the generalissimo condescends to do the shooting and slashing, his side will have but mighty little chance against the other side, where the general does the directing from afar? Under the circumstances, therefore, the looker-on—as long as he has fair opportunities—is to be believed, and his utterances are worthy of careful attention. Earl Selbourne is of opinion, that the "temporary loss" of the command of the seas for a few hours, "never would put such an opportunity in the way of an invader as would enable him to land in this country a force sufficient to maintain itself and to subdue the military force of this country." Obviously! But if the enemy is allowed to obtain what appears—at first—to be the "temporary command of the sea," what guarantee has Britain that the "temporary" will not quickly eventuate into the "permanent?" Is not it right here that the menace lays? To our mind, there is little utility in telling us about "the paralysing nervousness that haunted the Japanese, so long as there was a Russian fleet in being." With Japan, the "temporary command" soon eventuated into the "permanent" ditto—paralysing nervousness notwithstanding? Yet Russia is big enough, figuratively speaking, to "put Japan in the corner of her eye!"

Dear, dear! "Mabon" is not too old to learn! He is finding things out! Realises that the "Conciliation Board" is in danger! Yea, lor', but if the grand old warrior had refrained from touring in America, he would have assimilated that great truth, long ago. Of course the "Conciliation Board" is in danger! At the best, it was merely a make-shift; a nothing, designed to take the place of something; and as such, was bound to be in danger, from the very first moment that a serious attempt were made to make use of it. Eh? What's the matter with this heart-rending cry, "Sink petty differences, close up your ranks, make the Federation a union of hearts." Tiddley! Flap-dash!! Union of impossibilities!!! Makes us smile—albeit indulgently. As if we are going to hope or believe that a "union of hearts" is possible in any such combination as the Federation! The fact of the matter is, there is either a need for two Federations, or for none at all. There should be a Conservative Federation, as well as the present Radical—or Liberal, if you like the word better—Federation, for it is utterly impossible to run any such affair clear of politics. Human nature isn't built that way.

To our mind, it is the merest moonshine to pretend that the Federation is a Trade Protection arrangement; only; it is not. It is a genuinely political organisation, which pretends to be of the amelioration-of-mankind order. Mind you, it is of the latter order, too. That fact cannot be gainsaid. It ameliorates that portion of mankind which has successfully endeavoured to corral all the leading rôles therein. Why doesn't the workman realise that, so far in its history, the Federation is a bread-for-life arrangement for its wire-pullers? Do they ever submit to a ballot for re-election; is there ever a question of this, that or the other Boss resigning, for the purpose of giving other equally eligible members of the gang, an opportunity to enjoy the position of "principal boy" in the trade pantomine? Of course, not! It is a case, all through, of "as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, Federation without end, etc." Has it ever struck you that the title Miners' Federation is about the finest bit of buncombe to which we latter-day sinners have been treated? What have the miners to do with it? Eh? They find the money with which it is financed?

Even so, but that doesn't make it a miners' federation? Who was Boss at its inauguration; who has been Boss all down the line; who is Boss, now? Do not you always find the same names on the "List of Officers"—ahem? Do not the same little clique appear to have made the arrangements of the life-long order? And will it be contended that among all the crowd which puts up its money, week by week, or year by year, there are none worthy of engineering such an affair, save and excepting those who have "got the job"? Rubbish! We are not going to believe that, among the whole mining fraternity, there are but some half-a-dozen workers possessed of sufficient brains to carry on such an arrangement-of-debatable-value, as is the Miners' Federation. As we have already remarked, this so-called Miners' Federation is a sort of bread-for-life arrangement for its Bosses. Indeed, and to our mind, "Mabon's' Federation" would be a more fitting title for the contraption. If it is not "'Mabon's' Federation," why do not the Bosses retire in rotation? Why not give other worthy members of the clique an opportunity to run the show?

But returning to that cry of "Sink petty differences," we are bound to record the opinion that such a sinking is impossible. If the differences were really heavy—instead of being "petty"—it would be impossible to sink them in the waters of which the Federation is composed; they are too dense; too stagnant with age; too altogether too-too! "Union of hearts," forsooth. Cannot the sturdy "Mabon" be satisfied with less than that? Is he really aiming so high up in the anatomies of his supporters? For our part, we do not believe any such thing. When we see a number of men aiming to make another number of men pay for the dissemination of views with which the latter have, obviously, no sympathy, we are not taking any chances on this "union of hearts" doctrine. The alleged *point d'appui* is placed too high up; "union of pant's-pockets" would be nearer the correct situation, wouldn't it? All the same, the

"Conciliation Board" is in danger, for the reason that danger ever crystallises around the moribund. Its demise might be a bad thing for the estimable gentlemen who make a fairly-comfortable living thereby; but to the community at large, its death will be by no means an unalloyed disaster.

On the contrary, rather, for there are many possessors of longer heads than are to be found in Federationville, who are willing to asseverate that the "Conciliation Board" was never other than a splenetic make-shift; a piece of coaly charlatanism; a mere scraping at a growth, where deep incisions, alone, were likely to be of use. As well ask us to find the money, and write the "copy" for a rival journal, as to ask the Conservative miners to take any capital—or shares—in this suggested "union of hearts." But dear old "Mabon" is nothing, if not dramatic? He was ever the same? "Union of hearts" is a telling phrase, and in imagination, we can see the holy embraces that are likely to ensue, between rival factions in Federationville, now that their one-and-only has started out on the pathetic lay! Can't you think up the possibilities surrounding a picture where the "heavy lead" of the combination, is engaged in wrapping his massive arms around the neck of some poor little futteret who has meandered along, hesitatingly, for the purpose of paying-up his share of the company's capital? "Sink petty differences!" In other words, and seeing that biblical examples are *de riguer* with the crowd, "if you can swallow the camel don't make a face at the gnat, but—bolt it, also!" Dear old Federation!

Our Australian shipping friends are on the warpath because of the indefatigable manner in which the German trader is "making history"—and incidentally, many shekels in the Northern Pacific, around about Hong Kong and Singapore. Furthermore, the same tactics are reaping golden rewards, in the South Pacific. By-and-bye, when the Panama Canal is ready for service, this German all-overishness is likely to be prejudicial to British interests, say the Australians. This is as may be, and even supposing lots of things may happen before the Panama Canal is ready for business, the Cornstalk has a right to concern himself with a touch of the prophetic. At the same time, it is a bit "off side" to prattle of the "apparent apathy of the Imperial Government." On several occasions, we have pointed out—at the risk of giving offence—that the Australian friend cannot afford to play fast and loose with his chances of commercial expansion, as he has undoubtedly been doing of late. It is useless for the gentleman to expect to have the penny and the bun. If he will insist on the imposition of vexatious—and altogether childish—laws, he must be prepared to see his trade gradually pass over to his natural rivals.

Continuing with the theme, we cannot at all see why it should be a matter for surprise, "down under," that England should decide to allow the Australian to "cool in the skin he hot in"—to use a homely phrase. If our own kith and kin—merely because they have been given the opportunity to set up a separate house-keeping—are keen on ordering us away from their own front-door; they must not be surprised if other nationalities object to take the order, unless it is backed up with a show of the "mailed fist," or an armed boot. It is highly probable that Britain quite realises the extent, to which foreign nations are aggrandising themselves in the two Pacifics; equally as probable as that Britain sees that Australia, for instance, is committed to the take-all-and-give-none policy lately enunciated by a number of amateur politicians, who have "talked" themselves into the high places of the Government. Personally, we should like to see the Commonwealth forge ahead, for all it is worth; it will only do so, however, by a due recognition that other people have rights, as well as the few straggling millions which endeavour to fly in the face of Providence, by telling the world fairy tales concerning a problematical "white Australia."

Lord Charles Beresford has been up to his tricks, again! In turning in for Portsmouth harbour, on Saturday last, a torpedo flotilla was detailed to make a sham attack on the *Caesar*, the Admiral's flagship. In this instance, the ruse which counted at Gibraltar, some time back, was again successful. The warship was faked up to appear like a liner, with lights "all over." As a result, the "enemy" was fooled, even as obtained at Gibraltar—because the *Caesar* "looked like a liner"! Seems to us, that there is room here, for pointing a moral. Manœuvres are usually carried out with "all lights out, or masked,' and as a natural consequence, the Handy Men give no thought, or attention, to the vessel which believes in the adage of "most public, most private!" This reminds us of a Board of Trade examination, which once occupied our attention. The candidates had been coached up, only, for the difficult quiffs that might arise; and for those same "quiffs," were about as well prepared, as made no odds. On examination-day, however, an "amplitude" was set, where lat. was nothing; declination was nothing; sun rose at 6 a.m. bearing east by compass; and variation was 14 degrees west—required the deviation.

Of course, the "sum" didn't need working, as it should have been obvious that the deviation was 14 degrees east. Nine out of eleven candidates, however, undertook to worry through with the thing; got tangled up in "*plus* infinities"; and were turned down! They were the victims of "one set of conditions." In their case, they meandered down for another trial, on the following examination day, and—we hope—passed successfully, although we were not there to see, or congratulate them! In their cases, the Board of Trade was the better for an additional passing-fee, all 'round. In the case of the warship, the one-sided training might be responsible for the "temporary" loss of the command of the sea and the permanent loss of commercial supremacy for Britain. It seems to us, that if the nation is wise, it will profit by the mistakes made in mimic warfare; and in future, instead of a number of warships fussing around with no lights in evidence, to the everlasting anxiety and danger of those who earn the money for keeping the fleet in being; it might be just as well to accustom the Handy Men, and their no-less handy officers, to the fact that not on every occasion, will the warships of a possible enemy elect to do the mole act. What do you think?

We are officially informed that Mr. Richard Evans, the General Manager of the Barry Railway Company, will shortly retire, on a pension. Mr. Evans has held the post which he is about to resign for sixteen years—that is, from the beginning of Barry's existence as a competitor for South Walian trade; and during that time has rendered good service to the undertaking with which his work has been associated. So much has the value of these services been recognised, that we believe he will be invited to continue to give the directors and shareholders, the further benefit of his great experience, by accepting a seat upon the directorate. In the event of Mr. Evans accepting this invitation, the gain will be all on the side of the Barry Railway Company, and personally, we hope that the retiring general manager, will be spared to enjoy many years, in his new position.

In discussing the points which surround the life-boat possibilities, a writer in the *Daily Express*, gives a tabulated list of the six principal (from a life-saving point of view) stations. They are, Caister, Ramsgate, Holyhead, Palling, Gorleston, and Lowestoft, which in the order named, have 1,390: 948: 706: 569: 513 and 453 lives saved, to their credit, respectively. After remarking on the apparently (to the 'longshoreman) singular fact that all those stations, with the exception of Holyhead, are on the East Coast, the writer goes on to deal with the Mumbles—the dreaded Mumbles! He opines that the Mumbles "are probably a far greater menace to shipping, than five out of the six stations that head the list." We shall not disagree with the gentleman on that particular point, and principally for the reason that we are quite convinced that any liberties taken with the Mumbles, would work out to far more serious damage, than would be the case if the liberty-taker had merely practiced on sandy reaches. When our would-be expert comes down to "explanations," however, we think that the truth of the situation demands some little attention, from nautically-minded folk; as well as from those whose interest in the truth is somewhat more than merely evanescent!

Here is the "explanation." "Fewer vessels pass the Mumbles, while the notoriety which those rocks have attained, perhaps, results in a keener watchfulness and greater caution on the part of the navigator." There you are, Cardiff, with your annual turnover of 21,000,000 tons of export alone—to say nothing of your imports; there you are, Swansea; same to you, Newport; you, too, Port Talbot; and in a lesser degree, you, Bristol and Sharpness. Among the whole lot of you, you register fewer vessels than do the picayune places on the East Coast! Ain't you duly humble about it? Can't you see your unworthiness in this connection? Certainly! The Mumbles are such a scourge to suffering mankind, that they evoke "greater caution on the part of the navigator!" They do, so great a caution, that a man might easily keep his vessel ten miles outside of them at all times, without being very much the worse for his efforts! Still, the full column had to be made up somehow, or *Daily Express* would have been bothered, a bit. As well eke out the column with suppositions concerning the Mumbles, as on any other topic? Even so, and thus let it pass along!

Parliament is "on," and again the hardy annuals of life are to the fore. There is that Shipowners' Negligence Remedies Bill, for example. We are glad to see that it has weathered its second reading, and may, ultimately, be passed into what is known as "law." Meanwhile (and in the past) the foreign shipowner may legally come across to Britain or send his ship, which amounts to the same thing, in this connection—and mangle up a half of the British Empire, providing he does it with rotten gear, etc.; and there is never a word can be said to him. He may not be proceeded against, unless he has a British domicile—and you may be sure he will never have that, as long as he can find accommodating "agents" to act for him, on reciprocal lines! The new Bill is going to alter all that, for it will give facilities for the arrest of the offending ship, similar to those which now exist in the matter of collision, or salvage cases. Thus slowly moves "the greatest country on earth." For ages, now, the Americans have had the same power, and they have been supposed to count but little as a maritime concern. They might not be, but they know how to protect their own man, if, for example, a grain bucket drops on him, thanks to a faulty link in a derrick-chain.

Parliament is "on"! So is the well-meaning person who wishes to awaken the British Government, from the sleep which has allowed all its native seamen to be frozen out of the native tonnage. Mr. Austin Taylor, M.P., for instance, has held a meeting for members of the House of Commons, who are especially interested in shipping matters. We note that one of the reasons for that meeting's existence, is to alter the present dependence of the British Mercantile Marine, upon the foreign element, in the matter of getting suitable hands. The alteration is supposedly to come about by providing greater facilities for the training of British boy sailors. Why will not these good people agree to either drop the business, and allow poor old Britain to go on with her degeneration; or in the alternative, handle the subject openly and fearlessly? Good heavens! There is no lack of boy sailor. He is about in tens of thousands. What the Mercantile Marine is short of, is men sailors. The boy part of the show, throw up the life, long before they have arrived at even a lad's estate. Mr. Austin Taylor must know this, equally with us; and if he does not, then, we hasten to assure him, from actual knowledge of the facts, that this is the whole trouble.

You; Mr. Austin Taylor; us; or anybody; can get as many boy sailors as ever we, you, or they, care to trouble about. Can get 'em in ones, in twos, in twentys, ay, or in thousands. But—and this is where you must ponder carefully—you cannot keep them for five minutes after they have ceased to be boys, and when they are blossoming out into the whisker (and therefore the useful) stage. It is sailormen that the nation is in need of, and before it may hope to get these, it must agree to pay them at least a wage that compares favourably with the dock-wollopers. Of what use is it to go on twaddling about the subject? Dozens of would-be ameliators have essayed the job, during the past decade or so, and with what result? Why, simply that there are considerably less British seamen to-day, than there were at the beginning. Shouldn't this conclusively prove, that to-date, the tactics have all been wrong? You do not need any Parliamentary meetings; any indignation-talk; all that is necessary is to pay up, and look big. If this is impossible, then you have to agree to the sliding back of your Homeland, into the rut which will mark her as a fifth-rate concern.

Somehow or other, we have had but a poor appreciation for the Russian Captain Klado, right through the piece of jiggery-pokery which will go down in history, as the North Sea Inquiry. The gentleman has too keen an appreciation of the powers of self-advertisement, and that is a bad sign in a sailorman. Furthermore, the person talks, more or less, as his internal economy guides him, and that is a polite manner of suggesting that he talks through his neck! However, this nautical hero has left Paris, and ere his departure, he took it upon himself to say things. Nay, to ask questions which neither Parisian, nor anybody else, seem to care about answering. In commenting on what he was pleased to term "the redoubtable Black Sea Fleet," Captain Klado waxed somewhat pathetic, even as he asked, "Is it possible to oblige a Great Power fighting for its life, which is being menaced, to renounce the use of the sole weapon it possesses which is capable of delivering a fatal blow to the enemy?" Poor soul! Judging by the trend of affairs, we should rather incline to the belief that it is possible. We are not sure about the cooping-up of that "redoubtable" combination being a "revolting and impossible stupidity," and we should have thought that friend Klado would have realised the position by this time.

THE fact of the matter is, Captain Klado has had such a good time—for a Russian sailor—in Paris, of late, that he has lost his grip (if he ever had one) of the situation. Doesn't understand the true perspective. Is arguing about what doesn't exist. Possibly if a really Great Power were fighting for its life, it might be allowed to make use of any "redoubtable fleets" which it might have on hand. But then, Russia is no longer a "Great Power." It is merely a conglomeration of disintegrated atoms, and it is right here that the Klado person gets astray. The gentleman also appears to forget that the world is by no means enamoured of Russian "fleets," and the questionable manner in which their "nervy" officers comport themselves, on occasion. Really, the world has had quite enough of the "independent firing" affair, at the hands of that other "redoubtable" fleet which sailed away for the purpose of laying in a stock of cat-fish, and other piscatorial gems. If the Black Sea arrangement were trusted outside of Cape Helas, then, inside of a week, there would be mighty little of the Archipelago left: there would be chips of Mitylene, and chunks of Psara all over the ambient-air-covered place.

IN addition to the chips and chunks, there would probably be bits of Russian "redoubtables" also; and under the circumstances, it is far better for Klado to remember that he has a possible job on one of the Black Sea units, than it would be for him to sit down at home, and warble the Russian equivalent for "Toll for the Brave?" Anyhow, that is how it strikes us. Another instance of the lack of perspective with which Klado is troubled, lays in the fact that he is for ever talking about "the necessity of a second war with Japan." Why doesn't the fire-eating (in fun) young man get the first war over? Of what use is it to go on "ragging" Japan into giving the overbearing Bear a worse licking than he would otherwise get? There is no sense in the argument—as well as no possibility of it ever being fulfilled. Why doesn't somebody tell Klado, that in connection with fighting, it is a well-established fact that if you lick your opponent until he is demoralised, he will never wish to come and have another shy at your head. But that if you half-lick him to-day, you have to half-lick him to-morrow. "Necessity of a second war" be jiggered. When the Jap has finished, Klado may be certain of the demoralisation of Russia.

WE are sort of sorry for the directorate of the Orient Line! "Feeling," among the hashers-up of the Commonwealth, is so strong against them! We are sorry, too, for Mr. Sydney Smith, the Australian Postmaster-General. This gentleman cannot understand why the Imperial authorities are placing such few mails and parcels on the *Orontes*. We have said that we are sorry for Mr. Smith, and it is true; we are also glad for Mr. Smith! You see, it's like this: When a Commonwealth Government man admits that there is something on earth which he cannot understand, it is a sign of returning reason; and with a return of reason, will synchronise the resumption of Australia's onward march of prosperity. For some time past, Australia has been "hung up," so to speak, because her governors had assimilated the idea that there was precious little on earth which they didn't tumble to. In other words, the combination was suffering from swelled-head, and that is bad for a baby nation, which is just trying to un-clamp the safety-pin which a maternal Government placed in its little "binder!" Now that the Postmaster-General admits that he cannot "understand why," in connection with such a small thing as a paucity of letters and parcels for one steamer, there is hope for the Commonwealth.

WHILE on the subject, we would ask if Mr. Sydney Smith understands why the Commonwealth Government, having sickened the Old Country's steamer companies, has rejected the offer of that Australian steamer line, to run a fortnightly service to Bombay? It is stated that the speed is insufficient, and that it is a matter of doubt as to whether the proffered boats would be really available. But then, speed is no object to the Commonwealth Government, is it? It can't be, or they would never have played the deuce with the lines which have raised Australia into her present position. You cannot get a swagger fleet of liners, at tramp rates; neither can you hope to successfully rope in the whole earth—unless you have already secured about nine-tenths of it. It is all buncombe to suggest that the Imperial Government is assisting the Orient Line, in its embarrassing tactics, by not using the boats at poundage rates. We have declared, time and again, that it is useless rushing the mails out, if they are to be allowed to crawl home. Apparently, and at a late hour, the Commonwealth friend is beginning to realise the truth of our statements. However, better late than never—supposing it really should be, better never late!

WE have always had somewhat of an admiration for Mr. R. Bell, M.P., who more or less represents the railway interest in this, our free and happy land. We believe that were it not for Mr. Bell, and his all-pervadingness, the railways of this country would have, long since, been on the scrap heap—and that would be a national calamity? Think of it, you gentlemen who rush off to London in the Luncheon Car attachment. Have you ever given a sufficiency of moments to the subject of your indebtedness to Mr. Bell? We'll bet you haven't. Will wager that you have just gone up to the station; have thrown yourself—with wrappings, and THE MARITIME REVIEW, etc.—into a corner; have cussed wickedly about the delay in starting; have compared your thirty-guinea half-chronometer with the big clock; said "tut, tut," etc.—especially etc.; and in the midst of it all, you have never thrown one thought to the genial soul, who is doing so much for the few railway men who have joined some kind of a union. No! You have never considered what this world would be, without such people as Mr. Bell, and thereby, have shown your wicked callousness, for everything that is noble, and good. We know, because we have watched you—surreptitiously. You take all the blessings as a matter of course—and because you have bought a ticket!

HOWEVER, your indifference will eventually meet its own reward. Meanwhile, Mr. Bell attends to the stern business to which he has applied himself. Attends meetings where down-trodden humanity is the chief theme; and in well-balanced, and equally well-chosen sentences, he bids the patient toilers to keep away from despair; or, that, if despair must eventuate, then, the subscriptions to the "union" must continue, all the same. Consider that Pontypridd meeting of a few days ago, if you doubt us. Mr. Bell was there. He is always somewhere, for that matter. But at Pontypridd, he assured the crowd that he had "read with keen interest (and his optics, of course) that there was going to be a monster demonstration in Pontypridd of the Conservative working men to protest against payment for Parliamentary representation." That is alright, we suppose, although somehow or other, we were under the impression that really, the Conservative men were on the road to protest against Parliamentary misrepresentation. But we hate to split straws in any such manner, so let the statement pass—particularly as it emanated from Mr. Bell—for whom, as already explained, we have a certain and well-defined amount of admiration.

Mind you, the gentleman admitted that there were other matters of a controversial nature, but he would be well-advised not to refer to them. That's a fact! A genuine fact, understand; not one of the Yankee persuasion. Going further with his explanation, Mr. Bell admitted that there is a quantity of adverse criticism flung up against the Miners' Federation—and that is another fact! The adverse criticism against the Federation, was because of its wickedness in bringing pressure to bear against the non-Unionist element in the mines! Now, Mr. Bell approves of that pressure, so don't you good people be passing remarks such as "We should think so!" for Mr. Bell is a serious person; so serious, that if he had his way, he would apply the same principle on the railway. Eh, you luncheon car folk? You'd get it then, wouldn't you? But Mr. Bell contends that no one has a right to participate in that which he has not done something to obtain—not even in breathing the air, or in basking in the sunlight, unless a dictated strike is toward? Dear us! "As trades unionists, they should endeavour to restore the position they possessed prior to the Taff Vale judgment in 1900."

When some of those guardians of the down-trodden workmen are called to a happier sphere; when their earthly caskets are laid down for the last time; when their sorrowing spirits soar upward toward the pearly gates; and even while Saint Peter dodges behind the wicket for the purpose of hunting up a clean hanky; you might find—if you look—the words "Taff Vale judgment, 1900," engraved upon the hearts which were once so warm in defending the poor workman, so that he could earn enough ooftish with which to pay his weekly sub., and levies. We are nearly sure of this, and principally as a result of watching the earnest pleadings of the workman's friend. To the "labour leader" generally, the words "Conservative working man" is merely another method of writing poison. But even so, and remembering that the doctors assure us that there is poison in most of the things on earth—ay, in a "labour leader," as well as in a Cabinet Minister—then, the poison which lurks around the non-Unionist Conservative workman, is a beneficent poison. Being so, it must be accepted, by even such earnest and all-embracing workers as Mr. R. Bell, M.P. It's a pity, we know; but its a fact.

Alternative explanations are about, because the Hamburg-American line have been debarred from disposing of their superfluous tonnage to Russia. It is pretty certain that there was a contract between the German line and agents of, or representatives to, the Russian Government, for the purpose of disposing of that lovely tonnage; it is equally certain that the contract is now "off." In consequence, shipping authorities are exercising their minds as to the inward thusness of the thing. Wish to know if the contract has been annulled through command of the German Foreign Office, or whether it is consequent on rumours of peace between the contending nations? We are told that the latter reason finds most favour, in which case, we have to side with the minority. We should rather believe that the German Foreign Office has intervened, because it is not absolutely impossible to suppose, that those steamers might be urgently needed elsewhere, directly—especially if peace is about to be discussed, between Japan and Russia. Anyhow, the mere signing of a peace contract, would not do away with Russia's need for steamers, would it? In fact, it is quite debatable as to which country would need them most—after the peace; Germany or Russia. At least, that is how it appears to us!

At the recently-held quarterly meeting of our friends of the Mercantile Marine Service Association, Captain Trenery, marine superintendent for the Johnston liners, had a very interesting talk on the dearth of British officers in the Mercantile Marine. This was following on the remarks which the Association had included in their quarterly report; remarks to which we have already referred. The worthy captain appeared to be of opinion that while the situation was good for the officers involved, it was bad for the country at large—exactly as we have been remarking for quite a while. But we do not quite follow Captain Trenery in his deductions—our misfortune, of course, and we hasten to acknowledge it. We admit that the time might be near, when the cry of "British officers for British ships" will be raised; but where we stop short, is in the statement that the quoted sentence is supposed to be a "much more desirous demand than that of 'British sailors for British ships.'" We cull both from the pages of an esteemed shipping contemporary, so are not quite clear who is to blame in the implied taunt, that a British officer is not a sailor. The part might be greater than the whole, but to our mind—and we claim to be sailors—if you once get British ships manned by British sailors, you need have no fear for your supply of officers.

Eh? There is nearly as much worry in finding suitable names for the London County Council's fleet of up-to-fivepence steamers, as there was in getting the necessary permission to engage in trade rivalry, with the good folk who will have to foot the bill, when the possible loss romps home! Of course, such a mere travesty as is contained within the shout of "What shall we christen the boy, old girl," is not calculated to hoodoo the Rivers Committee, and on Tuesday last, they congregated to decide the—to them—momentous question. With their decision, we have no interest, as we do not see that a C.C. boat ambling along under the name of *King Alfred*, will be inclined to "drop" more money than if she we re-named *Ethelred the Unready*; or if she were known to fame as *Pussy Cat*, in lieu of *Whittington*. To our mind, it would have been more suitable to have named those boats after the larger luminaries on the Council, who, because they couldn't forget it, elected to give their support to a scheme which is likely to make the gentle Londoner realise the exact value of the saying which has come from America, and which is expressed in the choice sentence of "He bit off more'n he could chaw!"

The largest steamer owned in Cardiff, has been launched by Messrs. Wm. Doxford & Sons, Ltd., Sunderland, this being the *Wellington*, built to the order of Messrs. W. J. Tatem & Co. She is certainly the largest, and probably the best equipped steamer owned at Cardiff, and, as a cargo boat, is equal to anything afloat, being suitable for any trade whatever. Her dimensions are: Length, 390ft.; breadth, 55ft.; depth, 30ft.; and she is estimated to carry 9,000 tons deadweight, on a mean draft of 24 feet. Built to the popular turret system (single deck), which possesses many advantages over the ordinary type of steamer, having greater freeboard, very low register tonnage, large deadweight and great strength, she is well adapted for carrying bulk cargoes. The main engines, with their auxiliaries, etc., are, we believe, the most complete and powerful yet fitted in any Cardiff-owned steamer, and are capable of developing 2,500 horse-power—sufficient to drive the steamer 10 knots, when loaded. Engines 26in., 43in., 72in. x 48in. stroke; two single-ended boilers 16ft. x 12ft. working at 180 lbs. pressure and fitted with Howden's Forced Draught. She has eleven large steam winches, and twelve extra strong derrick masts, to give the best obtainable arrangements for rapid loading and discharging. As already stated, the steamer is eminently suitable for grain and bulk cargoes; and will, it is believed, load a full cargo of coal without any trimming, whatever.

SHIPBUILDING.

There is a decided tapering off in the number of new orders placed, shipowners, no doubt, seeing nothing in the freight outlook to justify building more tonnage. As a matter of fact, the present outlook is such as to justify the anticipation that the trading results of the current year will be even more disappointing than those of 1904. Still, during the first two months of the year, the rush of new contracts was of an unprecedented character, owing to the general impression that the cost of building had about reached the low watermark.

Last week we stated that Messrs. Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd., West Hartlepool, had secured orders for the construction of several large cargo steamers, from Messrs. Cayzer, Irvine & Co., Glasgow. We now learn that the order is for four steamers, each with a deadweight capacity of between 6,000 and 7,000 tons. These new boats to be built at West Hartlepool, in addition to those on order at Messrs. Doxfords', Sunderland, are intended to replace the six old steamers recently sold by the Clan Line, of which three were taken over in part payment by Messrs. Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd., and disposed of to a Bombay firm.

The Smith Dock Company, Limited, North Shields, have booked orders for the construction of two new vessels of a fair size, and of special type. One is for a twin screw steamer of 230 feet long, specially designed for trading in the Sea of Azof, and is for Russian account. The other is for a high speed awning deck passenger steamer, of about 1,100 tons capacity for Argentine owners.

The Midland Railway Company have contracted with Messrs. Ferguson Brothers, Port Glasgow, for the construction of a powerful twin screw combined towing, salvage and passenger steamer.

Messrs. Wm. Simons & Co., Ltd., Renfrew, have received an order from the Kurrachee Port Trust, for a powerful hopper dredger.

Messrs. Napier & Miller, Yoker, have received an order from Glasgow owners, for the construction of a steamer of about 8,000 tons deadweight.

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A new steel screw cargo steamer, now building for London owners, by Messrs. J. Blumer & Co., Sunderland, has been sold to Messrs. Wilson & Co., Gothenburg. Her dimensions are 314ft. 4in. x 46ft. 6in. x 20ft. 7in.; single deck type, with cargo poop, long bridge and file; carries 4,800 tons deadweight in 20ft. draft. The machinery will be supplied by the North Eastern Marine Engine Co., Ltd., with engines 23in., 38in., 62in. x 42in. stroke, and two large single ended boilers. We understand the price paid is about £30,000.

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We hear that Messrs. W. H. Cockerline & Co., Hull, have purchased a new 4,800 tons deadweight steamer, building by the Sunderland Shipbuilding Company, Ltd.

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The Hamburg-American Line are the purchasers of the steamer *Orellana*, reported sold in our last issue, by the Pacific Steam Navigation Co., Liverpool. The same purchasers have also purchased the Pacific liner *Orcana*. She was built and engined by Messrs. Harland & Wolff, Ltd., Belfast, in 1893. Dimensions 401ft. x 47ft. 6in. x 27ft. 4in.; 4,803 tons gross; with engines 29in., 48in., 79in. x 60in. stroke. We understand £72,000 was paid for the pair.

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The iron screw steamer *Guildhall*, lately owned by Messrs. T. Bowen Rees & Co., London, has been sold to Swedish buyers. She was built in 1882, by Messrs. R. Thompson & Sons, Sunderland. Dimensions 327ft. 3in. x 40ft. 1in. x 23ft.; 2,929 tons gross; with engines 23in., 32in., 64in. x 48in. stroke, by Messrs. W. Doxford & Sons.

The iron screw steamer *Sylfaen*, lately owned by Mr. George Couper, of Helmsdale, has been sold to Messrs. Mann, Macneal & Co., Glasgow. She was built by Messrs. Fullerton & Co., Paisley, in 1883. Dimensions 160ft. x 23ft. x 11ft. 7in.; 398 tons gross; with engines 20in., 38in. x 24in. stroke by Messrs. W. King & Co., Glasgow. The steamer will be renamed *Earlford*.

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Messrs. Wright, Graham & Co., Glasgow, have sold their steel screw steamer *Falls of Keltie*, to Messrs. Wm. Esplen, Jun. & Co., Liverpool, at about £22,500. She was built by Messrs. Russell & Co., Port Glasgow, in 1898. Dimensions 329ft. 6in. x 48ft. x 23ft. 5in.; carries about 5,400 tons deadweight. Machinery by Messrs. J. G. Kincaid & Co., with engines 24in., 40in., 66in. x 42in. stroke.

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The iron screw steamer *Sultana*, owned by Messrs. T. Wilson, Sons & Co., Ltd., Hull, is reported sold to foreigners. She was built by the Blyth Shipbuilding Co., Ltd., Blyth, in 1888. Dimensions 266ft. x 36ft. 1in. x 23ft.; 1,920 tons gross; with engines 23in., 36in., 60in. x 36in. stroke.

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The iron screw steamer *Thomas Turnbull*, lately owned by Messrs. T. Turnbull & Son, Whitby, is reported sold to London buyers at about £5,000. She was built at Whitby, by Messrs. Turnbull, in 1880. Dimensions 276ft. 2in. x 36ft. 4in. x 24ft. 3in.; 1,974 tons gross; with engines 34½in., 64in. x 42in. stroke, by Messrs. Blair & Co., Ltd.

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The iron screw steamer *March*, lately owned by Messrs. T. Turnbull & Son, Whitby, is reported sold to London buyers at about £5,250. She was built at Whitby, by Messrs. Turnbull, in 1883. Dimensions 286ft. x 36ft. x 24ft. 1in.; 1,969 tons gross; with engines 34in., 63in. x 36in. stroke, by Messrs. T. Richardson & Sons.

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It is reported that the Allan Line has secured the contract from the Canadian Government for a steamship service between Canada and France.

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The iron screw steamer *Caffila*, lately owned by Messrs. Dunford & Elliott, Newcastle, is reported sold to Japanese buyers at about £9,000. She was built by Messrs. Bartram, Haswell & Co., Sunderland, in 1882. Dimensions 285ft. 5in. x 37ft. 2in. x 24ft. 4in.; 2,095 tons gross; with engines 36in., 68in. x 45in. stroke, by Messrs. R. & W. Hawthorn.

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The steel screw steamer *Lestris*, owned by the Cork Steam Shipping Company, Limited, Cork, is reported sold to German buyers. She was built and engined by Messrs. Wigham, Richardson & Co., Newcastle, in 1895. Dimensions 255ft. 3in. x 33ft. 7in. x 19ft. 8in.; 1,300 tons gross; with engines 21in., 32½in., 54in. x 39in. stroke.

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The iron screw steamer *Athens*, lately owned by Messrs. Nelson, Donkin & Co., London, has been sold to foreigners at about £5,000. She was built by Messrs. C. Mitchell & Co., Newcastle, in 1877. Dimensions 315ft. 9in. x 35ft. 7in. x 26ft.; 2,313 tons gross; with engines 21in., 33in., 55in. x 45in. stroke, by the Wallsend Slipway Company.

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The iron steam trawler *Glendevon*, lately owned by Mr. A. Robertson, Sen., North Shields, has been sold to Mr. J. Hall, Sunderland. She was built by Messrs. Edwards Bros., North Shields, in 1898. Dimensions 94ft. x 19ft. x 10ft.; with engines 15in., 31in. x 22in. stroke.

FRIDAY, MARCH 10, 1905.

THE ANNUAL NAVAL JOKE!

IN all probability, there is no phase of Governmental effort which is fraught with more serious meaning to the Briton, than that which meanders along under the title of "Navy Estimates:" and at the same time, it is doubtful whether he dismisses any piece of Government business with such perfunctory consideration, or with a more lordly wave of the hand! The average citizen "cocks his eye" over the First Lord's "statement of accounts:" skims along down the page until he arrives at the words, "Altogether, whether for the active service ratings of the Navy... Royal Marines... or for the Royal Naval Reserves, nothing could be more satisfactory than the numbers and quality of those wishing to join His Majesty's forces;" and by this time, the a.c. has gradually worked himself into the environs of the state beatific! Is nearly sure that all is right with the world—or with his particular portion thereof; and on reaching a statement which wobbles along as, "Indeed, the number of eligible candidates is far in excess of the requirements;" well, the a.c. is satisfied. So much so, that he turns off into the handiest divorce-court report; to the florid description of a football match; to the latest example of "unspeakable bliss" with which the world may be humbugged; and—and—well, and there you are! Somehow or other, the qualifying word "eligible," in front of "candidates," as used above, seldom appears to have any very great meaning with the a.c. Events might conclusively show that matters appertaining to our First Line of Defence are anything but reassuring; the heads might be blown off sundry of the population of a given locality, and the nation might decide to "go to law about it," even after the manner of two char-ladies with equal claims to the possession of the same galvanised-iron bucket; warships might be recalled from foreign stations so that their crews shall be utilised as "nucleus crews" for some of the new fighting-ships just completed; so-called "obsolete" warships might be disposed of for the same purpose; endeavours might be made to turn soldiers into stokers; or any of the thousand-and-one "expediencies" so common with Naval Lords, might be indulged in; but it is all the same to the average citizen—providing the usual tag concerning "the number of eligible candidates" is glued on to the end of the Navy Estimates. The mere fact that the Mercantile Marine is of negative value as a recruiting ground for the Navy, doesn't matter a toss; if the alleged "boy sailor" scheme is a bigger fizzle than sailormen declared that it would be; if, day by day, there is a greater difficulty experienced in finding even those "nucleus crews" referred to; well, it is all right, as long as the pious declaration is made that "the number of eligible candidates (for the Navy) is far in excess of the requirements." However, as reviewers, let us consider the "report" which accompanies the latest-issued balance sheet that is connected with the tools with which Britain, more or less successfully, "Rules the Waves." Concerning the Administration, we are informed that no important changes have been made—since the last meeting of the directors! Changes that were reported in previous balance-sheets, "are all working well"—praise de lor'; de Sea Lor', you understand. There has been a re-adjustment in the distribution of business, to the extent of eliminating from the work of the Senior Naval Lord, everything that is not concerned with important naval policy—such as receiving sundry broadsides of shot and shell from a neutral power, and in a laying-down position! At the same psychological moment, opportunity was taken to resuscitate the old titles of "Sea Lord"—with the hope (unrealised, so far) that by so doing, the old spirit which actuated "Sea Lords," might be a little more in evidence? Anyhow, the titles of the Naval directorate in future, will be First Sea Lord, Second Sea Lord, Third Sea Lord and Controller, and Fourth Sea Lord—so that the Board, henceforth, will be on a par with a first-class cargo boat, in that it will have a skipper, and three mates! The next item, is that a Committee has been appointed "to inquire into the present system of dockyard organisation and administration as it affects the *personnel* and the execution of shipbuilding and repairs." We are not quite sure if this is resultant from the fact that sundry dockyard employés have been caught in the wickedness exemplified by striking two blows with a hammer, without stopping to wipe the hammer shaft after each blow. But in the words of the directors, "it is hoped that an increase of efficiency and of economy will result from the labours of the Committee"—and that is a good thing, for there is ample room for both items? Don't forget, too, that "it is especially desired that references and correspondence may be *minimised* and that a fuller decentralisation of the dockyards from the Admiralty and an ampler devolution of responsibility upon the Admirals Superintendent may be achieved." You need not re-read that last quotation; it only means that there is going to be less red-tape around—by-and-bye. We admit that the statement needs "decentralising" and "devolutionating," a bit: but after you have wrestled with it for a whole week, you will only arrive at the idea that there is to be less red-tape in dockyard business, in future. Pass we now to the *personnel* side of the report. Leaving out the pious belief that Sub-lieutenants undergoing a course of gunnery instruction, would do better if detailed to Whale Island—where "society" is somewhat restricted—instead of being allowed to wallow along at Greenwich, as aforetime, let us consider the case of "young Surgeons and young Clergymen, who might not desire to make the Navy their permanent sphere of work." It will be noticed that the directors attach more importance to the cure of bodies, than to the cure of souls. It would also appear that those directors are by no means averse to offering facilities of practice, to both Surgeons and Singeons! That is, either of the professions may unload their budding aspirants on to the Navy "for four or five years, at the end of which time they might either join the service permanently at the discretion of the Admiralty, or leave it with a substantial gratuity." Eh? There is a good time coming for "young Surgeons and young Clergymen"? Our congratulations to both professions; it isn't often that a somewhat-callous Department elects to give opportunities—and substantial gratuities—where they are most needed. Mind you, "it is still too soon to say whether this scheme is going to attract additional candidates for appointment." And "going to attract additional candidates" is merely a slip of the pen; is a bit of careless editing; for you are told at the bottom, that, "Indeed, the number of eligible candidates is far in excess of the requirements!" Where you have an excess, you do not need "to attract additional candidates," do you? But let us get on. "The gunnery of the Fleet continues steadily to improve"—and later on, it will be good enough to use in connection with murderers who practice their 'prentice hands (and guns) on inoffensive British subjects? Coming along to officers, seamen, boys, and Royal Marines (the latter, alone, being worthy of capital letters, presumably as an incentive to their consenting to pose as stokers?) we note that for 1905-6 there is a reduction on the previous year of just 2,100 all told. But don't imagine that this is in consequence of having too many "eligible candidates" to pick from. It isn't! The Chairman of Directors says that "This reduction is consequential on

the policy . . . of eliminating from the Navy as many ships as possible that would be *comparatively* ineffective fighting factors in time of war." The italics are ours. Those "obsolete" ships would not be altogether ineffective fighting factors: merely comparatively so. Exactly what we have been arguing, for quite a while. The Naval Directors cannot procure enough hands, so they dispose of a number of the ships! Still, you should not forget that "If there had not been this reduction of men and boys there would have been a considerable increase on the vote for pay." There would have been—unless the directors anticipated a continuance of that "get 'em for nothing" policy which has made "nucleus crews" so very common to-day. Remembering that old tag anent the eligible candidates being in excess of the requirements, it will be well for you to bear in mind, also, that "the experiment of enlisting a certain (or uncertain, which is it?) number of non-continuous service seamen and stokers has been successful, and it is proposed to increase the proportion" not because there is anything doubtful in the claim that the supply is very much in excess of the demand. Oh, dear, no! But simply for the reason that the men so enlisted, will tend toward increasing the numbers of the Royal Fleet Reserve! What's that? Would be better if the directors took their shareholders into their confidence? Of course it would! Unpleasant facts have been glossed over in the past, and the service has gone from bad to worse; is continuing on the same tack: and will so continue, until the situation is faced openly, and with intent to mend it. Most of us are prepared to believe the Chairman of Naval Directors, when he says "I do not believe the Fleet has ever been in a more perfect state of repair than it is at the present moment." What some of us would be better pleased to know, is that the concatenation of perfect repair were fully manned "at the present moment:" that it had a sufficient amount of reserves to fall back on: and that there were a possibility of increasing those same reserves directly it had become depleted by war, or other cause—the prevalence of "the young Surgeon," for instance! When we further read that "Recruiting for the Royal Naval Reserve has also been satisfactory," we are prone to remark that we should like to know where the "satisfactory" particular comes in. The recruiting might be satisfactory to the Naval Board: but expressed in hard figures, will it be pretended that it is so to the nation? We say "No"—most emphatically. At present, the R.N.R staff stands at 29,500. Of what practical use would that little lot be, if Britain really had to stand up and prove the national claim of Mistress of the Seas? And let it not be forgotten that the 29,500 referred to, is the very outside limit that we could depend on: that they are made up of all sorts and conditions; good, bad and indifferent; that their natural place in the economy of the nation is gradually being filled with the so-called "cheap alien;" In which case, it will be understood that the Naval Estimates—and the report which accompanies them—are, indeed, even as we have labelled them—the annual Naval joke! Ere leaving it for this occasion, let us remind you that it was recommended "that the Board should aim at a total reserve force of 50 per cent. of the members required to mobilise the Fleet, harbour establishments, signal stations, etc." The Chairman of Directors remarks that he is "glad to be able to report that this standard has now been reached, and that after such mobilisation for war, the number of active service ratings (on paper?) Royal Fleet Reserve, Royal Naval Reserve, and Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, which would remain available, amount to the required total." The noble Lord might mean well; we believe he does. But seeing that the "total number of officers, seamen, boys, Coast-guards, and Royal Marines" for the ensuing year amounts to 129,000; that 50 per cent. of this number will equal 64,500 men (and boys!); that the R.N.R. (on paper) amounts to merely 29,500 of this total; well, there is a big effort needed to find and keep the other 35,000—don't you think?

FRENCH COMMERCIAL EXPANSION.

IT will be conceded that the Frenchman carries out his business efforts, even as does he his pleasures—seriously; and thus it comes about the Simplon Tunnel, together with all the vistas of increased trade which it opens out, are sized up on the other side of the Silver Streak, for all they are worth—if not just a bit over! In the first place, the tunnel will bring Switzerland—to say nothing of the countries which are in its immediate vicinity—in closer touch with the Atlantic seaboard and, providing the French side of the deal is willing to accept its responsibilities in the matter of providing suitable railroads for the increased traffic, France will inevitably be the greatest gainer from the new conditions which are rapidly maturing. Other countries will have a share in the good time coming, of course; but to France—if she is awake to her interests—will come the lion's share. The new route will appreciably shorten the distance between Paris and Milan, so that it is competent to suppose that a fairly big chunk of what used to be St. Gothard traffic will come along to the new line. Again, it is but natural to suppose that, in the near future, the Indian mail will dive under the Simplon, on its way East, and this will give France the transport of the English portion of that same mail. We are prone to admit that the extensions are not by way of materialising in five minutes, so to speak; but that they will materialise eventually, is fairly certain. It will necessarily cost a pot of money, before the French companies have laid down solid and efficient railroads that may be depended on to ensure a regular service under all weather conditions; but the money is there; so is the enterprise which is necessary for the spending thereof. In addition to the money and enterprise, France also possesses another incentive in the shape of ready-made ports on the Atlantic sea-board. Think of Bordeaux, La Rochelle, Nantes, St. Nazaire, Havre, etc., all ready for an increased traffic with the New World; both outward and homeward. All that is necessary, is to place those ports in direct railway communication with the Swiss opening-in-the-rock, and there is going to be weeping and gnashing of teeth, among the population of the land which is France's hereditary enemy; the land where they make sausages, and things! In this connection, it is well to remember that the French Government had decided to re-arrange its railroads, long before the Simplon had a "worm-hole through its base." That the re-arrangement will now proceed in style, may be taken for granted. In the past, a commission was appointed; an inquiry was opened at the Ministry of Commerce; different projects were considered; and out of some three suggestions, one has been accepted which has the support of both French and Swiss, although it will involve plenty of tunnel-cutting through the Faucille region. However, when one sets out to plan railroads through mountainous regions, one has to be prepared to go under, as well as over, the difficulties. Both methods of progression will be adopted, and the interested outsider is already busy in prophesying all manner of fizzles in connection with this newest girding of the earth—the wish, indubitably, being father to the thought! With it all, the French authorities are not losing sight of the necessity for coupling Marseilles on to the string. Access to the port of Marseilles will have to be considered in all the future economics of *La Belle France*—not only by water, but also by land. This access is by no means overlooked, and somehow or other, there is a quantity of food for consideration in the claims of the Reverend Baxter, that, at some time in the near future, where Germany is now, will be a continuation of France: that on to the continuation of France will be Austria; and taking it all 'round, there might be more in those words of William II, than met the eye: The words which assured all and sundry that "Our future is on the sea!" According to Mr. Baxter—and he is a prophet—that is about all the future that will be left to Germany. A Flying Dutchman sort of existence!

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *March 8th, 1905.*

GENERALLY considered, the coal market for the past week has undergone but little change, and the same old state of "nothing doing" continues. As a natural result, weakness in nearly all departments is the prevailing characteristic. Tonnage arrivals show no improvement, and that which is really on stem being very greatly delayed, stems, all 'round, are in a sadly disorganised state. Consequently, prices for anything approaching prompt shipment, is very much in favour of the buyer.

AGAIN, the stocks at both the colliery sidings, and at the docks, are exceptionally heavy, and if there were a

Sudden spurt in trade,

it would yet take some little time before any marked improvement would be discernable. That is, it would take some "spurting" to clear away the beautifully shiny lot of coal that is at present scattered around over the coalville landscape, so that the gentle dealers in the local staple might have the long-prayed-for opportunity of "starting fair!" Don't be rude please, and pass unkind remarks on that prayer bit. We mean it, for you must have noticed that, at the moment, the dear district is struggling along with such a load of super-induced religious mania, that the poor old Plimsoll's mark connected therewith, is nearly awash.

BUT notwithstanding the fact that prices are weak as ditch-water, as the boy said, there are precious

Few transactions taking place.

Furthermore there are plenty of collieries engaged upon the intermittent-stop game, and yet the "visible supply" is greatly in excess of the demand. Indeed, the market is suffering as much from lack of demand, as from lack of tonnage, and the situation appears to work out as: Some people have all the coal; others have all the money. At sometime—in the dim vistas of the future—those who have the coal, might have a portion of the money—and they mightn't. On the other hand, those who, to-day, have the money, might, if they are smart, have most of the money and all of the coal—to-morrow!

VIEWED dispassionately, the coal market is much on a par with other departments of trade. As a matter of fact, it is similarly disposed—at least, a local magnate told us it was, a day or so ago—as are most of the millionaires of commerce, when contrasted with the remainder of the world who

Do not happen to be millionaires!

The magnate referred to, suggested that the world was anything but a well-balanced place, for the reason that a very great number of folk had a quantity of grub and no "tummy"; while an equally great number had heaps of "tummy" and no grub. We give the statement for what it is worth, and leave the gentle reader to decide as to which clique he belongs, or if he has managed the great trick of ingratiating himself into the number with whom grub and "tummy" are equally divided!

ANYNOW, quotations, on the whole, are unchanged, even though they remain at very so-so figures, and that the actual values may only be gauged when sellers are approached with firm business, and that again placed in the right position, may be considered as a certainty. True, during the past couple of days:

Enquiries have been more in evidence;

but we are of opinion that they are merely scattered around *pour passer le temps*. It is very certain that but few of them have materialised into solid business—much as the colliery man has striven so to turn them!

BEST CARDIFF ADMIRALTYS have shown practically no variation in price, since last we had the pleasure of spreading this particular phase of life for your attentive perusal. That is, the quotation continues to be registered at 13s. 6d., but, as probably you will suppose, the present conditions prevent this from being anything more than a mere platitude. Indeed, it is absolutely nothing more than nominal. Some kind of price has to be given, when a man casually asks "What are Cardiff Bests?" so

For want of something better to do

the would-be seller—more from force of habit than from other reason—replies, "Oh, we'll let you have it at 13s. 6d." The pretended would-be buyer casually remarks, "Oh, will you? Thanks!" and there is a whole heap of sarcasm in that last word; but he doesn't buy—not by a long chalk. And who can blame him? If he bought, he couldn't ship, so under those circumstances, it is as well for the colliery man to have the bother of attending to the stuff, as to fix things up the other way about? Don't you think so? Anyhow, the pretended buyer does, and that is good enough, these days.

MIND you, there is a quantity of variation, even in this condition. Some of the collieries are better employed than their neighbours, and as a matter of course, they stiffen considerably if they have reason to believe that

Mr. Buyer is merely guying them!

Even so, there is a quantity of difference between holding out for a stated figure, and receiving it—ain't there, now? In any case, the actual transactions in Bests, during the past week, have been of quite a trivial character; and their immediate value may be safely written down as ranging between 13s. and 13s. 3d., at which rates there is any amount of coal on the market—where, judging by appearances, it is likely to remain, for a time.

SECONDS, too, continue in a similar position. Collieries, in the main, keep just about going, and that is all. Even on their contracts, stems are slow in coming in; and in view of the fact that business is quiet elsewhere, SECONDS are afflicted with the same disease. Even as with the premier qualities, there has been but little actual business, albeit enquiry has been prevalent enough. But then,

Enquiry will not leave any Dividends

—although as far as that goes, dividends do not unduly trouble a number of the colliery companies which we could name. The demanded figures, approximate into the 12s. 9d. mark; but a little bit of firmness will easily reduce this by threepence—sometimes, a bit more. As a matter of fact, the gentle middleman is inclined to negotiate the buyer's little wants for prompt shipment, on this basis. But it must be for prompt shipment, which, these days, is an urgent necessity.

ORDINARIES have not shaken off their ankylo—you know! We forget how to spell the swagger title for "worms," and are too tired to hunt it up. Still you'll take the will for the deed, won't you? Anyhow, it is the worm disease that is affecting Ordinaries just now, and that is the main point. They were similarly affected last week, but on the off-chance of a little improvement, we let them down gently. As things are now, well, so much has the

Absence of a demand

gravitated around this phase of the coal market, that sellers are freely offering their stuff at 12s.—but, alas, without attracting buyers. Indeed, this apparently low figure may be knocked down still lower, and without a superabundance of trouble.

TRUE, the better qualities are "holding out" for a higher bid, but then, it is merely a "holding out," and is indulged in more for the look of the thing, than out of any lingering hope that the sales will materialise. Moreover, the tonnage delays are affecting the "better sorts" equally as much as their inferior relatives, and the buyer who has a boat, may depend on roping in most of those same "better sorts" on a 12s. basis—which represents the full current value in this section.

DRYS remain as of yore; are unaltered; unchanged; continue in the same rut; supply your own description, as long as it is indicative of the motto *semper eadem!*

Best qualities are being maintained

at 12s. 6d.—nominally. But again in view of the easiness of stems, generally, and the woefully limited demand, Drys are anything but a pleasure-inspiring grade to handle. Then, the inferior brands have exhibited no improving tendencies, supposing 12s. is still the sellers' alleged ideas of the fitness of things, from a change-hand consideration. The buyer—and he, undoubtedly has the better side of the deal, at present—sniffingly remarks that he might be inclined to give, 11s. 9d., and—then goes out to see a man about an Irish terrier, or something equally exhilarating.

MONMOUTHSHIRE COALS, too, are continuing in their depressed state, though prices have varied but little, since our last. Varied but little is our polite manner of putting it. Really,

This grade remains stationary

and—unprofitable. Here again, tonnage supplies are scarce, and although the colliery man is apt to forget the fact, he cannot do much in the way of piling up ooftish, if shipowner doesn't fetch along those adjective steamers. With tonnage supplies "up a spout," stocks are naturally accumulating; with stocks accumulating, prices are wobbly; with wobbly prices, enter shortness of temper on the part of the man who would sell; and so the merry mace continues. Even demand, in this section, is gone! There is absolutely no pretence to it. In fact, most of the people who erstwhile engaged in Monmouthshire coal, seem actuated by the don't-care-a-hang-for-anything notion—and that is a bad notion to bring into Coalville. Sellers hunting for new business; buyers adopting the hold-off policy; prompt coals in full and plenty; where will it all end? Give it up? So do we, although

We might be forgiven

for remarking that for Black Veins the alleged price is from 11s. 6d. to 11s. 9d.—according to position—but these must be considered as purely nominal; also, that, what is here a dire necessity, prompt tonnage, would infuence a substantial concession. SECONDS are rather easier, at 10s. 6d. to 10s. 9d. Stems are not so full as they were, and the demand for this class, has not been so good as of late. Quotations are fairly well maintained, however.

ORDINARIES, too, are situated precisely as are the premier qualities, and the collieries implicated are, all 'round, in a woefully weak position, having experienced another idle week. Frequent stoppages have resulted, in consequence of the scarcity of wagons, and restricted outputs notwithstanding, sellers experience a capital-letter-sized difficulty in disposing of what remains. The

quotation, here, is 11s. 3d., Newport, for anything required immediately, and this, in spite of the prevailing weakness, is more or less firmly adhered to. Indeed, nothing but a "decent quantity" taken at one time, will induce sellers to reconsider the price.

But, after all, it is merely bluff!

At the moment, nobody seems to require any quantity of the stuff – "decent," or otherwise.

RHONDDA No. 3's, on the other hand, are retaining that firmness in which they have simply revelled, of late! With this in mind, it will be superfluous for us to intimate that prices have been maintained? Anyhow, they have, and collieries have continued busy, with well-stemmed books, and there is but little of the coal available for the lagging ones who neglected to place their orders, 'way back. Especially is this the case with large coal, of which there is precious little to be had. For what there is, 14s. gets it, and the "full stemmers"

Will see you somethinged,

before they will give you a look in for anything lower than 3d. above the figures quoted.

RHONDDA No. 2's, again, are a trifle weaker. Delayed tonnage, and an easing in the demand is responsible. These qualities, in fact, have changed hands at 10s. 3d.—a decline of 3d. per ton on last week's figures.

SMALLS are a very firm department. Stems, just now, are fairly full, while supplies are restricted on account of the curtailment of the output of large. Moreover,

The demand continues,

and this naturally enables sellers to keep prices away up, to the notch of which we wrote you, in our last. BESTS are firmly quoted at 7s. 9d., for anything of a prompt nature—although there is not a lot doing in this connection. For forward business, these grades are quoted at 7s. 6d. SECONDS are offering at 7s. to 7s. 3d.; ORDINARIES, are steady at from 6s. 6d. to 6s. 9d.—according to; with INFERIORS, at about the tax limit.

PATENT FUELS are unchanged, and may be considered as a sound commodity. Makers are blessed with plenty of enquiry, and being well-stemmed, see no valid reason for lowering their quotations which, on an average, tot up to 12s. 9d. Of course, there are certain qualities obtainable at a trifle under the figures given, for even in patent fuel

There is a quantity of grading,

don't forget. Some of the samples have passed, to our knowledge, at 12s. 3d.; but generally considered, the grade is in a good condition.

PITWOOD has been maintained at 16s. 6d. to 16s. 9d. but this market is merely about steady. Supplies are quite equal to the demand, and wagons are scarce.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	13s 3d., 13s 6d	13s 3d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 4½d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6 l.
Second Ditto. ,,...	12s 6d., 13s 0d	12s. 9d.	12s 9d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6 l
Other Second Cardiff ,,..	12s 0 l., 12s 3d	12s 0d	12s 0 l.	11s. 9 l., 12s. 0 l.	11s. 10½d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0 l.
Drys ,,	12s. 6d	12s 6d.	12s. 3d., 12s. 6 l.	12s. 3d.	12s. 0d., 12s. 6d.	12s. 4½d.
Best Newport ,,	11s 6d 11s 9d	11s 6d	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.
Ordinary Bests ,,...	11s. 0 l., 11s 6d	11s 3d	11s 3d.	11s. 0 l., 11s 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 0d., 11s. 3d.
Seconds ,,..	10s. 9d	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d., 10s. 9d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 9 l.	10s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,,	10s. 9d	10s 6d	10s 6 l.	10s. 9d	10s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 16s. 9d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,,	13s. 9d.	13s 9d.	14s 0 l	14s. 0 l.	13s. 9d. 14s. 0d.	13s. 10½d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,,	10s. 6d	10s. 6d.	10s 4½d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 6d.
Rhondda 3 " Thro."	11s. 9d	11s 9d	12s. 0 l.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.
,, 2 ,,	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d., 9s. 0d.	8s. 9d.
Smalls:						
Best Cardiff	7s 9d	7s 6d., 7s 9d	7s. 7½d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d., 7s. 9d.	7s. 6d.
Seconds	7s 3d	7s. 0d.	7s. 0d.	6s. 9d.	6s 9d.	6s. 6d., 7s. 0d.
Ordinaries	6s 0d	6s 0d	6s. 4½d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 6d.	6s 0d., 6s. 6d.
Best Newport	6s 6d	6s. 9d.	6s. 9d	6s. 6d.	6s. 3d., 6s. 9d.	6s. 6d.
Seconds	6s 3d	6s 3d	6s 3d., 6s 6d	6s 4½d.	6s. 0d., 6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.
Rhondda No. 2	6s 0d	6s 0d	6s. 6d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 7½d.	6s. 9d.
,, No. 3	9s 9d., 10s 3d.	10s. 0d.	10s 0d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d., 10s. 0d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special	21s 0d	20s 9d., 21s. 0d.	21s 0d.	21s 0d. 21s. 6d.	21s. 3d.	21s. 0d., 21s. 3d.
Ordinary	17s. 6d	17s. 6d.	17s. 0d., 18s. 0d	17s 9d.	17s. 6 l.	17s. 0 l., 18s. 0 l.
Furnace Coke	15s 6 l	15s. 0d.	15s. 3d.	15s 3d	15s 0d 15s. 6d.	15s. 3d., 15s. 6 l.
Patent Fuel	12s 9d	12s 6d., 12s 9d.	12s 7½ l.	12s. 6d.	12s. 0d., 12s. 0d.	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d.
Pitwood (ex ship)	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d	16s. 7½d	16s. 6d	16s. 6d., 17s. 0 l.	16s. 9d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *March 8, 1905.*

THE market, here, shows no improvement since our last writing. On the contrary, for that portion which deals with prompt business, is decidedly easy. Collieries are still suffering from lack of tonnage, and furthermore, very little new business has eventuated. Generally speaking, however, quotations have undergone but little change.

ANTHRACITE COALS have been barely maintained, and for immediate requirements, buyers experience but little difficulty in reducing the quotation, seeing that stocks are pretty heavy. MALTING descriptions, good stems and all, have been

Compelled to accept lower prices

for prompt shipment. Latterly, they have been somewhat busier, but the limited demand enables no change in values to be marked. Other sorts, such as BIG and RED VEIN, are ruling rather easy.

MACHINE MADE COALS have undergone no change, and are still weak. Prompt coals are plentiful, but very little is doing in them at the moment. Quotations, therefore, are merely nominal.

CULM, on the other hand, remains firm. A good demand still obtains, and collieries' stems being rather full, sellers quotations are consequently a trifle higher—8s.; and this represents the current value of BESTS. INFERIORS, are at 4s. 6d.

STEAMS are still a slack market, and very few transactions have taken place. Prompt stems are very easy, while the supply is considerably in excess of the demand, and this at the moment, is a very limited one. BESTS are at 13s. to 13s. 3d. as to quotation, but

They are worth nothing more

than the former figure. SECONDS ask 12s. to 12s. 3d. ORDINARY BUNKER sorts 11s. to 11s. 6d.

PATENT FUELS continue to manifest that firmness so dear to the heart of their exploiters. Stems full, demand well up to the average, naturally, prices are firm as ever, with every indication of their being kept so.

BELOW, we give the average prices for the week:—

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ..	19s 0d., 19s 6d	19s 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6 l., 20s. 0d.	19s. 9 l.	19s 9 l., 20s. 0 l.
Seconds do.	17s. 0d., 17s 6d	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s 3d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 3d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.
Big Vein Large	12s 0d.	11s. 9d	11s 9d.	11s 6d., 12s. 0d	11s. 9 l.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.
Red ,, ,,	10s. 0 l.	9s. 9d	9s. 9d.	10s. 0 l.	10s. 0d., 10s. 3d.	10s 0d.
Machine Made Cobbles ..	16s. 9d., 17s. 0d	17s 0 l	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s 6 l., 17s. 6d
,, ,, Nuts	17s. 0d.	16s. 9 l	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	17s. 0d.
,, ,, Peas	10s 0d.	9s. 0 l	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.	9s. 6d.	9s 6d., 10s 0d
Rubbly Culm	5s 0d	5s. 0d.	4s. 9d., 5s. 0d.	4s. 9d., 5s. 3d.	5s. 0 l.	5s. 0d.
Duff	3s. 6d.	3s. 3d	3s. 3d.	3s. 4½d.	3s 6 l.	3s. 3d., 3s 6d
Patent Fuel:	11s 9d	11s. 9d	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d., 11s.
Steam:						
Best Large	12s. 9d., 13s 0d.	13s 0d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 3d.	13s. 0 l.	13s. 0 l.	13s 3d
Seconds ,,	12s. 3d., 12s 6d.	12s. 3	12s. 3d	12s. 0d., 12s. 3d.	12s. 1½ l.	12s. 3d
Bunker ,,	11s 0d., 11s 6d	11s 0 l	10s 9d., 11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 3 l.	11s. 3d
Thro' and Thro'	9s. 6d.	9s. 6 l	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 0d., 9s. 6d.	9s. 4½ l.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

CARDIFF, *March 8, 1905.*

ANYBODY know what is wrong with the EASTERN MARKET? It is ambling along in the same old aimless fashion which has obtained for quite a while, now, and for all the good Eastern business is to the long-suffering shipowner, well, the gentle Jap might have gone in for a week of ineffable silence! True, BOMBAY has been done at 7s. 6d.; and COLOMBO at 8s.—about all that there is to write of, in this section of the alleged freight market.

WESTWARD, you do not need to indulge in such stone-throwing! It is on a par with the Eastern affair. No change—either for the worse, or for the better. Mind you, it is possible to have a change for the worse, as owners might be persuaded to carry the stuff out for, quite, nothing! LOWER PLATE ports are getting all they need on a 7s. 6d. basis, and RIO DE JANEIRO is still on the 8s. 9d. notch.

HOLD on a bit, though. CAPE VERDES have decided to set a good example, and have been graciously pleased to accept a couple of boats at 6s. 3d. However, you will remember that old saw anent the one swallow and its inability to make a summer? Well, the same idea applies here, for taken all 'round, Westward business is no jot better than Eastern.

MEDITERRANEAN. As per our "tip," last week, this market continues in a steady condition. A further "tip"—there are no appearances that a fall is imminent. Anyhow, we note that merchants who are quoting for c.i.f. business, are by no means inclined to discount present rates for future loading. For PORT SAID, the rate has recovered a little, from 5s. 7½d. to 6s. 3d. being the range at which the place is fitted. HENCE GENOA there is yet a big demand, and the rate continues at 6s. 9d.—which is no sae bad?

FOR VENICE, too, prices are firm, and 8s. 3d., for handy-sized boats, is easily obtainable. Larger tonnage for this port, is commanding from 7s. 6d. to 7s. 7½d.—which, in view of what has been, again, is no sae bad?

OTHER fixtures in this direction, are GAETA, 7s. 3d.; PORTO FERRAN. 6s. 9d.; and CONSTANTINOPLE, 6s. 3d. For the nearer ports, MARSEILLES is good for 7·75 francs! ALGIERS, 7 francs; and BARCELONA, at 6s. 9d.—all with an upward tendency.

FOR this side of the Rock, outward rates are healthy—to what has been the vogue, of late—for we see that LISBON has been done at 4s. 10½d.; CADIZ, at 5s. 6d.; and CORCUBION, at 4s. 9d.

FOR the remainder—are not they in the list?

Week Ending, (Wednesday), March 8, 1905.

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Bombay, Steamer, 5,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Colombo, *Asama,* 5,500 tons, 8s.

WESTWARD, Etc.

Rio de Janeiro, *Tonbridge,* 3,500 tons, 8s. 9d.
Steamer, 4,000 tons, 8s. 6d.
Steamer, 3,800 tons, 8s. 9d.
River Plate, *Emma,* 3,500 tons; *Mountoswald,* 4,500 tons; *Horsa,* 3,700 tons; *Thordisa,* 2,500 tons; all 7s. 6d.
Arosa, 3,800 tons, 7s. 3d.
Ramillies, 3,100 tons, 7s. 6d.
Landsend, 4,800 tons, 7s. 6d.
Cape Verdes, *Osmo,* 1,900 tons, 6s. 3d.
Steamer, 2,300 tons, 6s. 3d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Hendonhall,* 5,500 tons, 6s.
Imani, 5,000 tons, 5s. 7½d.
Beethoven, 5,000 tons, 6s. 3d.
Gaeta, *Tregurno,* 3,000 tons, 7s. 3d.
Constantinople, *Erika,* 3,000 tons, 6s. 3d.
Malta, *Redruth,* 3,900 tons, 6s. 10½d. fuel.
Marie Rose, 4,000 tons, 5s. 3d. (N).
Steamer, 2,100 tons, 5s. 6d.
Reggio, *Vice,* 2,320 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Oran, *Romsdal,* 1,700 tons, 7·25 francs, (N).
Genoa, *Grof. Tisza Istvan,* 4,000 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Arad, 4,000 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Beppe, 3,000 tons, 6s. 6d. (N).
Asimina, 4,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Steamer, 1,500 tons, 7s.
Michael, 3,200 tons, 6s. 10d.
Steamer, 3,300 tons, 6s. 9d.
Leonidas, 4,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Polynesia, 2,200 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Steamer, 2,000 tons, 6s. 9d. option **Leghorn,** (s).
Gladys, 2,800 tons, 6s. 9½d.
Venice, *Vasco,* 2,600 tons, 8s. 3d. coal, 9s. fuel, (s).
Steamer, 5,800 tons, 7s. 6d.
Ruysdael, 2,700 tons, 8s. 3d. (s).
Rubens, 2,500 tons, 8s. 3d.
Duart, 4,400 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Cleveland, 2,500 tons, 8s. 3d. option **Ancona.**
Porto Ferraio, *Mary Ada Short,* 4,900 tons, 6s. 9d.
Sicily, *Licata,* 2,400 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Lissabon, 1,550 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Marseilles, *Jane Radcliffe,* 2,200 tons, 8 francs. (s).
Camperdown, 3,600 tons; *Albia,* 3,300 tons; *Tom,* 3,000 tons; all 7·75 francs.
Steamer, 2,500 tons, 7·75 francs. (s).
Steamer, 1,500 tons, 8 fcs. coal, 9 fcs. fuel, (s).
Algiers, *Fidra,* 1,300 tons, 7 francs.
Baltique, 3,300 tons, 6·75 francs, 900 delivery.
Leghorn, *Orianda,* 1,800 tons, 6s. 9d.
Kehdingen, 2,000 tons, 6s. 9d. spot.
Barcelona, *Genova,* 1,200 tons, 6s. 9d. coal, 7s. 6d. fuel, (s)
Steamer, 700 tons, 6s. 9d.
Steamer, 1,100 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Lisbon, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 4s. 9d.
Deux Charentes, 1,900 tons, 4s. 9d. (N).
Collivaud, 1,700 tons, 4s. 10½d.
Oporto, *Craigendoran,* 1,700 tons, 5s.
Gibraltar, *Dingwall,* 2,700 tons, 5s. 3d.
Cadiz, *Rosella,* 1,700 tons, 5s. 6d.
Steamer, 1,650 tons, 5s. 3d.
Corcubion, *Saxon,* 1,900 tons, 4s. 9d. (N).

BAY, Etc.

La Rochelle, *Earl of Dumfries,* 1,900 tons, 4·37½ fcs. (s).
Ragusa, 1,800 tons, 4·50 francs, (s).
Bordeaux, *Milan,* 2,300 tons, 4·50 francs. Voyages.
Steamer, 1,100 tons, 5 francs, (s).
Bayonne, Steamer, 1,900 tons, 4·50 francs.
Nantes, *Ville de Bayonne,* 2,000 tons, 4·87½ fcs.
Chantenay, *Swansea,* 1,200 tons, 4·62½ francs.
Pauillac, Steamer, 2,500 tons, 4·50 francs.
La Pallice, *Marie,* 1,700 tons, 4·25 francs.

BALTIC, Etc.

Copenhagen, *Vinga,* 900 tons, 5s. 4½d.
Stettin, *Anna Tiede,* 1,900 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).

COASTING, Etc.

Hamburg, *Redwood,* 1,200 tons, 4s. 3d
Wally, 2,700 tons, 4s. 3d.
Camille, 1,800 tons, 4s. 9d.
Caen, *Johanna,* 1,500 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Fulton, 1,100 tons, 4s. 3d.
Lillebonne, 950 tons, 4s. 4½d. (s).
St. Kevin, 530 tons, 4s. 4½d. (s).
Rouen, *Elaine,* 700 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Honfleur, *Sando,* 1,100 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
St. Malo, *Clonlee,* 1,300 tons, 3s. 10½d.
Josephina, 1,900 tons, 3s. 10½d.
Dieppe, *Skeldon,* 1,700 tons, 4s.

HOMEWARD.

Bordeaux to Cardiff, *Milan,* 2,300 tons, 5s. pitwood. Voyages.
Penwith, 2,000 tons, 5s. pitwood.
Malvern, 2,700 tons, 5s. „
Bordeaux to Cardiff or Newport, *Rundo,* 1,250 tons, 5s. 3d. pitwood.
Bayonne to Cardiff, Steamer, 2,300 tons, 5s. 9d. pitwood
Bilbao to Newport, *Uriarte No. 3,* 1,800 tons, 4s. ore.
Bilbao to Cardiff, *Rapido,* 2,700 tons, 3s. 10½d. ore.

Maritime, and other Money . . Matters. .

WE have always maintained that "there is money in turrets!" There is, as long as the "turrets" are steamers. Furthermore, there is money in the making thereof. And at least to the extent of 10 per cent. per annum. We write this, because the report and balance sheet from Messrs. William Doxford & Sons, Limited, is before us, and therefrom we note that on a paid-up capital of £443,701, the profit on trading and income from investments for the year (after writing off £16,000 depreciation) amounts to £44,723 and some unconsidered shillings and pence. To this snug little balance, there is a sum of £8,464-odd standing-over from last year to be added, which made the total to be dealt with stand at £53,187-odd.

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NOW, when a business concern has a sum equal to the last-mentioned to "deal out," there is likely to be satisfaction on all sides? Anyhow, there ought to be! Especially when the ordinary shares walk off with a little matter of 12½ per cent. per annum. But we will give you the figures, *in toto*:

Special depreciation off Patents Account ...	3,787	17	1
Interest on 4 per cent. first mortgage debentures	6,000	0	0
Dividend on 5 per cent. cum. prefs.	11,575	14	1
Interim dividend on ordinary shares	20,000	0	0
Final dividend on ordinary shares	5,000	0	0
	51,363	11	2
Leaving to be carried forward	1,823	15	6
	£53,187	6	8

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IN addition to the foregoing, we note that during the year, the sum of £73,247 14s. 10d. (pity there wasn't another tuppence?) has been spent on freehold and new plant, making the amount spent upon recent developments and improvements, £281,925 5s. 4d. It will probably be conceded that you can fix up a pretty tidy sort of shipbuilding concern for practically £300,000; even supposing that the amount stated is all you mean to go to, in the matter? It will! But when that same amount is spent in connection with mere developments and improvements—well, the resultant undertaking is likely to be of an up-to-date character; exactly like turret ships, when actively employed in money earning.

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THERE is no getting away from the fact, that some of Cardiff's most astute ship-managing experts have "plumped" solid for the "Doxford boats;" and when an astute Cardiffian "goes in for turrets," you can be sure that there is something above the ordinary, connected with the brand. For our part, we have consistently declared that as money-earners, turret steamers take a quantity of beating; and that as things to go to sea in, they have equal potentialities. True, we are alive to the fact that certain gentlemen whose sea-experience will probably extend to a summer trip across the Pond, in a wild hunt for suitable "copy," have elected to pass rude remarks in this connection.

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BUT then, 'twas ever thus, and we are by no means sure that Pope was the first discerning human, who opined that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Even if Pope were the very first, there have been quite a number to realise the truth of the expression since his time. We suppose that, after all, it will be admitted that the men who have sailed in turret steamers are calculated to know something about their capabilities? Furthermore, when owners who have succeeded beyond the dreams of avarice, lay themselves out for leviathan turret steamers, we are safe in concluding that there is "something in them?" We are, and for ourselves, we wish Messrs. Doxford an equally prosperous time over their next financial year.

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BY the way, some of our confiding friends have got quite "nasty" about our remarks in last week's issue of THE MARITIME REVIEW, on the subject of steamer reserves. Have the bad taste—and "imperance"—to ask us why we didn't tell them of these little matters before! Good heavens! But this is most unkind! Here have we been telling them things about steamers, and steamer shares, together with bits of bed-rock knowledge concerning the potentialities of steamer reserves when rightly used, for over a year, and yet they are dissatisfied! Want to know why we do not give them a tabulated list of the reserves which have mounted up over a series of years; and which will show, at a glance, the exact amount of which shareholders have been robbed.

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ALRIGHT, good people! Possess your souls in patience. Our tame financial ferret is actively engaged on the merry work; is running around with a bucket-shop man, intent on "pumping" him for all he is worth. By and bye, the pumping will be complete, when we will print you, in our inimitable style, a beautifully artistic catalogue of the amounts at stake; and of the methods adopted to get those amounts safely "held over." Dern it, we are doing our best to oblige you, and come to think of it, have done considerable to that end! But some folk are never satisfied. They want the "bob and the biscuit-tin." Or to put it in a chapel-like manner, the penny and the plate!

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ANOTHER development in connection with the dear old Severn Dry Docks! This time it is the registration of debentures to the extent of £62,000; and a charge to keep, I have; no, no, this blessed revival business is slowly permeating one's waking thoughts and sleeping dreams! We meant that in addition to the Severn Dry Dock Company's debentures, there is a charge to secure indemnity agreement for an indefinite amount, but stamped up to the value of £12,000, also registered. That poor old Severn affair has had a waried kerreer, ain't it? But, lor' bless you, it will come out on top, in the end, you'll see. It's a good property, and eventually, a good property is bound to come out right. Who is going to do it?

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WELL, now, we wish it to be understood that we are not prophets. In saying that the Severn Dry Docks will come out right in the end, we do but state a fact. There is nothing of the prophetic about it. But to size up, at this juncture—as they say in story-books—who is going to bring it out right, would be merely a prophesy, and at that game we are the reverse of expert. All the same, you'll see that Severn Dry Docks will come out alright—aye, even if it has to again change its name in the "coming." Watch and pray—no, no, watch and wait.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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"VANDUAR"—Glad to hear it. Tell us the old, old story some more, please.

"ZEPHYR"—Good. Passing good. Almost as much so as your nom de guerre, you bounder! 2. We lay no claim to medical skill, but have heard that copaiba is a specific. Try it. Anyhow, it cannot hurt you.

NOW that a religious wave is meandering across the country; when you have had it impressed on your mind, that the mistakes of your life have been many: seeing that, thanks to some daily "newspapers" with little or nothing to occupy their pages outside of revivalled rant, you have probably realised that you are, at least, ten shades darker in wickedness than ever you had an idea of; feeling your general unworthiness; and being filled with an overwhelming wonder as to why, in view of its terrible wickedness, the world has been allowed to continue up to now; have you given any attention to the unconsidered things of life?

AH, my friend. It is the unconsidered things of life which, in the aggregate, tot up into an overwhelming wave of sin; a wave that is bound, sooner or later, to engulf you; and which, in the end will convince you that although the sins of your life have been many; they have been considerably more than ever you had a mind to believe. Don't think that I am writing this in a frivolous vein! I'm not! I merely wish to give you pause, as you hurry along in your race for Mammon. Want to make you stay, if only for a moment, in your headlong hurrying toward that old gentleman who, although bad form to mention him, will assuredly have you—by and bye, unless you turn from your wickednesses. That's what's the matter.

DON'T fool yourself into believing that because you pay for memorial stones in the chapel; that as a result of inscribing your name opposite to a fairly good sum in a subscription list, you have the world's approbation; and believe in consequence, that all is well with you. The price of ten memorial stones, and of fifty donations to the subscription list which is going to cover the expenses incidental to a broken leg, will never help you to finally dodge that old gentleman to whom I alluded, 'way back. It won't, really. You have to remember the unconsidered things of life—if you wish to be o.k., later on. The trouble of it all is, that those unconsidered things are about as numerous, as pebbles on a big beach.

YOU find them in all directions, and under all guises. It is highly probable, that if you saw a personage built after the cloven-hoof-cum-forky-tail-juxta-tricky-ears-and-things, you would opine that he was that old gentleman? Wouldn't you, now? Of course, you would! And principally because you have ever been told that such is his invariable rig-out. If the same old fellow came along to you inside a boiled shirt; with patent-leather pumps on; and a diamond solitaire in the middle distance of the boiled shirt referred to; well, you would hardly care to say he was the old gentleman? No, you would be afraid of vexing him—and he mightn't be the real McKoy, after all.

THIS is where you get to leeward! And seeing that the old gentleman realises all your weaknesses, he usually decks up his snares in boiled shirts—or other articles of apparel which have no sleeves and are sewn into a band—and thus gets to windward of you, every time. Don't think that I am revivalled. I'm not. I merely wish to introduce this subject to your notice, in a manner that will make it sink in a bit. Getting along with the same idea, did you ever look upon grain sweepings as one of the unconsidered things of life? You didn't? Well, they are then. Very much unconsidered—as snares of that old gentleman; and by sundry gentlemen whose acquaintance—and esteem—I have the pleasure of possessing. Yes, indeed!

IT's like this. If you happen to have a dozen steamers plying to the Black Sea for grain; if each one of those steamers makes, on an average, five trips a year; if at the end of each voyage there are, at least, eighty bags of grain sweepings laying about in various parts of the holds; and if you calculate up the value of this phase of the unconsidered, do you know how much it will run into, per annum? You don't, and probably you are willing to suggest that you have heard about it before. But even so, you are wrong; this is another mistake of your life. Before, you merely heard of the bags that were being numbered among the unconsidered things at that time. I am writing of those that are going along in the old, sweet, happy manner—even to-day, yesterday, and to-morrow, if you supply your own verb.

LET me explain it all to you, and then will you have one less excuse to offer, if, haply, you are sent to enquire about those sweepings. Look! Twelve steamers making five trips per annum, each, work out to sixty trips between them? Sixty trips with eighty bags of grain sweepings for each trip, totals up to 960 bags of grain—I beg your pardon; grain sweepings. Then, you'll find—if you work it out by algebra, or other approved method—that 960 sacks of grain sweepings, at the nominal price of five shillings per sack, amount to £1,200 per annum, for the trafficker in the unconsidered. Knock off the odd £200—if you like—for incidental expenses, such as free drinks, and hush-money, and you have a clear £1,000 per annum from this little unconsidered thing. Obviously, if there are twenty-four steamers involved, you will need to double my figures.

ON the other hand, if but six boats are "on the job," a paltry £500 per annum will result from this phase of the unconsidered. You might wonder why I have called your attention to this portion of sin? Well, simply because I want you to shun your old-time wickednesses; and incidentally, because I happened to see a consignment going ashore the other night! Not so very late at night, you understand; but just late enough to obviate any excessive payments, by way of incidentals. You see when the nation—at least the local portion thereof—is said to be revivalled right up to the hilt; when prophets are yelling about the end of the world; think of what would happen if you were engaged in hoisting that grain overside, at the precise moment when the Angel Gabriel brought out the final combination of music!

HOW, I ask you in all seriousness, should I feel, if I had neglected to give you a hint? Do you think that Gabriel would be cheated (by tales of memorial stones and things) if he caught you red-handed, in hoisting out a consignment of another man's grain—even though it masqueraded along under the bogus name of "sweepings?" Well, he wouldn't. You and your grain would go along to a spot where there are no chickens—or other feathered friends. You would be roasted, sir; shrivelled up; fricasseed, or something equally bad. And if it came to my knowledge, as I looked down at you from over the edge of a silver cloud—what, oh, what, would then be the feelings of

PETREL.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on February 23, 1905, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

2,375/04—MATHIESEN—*Improvements in governors for marine engines.*

This invention relates to a governor for preventing the racing of marine engines. According thereto, the engine drives a pump. A spring is interposed between the piston of this pump and its rod, and when the speed of the engine and pump exceeds the normal, the lagging of the piston due to the yielding of a spring is utilized to close the steam supply valve of the engine.

7,148/04—SOMMER—*An improved mining strut.*

This is a strut composed of an upper solid member which telescopes within a lower hollow member and which is provided with a clamping device. The inner upper member may consist of a cylindrical wooden pole or a bar of angle, channel or I section. The lower member being of suitable section to allow the other to slide therein.

7,186/04—MAWSON & PUGH—*Improvements in couplings for colliery-trams, wagons, and the like—applicable also for chains.*

This is a device for preventing the accidental displacement of a shackle pin. The hole for the passage of the pin through one eye of the shackle, contains an annular groove which is bevelled on the inner side. A spring urged bolt is fitted in a recess in the shackle pin near its head, so as to project laterally and engage in the above mentioned annular groove and prevent the withdrawal of the shackle pin. This retaining bolt is adapted to be drawn back into its recess by a small thumb lever, pivotted in the head of the shackle pin. The point of the bolt being bevelled to facilitate the entry of the shackle pin.

7,386/04—YOUNG—*Improvements in boats.*

The object of this invention is to prevent undue rolling and pitching. For this purpose the boat has the usual construction of hull with keel, but in addition thereto, is provided with a horizontal plate placed underneath the keel the width of the plate being equal to the beam of the vessel. Vertical plates depend from the sides of the vessel, and are secured to the edges of the horizontal plate, thus forming passages for the water.

7,493/04—RICHES—*An improved method of and apparatus for loading or ballasting ships or vessels.*

This invention relates to a method of and apparatus for immediately and continuously removing the screenings to the weighing apparatus, where the screening is effected in the chute which transfers the coal to the ship. This is effected by an arrangement of continuously operating screw and buckets, conveyors and elevators arranged beneath the chute. By this method the weight of the screenings can be continuously deducted from the weight of coal shot, so arriving at the actual weight of coal loaded.

8,997/04—SMETHURST—*Improved means for controlling the speed of screw propelled and other vessels.*

In this invention a pair of rudders are co-axially mounted and normally locked together and act as one. These rudders are adapted to be opened out and set apart from one another athwart the rear of the propeller and obstruct the water from being displaced sternwards.

10,869/04—EARLE—*Improvements in sounding devices and shoal water indicators for navigable waterways.*

This sounding device consists of a rod or spar pivotted near the bows of the vessel and fitted with a roller or shoe at its free end. The rod is trailed inclined with the roller resting on the bottom of the waterway. A rod is secured to the end of the inclined trailing rod and passed in a nearly vertical direction through a guide eye on the gunwale, the height of this rod indicates the depth. A pointer, mounted on the pivotted end of the trailing rod, and moving over a dial segment serves the same purpose. The trailing rod is adapted to be hoisted on board by a rope, where it can be stowed. The vertical indicating rod may be fitted with a bell actuated by the roller.

23,180/04—LAUGHLIN—*A new or improved split link.*

This invention is an improvement on the type of divided chain-link in which each portion consists of a solid cylindrical straight side and two split or semi-cylindrical rounded ends. The ends of each portion being fitted together and secured by rivets. The invention consists in forming a projection and recess on the flat face of each half-rounded end such that, when in position, they interlock and prevent the ends from straightening and the rivets from shearing.

28,394/04—FREDERICK—*Improvements in or relating to fish hooks.*

For the purpose of preventing a fish from leaving the hook the shank of the hook is bent into a zig-zag below the barb.

28,398/04—REED & DENNIS—*Improvements in spikes.*

This spike for securing rails to their ties is provided with a longitudinal groove or channel for about the upper half of its length. The groove at the middle of the spike abruptly emerges laterally. After the spike is in position, a nail or thin spike is driven into this channel its point emerging laterally into the wood of the tie and, becoming bent into a hook shape, locks the spike.

28,408/04—DERBYSHIRE—*Improvements in rope or cable clips.*

This rope clip consists of a U shaped piece which surrounds the cable the internal bend of the U forming one of the gripping surfaces. The two side-cheeks of the U are slotted and the slots form the bearings for the pivot or fulcrum of a lever. This lever has a cam at its end which presses against the rope, a second U shaped piece also formed with slotways through which pass the pivotting pin of the lever. This second U shaped piece is fitted inside the former and contains the cam ended lever the outside bend of the U forming the second gripping surface. The free end of the lever is fastened to the load. The whole is adapted to be locked by a finger secured to a sliding sleeve on the lever and a wedge.

28,775/04—JOHNSON—*Improvements in grapnels.*

In this grapnel the stem is reduced in diameter at its lower end and the three collars are fitted against the shoulder so formed. These collars are recessed and the enlarged heels of the grapnel prongs and their stays are clamped therein by a nut screwed on the end of the stem.

29,361/04—BALL—*Improvements relating to rowlocks.*

This rowlock is adapted to be partially dismounted and turned inboard without actual detachment from its socket. This is effected by forming a slot in the side of the socket and reducing the end of the stem of the rowlock and fitting same with a ball end.

These applications for patents are, until April 8, 1905, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Patent Office or through the under-named.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

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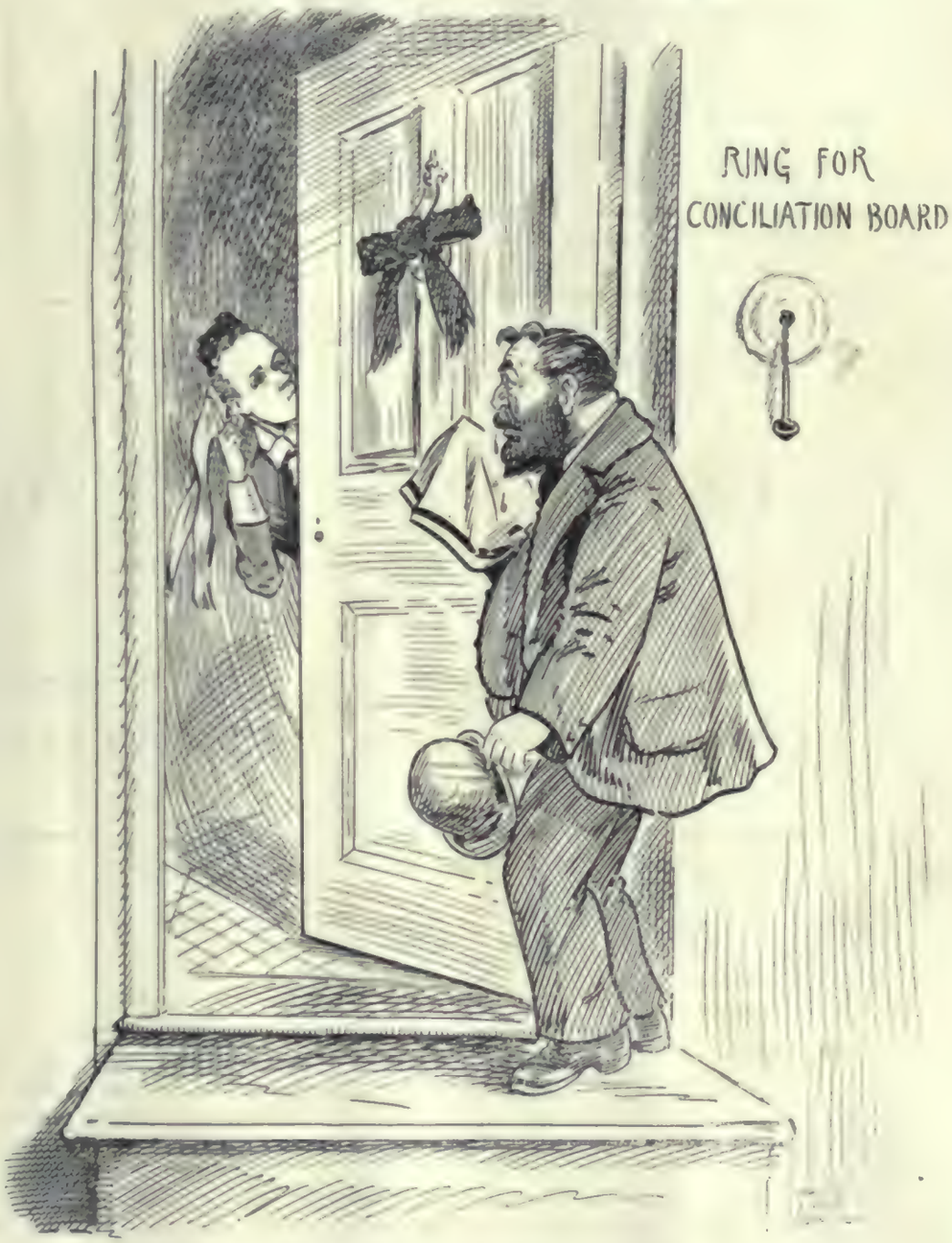
POOR C. BOARD, ESQ.!

"Ring the bell softly, there's crape on *his* door!"



Visitor: "Is there any hope, look you?'

Nurse: "Well not dead yet!"

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MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF.

Thursday Afternoon.

THE legislation for the admission of "peaceful picketing" continues, and if the professional agitator is allowed to have his little way, anarchy will ultimately have full sway in poor old Britain. The pity of the situation, lays in the fact that astute business men should be so lacking in their knowledge of human nature, as to believe that anything of a "peaceful" nature may possibly result, when a number of the quasi-horney-handed are detailed by their Bosses, to explain to Tom, Dick, or Harry, the true inwardness of the situation as exemplified by their refusals to join the "union." In the first place, it cannot be denied that, so far in the history of the land, trades unionism finds favour with but a few of the class known as the British workman. In nearly every trade, the "unioned" portion thereof, is a glaring minority, and even what there is of that "union," has been made by coercion. Examples proving this contention are not far to seek, and about the only good which is likely to come out of trades unionism as engineered to-day, is a fat living for a number of agitators who have never worked, and who, in all probability, couldn't work if they were put to it.

WE suppose it will be admitted that Major Banes, M.P., has the real welfare of the working classes at heart, in a manner which cannot be excelled by any other pubiic-spirited gentleman. Yet, on the subject of "peaceful picketing," the Major is as explicit as possible. He doesn't mince matters a bit, and in a letter to the *Times*, a few days ago, puts his beliefs in a nut-shell. We have much pleasure in reproducing that letter. It is as follows:

TRADES UNION LEGISLATION.

To the Editor of the *Times*.

Sir,—I have received so many requests to support the Trades Unions Disputes Bill that, as I am still unable to attend the House of Commons, I shall be glad if you will kindly insert the following copy of a letter I sent out with regard to it last year:—

"Dear Sirs,—I am sorry the state of my health just now will not permit me to attend Parliament, and I also feel bound to say that I should never think of supporting the Bill for peaceful picketing, a copy of which you enclose.

"For nearly 60 years now I have been engaged with the working classes of all kinds in the ports of London and Liverpool, have learned to respect them, and believe I am held in respect by them. I have always advised and assisted them, and to my own loss and suffering have supported them against injustice and sweating whenever I felt they were being wronged by employers, and when they had far fewer friends than they appear to have nowadays.

"I believe in trade unions carried on in a just and proper manner, and that they have been a great help in removing many grievances which without their aid would have proved dangerous to the country at large.

"But I have always been strongly opposed to, and advised them not to be led away by, professional and ignorant agitators (and there are too many), who, having no interest in work themselves, and no sense of the dignity and value of labour, teach them to seek, by mere force and power of numbers, what can be more easily and surely gained by reason and appeals to public opinion as to the justice of their cause.

"Thus many evils have crept into trade unionism of late years, and amongst them 'picketing by intimidation,' and I am convinced the law, as it now stands, will be a far greater benefit to genuine trade unionists and to the true right of liberty for all men.

"The term 'peaceful picketing' with a mob at its back seems to me ridiculous, and as great a burlesque as 'persuading with a poker,' and I do not believe in it, although I can assure you I am as ready, although less able, to do whatever I can for the true interests of the working classes as I have ever been, although I may speak too plainly for those who seek to please and humbug them in order to serve their own selfish purposes."

Yours sincerely,

GEO. W. E. BANES, J.P., M.P., South West Ham.

The Red-House, Upton, Forest Gate,
March 8th.

THE truth of the matter in connection with the contemplated trades union immunity from the laws which govern the remainder of the community, is that the wire-pullers are attempting to engineer a state of play, in which they will engage at games of chance, armed with a double-headed ha'penny. What the result is likely to be for the country, generally, needs no prophet to determine. In the past, we have had fairly good examples of what "mob law" is worth; what extremes it will go to, even when restrictions are in force; what will happen if those restrictions are removed—! Trades Unionism is, undoubtedly, good for the community—when it is run on genuine Trades Union lines. When, however, the whole thing is a glorified edition of the Tammany tactics which have made New York notorious, then, the more restrictions that are placed in its way, the better will it be for all concerned. The plain facts of the case point to the belief, that the present is quite fifty years too soon, for any additional powers to be safely granted to the mob, who are doing all the shouting in the matter of "unions." Neither workman, nor his delegate, have gone beyond that stage where education is a dangerous thing.

IF the legislature will see to it that the agitator is rounded up a bit; is restricted in his power, until his following have had a sufficiency of time granted, to enable them to assimilate the benefits of free education; then, eventually, Trades Unionism will be the blessing which its originators intended it should be. As things are at present, the methods in vogue with the cult, are on a par with those obtaining with the regenerators of mankind, who attempt to civilise the poor nigger, in West Africa. That is, they unload the accumulated wisdom of centuries in both instances, and expect a number of men who are totally unprepared for

such an unloading, to assimilate what it has taken other classes of society, whole generations to begin to understand. In other words, the rising generation, for the first time in the history of the nation, has been deluged with this so-called education on which the country is gone, more or less, mad; but the remainder of the generation immediately preceding the present "rising" affair, is wallowing along in its old-time ignorance. The son goes home, repeats his lessons to the Old Man, and there is a family consultation.

THE son, puffed up with a feeling that he is miles ahead of father, in a due appreciation of what is right and proper, indulgently affects an explanation of the matters which concern them both: father, being filled with a great admiration for his son, who is the first "scholard" in the family, throws in his lot with him, and thus are the twain prepared for the advent of the professional agitator! In other words, the son has a touch of that education which is dangerous; he brings his spurious teachings to the Old Man, who has but a knowledge of human nature to carry him along: they both elect to run in double harness; and as a natural consequence, between them, they hash-up matters into a state which needs but a touch from agitator to inaugurate a high-class chunk of anarchism. If the Old Man had the "education," in addition to his knowledge of human nature: or had the son the knowledge of human nature in addition to his "education," all would be well. As things are, however, father is but the complement of the son, and *vice versa*; then, seeing that it is impossible to carry both father and son into every movement that is toward: there is merely half of the necessary requirements present, at each meeting of the gang.

THAT is, at one time there is a predominance of human nature and no "education:" at another, there is a certain amount of "education" and no knowledge of human nature. Under the circumstances, therefore, it is easily seen that the time for this coveted freedom for Trades Unionism is not yet. Fifty years hence, will be quite time enough for the legislature to give a free hand to the then Bosses of the cult, for by that time, they as well as the individual members—will realise what is really incumbent on them, if they mean to fulfil their destinies in a regular and proper manner. Reverting to the cravings of the "unionistic" mob, in the matter of freedom from liability connected with their own excesses, the Attorney-General has pointed out that the demand was not made for any useful purpose. Of course not! The demand partakes of an endeavour to play a game of metaphorical pitch-and-toss, with a double-headed ha'penny, as we have already remarked. That is clear enough. If a "Union" wishes to earmark its sick benefit funds for that purpose alone, it has every opportunity for doing so: even as it has an opportunity of using the "union" funds for so-called "fighting purposes."

HAVE not we had examples in the past, of where the Bosses will use up every penny of the sick-benefit funds—if it suits them—for carrying on the Holy War? In view of this, then, is it pretended that the agitator is too "dense" to see his way to hedge, in any one set of circumstances that may be brought to bear? As a matter of fact, all this attempted reversion of the Taff Vale judgment is simply for the purpose of allowing the agitator a perfectly free hand; of supplying him with the power to sink the whole world, as long as he (and his gang) swims. Do we forget the Great Strike here, locally, and the numbers of instances where a smug and well-fed demagogue counselled his dupes to go on fighting to the bitter end? Where, on arising from a well-spread board, the greasy-looking "prophet" advised the lean-jawed colliers to fight on, aye, if women and children starved on the road? And even more heartless counsel than that? No, sirs, we do not forget it! We had columns of soul-harrowing details given us as a community; cartoons, *ad lib.*; and together, they have etched a picture on our united brains, haven't they? A picture which we are not likely to forget, as long as life lasts?

IN face of this, is the country going to stand by and see its birthright given over to a number of parasites whose only reason for a survival, would appear to lay in the possession of unbounded cheek, and tolerable lungs? We hope not. We are at one with Major Banes in believing that the unions, if carried on in a proper manner, are an acquisition. All the same, we are just as convinced that they are a dangerous weapon in the present condition of the world. Education is too new a thing to admit of too much freedom for the Bosses of those unions. As a matter of fact, trades unions will need a quantity of metaphorical wet-nursing, before they are safely to be allowed to run off "on their own." At the present moment, we are sorry to say, the standard of efficiency as set by the majority of "unions," is the efficiency of the least-efficient—if we may be forgiven the bull! By and bye, the proud words "I am a unionist," will be a credential beyond which it will be unnecessary for an employer to go, for the words will mean that the man using them is a genuine craftsman, a sober individual, and one who may be depended on to use his best endeavours for the furtherance of the policy, which he and his employer have decided to work out together. But the time is not yet!

FURTHERMORE, the very men who are most anxious to persuade us that the time has come when the embargo should be removed from trades unionism, are they who realise to the full, that the time for such a removal is, in reality, very much in the womb of the future. Of what use is it for a number of legislators to muss around with the subject, 'fore all the world as if they were no better qualified than the figurative father which we used as an example, 'way back? Why not come out from underneath the hat, and admit that the whole contraption is merely of the vote-snatching order? That allegiance is given to the agitator because, with the help of his long tongue and specious "arguments" (heaven help us), a number of votes might be secured at the next election? We note that the *Times*, in discussing this phase of the national entity, remarks, "It has hitherto been the policy of the unions to treat all their resources as available for any of the purposes which they may desire to accomplish." Of course, it has, and every-body—including the agitator—realises the truth of the remark; and with the *Times*, every right-thinking man will add, "as long as they maintain this position, we trust that it will never be rendered possible for them to escape the ordinary liabilities of individuals for any wrongful acts which they may authorise or commit."

DARTMOUTH harbour is a lovely spot. Generations of yachtsmen have subscribed to the statement, even as they have brought numberless pleasure boats to the moorings in the river; pleasure boats which have added revenue to the tradespeople in the town; and which revenue has gradually evolved, out of mere primitiveness, a fairly up-to-date pleasure resort. That the same yachtsmen would have done more in this direction, is an incontrovertible fact providing they had been given the facilities which they had a right to look for. But it is a bit nonsensical to expect a yachtsman to bring his vessel into a harbour where, at any moment, he may find her in a condition

similar to what would obtain, if she had laid for a week in a South Wales coal dock? For quite a while now, the Dartmouth Harbour Commissioners have given up the best berth in the river, for the coaling of one steamer per week, and, as a natural result, the yachting fraternity had come very near to deserting the place, altogether. We remember seeing one spick-and-span sailing yacht, one day in August, last, yanked up under the stern of one of the Forwood boats which have the "open Sesame," thereaway.

The yacht in question, was snugly anchored at a place where yachts have anchored for ages, and she was surrounded by dozens of other equally spick-and-span pleasure cruisers. Beautifully enamelled sides: spotless decks: duck awnings with orthodox "scalloped edges;" brass-work glistening in the evening sun; and everything going as merry as that bell which one reads of. Presently, along comes a "Morocco bound" affair, which anchors in the spot pointed out and made-sacred-to-her-use, by the Harbour Board. In swinging around, the "M.B." steamer becomes tangled up with the spick-and-span yacht; endangers its bowsprit; fills its general cleanliness with pulverised Welsh coal; and after much prayer, and misgiving on the part of her owner, the yacht is towed out of danger and dirt; the "M.B." continues with her bunkering—and presumably all is peace. Later on, where erstwhile a hundred yachts swung to their anchors scarcely one is visible. The native remarks, "Oh, they've gone off to Such-and-such a regatta," and the native might be right. On the other hand, he might be altogether wrong; and it naturally occurs to us to ask: Which is calculated to benefit the town of Dartmouth most—one weekly steamer, or a hundred weekly yachts?

That matters were even worse than we thought, is evidenced by the fact that arrangements have now been made, by which the Forwood boats will be able to take in their comparatively small amount of bunkers, without inconveniencing the many yachts which, perhaps, will again consent to use the harbour. Sir Dudley Forwood has been to Dartmouth; has met the Harbour Commissioners; and an arrangement has been made "by which it is hoped that satisfaction will be given to all parties." We hope so, too, for the arrangement was badly needed. Why doesn't some public-spirited person at Dartmouth, interest himself with an attempt to draw up a statement showing the actual benefit accruing to the port, by reason of this bunkering business? We do not mean accruing to the bunker folk, themselves; but to the community, at large. Having tabulated this benefit—if there is one; then go on to tabulate the proceeds resulting from the annual fleet of yachts which erstwhile came to the harbour. We have not the least doubt but that the statement of accounts would have absorbing interest to the local celebrities, and if they will send the figures along to us, we shall be glad to give them publicity. We have a weakness for Dartmouth Harbour; sailed therefrom in our youth; and cannot believe that the prevailing happy-go-lucky bunker business is worth anything appreciable, to anybody outside of the clique which engages in the game. Will somebody give us the relative figures?

Once again, has Brother Jonathan given this country a good lead in up-to-date nautical necessities. The American Navy Department has decided to send out a cruiser whose business it will be to hunt up, and when found, sink some twenty-seven derelicts, which are wallowing along in the trade routes situated between Santiago, Cuba, and the Banks of Newfoundland. Times out of number, the British Government have been appealed to for the same purpose; and exactly the same number of times have they refused. We suppose that it is hardly the thing to expect a full-blown man-of-war officer to stoop to such necessary work, as keeping a trade route clear—even although the Navy's reason of existence lays in such a task? To keep those routes clear of potential enemies which are under command, is one thing; to clear out another number of equally potential enemies which are not under command, is quite another! All the same, there is a splendid opportunity here, for the officers referred to. In hunting up the derelicts, they would be garnering some really practical seamanship; and if found, those derelicts would prove splendid targets for raising the gunnery efficiency of the ships involved? Anyhow, Brother Jonathan has undertaken the job, so his will be the enhanced seamanship, to say nothing of the increased gunnery efficiency.

Poor old "Baltic Fleet"! Can you imagine a more pitiful spectacle than has materialised around it? Starting out with a great flourish of trumpets; steering its way through the peaceful fleets of a neutral power, and plugging the said fleet full of holes: lieing, and dodging along even as it lied; arriving out in the Indian Ocean solely for the purpose of indulging in a fishing excursion, and for testing the merits of somebody's sample of barnacle-buster! In the result, the "redoubtable ships" are covered with seaweed and barnacles; have some 70,000 tons of good Welsh coal in their combined bunkers; but in spite of it all, are still disinclined to have a try at the nimble little Jap. Meanwhile, we are filled, daily, with tales of the heroic Russian, and are asked to believe that he is, in deed and truth, a veritable hero! Does history contain a more sickening example of pusillanimity than has been thrown on the screen by Holy and Invincible Russia? The country whose fighting resources ran into some 9,000,000 men—on a war footing! Why prolong the agony; why not lay her playthings all away, for of a surety, she will never need them more? The kindest thing to do with that "Baltic Fleet," would be to send it, as an Easter egg, to Admiral Togo. He would get it dry-docked, and compoed, in readiness for the first actual business which has ever come its way!

Our American contemporary, *World's Work*, has been having a quiet five minutes with its readers, concerning the relative carrying capacities—and killing dittos—of the American and British railroads. For instance, we are told that American trains travel 900,000,000 miles in a year, while British trains merely travel 400,000,000 miles in the same time. On the other hand, with a train mileage less than half that of the American friend, the English companies, in 1903, hauled twice as many passengers, conducted their business on one-tenth the trackage, and in doing so, killed but one-tenth as many people, and injured less than one-tenth as many. This, surely, is something to the credit of the good people who run what the American is pleased to dub the "toy railroads of Britain"? Twice as many passengers, on half as much rail—which means a terribly congested state of affairs; but with it all, the death roll was only one-tenth of what obtained on the American spread-out lines. Friends, with testimony like this before us, we are prone to suggest that—well, that we are a great nation; and the suggestion strikes home, every time! By the way, when are the American railroad presidents coming across to this side, so that they may have a few lessons given them, as to the best methods of running a railroad—without emulating the passage of one Russian fleet through a crowded waterway?

NOTWITHSTANDING all the tall talk which has been trotted out to the contrary, the alien is increasing in number! February was responsible for an added 5,000 over the figures which were current in the February of last year, and the cry is "Still they come"—drat 'em. According to some of our contemporaries, the alien is not an evil; he fills a long-felt want. If so, they must be gratified by this constantly increasing factor? How many of the additional 5,000 for February are to be considered as "good, foreign seamen," deponent sayeth not; but judging by the influx in James Street, most of the number mentioned, must have come to Cardiff! And in view of the kindly treatment which is meted out to him; the manner in which the mere native gives the gentle alien the whole of the pavement, and as much of the road as he desires; well, he is surely, an unalloyed blessing! Of course, this matter of yielding up the pavement and roadway may be more in connection with an unwashed idea, than with the "unalloyed blessing" alluded to. In any case, the alien has merely to start on a ramble down the street referred to, and the facts are as stated. He pays no taxes; very little rent; he spends no money in the port—outside of an advance note to the boarding master; but he is welcome as the flowers that bloom about this time of the year.

MEANWHILE, the gentle clerk is feeling the pinch engendered by this gentlemanly alien person. *Par exemple*, the *Chamber of Commerce Journal* gives space to the alien after the following: "AGE 22. (Dutch). Corresponds in German, French, English, and Dutch. Typist. Single and double-entry book-keeper. Eight years in wholesale drapery trade, and with publishers. Would go abroad. £52." Ye gods! One pound a week for all those accomplishments, and yet our British matrons will insist on jerking Tommy into a clerk's job—because, in addition to his possible £1 per week, he will also come home with a collar around his manly neck, and his breeks will not muss up the upholstery of the kitchen lounge, whence he wrestles with his "late dinner." Poor British matron: poorer British son Tommy: four languages, typine, book-keeper—and all for a pound-a-week! In addition to this, and if the intending employer imagines that £1 a week is too much for all this superlative merit, then, the salary may be arranged "on appointment:" failing that—hang it, says the linguist, in four tongues—"or offer." Under the circumstances, therefore, is it to be wondered that certain of our contemporaries declare that the alien is anything but an evil?

You observe that the advt. quoted above has to do with a publisher; a publisher handles the sheets which rank under the title of "our contemporaries." Need we say more? Surely not, in that particular direction! And please do not run away with the idea that these £1-per-week clerks are inefficient, or mere duffers. They are not, by any means. Such inducements as "three years with manufacturers and merchants;" "two years with printers and hotel proprietors;" *or* "five years with colonial exporters;" all figure among the qualifications which seek to annex the nimble sovereign per week. No wonder that some of our alleged competitors turn out such rubbishy printing, is it? "Two years with printers, etc." and only in receipt of £1 per week—and with four languages thrown in! Well, you cannot expect much printing ability for £1 per week, can you? Thus, you have the apparent secret of the rubbishy work laid bare! In the matter of English clerks, their demands are usually above £100 a year—and foreign-language-knowledge is *non est!* But seeing that their demands are at the £100 notch; that they are ever-so-much-less qualified than the alien—well, their demand usually ends in that, only.

WITHOUT wishing to suggest that the Duke of Northumberland has been borrowing from Shakespeare's old wheeze about training a starling to repeat a certain sentence, we will remark that his Grace has been doing good work in telling a meeting of North of England shipowners that, "I would like to have a parrot trained for every cottage in the country, to say 'Naval supremacy and command of the seas.'" Us, too! Four parrots for every cottage, for that matter, so that the message would be given in each room of the said cottage. As things are, at present, however, the words indicated are merely a catch-phrase; a useful adjunct to certain Parliamentary elections—and that is about all. Personally, we have written so much on the subject, that we find a difficulty in searching up anything new to write. But, after all, there is need for no new writing; a simple repetition of the main facts—if continued often enough—will sink in, in time, with, we trust, pleasing results. A genuine Naval supremacy is merely another method of writing "command of the seas," and "command of the seas," simply means a continuance of Britain as the premier nation.

WITH other than a Naval supremacy, the command of the seas will go, and then, this dear old country of ours will lay at the feet of the schemers who have tried, for ages, to bring it so. With this before the nation, no wonder that her men in great places long for a parrot, as explained. But, after all, there should be need for no parrot? It should be amply sufficient for the actual—as against the alleged—facts to be disseminated, when in all probability, the nation would arise as one man, and would quickly engineer a better ordering than exists, at present. To our mind, questions of fact should never be bruited about for electioneering purposes, for therein is the greatest danger this (or other) country has to face. Matters of opinion are legitimate subjects for argument; matters of fact, never? Now, with reference to Britain's Naval supremacy, there is no question of opinion in the matter; it is all a matter of fact and figures. These latter show, most conclusively, that the nation is merely rubbing along in a fools' paradise. Is "stuffing" itself with the belief, that all is well with the first line of defence between Britain and the enemy.

THAT all is not well in this direction, is apparent, the moment one cares to inquire beneath the surface of things Look where you will, and you find a number of callow youths in charge of Naval enterprises where seasoned, and lengthily-trained men should be. Why is this? Merely because the nation has little else but callow youths on which to depend—that is all! Submarines, which are, admittedly, most "tricky" things to handle, are put under the care of mere boys, with the natural result—misfortunes. Destroyers, which by nature of their importance to the Fleet, should be in the hands of seasoned officers, are under the charge of other neophytic sailormen, and what happens, here? Breakdowns, collisions, strandings, what not! Is it going to be pretended that these units of nautical power are more difficult to handle than the ordinary tramp of commerce? Certainly not! With the tramp, accidents are relatively few. Why? Because the men who are in charge, have, in the majority of instances, to learn their business before appointment; not, as in the case of most of the warship units, after appointment, and at the expense of the nation. Will these little facts be denied by anybody possessing a knowledge of the subject? We say "No!"—most emphatically.

Let us continue on this phase of the subject for yet another par. or so. Theoretically, the sucking skipper of the Navy, is trained right up to concert pitch. Is assured that in manœuvring a ship, say, a reversed right-handed propeller will always cant his vessel's head to starboard. He believes it, and if eventually, he is placed in command, he pins his faith on that "cant to starboard," mainly because he has never been given an opportunity to realise that a steamer with her engines reversed, is more kittle-kattle than a lady who is denied a new sealskin sacque, after having been promised it! What happens? Why, true to ancient "training," the youngster keeps on reversing; is sure that the thing will work out according to Cocker; and if he has sufficient room, it will. On the other hand, if his sea-room is limited, he comes to grief. Now, if that lad had been shown practically that, in narrow waters, and when wishing to cant that vessel, his safest plan would have been to cant her with her engines turning ahead, and that as soon as she had started to cant in the given direction, he could safely "go astern," with satisfactory results—well and good.

But the lad is not shown these little points—other than theoretically; as a result, he forgets his theory as soon as practice claims his attention, and—there you are! We give this little instance, because we saw it work out on one occasion, even as we have described it. At the time, we were sorry for the embryo captain. Didn't blame him in the least. How could we honestly blame him? We recognised that he was but the victim of a system; a pernicious one, at that. And all the talk in the world will not alter the fact. True, his late "instructor" declared, most emphatically, that the young fellow had been taught all the intricacies of "coming astern;" and doubtless, he had. But then, that "instruction" was merely of the "book learning" order. The "knowledge" which makes a man say "Let go the anchor," for the reason that it happens to follow the words "get your sheets, aft," in tacking ship! The mere fact that there is no bottom, just there, doesn't count! The book says "Let go the anchor," and let go, it is—even if there is no chain bent! For this, and other reasons, a parrot is necessary in the cottages of the land.

Why will not those daily paper men be more careful? It is most annoying to a person, to be marked down as a mere "energetic secretary and manager," when, "as a matter of fact," he is the "general superintendent" of the shipping side of a company's business. Anybody can see that to dub a man "secretary and manager" is derogatory in the extreme—if the said man really happens to be officially known as the "general superintendent?" Eh? What? Port Talbot is a fine port of call for liners in search of bunker coal: but that is no reason that the mistake referred to should be perpetuated? It's like this: An up-town contemporary, in dealing with this subject, ended up an interesting diatribe to the effect that "The energetic secretary and manager of Messrs. Elders' Navigation Collieries, Limited, is Mr. H. W. Cooke, Cardiff." Next day, our friend remarked that "it was incorrectly reported . . . as a matter of fact, Mr. Cooke is the general superintendent of the shipping department." Of course! As if we didn't all know that; and that Mr. David Jones, Liverpool, is the secretary; while Mr. Doorly is the manager of the colliery bran—er—the colliery department, that is. Dear us! It's awful, the way some of these daily paper young men will "mark down" people.

It might be true, even as we have heard, that the life of a member of Parliament is the reverse of suggestive of beer and skittles. Indeed, it might be that these free-gratis-and-for-nothing legislators have, on the whole, a pretty bad time of it. If so, then are the worthy gentlemen deserving of every kind thought from us careless folk, who don't bother about legislation, much to speak of? However, if we admit the absence of a general all 'round hilarity attaching to the job, it must also be conceded that the wearied Solons have their compensating moments—or hours. For instance, when Mr. Swift MacNeill gets on to the perpendicular, for the purpose of saying things concerning flogging in the Navy, compensations are about? Some few days ago, the gentleman referred to had a field-day on the subject, and if he didn't act up to his usual rôle of "sweet little cherub," it was merely because his voice doesn't altogether improve with age. Without wishing to insinuate that Mr. MacNeill has a voice that would do credit to the bo'sun's-mate of the *Bellerophon*, we yet are given to understand that it has potentialities in that direction; and when the whole-hearted person gets off on a flogging lay—phew!

To be brutally frank, Mr. MacNeill's fellow hon. members didn't appear to set much store by the dissertation; case of familiarity breeding contempt, we opine. Anyhow, the irrepressible "Mac." remarked that the wicked inattention showed "great callousness on the part of the House of Commons, when I cannot hear my own voice." This was compensation number one. Next thing, the hon. member for Donegal, stated that he wasn't going to make a speech, for the principal reason that to "deliver two speeches in two days" is an impertinence. Compensation number two? However, if the great "Mac." did not make a speech, he rattled on for over an hour, and said among other things, too numerous to mention, that one victim-to-flogging had his flesh turn black, so that it fell in little bits on the deck. Compensation number three? A ribald Ministerialist actually laughed at this psychological moment, and "Mac." seemed scarcely able to realise the wickedness! Said he, "What! Does the hon. member laugh at that! If so, he will not come back here, at the general election." Think of it! A mere involuntary laugh, to cause a hon. member to lose his seat. Compensation number four. Of course, "Mac." was very earnest; he always is.

But then, a man might easily be earnest, and yet know little or nothing of the subject which caused the earnestness. However, the gentleman assured all and sundry, that he was appealing to the strong arm of England to protect those boys. Of course, if the boys have already had their flesh turned black, and chips of it strewn around the deck, it is somewhat late to ask for protection? Still—compensation number five! Naturally, most of the hon. members present dismissed Mr. MacNeill's rhetorical outburst in the manner usually fitted in to these affairs, and although the debate—we think they call this phase of talk—was closured, it was with a Government majority of fifty one. And the strange thing in the whole business was, that Parliament went on just the same; discussed Supplementary Votes and things, 'fore all the world as if Mr. MacNeill hadn't laid himself out to tell everybody something about somebody! Yes, taking it all around, the life of the Parliamentarian is hard; but, as we have remarked above, he has his compensating blessings. Mr. Swift MacNeill would appear to be one of them. What?

Yet another "scheme" for the amelioration of London river. This time, it is an "ambitious project" (what was the barrage notion, by the way?), and has for its reason of existence, the attempt to make the Hub of the World into a free port! In brief, the Thames Conservancy Board

intends to construct a large deep-water wharf at Long Reach. Not too large a wharf, you understand; but just large enough; a simple matter of a mile-and-a-quarter in length, and sixty feet in width! Timber is going to be the material used, so in the near future, London river will be quite up-to-date, and will have all the appearance of a smart trans-Atlantic concern—for on that side of the Pond, the good folk make their wharfs, and most of their docks out of "lumber!" But getting back to London's "ambitious project," we understand that the projected "timber quay" will be like some pens of which we have heard—a sort of boon and blessing to everybody concerned. Vessels will have access to this quay, "whether at high or low tide, to ship or unload cargo," and taking it all over, we must perforce imagine that the day for London's docks is numbered among the things which have been but are not?

THE startling thing about this new "project," is that it has been under consideration for the past five years; and it is but now, that it has got the better of that consideration; has got on top of it, so to speak. Naturally, the whole fit-out is to be replete with every sort of up-to-date machinery, and "it is hoped" that the new proposal will be an accomplished fact in 1907. Who thought of this new quiff? Well, we cannot give you his name; but he was a well-known London shipper. So well-known, in point of fact, that nobody seems to bother about his name. Not that it matters in the least, for a timber wharf would be that, whether Smith or Brown idead the thing. But seriously, the attempt at putting London river in line with modern requirements, would appear to be almost as difficult as squaring up the War Office, and engineering Army Reforms (with a capital letter). Indeed, one is almost justified in believing, that when business in that vicinity is dull, the persons who have been entrusted with the undertaking remark, "Look here, it's a fine day; there's ab-so-lutely nothing doing. Let's work up a river scheme!" And it is even so.

SUEZ Canal number two, still occupies a portion of the public attention. To make the position more intense, or acute—whichever you will—an Indian officer has been writing to the *Daily Mail* on the subject. On this occasion, the mere commercial side of the undertaking is passed, and the strategical value of a second ditch is animadverted upon. This is as it should be, for Sir Theodore Angier has already "gone strong" on this feature of the proposed undertaking, and has pointed out that, in time of war, this country would, inevitably, be denied the use of the existing Canal, for the simple reason that it would be "accidentally" blocked by the presence of one or two sunken steamers, stone-laden. With a second canal in existence, it is supposedly possible to cut passages from one to the other, so as to pass these obstructions. But after all, there is precious little utility in discussing this phase of the subject, for to cut those passages would be a work of time, and when Britain finds herself face-to-face with her first real struggle, there will not be an undue amount of that time to spare. "Sharp's the word, and quick's the motion," will about express the methods of procedure, in that event. All the same, the proposed canal certainly has potentialities. It will tone down the lovely aggressiveness adopted by the directorate of the present canal, if it does nothing else.

AT last, after a consideration extending over two years, an agreement between the two Government Departments that are concerned, and the Marconi Company has been signed, that will admit of the transmission of wireless messages from six lightships, to the mainland. An installation of wireless telegraphy instruments is to be supplied to the East Goodwin, South Goodwin, Gull, Tongue, Sunk, and Cross Sand light-vessels. According to present arrangements, the messages will be received at the Dover station, and forwarded by ordinary telegraph to the nearest lifeboat station, as need arises. This is a distinct triumph for Mr. Edward J. Hobbs, Ramsgate, who has consistently struggled for this end. As was only to be expected, the usual Departmental inertia had to be overcome; all manner of moves had to be entered into: and for a commencement in the right direction, the cable which connects the Kentish Knock l.v. with Kingsgate, was laid. As a result of this connection, 19 lives were saved on the first occasion that a message was sent for help. From then, right on to the present agreement between the concerns mentioned, the fight has been long and arduous. Mr. Hobbs, who is 78 years of age, might well feel proud of his success.

RETURNING to that submarine disaster on which we commented a week or so ago, it may come as news to many, that this class of "steamboat" is supplied with white mice, which are supposed to indicate when it is time to bring the vessel once more, up for fresh air. It appears that the mice are more susceptible to vitiated atmosphere, than are the handy men; thus, by watching the tiny pets, indications are received as suggested! But is anybody going to believe that the mice are under the perpetual observation which the regulations demand? If other, and more vital rules are disregarded, it may be taken for granted that the pretty white mice are allowed to nibble their pieces of Government cheese in peace and quietness. One would imagine that, in these days of high-class engineering, something more dependable than the pets of our boyhood's days, should be introduced for the purpose mentioned. Anyhow, it is safe to suppose that accidents will happen, as long as the coming to the surface is left to the inmates of the submarine. If safety is aimed at, there will need to be invented a quiff that will be automatic in its action. Atmosphere at ·000.001 up she bobs, mother!

OUR good friends at Plymouth would appear to be adept at the game of hair-splitting—and not always to their own credit! Its this way. The skipper of the passenger steamer *Duke and Duchess of Devonshire*—an Exmouth man, by the way—had the audacity to take his vessel into Plymouth harbour, without employing a pilot. You see, this Exmouth person, one Captain G. J. Phillips, imagined that as he had passed the necessary examination which enabled him to act as a Plymouth pilot; at least, which exempted any vessel which he might be in charge of from employing a pilot: there was neither sense nor reason in putting his owners into a bill for work which he could do himself. He didn't put his owner into that expense, anyhow, and one John Pascho—a distinctly Devonian and creamy (ice-creamy?) sort of appellation? -a Trinity pilot, followed the passenger steamer into the Millbay Docks, and found that Captain Phillips was being examined for his "ticket:" for the second time in his life. Of course, there was the usual amount of evidence: there always is, when an outsider undertakes to spoon up a native's marmalade; and in the end this Exmouth man was fined—all over the shop, as the Barbican boys would remark, under similar circumstances!

FOR instance, this man who had been in possession of a pilotage certificate some seven years before; who had passed on the occasion referred to, but was not actually in possession of the bit of paper which guaranteed the passing; this man, then, was fined "double the amount of the pilot's fee, £3 15s., and costs;" for contravening

Section 604, he was fined £5 and costs; on account of bumping up against Section 622, a further fine of £5 and costs came on; and in default of each, he would be sentenced to ten days imprisonment—the terms to run consecutively. Of course, the Plymouthian feels proud of having thus vindicated himself, and of having made a mere Exmouth skipper toe the line? All the same, outsiders will conclude that the whole undertaking was disgustingly petty, and altogether unworthy of the interests involved. Doubtless the man was guilty of a mere technical bit of wickedness; but seeing that he was a stranger, the Plymouth geniuses would certainly have been better advised to let the matter slide, and deciding on giving the "sinner" a caution! Sometimes, we are rather of opinion that Plymouth is mainly to blame for her two-cent share of commercial wealth, and the all-pervadingness of the Service taint. There are occasions, when a place gets no more than it deserves?

We are indebted to the *Eastern Morning News*, for a comprehensive and interesting reprint concerning "The Trade of Hull: General Commercial Review for 1904." As already intimated, this is a reprint of a series of articles which were specially prepared for, and reprinted from the columns of our contemporary, and the little digest of Hull's annual progress, is well worth the nimble penny which is charged therefor. For instance, we note that the tonnage entering the port of Hull for the period under review, amounted to 4,249,610 tons—not perhaps, in comparison with that entering the port of Cardiff, an overwhelming amount. All the same, it takes some shipping to overtop 4¼ millions of tons, don't forget. We have already commented on Hull's claim to be ranked as the "third port" in the United Kingdom, so need go no farther with the theme on this occasion. But really, our contemporary has succeeded in marshalling an—we had almost written "appalling"—awful lot of figures, and every page of which is pregnant with interest to the shipping mind. We can do no better than advise our readers to send for this publication when, in the calm seclusion of their homes, they will be enabled to read through the information which tends to show why the Board of Trade have decided on labelling the Humber port, as third in the United Kingdom.

From the Sydney *Daily Telegraph*, we learn that the Orient Company's second offer to supply a mail service to the mentally-aberrated Australian Government, has been rejected with more or less close-lipped scorn. For a fortnightly mail service with Britain, the company referred to, have chipped a level £10,000 off their original offer, which now stands at £140,000 per annum. The Prime Minister, "out there," remarked, in what has been considered as a superior manner, "We cannot consider any offers approximating to the amount named in their offer.' To our mind, it appears somewhat strange that those good people should deign to use, the same language which serves the aristocratic people in the Home Land. It does, really! Seeing that the Cornstalk has decided on running his place after his own very peculiar methods, to be logical, he should inaugurate a new tongue, that could be handed down in history, as the Commonwealth language! It would surely be useful—by and by, when archeologists get diving down to the ruins of what, at the present, are prosperous cities and townships! And the ruins will be there, right enough; if the misguided people responsible for the tricks that are being worked at the moment, do not mend their ways. Yes, indeed!

"London's May-day gift." M'yes That is one way of looking at the new County Council steamers, and it is the way affected by the *St. James's Gazette*. Other people, however, are not so charitably disposed. Seem to think that those boats will be an incubus; or if they really are a gift, will be of the nature of the white elephant which was presented to some old Johnny, out East; a Johnny that a certain Rajah "had it in for!" Still, our contemporary is of opinion that May 1, will be a joyful day for Londoners—so we let it go at that, merely remarking that, at the close of the first year's work, we shall be around to note the financial side of the undertaking. It is rather good to know that there will be no dancing around the Maypole; nor that dancing clowns and animated bushes will caper around the streets; for which *St. James's Gazette* appears to be piously thankful. It is to be hoped that a year hence, there will be no equally pious wishes that nothing more expensive than animated bushes had been indulged in. You could get a terrible quantity of bushes for the price of one of the steamers; and we are not sure but that, for genuine fun, the bushes would not get the bulge on the steamers. But bide a wee. All is not gold that glitters—especially if it is scroll work on a steamer's bow; it is just as likely to be Dutch metal.

Here you are! "Another blow has been aimed at the romance of the sea. The day of the hap-hazard ship's cook, better known as 'the doctor,' has passed." The "romance of the sea" is good—in this connection, don't you think? Who among you but can remember the "soft bread," that was manufactured by that hap-hazard gentleman; the stuff with which, in our young and thoughtless days, we were wont to play "rounders," or attempt to lay each other out—even as the fit moved us? Dear, dear, "the Board of Trade proposes to keep a paternal eye on the culinary department," probably in readiness for the happy time when its members will actually be—where, in theory, they have been for many years -all at sea! The twen.-cent. "slushy"—an even better known appellation than "the Doctor"– will not be considered as "certificated" unless he has passed a Board of Trade examination, and there is going to be trouble, in consequence! Fancy the ordinary "flunk," daring to pass rude remarks to his "duly certified cook!" What? There is going to be more sorrow on the sea! Eh, you fellows, who will have an alternate "gravy-eyed watch" to keep: Never again shall your matutinal coffee be reminiscent of colza-oil—dropped in out of the galley lamp; no more will you think that the hand which passes you the cabin-biscuit-and-margarine is that of a nigger, because of its dusky hue. No, the romance is going out of the sea. R.I.P., romance.

We note that the alleged originator of the Thames Barrage scheme—Mr. James Casey, M.I.N.A.—has passed away, at the age of 65. The so-called "ambitious scheme of turning the Thames in London and its vicinity into what would practically be a lake, has its enthusiastic supporters and opponents." We should think so, and should not be at all surprised to learn that among the former, were a considerable number of estimable folk who had little more than a nodding acquaintance with the business; while among the latter, were a goodly number of men who knew what they were talking of, when they decided that any such a scheme was bound to prove itself a delusion and a snare—to the Londoner. From a poetical point of view, London-on-the-Lake has potentialities; from a commercial, and from a sanitary stand-point, however, the whole subject reeks with danger and ultimate decay. We are fairly sure that if the barrage scheme ever materialises into more than a mere scheme, it will not be a case of London-on-the-Lake; but rather, London-on-the-slough—of despond, and diphtheria! For that portion of the Thames below the "bar"—well, heaven help it!

SHIPBUILDING.

VERY few orders for new tonnage have been placed since our last issue, and the boom has exhausted itself. Some of the large German Companies are inviting tenders for the building of boats, but although several British shipbuilding firms are quoting, the general impression is that most, if not all of the work, will be given to German yards.

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WE hear that several shipowners who contracted for boats recently, would gladly transfer their contracts at a very small profit. Later on, we will probably hear of some of the boats being sold at a loss, unless a reasonable improvement in freights is forthcoming. A general impression, which existed to the effect that the cost of building had about reached bottom, is no doubt responsible for the recent number of orders placed, but still a great many owners would like to be free from the vessels ordered, cheap though they may be.

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THE steel screw steamer *Ingleby*, lately owned by Messrs. E. Harris & Co., Middlesbrough, is reported sold to German buyers, at about £10,000. She was built by Messrs. R. Craggs & Sons, Middlesbrough, in 1890. Dimensions 260ft. x 36ft. 6in. x 19ft.; 1,786 tons gross; with engines 20in., 33in., 54in. x 36in. stroke, by Messrs. Westgarth, English & Co.

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MESSRS. BURNS, PHILIP & Co., Ltd., Sydney, have purchased the steel screw steamer *Antilia*, at about £9,000. She was built by the Grangemouth Dockyard Company, Grangemouth, in 1893. Dimensions 200ft. x 30ft. 2in. x 14ft. 9in.; 929 tons gross; with engines 17in., 27in., 44in. x 33in. stroke, by Messrs. Hutson & Son.

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MESSRS. R. WILLIAMSON & SON, of Workington, have sold a new spec. steamer which they are building, to British buyers. Her dimensions are 134ft. 9in. x 23ft. 10in. x 10ft. 9in. moulded, she is estimated to carry about 420 tons deadweight on 10ft. mean draft. The machinery will be supplied by Messrs. Ross & Duncan, Glasgow, with engines 18in., 36in. x 24in. stroke, one single ended boiler 12ft. x 10ft., working at 125lbs. pressure. We understand the price paid is about £6,000.

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THE new Naval Estimates provide for the building of 18 torpedo-boat destroyers, and Tyne shipbuilders having been very successful in their production of this type of vessel in the past, are naturally looking forward to receiving repeat orders when the Admiralty contracts come to be given out.

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WE hear that a new steamer building on the Wear, has just been sold at about £30,500. She will carry about 5,200 tons deadweight on 20ft. 9in. draft, single deck, with cargo poop, bridge and f'cle. Dimensions 325ft. x 47ft. x 24ft. 10in. moulded: with engines 24in., 40in., 64in. x 42in. stroke.; two single ended boilers 15ft. 3in. x 11ft., 180lbs. pressure. The steamer is nearly ready for launching and was contracted for in November last, at £31,000.

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MESSRS. WATTS, WATTS & Co., London, are the purchasers of the steamers *Thomas Turnbull* and *March*, reported sold, in our last issue.

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A great many second-hand steamers have recently changed hands, the majority going to Germany, to replace the boats sold by German owners to Russia. There are still inquiries in the market, and more sales may be expected in the near future.

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A NUMBER of old tramp steamers have lately been purchased by a London firm with a view to reselling them to Japan. Most of the vessels are iron steamers, built in the eighties, and have been laid up for some time. Negotiations for other steamers are now in progress, and we shall not be surprised to hear that further sales have been completed.

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THE Great Central Railway Company have purchased the steel screw steamer *Nord II*, from the Tinska Steam Shipping Company, of Helsingfors. She was built by Messrs. Sir Raylton Dixon & Co., Ltd., Middlesbrough, in 1903, carries about 1,250 tons deadweight, and has accommodation for first-class passengers. Dimensions 240ft. x 35ft. 2in. x 20ft. 7in. moulded; machinery by Messrs. Richardson, Westgarth & Co., Ltd.; with engines 22in., 35in., 59in. x 39in. stroke: steams 13 knots loaded. We understand the price paid is about £24,000.

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THE steel screw steamer *Duchess of Fife*, lately owned by the Aberdeen Lime Company, Aberdeen, has been sold to Mr. Adolf Deppe, Antwerp. She was built and engined by Messrs. Hall, Russell & Co., Aberdeen, in 1890. Dimensions 190ft. 4in. x 28ft. 4in. x 14ft. 1in.; 671 tons gross; with engines 25in., 47in. x 30in. stroke. The steamer has been renamed *Loire*.

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THE steel screw steamer *Janeta*, has been sold by Messrs. Maclay & McIntyre, Glasgow, to London buyers at about £18,000. She was built and engined by Messrs. A. Stephen & Sons, Glasgow, in 1894. Dimensions 330ft. x 43ft. x 29ft.; carries about 5,400 tons deadweight; with engines 24in., 39in., 64in. x 42in. stroke.

+ + +

THE iron screw steamer *A. Strong*, lately owned by Mr. C. E. Stallybrass, of Cardiff, has been sold to Messrs. George Reid & Co., Newcastle. She was built by Messrs. Pile & Co., Sunderland, in 1871. Dimensions 240ft. x 30ft. 7in. x 19ft. 6in.; 1,180 tons gross; machinery by Messrs. R. & W. Hawthorn, with engines 28½in., 50in. x 36in. stroke.

+ + +

THE steel screw steamer *Restitution*, lately owned by Messrs. R. Conaway & Co., of Liverpool, has been sold to Messrs. J. I. Jacobs & Co., London, at about £10,000. She was built and engined by Messrs. Wigham, Richardson & Co., Newcastle, in 1885. 3,290 tons gross. Dimensions 340ft. x 43ft. 4in. x 23ft. 4in.; carries 4,650 tons deadweight; with engines 29in., 44in., 74in. x 48in. stroke. This steamer was offered by auction, in London, on the 14th ult., when the highest bid was £7,000, at which she was withdrawn.

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WE understand that Messrs. Watts, Watts & Co., London, are the purchasers of the steamer *Athens*, reported sold, in our last issue. She is loading for Japan, and it is reported, really bought for Japanese buyers, subject to safe arrival in Japan.

The Maritime Review
Illustrated Weekly Journal

Friday, March 17, 1905.

SIR W. T. LEWIS' FIFTY-YEARS-RETROSPECT.

In the past, the business community of Cardiff have ever evidenced a disinclination to await until a commercial giant has joined the majority, ere looking around for some token of recognition for his work. True, the town has statues scattered around in its chief centres of industry, and, in the very nature of life, statues are more lasting, than the good folk whose virtues they are intended to perpetuate. All the same, the Cardiffian may generally be depended on to do the right thing at the right time, and we much doubt if this characteristic was ever better exemplified, than by the pleasing function which took place in the Park Hall, on Friday last, when Sir William Thomas Lewis, Bart., was presented with the Honorary Freedom of the Borough of Cardiff. With the social side of the affair; the large gathering of Cardiff's brightest and best (of both sexes) who had determined that the whole undertaking should pass off in a manner which proved that the whole of South Wales really meant business, and had but one mind about it: with the public banquet which followed: and the speeches from some of the ablest speakers of the day; well—with the exception of Sir William's—we shall pass them all by, as we realise that our daily contemporaries who cater for this class of work, have already given you the details for which you certainly hankered. Ours, the task of the reviewer, and in this case it is a most pleasant task, for what better authority could we possibly have, than Sir William Lewis, who, for more than half-a-century, has been the leading personality in the progress of the community which we are about to discuss? Harking back to the year 1854—and that was a year very much previous to what the majority of us may look to with any personal appreciation!—we find that the coal shipments at the port of Cardiff, were 1,250,000 tons; considerably less than the monthly shipments in the present year of grace. Also, that the output of the whole of the South Wales and Monmouthshire collieries, was 8,500,000 tons per annum, or about 13 per cent. of the gross output of the kingdom, and which little amount gave employment to 32,473 workmen, scattered over a matter of 245 collieries. Here then, you have the size—or lack thereof—of the Welsh coal industry, at the time when Sir William became identified therewith. For purposes of comparison, let us dodge the intervening years at one magnificent leap, when we shall find that, in the year 1904 (that everything-that-was-bad-and-depressioned year), the coal shipments at the Port of Cardiff were 21,076,772 tons; that the total output of the South Wales district in 1903 (figures for 1904 not yet being available) was 42,153,287 tons—or about 18·3 per cent. of the output of the United Kingdom; that this "little lot" gave employment to 159,161 persons, in 614 collieries; and we shall thus have a fairly good realisation of the importance of the Welsh coal trade—supposing we had any doubts about the subject, in the past! Of course, there is a reason for this colossal expansion; a reason outside of the ability of those who were capable of taking the tide at the flood, we mean. That reason, too, is not far to seek: It is resultant from the superiority of the coal found in "gallant little Wales," and to the substitution of steamers for the "white wings" of the past. But stay! There is yet another very great reason for all this onward progress; one which the exponents of coal, for the moment, have decided to forget. Here it is, and in the words of the commercial Titan who was mainly responsible therefor: "The establishment of the Sliding-Scale first gave confidence to the consumers of Welsh coal to make contracts forward, and thus ensure regular work every day in the week to the steam coal collieries, instead of, as has been the custom for many years, to work three or four days a week, only"—and to decorate all the correspondence dealing with coal matters, with a legend which intimates that all contracts are "off," indefinitely, in the event of a strike among workmen! The legend referred to, is hardly of the kind to establish confidence in the minds of the foreign consumer, is it? If the latter worthy needs the stuff badly, and is labouring under conditions that will bring certain loss providing the coal is not to hand as agreed; then, he is likely to consider the advisability of taking to his use, other varieties of steam-raiser—and regardless of the fact that, ton for ton, it is much inferior to "best Welsh"—as long as he can depend on receiving his consignment, when due? With reference to these foreign markets, Sir William said that he could not refrain from repeating, what he had told the workmen's representatives on many occasions: "That they, in common with the employers, were greatly indebted to the much abused middlemen, who were the pioneers in the supply of Welsh coal in various parts of the globe, with which the Welsh colliery owner had no previous connection." This is exactly what we have consistently claimed. Needless to say, among the ranks of colliery-office men, there are some brilliant exponents of the sale of the commodity on which South Wales relies: it cannot be denied that there are also some terrible duffers: men who, metaphorically, couldn't sell a loaf of bread to a starving, though monied, person. Between the two sections, and thus saving the situation, comes in the middleman. Of course, we are aware that it is the fashion with the workmen's representatives—as well as with quite a few of the employers—to lay at the door of the middleman, all the sins of commission, and most of those that may be regarded as merely of omission. All the same, were it not for the middleman, Cardiff's present position would be considerably inferior to what it is. When such an undoubted authority on the subject as Sir William Lewis, says what really amounts to the same thing, then, we are glad that we have been so near the truth, when writing in this connection. In mentioning the Sliding-Scale, its originator admitted that he was entering on dangerous ground. However, he ventured "to do so with the object of emphasising the importance of securing the best possible relations between employers and employed, in order to enable the South Wales coalowners and merchants to maintain their competitive power, not only with respect to other coalfields in the United Kingdom, but especially with respect to growing and serious competition of Continental coal in markets which had, for many years past, been regarded as exclusively for South Wales coal." Going further with this phase of the coal trade, Sir William next referred to the fact, that the cost of raising coal in South Wales, had increased enormously of late years, "through the concessions made to the workmen, from time to time," and he also said that "the costs are now very much higher than in any of the other mining districts in the kingdom." This is a most serious matter to the community, and is as true as it is serious. So much so, indeed, that Sir William was constrained to remark that, "Having regard to the serious disadvantages the South Wales coalowners are under through the higher wages they are obliged to pay, compared with that of their competitors, I venture to throw out this warning: That unless the workmen and their representatives co-operate with the employers, in arrangements by which the cost of raising coal will be substantially reduced, a large number of the older collieries must inevitably close, and other collieries abandon thin and expensive seams; with the result of throwing considerable bodies of workmen out of employment; sacrificing large areas of valuable fuel;

and seriously depreciating every interest in the district." With reference to the oft-repeated statement that he was antagonistic to the Miners' Federation, Sir William took the opportunity of declaring that he had not the slightest objection thereto, or to any number of similar Unions. "But what I do object to," he continued, "is their practices and general interferences with the management of the collieries, and especially the tyranny of the members in coercing workmen who prefer being outside the Federation." Remembering, too, that the founder of the Sliding-Scale was among the first to advocate that, in the event of a failure of direct agreement between masters and men, the employers should, if the workmen so desired, meet them with their accredited representatives, it is somewhat difficult to understand where the "objection" first materialised? At least, it would be difficult, were we not *au fait* to the very peculiar methods used for the purpose of bolstering up a rotten case, which is the fashion with the gentlemen alluded to. All this too, in spite of the fact that to-day, "the workmen are better housed, better clothed, better fed and provided for generally, and that the whole of their surroundings, home comforts, means of education, and time and means for recreation are enormously improved, compared with what they were 50 years ago, which improvements have had the effect in many instances, of reducing the death-rate from 30 per 1,000 to something under 20 per 1,000." Then, "Although they were far from being free from accident at present, it is gratifying to those who are responsible for conducting the colliery operations to know that, while the fatal accidents in 1850 were above five per 1,000, they had, through legislation—in which I am glad to have taken a part—from time to time, been reduced by improved ventilation and other arrangements, to 1·5 per 1,000, so that mining can no longer be described as one of the most dangerous occupations"—even though it is considerably better paid, than in the case of the really dangerous employments which demand skilled labour, as against mere muscle! In further comparison of "then and now," Sir William stated, that at the time when he first became connected with the coal industry, the wages paid were: Colliers, 15s. per week—at the zenith of the sliding-scale period, this was reached, if not exceeded, per day: door-boys, 5s. per week: carpenters, 13s. 6d. to 15s. per week; labourers, 12s. per week; smiths and fitters, 16s. per week; masons, 14s. to 16s. per week; and some of the best large steam coal was delivered, f.o.b. on the Aberdare and Glamorgan canal, at 5s. per ton! Truly have we progressed in that fifty years, and still the professional agitator is keen to hear his own voice, in a shout for the "down-trodden" labourer who pays him! While suggesting that the function to which we have thus briefly referred, was neither the time nor the place to trouble the assembly with figures—although we are sure that none of them would have looked upon the figures in that light—the guest of the evening could not refrain from telling them that, in his opinion, and providing it were intended for South Wales to hold her own in the struggle for coal supremacy, coal-cutting appliances should be introduced into most of the more expensively-worked seams. Also that he hoped the workmen would not object to the introduction of those appliances. It is fairly safe to suppose that the workmen will not object; they are too busy in earning a living to bother one way or the other; it is the non-workers; the professional agitators who do most of the objecting: for "objection" admits of their keeping their hold over the labourers, themselves. This, by the way. With reference to the Miners' Provident Fund, and concerning which, every South Walian knows Sir William's yeoman service, all he had to say was that "no movement with which he had been identified had given him greater pleasure and satisfaction, as, apart from the enormous good the fund had done"—such as keeping a home over the heads of multitudes of those who would otherwise have gone to "the House"—"it had been the means of improving the relations between the employers and the workmen, more than any other movement that I am aware of in the coalfield." Ere leaving this consideration of fifty years in the working life of one man: this review-in-brief of half-a-century of strenuous endeavour; we feel that we ought to record the reassuring words of one who is probably the world's greatest living authority on coal, in connection with the (so-called) visible supply of the commodity which remains. Sir William—who was a member of the Royal Commission on Coal Supplies—desired "to offer his congratulations to all interested in the South Wales coalfield, on the result of the inquiry into the resources of this mineral field, which, apart from coal under the sea, in St. Bride's Bay, as also under the sea in part of Carmarthen Bay, contains for marketable purposes, 26,918,998,743 tons (and the odd 43 tons is completely reassuring?)—the greater portion of which is in the eastern half of the coalfield"—that is, in "our half," Cardiffians! No wonder that Sir William closed his intensely interesting speech, with the remark that the fact "should be a considerable comfort to all interested in South Wales, including those who had invested in docks, railways, and other works in this district, that there are ample resources of fuel in South Wales, for many generations to come." There *is* considerable comfort in the fact, and we are wondering what Professor Dawkins will say to it!

THE M.S.G.'S ANNUAL REPORT.

IN considering this most comprehensive report, one scarcely knows where to begin, and it is only when one sees the fruits of the Guild's labour in cold type, that one begins to appreciate the immensity of its work! Look where we will in the 24 pages of that report, and we find something that we should like to quote. Well, we might do it piecemeal, as the months roll on, even if, on this occasion, we try to take the sample in the lump. Here is the first bit of wisdom which catches our eye, "Mere localism cannot possibly enhance the interests of a profession which weaves the web of British trade o'er the face of the earth." It cannot, and as the Guild has never tried the dodge, we are of opinion that this is one of the reasons for its marvellous success. That the success is there, cannot be gainsaid: that it is bound to continue—as long as the same tactics are pursued—is equally true. For the extension of this progressive combination, we have merely to consider the rate of increase for the year just passed. This works out to three new supporters *per diem*—counting every day of the year—or altogether, 1,067 additions to its roll of members, in one year. If one wishes for more evidences of appreciation than this, well, one is inclined to be greedy? We are glad to "write up" the Guild, because it has ever appeared to us to be a live undertaking: by no means aggressive in its methods; and one whose motto might easily be "defence, not defiance." Again, it must be admitted, that none but a live man may hope to win success for the shipowner. There is no room for the "old whale" of twenty years ago; he passed out with single topsails—never to return! The successful shipmaster of to-day, is he who realises that he has obligations, as well as rights; and is determined to concede the former, as well as to claim the latter. With a Mercantile Marine built of such men as those we have indicated, there is little need to fear for Britain's maritime supremacy. Of course, it must not be taken that we mean that there is no further necessity for improvement; nothing is further from our thoughts. The employer is by no means peculiar in that he has a number of wrong 'uns in his ranks; the shipmaster cult is no better off. But with continued endeavour, these wrong 'uns may eventually be eliminated, or reduced to such a minority, that they are no longer a menace to the country's greatest industry. *Noblesse oblige* is just as applicable to the shipmaster and officer, as it is to the shipowner, and we are glad to note that the precept is just what the Guild, and its Council, are ever seeking to inculcate. That is why we are proud to read its reports, and to keep in touch with its movements. But more of this, anon. We have already used up our bit of space!

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *March 17, 1905.*

ONCE more we have to chronicle an absence of change in the conditions surrounding the staple commodity of South Wales. Again, we have to tell you that the gentle colliery man is merely marking time, in his endeavours to work Cardiff's yearly output into the 25,000,000 tons stage. We have written the words "marking time," but we are hardly certain as to whether the expression meets the case, and for the simple reason that when a colliery man is "hung up," so to speak, in his coal-selling operations—well, he is seldom satisfied to merely mark time! This by the way, and for the purpose of convincing you that we have studied the gentleman—somewhat.

TONNAGE supplies are a necessary feature to successful coal dealing—providing it is intended to deal with persons across the seas. We have an idea that we have made the same remark, ere this. It doesn't really matter, however. The remark is perfectly true; and a truth cannot be repeated too many times, nor in too many places? Anyhow, and according to our own "Old Moore," the supply of tonnage continues to affect the market, adversely. What the gentleman really means, is that the absence of tonnage supply does all that. Still, there was a classical gentleman who was accused of nodding, occasionally: numbers of non-classical folk have done the same thing, since; so it is permissable for "ours" to indulge in the trick—especially when there is mighty little doing in the coal trade?

BUT viewed in any manner you care to adopt, tonnage supplies are playing the very—er—trio, with the state of trade. Steamers already stemmed are delayed, so stocks have accumulated Steamers that have not been stemmed are also delayed! Stocks are no less accumulated, in consequence. Indeed, and to put the matter as optimistically as possible; if steamers continue in this delayed condition for very much longer, the coal-trimming fiasco will have bubbled out, and, still will there be no vessels to load. Writing of coal-trimming, why is it that there is so much of the closed-door idea, about the business of attempting to engineer a settlement? If there is nothing to hide from the public, why keep the public in the dark? If there is anything to hide, why not take the public into confidence, when the "anything" may be considered as good as finished with?

IN any case, steamer arrivals since our last time of writing, have been much below the average. To the extent that our pessimistic friends have been in a ferment, fearing that the world has "gone back" on Welsh coal! Of course, the world is not at all likely to be silly; but the pessimist is ever to the 'fore. So much so, that we often wonder what real part in the scheme of creation, the gentleman is supposed to fill. One thing we are sure of: In the coal trade, pessimism is merely another method of writing "sluggish liver!" And simply because there is seldom a need for any mopishness, in the industry alluded to. Stocks may—and do—accumulate; ships may stay outside in the cold—and wet; the usual bottle of something short may be exchanged for a cup of "afternoon tea;" but still the world pursues its merry way, along!

BEST CARDIFF ADMIRALTYS, therefore, as you will have already surmised, show no improvement over last week's conditions, and this grade is quite as weak as other sections of the market. Supplies are vastly in excess of the demand, if, by a wide stretch of imagination, the little doing herein may be glorified into demand. In any case, there is an absolute lack of the "new and strange," and buyers who have been in a position to offer prompt shipment—and these are the reverse of many—have also been able to place the seller in that mood which is known as conciliatory. In the present bad times, the latter realises only too well, that he must hold the proverbial candle to the former, if he wishes to clear off a few of his full wagons. And this is just as it should be, for if the seller had it ever his own way—well, Bute Street would soon be all too narrow! In the matter of figures, these are given as 13s. 3d., but, bless you, it is merely by way of giving the thing a name. Mind you, the quotation is firm—for the simple reason that there is but little temptation about to lower them!

SECOND CARDIFF ADMIRALTYS are listed for sale, and—that is about all! They were in the same position, last week; probably—and judging by present indications—they will be *le meme chose*, next week. Of course, one never knows, you know; but thus do appearances point. True, there are a few collieries in this group which keep busy; but like angels' visits, they are few and far between. Quotations, are, nominally, the same as at our last time of writing you—from 12s. 9d. to 13s. But what's in a quotation, these days? Not a lot—if the quotation has to do with coal. Anyhow, you may be sure that really prompt business will play Old Harry with the quotation in this grade, and if you chip off a threepenny piece, you are safe in getting the stuff; another 3d. would be impossible—providing you will promise to "keep it dark!"

ORDINARIES, too, in view of the slackness that is in evidence, generally, are weak and wobbly. "Naturally!" you are inclined to remark? Well, that is so, for at the best of times, this grade is rarely a strong market. Why is it? Don't know. We gave up trying to size out the situation, years ago. Original sin, had most to do with it, we believe. However, the stuff has been booked at 12s., and as the sum total of those bookings is really insignificant, this phase of the local industry, remains in a depressed state. Prompt cargoes could be fixed up at 3d. to 6d. under the figures given—again if you promise to be "mum." To our mind, 11s. 9d. represents the actual value, in this grade.

DRYS? Well, they are dry and crackly. So much so, that there is but little of it changing localities. Sellers herein, are quite anxious to satisfy all the demands of the buyer at 12s. 3d., while anything approaching a decent quantity, will bring reconsideration on to this.

MONMOUTHSHIRE coals continue to figure in coal land—in name, at least. It is fairly certain that business in them does not, for lifelessness is the correct term for most of the units in this section. Demand is practically non-existent; tonnage is "off"; stocks are accumulating—and there you are. BLACK VEINS are registered as being worth 11s. 6d.—but they are not, at present. Indeed, if we were to hazard a guess as to the probabilities of filling requirements to any extent, we should say "Offer him 11s. 3d., and twig his smile of refulgent joy." Anyhow, the latter figures would take the stuff.

ORDINARIES, too, are even as before. Furthermore, they are likely to continue so, as long as this dreadful scarcity of tonnage remains. As we have already said, it is useless trying to work up an over sea trade, unless you have plenty of good steamers to help you out. Just now, steamers of any kind, are scarce; so are the possibilities of working off these Ordinaries. Price? Well, say 11s. or a bit under. Never over!

SECONDS are smitten with the epidemic, only more so, for in view of the decline in values of better class coals, these particular samples are lower, even, than at our last time of writing. The lowering is not serious, for the simple reason that but little has been done. Top qualities may be booked at 10s. 6d.; Inferiors at 3d. under this.

RHONDDA No. 3's are the saving grace in the whole collection; are about the only grades which may claim, with any truth, to be comfortably steady. These coals

have experienced but little variation, and values all 'round have been easily maintained. Outputs, too, are being satisfactorily disposed of by present stems, and no weakness in price is discernible anywhere. LARGE, is ruling at 13d. 9d.; THRO's, at 11s. 6d. to 11s. 9d., at which prices there is good enquiry.

RHONDDA No. 2's, on the contrary, have eased off, so that for prompt shipment, prices have been easier. In addition to an easing of present demand, there is an absence of enquiry for forward business, and supplies, at the moment, being ahead of what is being called for, the quotation is "foxy," at 10s. 3d. Indeed, sellers have an inclination to negotiate prompt business, at the level 10s.—providing the buyer is firm. Here again, delayed tonnage is one of the causes responsible for this weakness.

SMALLS, however, are unchanged, continuing a firm department. Quotations are, as they were at our last, and as collieries have but little to spare, prices have been maintained without much difficulty. Restricted outputs of LARGE, necessarily curtail the supply of SMALLS.

PATENT FUELS show little or no alteration, for values have been maintained without much difficulty, thanks to the happy state of stems, generally. Still, there is no terrible amount of business passing in FUELS, although enough to warrant the belief that prices will hold for some time ahead.

PITWOOD is somewhat firmer; but why this should be so, is a mystery. Supplies, are not so large; then, again, demand is much the same. However—!

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	13s. od., 13s. 6d	13s. 3d., 13s. 6d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od., 13s. 6d.	13s. 3d., 13s. 6d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	12s. 9d., 13s. od	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 7½d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	12s. od., 12s. 3d.	12s. od	11s. 9d., 12s. od.	11s. 9d.	12s. od.	11s. 10½d.
Drys ,, ...	12s. 3d., 12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.	12s. od., 12s. 3d.	12s. 1½d.	12s. od.	12s. od., 12s. 3d.
Best Newport ,, .	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 6d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	11s. 3d.	11s. od., 11s. 3d.	11s. od.	11s. od.	10s. 9d., 11s. 3d.	10s. 10½d.
Seconds ,, ...	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.
Best House Coal ,,	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,,	13s. 9d., 14s. od.	13s. 10½d.	13s. od.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d. 14s. od.	13s. 9d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,,	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. od., 10s. 3d.	10s. 1½d.	10s. 1½d.	10s. 3d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro."	12s. od.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d.
,, 2 ,,	8s. 9d	8s. 7½d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.
Smalls:						
Best Cardiff	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d	7s. 6d., 7s. 9d.	7s. 7½d.	7s. 7½d.	7s. 6d
Seconds	7s. od., 7s 3d	7s. od.	7s. od.	6s. 9d., 7s. od.	6s. 10½d.	6s. 9d., 7s. od.
Ordinaries	6s. 9d	6s. 9d	6s. 7½d	6s. 7½d	6s. 6d.	6s. 6d.
Best Newport	6s. 9d., 7s. od.	6s. 10½d.	6s. 9d.	6s. 9d.	7s. od.	6s. 9d., 7s. od.
Seconds	6s. 6d	6s. 6d.	6s. 3d., 6s. 6d.	6s. 3d.	6s. 9d.	6s. 4½d.
Rhondda No. 2	6s. 9d., 7s. 9d	7s. od.	7s. od.	6s. 9d.	6s. 9d.	7s. od., 7s. 3d.
,, No. 3	9s. 9d., 10s. od	9s. 9d	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d., 10s. od.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.
Foundry Coke:						
Special	21s. 6d	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d., 21s. 9d.	21s. 9d	21s. 6d., 22s. od.	21s. 6d.
Ordinary	18s. od	18s. 9d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d	18s. od.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.
Furnace Coke	16s. od.	16s. od	15s. 6d., 16s. od	13s. 9d	15s. 9d 16s. od.	16s. od.
Patent Fuel	13s. od.	12s. 9d	12s. 9d.	13s. od	13s. od., 13s. 3d	13s. od.
Pitwood ex ship	16s. 9d., 17s. od	16s. 9d	16s. 9d	16s. 6d., 17s. od.	16s. od	16s. 9d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *March 15, 1905.*

WE are unable to record any improvement in the tone of the Market, here, and generally speaking, there is still something of a quietness attaching itself to trade in this quarter. Tonnage arrivals show no material increase, and the market for prompt coals remains an easy one.

ANTHRACITE COALS remain nominally unaltered, at about last figures. Immediate business, however, would influence a reduction on the quoted figures, and buyers, able to offer prompt shipment, are open to secure concessions without any undue difficulty. Few transactions are recorded, seeing that the demand has been a limited one; but Malting descriptions range from 17s. 6d. to 19s. 6d., according to quality, and are positively easy. BIG AND RED VEIN COALS are not an active grade, for sellers find it difficult to maintain their market, in view of the slackness of stems, and the absence of new accumulations.

MACHINE MADE COALS do not differ from the prevailing conditions. Stocks continue heavy, and seeing that there is but a limited request, prices are governed more by the date of shipment, than by actual merit. This department, therefore, is still a weak one.

CULM, to the contrary, is "looking up." Stems remain well filled, and there is not a deal available for prompt shipment. The slackness of Large Coals is helping this market, and as sellers meet with a good demand, this enables them to keep prices running along at about 5s. for the BESTS. Other sorts, of course, can be obtained at 4s. 6d.

STEAMS remain in a depressed state, and although quotations have varied but little since our last, they are merely nominal. No improvement is noticeable in the demand, and for anything approaching prompt shipment, prices are weak, while the actual value can only be ascertained with positive business in hand. BESTS are at about 13s.-13s. 3d. SECONDS have been booked at 12s. Local Bunker qualities range from 10s. 9d. to 11s. 3d.

PATENT FUELS are unchanged, and quotations are still firm. Sellers keep busy, and experience no difficulty in maintaining values.

BELOW, we give the average prices for the week:—

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:						
Best Hand Picked						
Malting Large	19s. 9d	19s. 6d., 19s. 9d	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d., 19s. 9d.	19s. od., 19s. 6d.
Seconds do.	18s. 6d., 18s. 9d	18s. 9d	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 6d
Big Vein Large	11s. 9d	11s. 9d	11s. 6d	11s. 6d	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.
Red ,, ,,	10s. od.	10s. od.	9s. 9d	9s. 9d	9s. 9d., 10s. od	9s. 9d., 10s. od.
Machine Made Cobbles	16s. 9d	16s. 9d	16s. 6d	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d., 16s. od	16s. 3d., 16s. 9d.
,, ,, Nuts	16s 6d., 17s. od	16s. 9d	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. od.	16s. 6d	16s. 6d., 17s. od
,, ,, Peas	10s. od., 10s. 9d.	10s. od.	10s. od.	10s. od., 10s 6d.	10s. 3d	10s. od., 10s. 3d
Rubbly Culm	5s. od.	5s. od.	4s. 9d., 5s. 3d	5s. od., 5s. 3d	5s. od	5s. od.
Duff	3s. 3d	3s. 3d.	3s. 2½d.	3s. 4½d.	3s. 3d., 3s. 6d.	3s. 3d., 3s. od.
Patent Fuel:	12s. od.	11s. 9d	11s. od.	12s. od.	12s. od.	11s. 9d., 12s. od.
Steam:						
Best Large	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 9d., 13s. od.	12s. 9d.	13s. od.	12s. 9d., 13s. od.
Seconds ,,	12s. 3d	12s. 1½d	12s. 1½d	12s. od.	12s. od.	12s. od., 12s. 3d
Bunker ,,	10s. od., 10s. 6d.	10s. od.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d., 10s. od.	10s. od.
Thro' and Thro'	9s. od., 9s 3d	9s. 1½d.	9s. od.	9s. od.	8s. 9d., 9s. od.	9s. od., 9s. 3d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

CARDIFF, *March 15, 1905.*

To the time of writing, not a single fixture for EASTERN account has been thrown upon the screen used on these occasions! Indeed, Eastern business appears to have gone off; to have taken a holiday; or to have died through disgust at what is happening in its own particular region. Sometimes, and merely by way of keeping a trade "warm," so to speak, there is enquiry for problematical tonnage, even though there may be no actual business. In this instance, however, there is no enquiry! Poor old Eastern trade! After all the giddy excitement you gave the merry freighter a few months ago, too!

WESTWARD, the state of the market shows little, if any, change. A fair amount of business is being done, if rates are nothing to brag about; still, they are better than what is possible with the Oriental Oracle. As a matter of fact, rates are stationary: but there are rates—which is a blessing! For RIO DE JANEIRO, 8s. 9d. are the scheduled figures; while for Lower Plate ports, from 7s. 3d. to 7s. 6d., are still current.

WE note that a handy boat has been closed for PARA, at 9s., and a small boat, HENCE HAVANA at 7s. For the ISLANDS, 5s. 6d. is doing for LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE, with CAPE VERDES steady at 6s. 3d.

MEDITERRANEAN continues steady, although indications are not wanting that this particular phase of the freight market has touched the top, for this occasion. At least, for the time being! For GENOA, handy boats have been commanding 7s., with the big 'uns written down at 6s. 9d. Other Italian rates are steady, and GAETA is doing at 7s. 3d.; with NAPLES at the same money. Handy boats have been closed for the SICILIAN ports at 6s. 9d., and at 6s. 10½d.

HENCE MALTA, the Admiralty have paid 6s. for suitable tonnage, and DANUBE charterers have ceded 7s. 3d., to fill their requirements. Top rates, however, are only obtainable for prompt tonnage, as the heavy weather prevailing of late, have thrown boats backward, so that where a close cancelling has been possible, fair rates have resulted. 'Tis ever thus! For MARSEILLES, 8 francs is the ruling figure, while ALGIERS has been taking stuff at 7 francs.

FOR the smaller trades, outward rates are fairly remunerative, and we notice that GIBRALTAR has been done at 5s. 9d.; SEVILLE, at 5s. 6d.; LISBON, at 4s. 9d.; which are not at all bad rates, as times go?

OUTWARDS to the BAY, the market is in a very sorry state, orders being scarce and rates in consequence, low. ST. NAZAIRE charterers are filling their present needs at 4·25 francs; and BORDEAUX, at 4·50 francs—for fairly large boats. A small, prompt boat, for Bordeaux, succeeded in getting 5 francs, and is lucky in doing so? At least, we think so!

FOR the BALTIC, we note that two boats have fixed for STETTIN at 4s. 9d. and 5s. respectively, and this is the week's operations, thereaway.

Week Ending, (Wednesday), March 15, 1905.

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, Icading.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Manchester Port*, 3,500 tons, 7s.
Claremont, 5,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Cape Verdes, *Olive*, 4,600 tons, 6s. 3d.
Para, *Dovedale, or sub.* 3,100 tons, 9s.
Teneriffe, Steamer, 5,500 tons, 5s. 6d. option **Las Palmas**
Lord Erne, 2,700 tons, 5s. 6d.
Havana, *Dora*, 2,000 tons, 7s.
Rio de Janeiro, *Pandosia*, 4,000 tons, 8s. 6d.
Gothic 3,800 tons, 8s. 9d.
Steamer, 4,500 tons, 8s. 6d.
Bajada Grande, *Blagdon*, 2,300 tons, 9s.
Rosario, *Chingford*, 1,900 tons, 7s. 9d.
La Plata, Steamer, 4,000 tons, 7s. 250 delivery, 8d. (N).

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *W. I. Radcliffe*, 6,600 tons, 6s. 6d.
Westward Ho, 5,000 tons, 6s. 6d.
Deraen, 4,800 tons, 6s. 6d. prompt.
Alexandria, *Therese Heymann*, 2,900 tons, 7s.
Orkla, 2,500 tons, 7s.
Newlyn, 3,600 tons, 7s. spot.
Appledore, 5,800 tons, 6s. 9d.
Danube, Steamer, 3,500 tons, 6s. 9d.
Steamer, 2,800 tons, 6s. 9d.
De Ruyter, 2,100 tons, 7s. 3d.
Genoa, Steamer, 4,100 tons, 6s. 9d.
Steamer, 3,200 tons; Steamer, 3,300 tons; Steamer, 3,600 tons; Steamer, 4,100 tons; all 6s. 9d.
Tigullio, 2,500 tons, 6s. 9d. (P.T.)
Phyllis, 3,000 tons, 7s.
Adamton, 3,400 tons, 7s. prompt.
Georgeios, 1,900 tons, 7s. 3d. coal, 8s. fuel, 400 delivery, 10d. (s).
Trieste, *Robinia*, 3,400 tons, 6s. 9d.
Savona, *Begona*, 3,600 tons, 6s. 9d.
Hatfield, 2,000 tons, 7s.
Gaeta, *Norden*, 2,500 tons, 7s. 3d. 400 delivery.
Oleta, 4,400 tons, 7s. 3d. 400 delivery.
Sicily, *Flambro*, 2,800 tons, 6s. 9d.
Modena, 1,900 tons, 6s. 9d.
Germa, 1,800 tons, 6s. 10½d. spot.
Naples, *Sunningdale*, 3,000 tons, 7s. 3d. option **Leghorn.**
Llandrindod, 5,700 tons, 6s. 7½d. option **Leghorn.**
Malta, *Tre* ——, 3,000 tons, 5s. 6d.
Blodwen, 3,500 tons, 6s.
Trevarrack, 2,500 tons, 6s.
Sunbeam, 2,300 tons, 7s. 3d. fuel.
Marseilles, *Rossija*, 2,600 tons, 8 francs.
Marsala, 2,400 tons, 7·75 francs.
Aristea, 2,100 tons, 8 francs.
Algiers, Steamer, 3,000 tons, 6·87½ francs.
Barcelona, Steamer, 1,600 tons, 7s.
Minna Horn, 1,100 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Steamer, 2,100 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Valencia, Steamer, 1,300 tons, 6s. 3d. coal, 7s. fuel, (s).
Lisbon, *Ross*, 1,700 tons, 4s. 9d.
Tredegar, 1,750 tons, 4s. 9d.
Belgica, 2,600 tons, 4s. 6d.
Sunlight, 1,300 tons, 4s. 9d.
Seville, *Tana*, 1,200 tons, 5s. 6d.
Palermo, *Thor*, 1,700 tons, 7s. 3d. (s).
Firda, 800 tons, 8s. coal, 8s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Diepara, 3,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Trapani, *Dana*, 800 tons, 8s. (s).
Gibraltar, *Larpool*, 1,400 tons, 5s. 9d.
Aslak, 1,000 tons, 5s. 6d. (N).
Ruabon, 2,400 tons, 5s. 3d.
Muriel, 2,100 tons, 5s, 3d.
Spezzia, *City of Belfast*, 2,700 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Steamer, 1,800 tons, 7s. prompt.
Messina, *Fernlands*, 2,500 tons, 7s.

BAY, Etc.

Bordeaux, *Saltillo*, 3,300 tons, 4·45 francs. (s).
Grane, 1,200 tons, 5 francs, (N).
Monro, 2,100 tons, 4·50 fcs. option **La Pallice,** 4 fcs.
St. Nazaire, *Uriarte No. 3*, 1,700 tons, 4·25 francs
Truma, 2,300 tons, 4·20 francs.
Nantes, *Thor*, 2,000 tons, 5 fcs. (s).
Sables, *Rupel*, 1,200 tons, 4·50 fcs. (N).
Charente, *Lizzie*, 1,100 tons, 5·25 fcs. coal, 5·75 fcs. fuel, option **Rocheforte,** (s).

BALTIC, Etc.

Stettin, *Dora*, 2,400 tons, 5s. (s).
Heros, 4,000 tons, 4s. 9d.

COASTING, Etc.

Havre, *Surbiton*, 900 tons, 4s.
Hazelmere, 1,400 tons, 4s. (s).
Honfleur, *Peter Berg*, 900 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Brio, 1,600 tons, 4s.
Rouen, *Saint Andre*, 1,350 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Brest, *Alaska*, 2,800 tons, 3s. 8d.
St. Malo, *Scotscraig*, 1,200 tons, 4s.
Avon, 600 tons, 3s. 10½d.
Dieppe, *Yorkshire*, 1,900 tons, 3s. 10½d.
Caen, *Peter Hamre*, 1,400 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Pasages to Newport, *Ely Rise*, 1,500 tons, 4s. 1½d. ore.
Refugio, 1,800 tons, 4s. 1½d. ore.
Bordeaux to Swansea, *Amrum*, 1,100 tons, 5s. 4½d. pitwood.

Maritime, and other Money, Matters,

HOPE does spring eternal in the human breast, and no matter whether times are bad or merely middling, the directors of public companies are ever optimistic about the possibilities of the concerns which they direct. Those who are responsible for the working of the Tredegar Dry Dock and Wharf Company, Limited, are no exception to the general rule, for a perusal of the latest report issued by that up-to-date concern, shows us that, "The dry docks being capable of taking almost any size vessel, the directors look for an increasing business from this class of tonnage." Meanwhile, an increasing quantity of any other class of tonnage would be acceptable we suppose, and would be calculated to make the present credit to profit and loss, (and after paying interest on debentures and loans) loom into figures more expressive of good times, than the £4,341 13s. 9d. shown?

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THE dry docks "being capable" of giving accommodation to "almost any size of vessel," counts for righteousness, presumably? But it is a well-established fact that, to-day, it needs more than a mere capability, to bring business along in a cheering manner. Numberless folk are "capable" of no end of business—but they amble along to the Official Receiver, all the same! The men who count in the procession, these days, are they who, being capable of carrying out a certain business, are also able to get the business to carry out. It is one thing to "look for an increasing business"; it is quite another, to be able to find it. However, the directors of the Tredegar Dry Dock Company, have waived their fees —otherwise, the credit referred to wouldn't figure out as quoted above"

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WHILE remembering that debenture and loan interest has been paid, it would appear that the fees of the directors are not the only financial obligations which have been waived? We are quite willing to admit that "the shipping trade of Newport is expanding," too. It is admitted, also, that "an increasing number of steamers of large tonnage is entering the port." Were it not so, the shipping trade of that particular port would not be "expanding," would it? That is, unless Newport were laying itself out to cajole all the pan-fish which are yet afloat, to its ample bosom? When a shipping trade is expanding, and big steamers are the *fashion du pays*, well, the expansion must of necessity, be made up of those "steamers of large tonnage"? Of course!

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BUT is it to be supposed that most of the "steamers of large tonnage," after negotiating the Usk, will find it necessary to patronise a local dry dock? We like to be clear on these points. If those "steamers of large tonnage" do not find it necessary to patronise a local dock under the circumstances shadowed out; why do the Tredegar Dry Dock directors, "look for an increasing business from this class of tonnage"? At most ports, the directors, or their smart managers, do not wait until steamers of large, middling, or even small, tonnage, enter the respective ports, on the off chance of finding themselves in a battered condition. No! Those directors (or managers) hustle around in the localities where steamer repairs are needed; and having found them, tender for the work, and bring those steamers to the port involved.

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MIND you, we are willing to admit that it is a good thing to be able to fix up, from a year's trading with we-don't-quite-know-how-much capital, a reserve totting into £2,000, and to carry forward £2,341-without-bothering-with-the-odd-shillings-and-pence. Things might have been worse in connection with those directors who have been good enough to direct for nothing. The reserve might have been merely £1,000—and that would have been but half as good; indeed, there might have been no reserve—and no interest on debentures and loans! No, things are never so bad but that they might easily be worse; so under the circumstances, we suppose that the Tredegar Dry Dock and Wharf Company, Limited, is to be congratulated on its struggle with adverse fortune. Our congratulations to it, and—may it have a better showing, next year.

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HERE is a chance for you. We believe that most of you are looking for a new sensation in the way of investing? You have become weary of coal, and steamers, and fried-fish shops, and—and—and most everything? Then what is the matter with putting a few of the yellow-boys into motors? Argyll Motors, Limited, is out for capital; it is a really high-class undertaking; goes in for a fair amount of nominal capital—£500,000, to be exact; and is now offering you the chance for which you have been longing? Mind you, you will have to hurry up, for the lists will close on Saturday, at exactly 4 p.m. Don't let this be one of the instances where "Too late, too late" fits in. There is money in motors—generally considered; there is money in motors—particularly considered; and according to the Argyll prospectus, there is money in Argyll Motors.

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WHAT is that? You do not know much about motors? What odds? You don't know much about steamers; or colliery companies; or fried-fish shops; do you? Notwithstanding this fact, you put your money in all, or any, of the undertakings enumerated—to say nothing of a number which we have no room to bother with. So why not smile upon these motor effects? Think of the possibilities which lay in really high-class motor concerns and the Argyll Motors, Limited, is all that. If you would but smile on them to the extent of antéing up something sensible, the Docks district would soon hum with the vibrating sound of quickly-moving wheels—and petrol vapour. Think it over, please, and remember that Saturday is the closing day. When you have made your fortunes in consequence of our disinterested advice, be good enough to remember the source of your inspiration that's us!

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We like modest people—mainly because we have a taint of the characteristic, ourselves. But we are by no means singular, in this respect. Modesty, at Cardiff Docks, is nearly as common as Cardiff coal. But seriously, our congratulations to Messrs. Krieger and Schliemann, Limited, a local company recently formed. Capital, £10,000, in £1 shares. Directors not less than three; not more than eight; first number thereof, six; qualification, £50 (in £1 shares) in the company; screw—er—honorarium, fees, emoluments, what-you-will, £4 each, per week. Six directors, in a £10,000 company, and each satisfied with a mere £208 per annum—why, it is positively disappointing! A mere £1,248 per annum for the directorate alone, and without counting rent, fire, light, postages and petties, charlady, ink, pens, stationery, and a clerk or so (if such are needed when so much directing talent is about)—well, we consider the assessment as most modest. Furthermore, there should be no fear of one director "sassing" the other? Where all are equal, the work should be a harmony. Hence, the reason for our congratulations; our respectful compliments to the directors of Krieger and Schliemann, Limited. May their shipbroking-export-of-coal-and-other-merchandise-or-produce; their importing-merchanting-carrying-by-land-and-sea; their shipowning-warehousing-freight-contracts-wharfing-lightermaning-bonded-common-carmen-etc., business flourish; yea, even as flourisheth the green bay tree—when you drench its roots with fertilizer.

The Coal-trimming Deadlock.

THERE certainly appears to be a quantity of "privacy," and mystery connected with the deliberations that are going, at some time in the dim vistas of the future, to settle a situation which has become impossible—the coal-trimming deadlock. At this late date, everybody with an interest in shipping, realises that the trimming tariff at the Port of Cardiff is ridiculously high; most of us know that there is an awful amount of nonsensical argument (save the name) surrounding the business. In effect, the shipowner has been imposed upon for such a number of years, that neither coal-owner nor coal-trimmer can assimilate the great truth that, at last, they have killed, between them, the metaphorical goose which laid the golden eggs. Needless to say, the metaphorical goose is the steamship manager—and his goslings may be marked down as steamship share-holders.

COALOWNER declares that he must have his coal trimmed by "experts"—or the stuff will be broken up into such a state, that the foreign consignee will refuse delivery. Of course, this is the purest fiction. Do coal-trimmers serve an apprenticeship at their business? Certainly not! Providing a man, straight from the plough tail, has a sufficiency of "pull" with the powers that regulate these matters, he is fairly sure of getting an opportunity of carrying a "billy can" and shovel on board a steamer; there to await until a greater or lesser quantity of the coal cargo has been "run up"—a quantity for which he is paid, even as if he had trimmed every ounce thereof; after which, he is allowed to figure as "one of the gang," and (providing he is built that way) may pull down the lion's share of the heap, which has been formed by the "run up" process. Not much expert, here?

VARIOUS tales are spread around, concerning the "boxing" of coal cargoes. Coalowner declares that the cargo must be "boxed," and the dock companies go to the expense of supplying these adjuncts to coal-loading. What happens? Well, sometimes (say if an official from the colliery office is about) the "box" is used in the manner in which it was intended to be used; sometimes, it isn't. In the latter instances, the "box" will certainly be hung over the end of the coal-shoot, for, as the vulgar portion of the community would remark, "a blind." How do we know this? From personal experience, of course. When a person has sailed out of a coal-loading port for well nigh twenty years, he should know something of the business on which he writes—if that business happens to be in connection with coal-loading? Yes? Well, that is our little time among the gentlemen, who are making a strenuous effort to keep up the impositions of other days.

MIND you, we can understand why the colliery people have more sympathy with the trimmer, than with the shipowner, for, as already suggested, shipowner is the golden-egg-layer; and still keeping to the metaphorical idea, his ovaries are well-nigh exhausted; his is a distinct case of "I can no more." Hence, the gentleman is seeking redress. For years past, he has been mulcted in any charge the coal-trimmer cared to levy; but then, times were good, and shipowner didn't kick, unduly. He growled, yes; but even as he growled, he paid. For future work, he declares that he will not pay, to anything like the same extent—and he is justified. Why should shipowner pay for the services of a gang of men over whom he has no control? Men who wish to pose as if they were the salt of the earth, when, at any moment, shipowner may get as many competent men as he chooses, who will not only do the work in a ship-shape manner; but at a fair rate of remuneration; and will act under the instructions of the officers of the vessel implicated—without any bother?

As things are at present—and as they have been for years past neither shipowner, nor his servants, have more than a nodding authority with their own property, once the coal shute is in the hatchway. True, the coal-trimmer will allow an officer to come on board; but, if he is not prepared to do everything that he is bidden; then, the coal-trimming gentleman will intimate that unless it is done, "We'll adjectively-well go on shore, and something your old crock." We know, for in our early youth—and before we were duly initiated—this class of information was meted out to us. Therefore, we write from personal experience. Going still further with the community of interests, if we may write it thus, have not we all heard it bruited about, in a most open manner, that quite a majority of colliery offices claim one farthing per ton, from every ton that is supposed to be trimmed by their own particular gang? Certainly! Are hearing it, daily.

Now, while admitting that there are a number of self-respecting colliery folk which would scorn this species of blackmail on the shipowner; indeed, we know of more than one office where coal-trimming is *tabu*, and yet their coal is as good as the best, and better than a lot; we also believe that the farthing-per-ton-imposition is much more common than it is generally believed to be. Be that as it may, the coal-trimmer has no sort of reason to jib at the just demands of the shipowner, and if the latter is a wise man, he will settle this matter once for all. Compare the coal-trimmer with the man who carries timber—a day labourer, even as is trimmer. The timber carrier "mules" for a whole day, for about 7s.; so does he who carries sacks of grain. For rates as carried off by coal-trimmer, consider the following authentic cases—even as you remember that some conditions of labour are far worse than a strike:

STEAMER A.	Run In.	Trimmed.	Total.	No. Men.	Time.
No. 1 hold. ..	920 ..	44·6 ..	964·6 ..	6 ..	½ hrs.
,, 2 ,, ..	1564·1 ..	211·11 ..	1775·12 ..	12 ..	8 ,,
,, 3 ,, ..	1080 ..	233·8 ..	1313·8 ..	9 ..	7 ,,
,, 4 ,, ..	891·1 ..	87·15 ..	978·16 ..	6 ..	1½ ,,
	4455 ..	577 ..	5032 @	2¾d.	

Thus 8 men for 17 hours work receive £57 13s. 2d.

AFTER reading those particulars, you will agree with us that there is but little need for any discussion as to whether coal-trimming charges are exorbitant; out of all reason, considering the value; or what not? Don't forget! The sum of £57-odd was really paid by the shipowner, for the alleged trimming of "Steamer A." It doesn't really signify how the money was divided; that is a matter for the recipients thereof to decide. Shipowner was robbed—for that is all it amounts to—as set out above. That you may not think the foregoing an isolated instance, please read the following:

STEAMER B.	Run In.	Trimmed.	Total.	No. Men.	Time.
No. 1 hold. ..	960 ..	27·2 ..	987·2 ..	3 ..	1 hrs.
,, 2 ,, ..	1400 ..	397 ..	1797·10 ..	12 ..	10 ,,
,, 3 ,, ..	900 ..	295 ..	1195 ..	12 ..	6 ,,
,, 4 ,, ..	860 ..	195 ..	1055 ..	12 ..	3 ,,
	4120	914	5034 @	2¾d.	

Thus 10 men for 20 hours work receive £57 13s. 7½d.

THERE you are! In this case, ten men were paid £57-odd for 20 hours work, and under the circumstances, do you wonder that those men are going to do their best to continue the iniquitous tariff which admits of such overcharges? On the other hand, do you wonder that shipowner is just as resolved to end the matter, aye, even if he has to proceed to extreme measures? Do you need more convincing? If so, consider the following:

STEAMER C.	Boxed.	Run In.	Trimmed.	Total.	No. Men.	Time.
No. 1 hold. ..	350 ..	788·2 ..	Nil ..	1138·2 ..	..	
,, 2 ,, .	630 ..	810 ..	722·18 ..	2162·18 ..	12 ..	10 hrs.
,, 3 ,, ..	540 ..	470 ..	427·6 ..	1437·6 ..	12 ..	8 ,,
,, 4 ,, .	140 ..	820 .	Nil ..	960 ..	..	
	1660	2888	1150	5698 @	2¾d.	

Thus 12 men for 18 hours work receive £65 5s. 9½d.

AND please remember that these instances can be multiplied almost indefinitely; examples could be cited where, in the case of sailing ships which take coals for "stiffening," etc., the coals have been tipped into the hold; trimming charges have been collected; yet never a trimmer has had more than a hazy kind of understanding as to where his "wages" came from. In conclusion—for this time—we will give you the details of the loading of another big steamer. Pick the totals out for yourselves, when you will see where the "bluff" comes in. Here you are, then:

STEAMER D.				
No. 1 Hold.	Boxing 300 Tons	3 hours.	4 Trimmers.	Run up 909
	Screening & tending Shute	11½ ,,	3 ..	Trimmed 200
	Trimming 200 Tons	5 ,,	8 ,,	Total 1109
No. 2 Hold.	Boxing 350 Tons	4 hours.	4 Trimmers.	Run up 1095
	Screening & Tending Shute	23 ,,	3 ..	Trimmed 900
	Trimming 900 Tons	15 ,,	10 ,,	Total 1995
No. 3 Hold.	Boxing 160 Tons	3 hours.	4 Trimmers.	Run up 870
	Screening & Tending Shute	13 ..	3 ..	Trimmed 350
	Trimming 350 Tons	4½ ..	8 ,,	Total 1220
No. 4 Hold.	Boxing 430 Tons	3½ hours.	4 Trimmers.	Run up 857
	Screening & Tending Shute	14 ,,	3 ..	Trimmed 420
	Trimming 420 Tons	7½ ,,	8 ,,	Total 1277
Deep Tank.	Boxing 80 Tons	7 hours.	4 Trimmers.	Run up 398
	Screening & Tending Shute	1½ ,,	3 ,,	

Bunkers Trimmed 415 Tons.
Trimmers, 12. Time, 23 hours.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on March 2, 1905, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

165 04 MACCALLUM - *Means and apparatus for travelling on water.*

This apparatus consists of a rectangular frame fitted with an upholstered car body. At each end of the frame pulleys or drums are mounted over which travels an endless band fitted with floats. The pulleys are driven by motive power.

5,417/04—DERHAM—*Improvements in marine boilers.*

This invention relates to multitubular marine boilers. The improvements consist in forming the fire box with an inclined front and sides, thereby dispensing with the ordinary roofing stays employed with circular furnaces. This arrangement permits of the adoption of flame tubes in the lower part of the boiler in addition to the nest of return tubes in the upper part.

6,990 04—MACKAY—*Improvements in and connected with navigational sounding machines.*

This invention relates to means for guiding the wire of a sounding machine so as to wind it in a regular manner on a drum. A worm on the drum-spindle gears with and drives a worm-wheel on a transverse shaft. At the other end of this shaft an interrupted pinion is mounted, this pinion alternately gears with the upper and lower rack-teeth formed in a slotted bar, which is thereby caused to reciprocate in guides in front of the drum. This bar carries a slotted finger or traveller for fleeting the wire.

8,437 04—LILLIEHÖÖK—*Improvements in ships and vessels*

This invention relates to the construction of ships. The improvement consists in employing in the upper part of the vessel a greater number of longitudinal beams than usual so that they are used in preponderant number in relation to the cross-beams, the latter being set at comparatively great distances from each other.

8,549 04—HOUSTON & ERSKINE—*Electric ships' telegraph.*

This electric ships' telegraph consists broadly of a transmitter and a receiver of similar construction and method of operation. Each has a horizontal dial and a rotating pointer. A series of switches, corresponding in number to the signals is arranged around the transmitter dial. The armatures of a corresponding number of electro-magnets are adapted, when the magnets are energized to project into the path of an arm on the spindle which carries the pointer. In both the transmitter and receiver the spindles which carry the pointers are rotated by electro-motors when a switch is depressed and by the contact of the rotating arms with the projecting armatures come to rest with their pointers opposite the corresponding signal.

18,927/04 THE LONG ARM SYSTEM COMPANY *An improved system and apparatus for electrically operating bulkhead doors, hatches or the like.*

This specification describes apparatus for operating bulkhead doors electrically, either from a distance or at the door itself, for operating a series of doors, for operating them by hand, and for signalling when the door is in any pre-determined position.

14,917/04—RAVIER—*Improvements in and relating to train-carrying boats.*

This invention relates to a vessel fitted with rails along the deck for railway vehicles, and its object is to dispense with the usual wharf structures whereby the train is run on to the boat. This is effected by hoisting the vehicles singly from a track on the wharf parallel to the vessel by means of a mast and jib on the vessel, the vehicles being first run on to a platform fitted with rails.

16,741/04—DUMAS—*Improved apparatus and means for facilitating Seine trawl and line fishing.*

This invention relates to an electric lamp, excited by primary or secondary batteries arranged in a water-tight casing adapted to be submerged to attract the fish.

23,601/04—SMITH—*Improvements in and relating to the discharge of ore, coal and other material from hoppers and the like.*

According to this invention an endless travelling conveyer belt is arranged longitudinally in the space beneath the hold of a barge or vessel just above the keel of the vessel. The bottom of the hold is provided with a number of hoppers, the outlets of which are situated above the belt. The outlets are provided with adjustable side gates and a central rotary gate. This rotary gate consists of a number of wings mounted radially on a horizontal spindle. The outer ends of these wings are curved tangentially. The space between each adjacent pair of wings forms a pocket for the delivery or discharge of the material. A suitable elevator apparatus is arranged at the end of the vessel.

27,527 04 HEISE *Improvements in linings for shafts or wells.*

According to this invention segments or rings for lining shafts are cast with internally projecting horizontal corrugations so as not to present an increased external diameter and to avoid the stresses due to casting when horizontal strengthening ribs are adopted.

27,940/04—GERAKI—*Improvements in steam generators applicable for motor vehicles, motor boats, and the like.*

According to this invention a steam generator having large and rapid steaming capacity with a minimum of weight, is built up of a number of members. Each member consists of a central tubular chamber divided by a diaphragm, perforated at its ends, into an upper and lower compartment. A number of Field-tubes depend from the bottom of the lower compartment and another set of inverted Field-tubes project from the upper surface of the upper compartment. Pipes connected with the feed depend inside the lower Field-tubes and pipes connected with the steam service pipe ascend within the upper Field-tubes.

28,518/04—TIERSCH *Device for indicating the presence of inflammable gases.*

This invention is an improvement on the type of indicator of the presence of inflammable gases in which a number of pieces of sponge platinum are arranged on a fine wire, which normally keeps two contact springs out of contact, but which expands and allows contact, when heated by the ignition of the combustible gases on their passage through a fine wire screen, surrounding the device. The improvement consists in the employment of two wires, one of which is anchored at one end, the other end being secured to one end of a small pivotted lever. The other wire has one end secured to the other end of the lever, and the other end to the contact spring. By this means the magnitude of the movement of the contact spring is multiplied.

These applications for patents are, until April 15, 1905, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Patent Office or through the under-named.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

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Miscellaneous.

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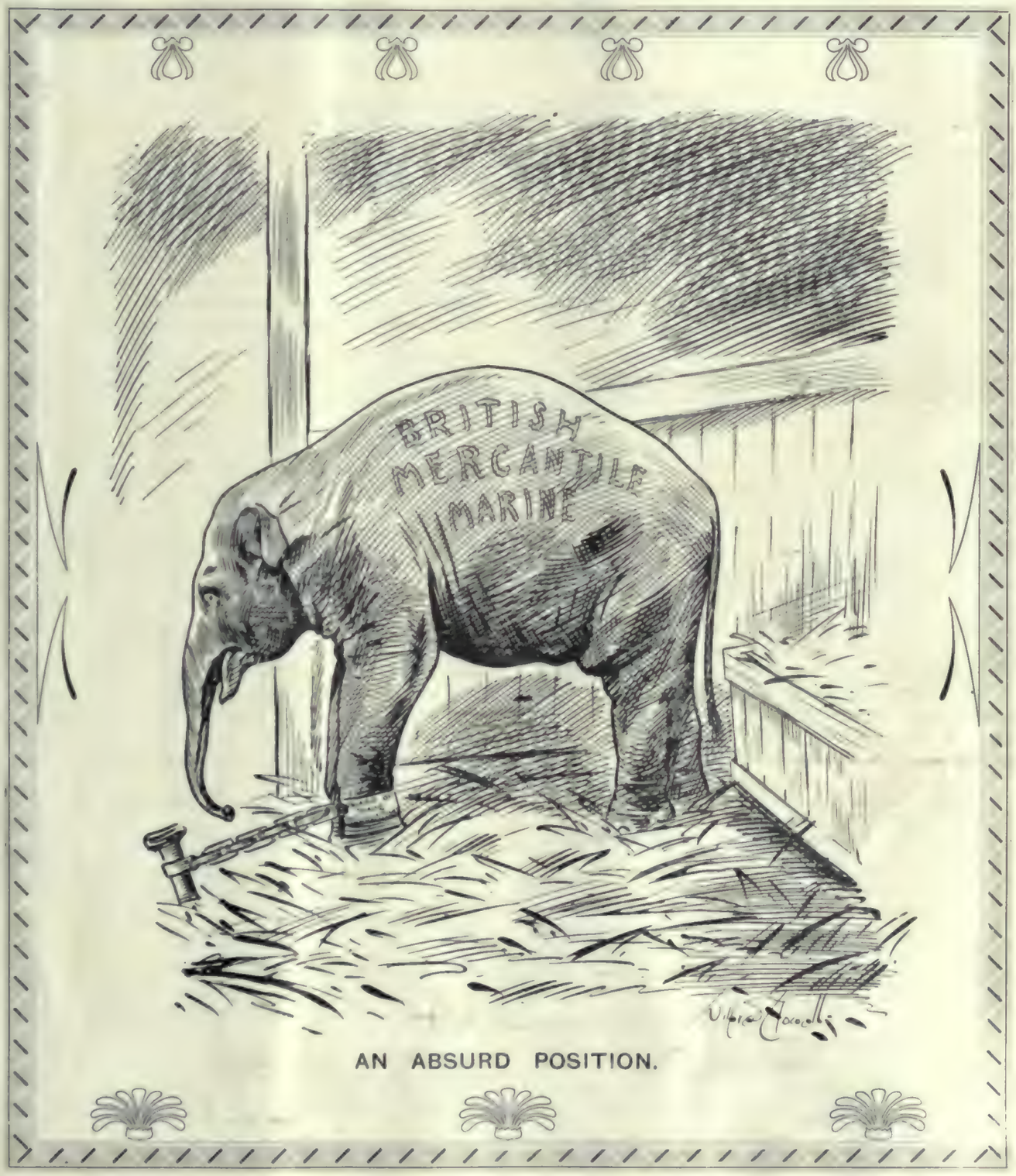

AN ABSURD POSITION.

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MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS. CARDIFF.

Thursday Afternoon.

THE Coalmines Employment Bill came in for a vast amount of consideration from the members of the national talking shop on Friday last, ere it was allowed to be read, a second time. Indeed, from the manner in which all and sundry had a peck at the measure, one would almost be tempted to believe that it is of national importance as to whether young men who are probationer-miners should be wet-nursed, or merely treated as ordinary members of the community, when "out" for work. Mr. Jacoby, the member for Derbyshire, Mid., moved the second reading of the Bill, and after giving a quantity of statistics, dropped down to a sort of advertisement for the Miners' Federation. This Federation, according to Mr. Jacoby, represents five-sixths of the *organised* mine-labour in the country; but what the country would, in all probability, be better pleased to know, is the vulgar fraction which should be used as showing how much of *all the mine labour* of the country is under the ægis of the Miners' Federation. In the latter eventuality, would one-half truthfully represent the facts, we wonder? It is all very pretty to trot out big fractions; but it must not be overlooked that the representation is only in the matter of the "organised" mine labour. In other words, in the "unioned" labour.

As we have stated before, there are quite enough men outside the Miners' Federation, and who object to the political bias thereof, to "organise" a very powerful federation in antagonism to the present affair. Seeing that competition is the soul of trade—whether it be in the matter of professional agitatorism, or merely in other and more ennobling undertakings—it would be a good thing for the country, if those who are outside the Miners' Federation, would start a little show of their own. They could easily find a fitting title therefor, and one that occurs to us, is Anti-Coercive Miners' Federation; another is For-the-good-of-the-crowd-as-distinct-from-the-Bosses Federation; and either of them would possess potentialities that are not to be slighted. Monopoly is bad in everything: the Federationists, themselves declare it to be; so, why should one Federation have all the "pull" on organised labour? Surely you can see that the affair is becoming dangerously near to a labour trust? Also that, on the word of the professional agitator, Trusts are a menace to the commonweal? This being so, what sense or reason is there in all this old clap-trap anent making everybody—who is able to use a pick-axe—join one particular combination?

HOWEVER, and reverting to the Parliamentary séance already referred to, we note that Mr. T. Richards, the newly elected M.P., undertook to second the Jacoby motion After some protestation of various kinds, Mr. Richards got down to reminiscing on the days of his youth; a period which, to himself, must have been extremely interesting? Whether it was equally so to the nation's legislature, we have no means of learning; but we understand that one of the youthful enjoyments of the present M.P., was that of "mitching from school!" Having a juvenile "stop-day!" Not for the purpose of birds'-nesting, mind! No, sirs! On the occasion referred to, the lad attended a meeting. At first glance, we decided it must have been a chapel meeting; but on learning that the youthful truant became master of a "marching song" which lilted along as, "Eight hours work; eight hours play; eight hours sleep; and eight shillings a day"—well, we saw that it must have been a "down-trodden workman" meeting. No chapel concern could be idiotic enough to make a number of hobble-de-hoys believe, that for mere labouring, they were to get one shilling per hour, for no more than eight hours per day? At least, we shouldn't think so. If unskilled labour is to get one shilling per hour, and skilled labour fifty per cent. more, then we shall soon see the country gone to the dogs—or the Official Receiver!

MEANWHILE, and in the interval of awaiting that last sad development, let us further consider the early life of this latest champion of the poor little collier boy who must not leave school until he is, at least, fourteen years of age—in the present "enlightened age." In the back-along days referred to, we find that "The hours of a boy working underground in a South Wales mine, were from 7 in the morning to 5 in the evening"—the labouring lad of to-day, usually works from six to six, and providing he is lucky enough to

keep himself clear of the agitator, doesn't seem to think that he is doing other than is expected of him, in fulfilling the command to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Again quoting, "Many of the boys had to leave their homes at 5.30 in the morning, and to travel in trains, from which in the winter they had to wipe the snow with their clothes or caps." Naturally, for Pullman saloon cars were not invented in that by-gone age. But we cannot get away from the fact that, now, we have numbers of very much better boys, who have to walk through the winter snow to their work; and who would look upon a train-ride, as a veritable pic-nic! Of course, we know that those miner boys should have been served better than they were. For instance, their hard-hearted old fathers might have come along, and brushed the snow away—with the domestic broom!

SOMEHOW or other, we cannot find any time to conjure up a quantity of pity for those "poor collier boys," nor for the terrible time they must have had, in using their caps for the sweeping away of that snow. Perhaps this is because we remember other little boys; lads of the same tender age; and who have been reared just as (or more) delicately; but who have had to mount to a royal-yard in the same kind of weather in which the collier lad rode in the train. Moreover, we have a keen remembrance that the royal-yard-climbing-boy had to keep a watch of four hours on deck; and an alleged four hours below; month after month, without a change. That he could be sure of getting his four hours on deck: but only problematically certain of his four hours below; and instead of receiving that eight shillings per day, he had to work a whole fortnight therefor. To our mind, it is the merest canting humbug to spread these tales of what the "poor collier lad" has to undergo: for to-day, we believe that the picture as shadowed out by the said boys' champion is lurid, out of drawing, and wrongly coloured in the extreme. The colliery of the present epoch, is no more like that of twenty years ago, than is the steamer of to-day like the pan-fish of the same period.

CONTINUING with the remarks of the champion of the occasion to which we are alluding, we find that—in the long ago—"On descending the shaft they had to walk to their working places, a mile or two miles, and sometimes more"! After this, let no man pretend that the boys were carried along, underground, in a palanquin: they had to walk to their work. "The Coal Trade Association of the North of England had described the walk as through long, spacious, and well-ventilated roadways," and thereby had given a true description. In the vast majority of coal mines in South Wales, the walk would be even as suggested. We are willing to admit that some of the older concerns leave a lot to be desired, and as they do, the "fly" boy of to-day keeps clear of them. In the other kind, we find compressed air engines doing the hauling; electricity supplying a glare of light equal to day: Schiele fans making a breeze which causes a visitor to shiver badly, unless he is well-wrapped up; and every other improvement which modern skill, and generous expenditure can supply. With this before us, are not we justified in questioning the truth of such tales as, "their task throughout the day had to be performed in an atmosphere and temperature injurious to health and dangerous to life?"

"To the miner is given one of the most difficult and dangerous tasks in the struggle for existence." Are not we right in questioning? We say, "yes;" we are justified in questioning any such, to our mind, highly-painted tales as those which we have quoted. Consider the collier as we know him, here, at Cardiff. When he, intent on having a "beano," honours the town with his presence; when he and Margot-Anne come down to "do" Cardiff; have you ever noticed that he looks other than stalwart and strong; that his physique compares more than favourably with the toiling thousands at the docks? Of course not! In fact, it has grown into a proverb with you, that when a man "looks as healthy as a collier," he is healthy indeed. Under the circumstances, therefore, why all this puling cant about a state of affairs that ceased to exist long before most of us were thought of? Give the collier his fair chance to live—to wax fat, and wealthy—by all means. But don't let us have him glorified quite so much into a suffering martyr. There are thousands of well-deserving workmen in our midst, who are more in need of pity than the miner. When talking about the awful struggle, too, made by these "poor little boys," don't let the fact escape your notice that a father and his two, three, or four, sons will carry home enough pay each fortnight, to make the mouths of thrice the number of ordinary labourers water.

THAT this is true, will be apparent to you, at once, if you pause for long enough to think up some of the "monkey tricks" which, from to time to time, are attempted to be foisted on you. You'll have heard of the "certificated miner" dodge, for instance? Ostensibly, the wheeze was promulgated for the purpose of getting none but efficient men for underground work; really, it was for the sole reason of keeping the business in the hands of those who are already exploiting it, for all they are worth. The words "certificated navvy" contain just as much value as "certificated collier." For the past year or so, the "certificate" idea has been shelved. Thanks to the Conciliation Board, the miners are getting things pretty much their own way, so they have no need to shout about the "certificate." Once allow things to swing over to the side which gives the employer a little right, and—listen for the talk anent certificates. We know, because we have studied the situation—from inside. Labour is right enough—in its place: but there are other items tending to the development of the country, in addition to labour. The brain of the land does more in this connection in a week, than the brawn can do in a year; and yet the brain is supposed to deserve no consideration, whatever.

MUSCLE—on the showing of its exponent—wishes to work (or loaf?) eight hours; play eight hours; sleep eight hours; and be paid eight shillings! Brains might go on working for twenty out of every twenty-four hours, so as to make it possible for muscle to have its wages, on pay night; but according to muscle, brains has no right to do other than go on working. Fortunately for brains, it has awakened: has taken a couple of those hours for its uses, that were erstwhile given to thinking up openings for muscle; and thus it comes about that the latter, realising the emptiness of its claims to a continued consideration, has nothing left it but the pathetic. The see-what-we-used-to-suffer-'way-back! Here is another quotation: "Scores, if not hundreds, of young men every year, after from two to four years experience, leave the work with impaired constitutions and drift into other employment." Quite so, and probably thousands more drift off because of a weakness for the "sleever" of commerce: the haunting dread of meeting the "bookie;" and for other reasons which it is impolite to mention; but all induced because the young men have been earning more money, than their early training admitted of their using aright.

Let us have the fair thing, in all classes of work—either brawny or brainy; but let us have it without quite so much of the cant, and snivelling; the whining and please-mother-said-will-I-do that has become so disgustingly common with the cult, during the past few years—ever since the re-introduction of the professional agitator, that is. It is tolerably certain that if any group of workmen have a grievance, redress will follow a manly expression thereof; snivelling, and "playing to the gallery," merely makes the rendering of an easement more problematical; and for the simple reason that brains, as already suggested, has taken a few hours off, for the purpose of considering the truth, or otherwise, of all this we-are-being-ill-used rant. It is all very well "to remind the House that these boys will be, not merely the workmen of the future, as was contemptuously said by an hon. member at Cardiff the other day, but the men of the future." Even so; and if they cannot turn into as good men as their fathers; under a thousand-fold better conditions than those fathers ever enjoyed; if they must be wet-nursed after the manner suggested by the Coalmines Employment Bill—then, the trouble is as we have suggested; drink, gambling, etc. is at the bottom, and you cannot make a nation moral by Act of Parliament? This is our serious opinion, anyhow.

We suppose it is alright, but really it is somewhat difficult to understand why Mr. A. Birrell, K.C., should shake hands with himself to such an extent as he appears to have done at Holborn, on Saturday last. It's this way. The International Arbitration League had been issuing its annual report and, among other weighty items, remarks that during the period under review, "the sacred cause of international arbitration has advanced with giant strides." It has, indeed! So much of the giant stride, that a number of poor British fishermen have been done to death because of the steps! However, Mr. Birrell finds "ground for hope and even for enthusiasm," in the present conditions, supposing that at the present moment "there are more men under arms, more men enduring the horrors, the privations, and all the barbarities of war, than had been witnessed for many a long year past." Mr. Birrell's beatific state comes about as the result of the Dogger Bank alleged settlement, and the more the gentleman thinks about it, the more he is convinced that this peaceful, honourable settlement marks an epoch in the bloodstained annals of humanity. This being so, whyever doesn't Mr. Birrell "try and forget it?"

In addition to all the lovely reflections conjured up in the foregoing, the same gentleman appears to be convinced that the Dogger Bank episode and its peculiar method of settlement, "is something upon which it will be very hard for humanity to go back, and I think, therefore, it is something more worthy of recognition by the Churches, by Parliament, and by the people, than if it were the anniversary of Waterloo or Trafalgar." There you are! After this, let no man pass rude remarks concerning the North Sea Commission, and the amiable manner in which it "bunkered" the rights of Britain. Never mind expatiating on the number of men that are under arms, or the warships that are prowling about under pretence of safeguarding the Briton's rights: fighting is wrong; is wicked; is altogether reprehensible—unless practiced successfully, by the enemies of Britain. Mind you, this Mr. Birrell admits that, at times, he is a gloomy pessimist, when he sees around him "so much greed, vulgarity and superstition;" but notwithstanding, it is with positive joy that the good gentleman seizes upon any incident in our modern civilisation and modern life, which makes him think well of human nature. The Dogger Bank outrage, and its final settlement is one of those incidents—by which you will see that "human nature" may be made to cover a multitude of different features?

It is a grand thing to know that a London "daily" is delighted because, for once (and in the opinion of that "daily") the law has proved itself anything but a "hass!" Of course, there is a reason for all this delight, and briefly put, it works out after the following: A man was employed by a stevedore, upon the work of discharging a steamer. It was no part of the man's duty to go upon the ship; he was the quay-side hand. The ship that was being discharged had artificial manure for a cargo, and as is usual with the stuff, there was a quantity of carbonic acid gas in the vicinity of the cargo. So much so, on this occasion, that one of the workers in the hold was overcome by the fumes. Well, the first man—he whose business called him to the quay-side share of the work—undertook to go on board; to descend into the hold; and to make an attempt to save the other man. Unfortunately, both men were overcome with the gas, and died. Now, it cannot be gainsaid that the would-be rescuer was a hero, or that he had done other than a noble deed, in giving up his life to save that of a fellow-labourer. Up to this point, we are all in favour of the delight as expressed by the London "daily."

The sequel to the story, however, is not altogether so fair and just. The widow of the dead hero put in a claim for compensation under the Act, and although the shipping company contended that there had been no accident; that the hero had voluntarily undertaken the rôle which caused his death; that he had no business—from a compensation point of view—in the steamer's hold; the presiding Solons held differently, and made an award in favour of the widow. The shipowners appealed against this generosity-with-other-people's-money, but the decision was upheld. Such matters as these do not go to prove that the law is anything but a "hass," as suggested by the "daily" to which we have alluded; in our opinion, the facts are all the other way. Not, mind you, that there is much to wonder at; the whole matter worked out, according to present day labour ethics. The labourer is keen to wrap his co-labourer in cotton wool, and wishes to annex all the credit for that wrapping; but—and this is exactly where the humour comes in—the employer is expected to pay for the wool. In other words, the employer has to find all the facilities for heroic conduct; and in addition, has to pay all the expenses incidental thereto; while the labourer receives all the kudos—if there is any.

The Russian friend's nautical "Bill Bailey"—that is, the "Baltic Fleet"—is greatly exercising the minds of "shipping circles in the City!" For a month or so past, the yearning cry sent out to the cat-fisher is, "Why don't you come home, before that nasty Japanese Admiral gets around your fleet of armed fishing boats?" And the Chief Cat-fisher goes on with his job! Really, we do not see why the "shipping circles in the City" should get their diameters out of plumb because of Rozh-etc.'s hanky-panky dodges. The gentleman might have used up all his bait and thus be compelled to go in search of more; but there is no reason to bother on that score? There are no rival fishermen out where the "Baltic Fleet" lays heaving many a mile? The Russian has it all to himself. And seeing that shipments on Japanese account continues, 'fore all the world, as if there were never a Russian left afloat, of what use is it to bother about it? We know that the Russian "fleet" has shifted its late quarters; has gone to "parts unknown;"

but its mission is by no means obscure. No, sirs! That modern edition of the Invincible Armada is merely "out for bait;" it realises that it is impossible to fish without "wur-r-rms;" all its visible supply has gone—the cat-fish have taken them off the Russian hooks; so nothing remained but that it must get more.

This may be a yarn, but it is good enough to be true! Two Cardiff coal-trimmers sneeringly remarked that to be a clerk in a coal-exporter's office was a "soft cop," and twenty-five shillings per week was altogether too much to pay for the work. A foreman clerk heard the base insinuation, and for a small wager, induced the coal-trimmers to have a try at the business. In due course, and their Sunday "togs," the trimmers arrived at the scene of commercial warfare where, with a knowing smile, they sidled into the corner allotted to their undertaking. Just as the trimmers had opened their office books, the 'phone-bell sounded. Making a dive to answer the unseen communicant, the two trimmers toboganned into each other, severely damaging their upper works: then, while cussing each other for fat-heads—and even as the 'phone-bell continued its tintinnabulation—the Boss' bell sounded from the inner office. Here was a "go!" Even as they were eyeing each other malevolently, and were altogether undecided as to which of them should go in to the Boss, two ferocious-looking chartering clerks, with red in their combined eyes and murder in their hearts, rushed into the building.

"Why is the steamer *Chinkem* delayed in this—" is a portion of their demand, when the foreman clerk interposes with, "Did you two fellows see Snivel's man about that" and the Boss here intervened, with a yell of "Why-in-thunder-don't-you-bring-me-those-invoices-cut-that-'phone-wire-throw-those-chartering-clerks-out-and-attend-to-your-blamed-business-x!!??*!*-etc."—especially the latter. By this time, the erstwhile coal-trimmers were becoming mixed—somewhat—so with a dive toward the lavatory, they, on entering, indulged in a *pas de deux* as each endeavoured to possess himself of the solitary towel which hung upon the peg. Wanted to wet it down, and cool a fevered brow therewith. In the midst of their wild fight for the towel, a neighbouring clock struck the hour of 10 a.m. That finished it, for with a wild hoorush, those ambitious coal-trimmers made a bee line for the nearest cab-stand, murmured "Bridgend" and fell fainting on the side-walk. The Cabman, seeing that it was merely a case of "mental worry," as distinct from "sheer dottiness" didn't move a bit! Just let 'em stay there until they had quietened down.

By 11.30 a.m., the "quietened down" process was complete, and the would-be clerks, with an altogether shame-faced look upon their ingenuous countenances, strolled across to the Roath Dock—Sunday clothes and all—and after twenty minutes scratching at the heap in the No. 2 hatch, became fairly *compos mentis*. In future, they swore, that if a foreman clerk said "office work" to them, then, that foreman clerk was as good as a dead man. "Can 'oo hear that bell, Dai?" asks one of 'em; and "Will I effer have a minute when I don't hear it, min?" is the answering query! Later on in the day—so the yarn goes the two butties were heard declaring most emphatically, that coal-trimming at £6 15s. per week, was simply heavenly alongside of clerking at thirty shillings a week ay, or for the same pay *per diem*, if it were possible to get it. All of which goes to show, that the cobbler shouldn't go beyond his last; and that the knight of the shovel would be as big a fiasco at the pen, as would the knight of the pen when fooling with a shovel. It also goes to show that "training" is a big factor in the struggle for existence, and that the most arduous existences are by no means paid on the better scale. Here, we will leave it.

One of the hardiest annuals in the nautical catalogue is, undoubtedly, Sable Island. We much doubt if more paper has been used; more choice epithets coined; and more poppy-cock, generally, faked up, over any portion of the realms of King Neptune; than in connection with poor old Sable Island! Its latest title would appear to be "island death trap," and we are not sure whether this is more euphonius, or better descriptive of the facts which surround the locality, than is the time-honoured phrase, "graveyard of the Atlantic." It is a peculiar fact, but at some time in its history, every journal which deals with this class of matter has had a dig at Sable Island miseries! The disease is a sort of shipping journal measles, so we must be excused if we have succumbed, in turn with others! But where we intend to differ from our contemporaries, is in the fact that we are not going to offer all manner of tom-fool suggestions for the removal of that heap of sand, which has been handed down to posterity under the name of Sable Island. We quite realise that the shoals, thereaway, are a curse to the navigator; but then we also realise that as in the case of numerous other curses, the navigator may, in the majority of instances, keep away therefrom.

Concerning the utter desolation of the aspect in the vicinity of Sable Island, we are of opinion that this cannot well be over-drawn. It is a miserable portion of the globe. We have gazed upon its concentrated miseries on two occasions, and that is all sufficient for us! No matter how you argue the matter out, Sable Island is hardly the place where even an enthusiastic globe-trotter will find means to gratify his besetting weakness. All the same, there is absolutely no utility in laying one's self out to anathematise the concatenation of sand, shipwreck, and sadness—although one has added one's quota to the general depravity of the situation? Sable Island, and all its gloom, is fairly-well known to the average shipmaster, and so it should follow that when in its vicinity, a careful man should either go slow, or put an herring-bone in his course that will be calculated to sheer his vessel clear of all possibility of disaster. To our mind, it is far more conducive to a navigating reputation to lose one whole day on a passage, than it is to lose one whole ship, and this is a little matter which demands the careful consideration of those who are entrusted with the days—and with the ships!

However, Sable Island is about to be "civilised:" is to be fitted with a Marconi installation, at a cost of £25,000. How much this is going to do in the matter of switching off "the graveyard of the Atlantic" idea, remains to be seen. Personally, we are of opinion that if ten Marconi installations were *in situ* thereaway, the wreckage would not be appreciably diminished. If the tramp of commerce were fitted with the same kind of arrangement, then, would there be some hope—as the tramp is the greatest sufferer from Sable's sands. Time was, that a whole procession of American schooners laid around on the landscape, there. But of late years, the schooner has given place to the iron steamer, and what the wireless telegraphy is going to do in obviating this, is hard to say. Of course, it must be remembered that Sable Island is more or less enveloped by fog for the greater part of the year;

and when fog is "off," there is usually a fair amount of snow and ice to level up the business. The sea currents, too, in the neighbourhood of this "island death trap" are both numerous and bewildering; so taken all ways the navigator has every reason to give it a wide berth. Dodging around in the vicinity of Sable Island, the navigator will do well to remember that "the longest way 'round is the shortest way home"—and should act accordingly.

MR. LABOUCHERE has been coming out in a new rôle! Has been posing as the best friend of the Army and Navy—especially in the House of Commons. "Labby" admits that he wants the Navy to be strong and efficient, but he objects to taking any burdens on himself, "for the benefit of the Colonies." According to this newest Naval authority, "If the Colonies want a Navy for their protection, they should find the money for it." It can hardly be said that this is other than a good argument? Indeed, we have a similar belief, ourselves. To-date, there has been quite a deal too much of this take-all-and-give-none policy in connection with some of the Colonies. Concerning the Navy, in particular, the home taxpayer has had to foot the bill on each occasion that such a bill is tabled. At the same time, the Colonies are getting ahead in fine style—at the expense of the Old Country. Britain does all the policing; warns off all intending raiders; threatens to "put a head" on anybody who dares to chivy her far-distant bantlings: and in return, is taxed off their coasts, by those same bantlings. Under the circumstances, therefore, it can hardly be said that the Home Land is getting fair treatment in this matter.

ON the other hand we know that, in theory at least, the first object of the legislator should be to "better the condition of the people of this country." But then, it is almost as difficult to bring about that "bettering" as it is to make the Colonial portion of the British entity see reason. The fact of the matter is, there are so many exponents of that "bettering" idea—and each one of them appears to be imbued with a different notion—that the last case of the said people is generally worse than that which was their's, before the "betterers" came along. However, Sir Elliott Lees, in replying to "Labby's" opinions as already given, contended that if Britain lost her Colonies, or if she had no Empire at all worth speaking about, she would still have to maintain her sea-power, and thus spend as much on the Navy as at present. It is impossible to get behind this claim, for when four-fifths of a country's population depends absolutely on sea-borne food, that country—unless it wishes to starve—must maintain the command of the sea. Thus it comes about, that the Colonies are of but little help to the Motherland, and are merely fulfilling a natural law in this respect, after all.

IN the majority of cases, the son that goes away from the home circle is seldom worthy of consideration as a potential provider therefor. He makes other ties; other interests; has other avenues opened up for his capital; and there you are! In an abstract manner, that son (or daughter) is fond of the old home; but he (or she) cannot be persuaded to see the necessity of sending along anything in the shape of a tax. In exactly the same manner, is the emigrant situated. In the abstract, he will shout "Rule Britannia" to scare away intruders -even as does the young lad who whistles when going into the garden after dark, and who wishes to convey the idea that he isn't scared a bit; but when you get down to passing over the "ready," well, your emigrant suddenly remembers that "charity begins at home," and the "home," in this instance, is not the Old Home. It is sad, we admit; but it is the truth. Furthermore, it will continue to be the truth, and every Home Land will do well to make its arrangements, without regard to what the wanderer might, could, or would supply, if "it were not for what it was!" As something to point at with more or less pride, a Colony has potentialities; as an asset in the Imperial business, well, it is safest not to attempt to give it a real value. Size it up in the abstract, and you will be far better off.

As touching the foregoing, consider the case of the Canadian manufacturer in connection with the last big order for steel rails which has come to Britain. A Middlesbrough firm has received an order for 20,000 tons of those rails, for use on the James's Bay Railway, and the consignment has to be delivered between May and September of this year. Now, in spite of the fact that the Canadian mills are unable to undertake an order, of the size mentioned, at such short notice, the Canadian manufacturers have developed "the hump," because of the "wicked preference" given to the home producer. The railway folk should have waited until next year, of course, and then they could have had Canadian rails, for Canadian traffic! The mere fact that the said traffic will be twelve months farther ahead under existing arrangements, is nothing? Indeed, the progressiveness that will force the pace for the whole of the trade interested is a negligible quantity, when compared with the "grievous loss" which a few individuals will have encountered, through this order having gone past them. And this is but one of the phases where "Rule Britannia" is shouted for the purpose of scaring off a possible intruder; where a son of the Empire has made other ties, and other interests which are detrimental to the old home.

ANOTHER instance is in connection with the woollen manufacturers in the same part of the world. British competition is "up ag'in them," and unless there is easement forthcoming, trouble is bound to ensue. With a hope to bring about this easement, the woollen manufacturers intend sending a deputation to Ottawa, right away. That deputation will endeavour to demonstrate, that unless the duties on British wickednesses are raised at once, all the mills in Canada will close down. At the first glance, the threat appears to be terrible. After mature thought, however, it is open to much discussion as to whether, in the interests of the whole community, it would not be a good thing if those mills were closed, for at least, fifty years! Last year, the rise in duty in this connection, was from 23⅓ to 30 per cent., and yet with this staggering increase in the cost to the Canadian consumer, the import of British goods has decreased but little. The cheaper rate of wages in Britain is given as the feature which enables the home producer to oust the Canadian on his own heath; but as a matter of fact, labour has little to do with it. Better methods of production, and up-to-date styles of transit are the factors. The Canadian is too busy fussing about with the gnat, to give any attention to the camel.

THERE is an amount of the painfully pathetic in the various screeds which are at present the vogue, concerning the "truth about Australia." In reality, the Commonwealth has become "socialised," and thus all the bother which is about. Somehow or other, it is impossible to make the expounders of the Cult realise that, outside of a little two cent affair, Socialism is impossible because it is against nature. New Zealand is spoken of as "the most prosperous State in Australia, and the most socialistically

governed in the world"—the one supposed to be the result of the other. As a matter of fact, New Zealand is prosperous in spite of the socialistic tendencies of its sparse population; not because of it. Once get New Zealand into a decently populated country: join up all the scattered units which to-day abound; and it will be at once apparent that Socialism and Utopia are merely names for a novel; that there is room for neither in the ethics of real life. As long as human nature remains as it has ever been, Socialism as preached by the tub-thumpers in our midst, will continue to be a mere political catch-word; a means of self-advertisement for a few deep-lunged non-workers.

REALLY, the "truth about Australia," is that it is suffering from the swelled head consequent on sudden emancipation from the laws which govern populous and prosperous centres. The brake has been removed too suddenly, and each unit of the affected crowd imagines he is a little tin god. Later on—years hence, probably—the Australia of that day will look back with an indulgent smile, at the efforts of the mob which laid itself out to teach "grandma how to suck eggs!" In the ancient and patriarchal days, when our progenitors seeshayed around what they knew of the globe in tiny caravans, the tendency was all toward socialism—and principally because the different units foregathered on such few occasions, that they had but little opportunity of learning each other's weaknesses. Time passed, and the units became merged into communities; with that merging, the socialistic tendency vanished, because the struggle for existence became more, and ever more, acute. A survival of the fittest was then the recognised law: is now; and evermore will be. To-day, the Australian has got no nearer to the community idea than is expressed by one or two over-crowded cities, surrounded by millions of acres of totally uninhabited country.

AS a result, the gentleman is troubling with a feeling that he can improve on the human teachings of a couple of thousand years—because he is no longer associated with the results of those teachings! It is all very simple, when you care to go into the matter with a few moments of leisure at your disposal. Talk about the truth in connection with Australia! It makes us smile! We know that a very big chunk of the population is leaving for other parts—Canada, Argentina, New Hebrides, and South Africa among them—notwithstanding all that may be said to the contrary, by those who are of a different opinion. Some few years ago, Australia was a desirable spot for the crowded-out Briton; to-day, it is just the reverse, and for the simple reason that a number of schemers have "got their hand in," intent on keeping it there until they have annexed a quantity of material wealth, in return for nothing save guff. Meanwhile, they lay themselves out for the purpose of "stuffing" the herd with the belief that because Australia is another portion of the globe from Britain, human nature is bound to progress on different lines. Of course, the whole tale is of the fictional kind, and later on, as already suggested, the crowd will realise that they will merely get out of their jobs, a return commensurate with the work which they have put therein.

INDICATIONS are not wanting, that the Miner's Federation—in all probability, the greatest tyrant to the Welsh colliers that has ever been known—is in parlous state. Indeed, the time would appear to be nigh, when the words "open sesame" will be spoken by the men who find the money, so that a clear understanding of what has hitherto been wrapped in mystery, may be arrived at. That the Federation is a paradox, cannot be gainsaid. Established for the alleged purpose of protecting the working man from tyranny, it tyrannises that same workingman, far more than any hazing institution that is mentioned in history; preaching toleration and amelioration, it practices neither toward any, save those who are finding the necessary shekels; and if any of its own supposed supporters get backward in the payment of their weekly doles—along comes that blessed word "coercion," the labour "leaders" panacea for a depleted treasure chest. The wonder to us is, that so many otherwise sensible men would submit, for such a lengthy period, to the tyranny to which we have referred. Especially in view of the fact that, as a rule, the Welsh miner is *facile princeps* in putting his foot down against any sort of coercive policy. Presumably, the difficulty has been in the item that a labourer is slow to believe anything detrimental to, what appears to be, his own cloth.

THAT, generally considered, the Federation "bosses" are anything but of "the cloth" of which the workman is, figuratively constructed, must be admitted. Talkers, yes; but workers, very seldom! Why should those gentlemen work, when they have a number of deluded men who will work for them, you ask? Well, we can only repeat the query! It is beyond us, altogether! When considering the Miners' Federation, that old jape anent the French Army will occur to us. You know, the jape which declares that every soldier has a possible marshal's baton in his knapsack. Of course, in the matter of the Federation, there is nothing appertaining to the actual baton; but then every one of its "bosses" is a possible member of Parliament! A seat in the national talking shop is, to our mind, of considerably more importance to most of the cult, than is the amelioration of the poor "stuffed" dupes who find the money. That we are justified in believing thus, is evidenced by the thousands of miners who will not join the "miners' boss' caucus," as well as by the thousands who are continually jibbing against this modern version of "render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's"—the gentleman in this instance, being represented by the "caucus." 'Tis true, we are afraid, and sad it is, 'tis true!

SUNDERLAND is in more or less of a ferment, because a "rich discovery of coal" has materialised in the vicinity of the Ryhope Colliery. Under expert directions, the rich seam referred to has been sought for some time past, and a few days ago the searchers waltzed right into it! When we state that the "find" is supposed to be a portion of the Harvey seam—that deep-down remnant of former arboreal days—you will understand why all the ferment is about in the circles which find an absorbing interest, and much money, in coal? We are told that on account of this discovery, "the value of the colliery is much enhanced!" We should smile! As if anybody was going to imagine that a colliery would lose in value, because an additional seam had been "struck" in its inward depths. Furthermore, this new possession is "regarded as one of the most important made during recent years in the North-east Durham coal-field." That's a fact, too! There is only one thing about the undertaking which disappoints us, personally. There has been nothing said about the fresh seam proving "as good as, if not really better, than the best Welsh." It is fashionable, these days, to label all new coal as suggested—hence our disappointment, you understand!

EH? You have to go away from home to learn the news, haven't you? We think it is a scandalous shame that none of the local "dailies" have explained a very serious matter

to you. We do, really. Here, read this, and then tender your thanks to *Daily Express*, for keeping you so well posted. "During the last few days, large numbers of coolies from London, Cardiff, Swansea and Glasgow have invaded Manchester, in the hope of obtaining employment at the Ship Canal docks." There's for 'oo, friends! Cardiff and Swansea, in particular, have got rid of a number—no, "large numbers"—of its coolie population, and must be pleased in consequence. In reality, we much doubt if one coolie has gone from either Cardiff or Swansea, to the place, and for the purpose mentioned. But the "great daily" must fill its odd corners, you know. And anyhow, you can breathe freely, for a bit longer. We were wondering why there was such a scarcity of Indian talent in James Street. We do not remember having seen a coolie thereaway, for months past. All gone to Manchester! Well, we wish the place well of its new inhabitants, and if almond eyes and accentuated cheek-bones become fashionable in Cottonopolis, by and bye, the natives will know where to seek for relief! Cardiff and Swansea can both stand it.

HERE is news for the unemployed! Canada is in need of a million men, and therefore the emigration, this year, has commenced early. But stay, not only does Canada need a million men, for it can also put up with a million women. We consider that this is a magnificent manner in which to deal with the population question, don't you? Great Scott, with a million of each sex in one year—no, we cannot go on with the possibilities! Still, there is a splendid opening on the other side of the Pond, and our Special Commissioner will soon explain all the pros and cons for your edification. Of course, the American friend is availing himself of the chances which abound, and practically, he is treated in the same manner as a true-born Briton. That is to say, the American, equally with the Briton, is given a free grant of land: but the former has to swear allegiance to the flag which has braved, for a considerable number of years, the battle and the breeze; having sworn in the manner provided in this instance, he must then dwell upon his farm for three years, after which he is presented with the title-deeds. Henceforth, he may consider himself as one of the elect, even as he poses after the fashion of landed proprietors, everywhere!

GOOD lor'! Science is an awful thing, and one of its 'cutest exponents is the Hon. C. Parsons, of turbine fame. Not content with the turbine, however, this wonderful inventor has brought out an auxetophone—gee-whiz, but that's an awful name? Without going into the detail of the new affair, we shall be satisfied in remarking that it is of the order of "talking machines," and although it will throw sound for ever-so-many miles, it will also reproduce the human voice in a manner that must be heard to be believed. On Monday, last, this awful affair gave a few selections of sea chanties, to a number of delighted folk—who probably never heard the real McKoy. But fancy sitting in a luxurious chair, and listening to the auxetophoned sounds of "Say, old man, your horse will die—they say so; and they hope so!" Or, if that old wail should pall, think of the beauties hanging around the romance of poor old Reuben Ranzo—the chap who, although originally a New York tailor, ended up by being Captain Ranzo, and the husband of the daughter of his first skipper. Eh? There's a nautical future in front of the auxything, you bet. Why you might even get, for use at the end of the passage home from New York, the soul-stirring strains of "The times are hard, the wages low—Leave her, Johnny, leave her;" or you might prefer that other one which lilted along with a yarn of "There was an old farmer in Yorkshire did dwell, And he had an old wife and he wished her in"—but never mind. We have shown you enough of the possibilities for this time?

TRULY must Mr. Ronald E. Haywood, of Fulham, have had a unique career, if one is to judge by his letter to a London contemporary, with reference to no less a subject than charts and life belts! In our opinion, and before discussing this latest letter on nautical ethics, this Mr. Ronald doesn't know an overpowering deal of ships and ships' customs, supposing he has had "charge of a line of tramp steamers for some years." Our opinion is based on the following, "if a captain wanted a new chart, whether the owners supplied him with what was wanted or not, he usually did not go without it, only probably it appeared in his disbursement sheet as potatoes, or something of the kind." The gentleman would appear to be harking back to the "good old days;" schooner days, that is? It is very certain that to-day, the majority of shipmasters have to find their own charts, so there is no question of the owner supplying same as "potatoes." Furthermore, we should like to know what chance there is of substituting say, a twelve shilling chart, when the "sea stock" is limited to the low-water mark of the present? We have met gentlemen like Mr. Ronald E. Haywood; meet them occasionally now; and really, we are not impressed with their ability to supply the "dailies" with up-to-date nautical knowledge.

COMING down to life-belts, our expert friend is as instructive as he is on charts! Here you are, "As to life-saving apparatus on board, if a ship goes to sea with these rotten with age, it is the fault of the Board of Trade officer at the port of sailing." Perhaps so; but whose fault is it if the life-saving apparatus is merely rotten with youth? We wish to be clear on these little matters—especially when a man who has had charge of a line of tramp steamers for years, is out upon the enlightening tack. And the worthy friend must have been unfortunate in most of those years, because he writes, "My experience (and that is the second time the words have been thrown at us in the same short letter!) of Mercantile Marine officers is that they are so very careless of this important point of a ship's outfit, that they would go to sea . . . with the bottoms out of the life-boats, if there was not somebody to see that they did not." Yea, lor'! It's awful, you fellows. It's a good job for some of you, anyhow, that there was a Sir Ronald—no, a Mr. Ronald around, to save you all against your "very careless" wills! The remainder of you, after this, will, if you find the bottom out of any of the lifeboats, get a hustle on, and order the local boatbuilder to attend to the damage. By this means, you will cleanse your souls from every stain—although you'll get the sack, safe as eggs!

PLEASE read this to yourselves. It is important. The Kaiser—of course, there is but one, and you know him by this time, supposing there is any virtue in advertisement?—is breaking out in a new place. Tired of all those lovely uniforms which have earned for him the title of "champion quick-change artiste," the gentleman is, at the moment, "Morocco bound." Full Morocco bound, at that; none of your three-quarters touches. But there, you would not expect that versatile ruler to do anything after a three-quarters fashion, would you? At the end of this month, providing nothing of an untoward nature happens meanwhile, Wilhelm II. intends to visit Morocco, for the purpose of—but never mind; his reasons are not to be spread out for

the gaze of the common or garden citizens of this benighted country. What we should like to know, is, will the gentleman take "My Fleet," along; will he appear as the Guardian Angel of the More Rockers; or will he travel simply, as the Kaiser? It has been rumoured that, in reality, the passage will be made on the *Hamburg*; that it is going to have a gymnasium on deck; that among the appliances will be included an electrical horse; and—oh, yes—a donkey. Things will be lively on the *Hamburg*—especially if she steers according to Wilhelm's Rule of the Road?

KEEP your starboard optic on the Dardanelles. It is a fine place to watch: is full of historic associations; and might—in the near future—add to the history referred to, in a most amazing manner. Anyhow, the Mediterranean Fleet—or a portion thereof—has been detailed to cruise to that end of the Mediterranean. 'Tis merely a summer cruise, you understand; and the precise number of vessels which are thitherward bound, is five battleships, three armoured and four protected cruisers, and the usual small fry. The Black Sea Fleet upon which Russia sets so much store, consists of seven battleships, and other fakements, and the whole caboose has been "mobilised"—the natives style it. That is to say, all the officers have waxed out their ferocious moustaches; have shipped a deep-water scowl; have worked up a semi-nautical roll in their gait; and have cultivated the habit of speaking with a hand on the hilt of each sword. When the Russian fleet officers wake up to this extent, history is about to be written. If, in addition to the foregoing, they should decide to go out and help Rozh-etc. in his search for bait—then, the history would be written! Anyhow, keep your starboard optic as directed. It won't harm you any—in the end!

DEAR us! The coal-trimming embroglio is due to move another step on Friday afternoon. Once more are the independent meetingers about to make one more endeavour to cut the Gordian knot into which they have become entangled. So far, the trimming gentlemen have kept clear of the discussion. Why, we cannot pretend to say. To our mind, it is useless for the shipowners and coalowners to weigh the thing out to a satisfactory issue, if trimmer is left out. Supposing that the first-named agree, and the last-mentioned says he'll see 'em jiggered first—as alas, he has done far too often, in the past—what is going to happen? Free labour? That is the only way out of it. Personally, we do not set much store on this attempted settlement. If the coal folk had done the "square" thing, then, when the trimmers refused to recognise the agreements which had been entered into on their behalf, and with their approval, the whole situation should have been handed over to the shipowners, who would quickly have found a way out of the deadlock. With this before us, one has to ask: Are the coalowners really serious in their attempts at a settlement—on an amended basis?

ON the 21st inst., Messrs. William Doxford & Sons, Ltd., of Pallion, successfully launched another large turret steamer, the *Torrington*, built to the order of Messrs. W. J. Tatem & Co., Cardiff. The vessel is a duplicate of the *Wellington*, which left the berths for the same firm, a month ago, and is a handsomely proportioned boat embodying the latest developments in "turret" construction. The length of the *Torrington* is 390 feet, the breadth 55 feet, and the moulded depth 30 feet. Ten large winches are provided for rapidly dealing with the 9,000 tons of cargo to be carried, and an exceptional arrangement of six pairs of side masts, will further greatly facilitate the loading and discharging, with resultant economy all 'round. The engines and boilers are supplied by Messrs. Doxford, and the vessel is classed with the British Corporation Registry. The christening of the vessel was entrusted to Miss Freda Hedley and Master T. Shandon Tatem (the youngest member of the firm?) who pleasingly performed the ceremony.

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MESSRS. PRIESTMAN & Co., Sunderland, have received an order from Messrs. Woods, Tylor & Brown, of London, for a steamer to carry about 6,300 tons deadweight.

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CLYDE builders have not booked an order of any importance during the month, and builders report that very few inquiries for new tonnage are being made.

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MESSRS. JOHN BLUMER & Co., Sunderland, have received an order to build a steamer of about 4,700 tons deadweight for foreign clients.

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MESSRS. R. JOBSON & Co., West Hartlepool, are the purchasers of the steamer *Lemnos*, recently reported sold.

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THE steel screw steamer *Mimosa*, recently reported sold, was bought by Mr. N. T. Pyk, of Helsingborg, Sweden.

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Messrs. Watts, Watts & Co., London, are the purchasers of the steamer *Janeta*, reported sold in our last issue.

PATENTS.

28,126/04—LA COMPAGNIA DES CHARBONS ET BRIQUETTES DE BLANZY ET DE L'OUEST—*Improvement in smokeless fuel.*

Briquettes having a coal basis are rendered smokeless by distilling in an oven or retort.

29,019/04—FLOTTMANN—*Improved valve apparatus for percussive rock drills and the like.*

This valve apparatus consists of a ball which interposed between two horizontally situated opposite ports for admitting the pressure fluid to each side respectively of the rock drill piston. The ball passes alternatively from one to the other.

29,424/04—WHITMORE—*Improvements in safety devices for preventing over-speed and over-winding in hoisting apparatus.*

The objects of this invention are to prevent the winding engine running above a pre-determined speed when the load approaches the pit bank, and to prevent over winding. According thereto two vertical screw threaded spindles, driven by gearing from each of the two winding drums are each fitted with two nuts which being prevented from rotating travel along same. The positions of these nuts are in definite relationship with the position of the cages. The lower of the two nuts on each spindle is adapted to engage a lever having a rachet toothed segmental rack which is projected into its path by a centrifugal governor when the speed becomes excessive, and thereby gradually cuts off the steam. The upper nut on reaching the end of its spindle becomes free to rotate, by disengaging from a guide plate and by turning operates a lever which immediately cuts off the steam and applies a brake.

THE MARITIME REVIEW.
An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1905.

CONCERNING WINTER DECK-LOADS.

AGAIN, has Lord Muskerry—who is probably the sailors' most constant and indefatigable friend called the attention of the House of Lords, to the evils surrounding the carrying of deck-loads across the Atlantic, in winter time. As a peg upon which to hang the discussion, the cases of the steamers *Nutfield* and *Freshfield* were used, for his Lordship introduced the subject by asking if the steamers mentioned were given up as lost; whether they carried deck-loads of timber; and if so, to what extent did those deck-loads go. Furthermore, information was sought as to whether it was a fact that the *Freshfield* was compelled to put back to an American port, for the purpose of discharging a portion of the deck cargo which had proved a source of danger; and whether the Board of Trade intended to order a formal investigation into the condition of both steamers, at the time they left port? No one acquainted with the facts, or with the trade, will suppose for one moment that either of the steamers alluded to were one whit worse—in the matter of deck-loads—than any of the multitude of steamships which are engaged in a similar undertaking. Deck-loads are governed by human nature, in exactly the same ratio which applies to every other phase of industrial life. If the shipping community is given a free hand; is untrammelled by restrictions of a legal character; then, it may be taken for granted that the state of the timber-carrying industry will graduate, from bad to worse. A shipowner of the "good" sort will send his steamer for timber; he knows that a deck-load is a danger, both to his vessel and to the lives of her crew; so he exercises his veto, when the ship sails without a deck-load. At the same time, other shipowners who are not so "good," pooh-pooh the idea of danger—seeing that they rest at home, in security; and their steamers come away with as much deck-load as cupidity will rise to. The fates are kind, and the deck-load crowd get home. Their theoretically "hard-cased" owners meander around on 'Change, and pass would-be witty remarks at the expense of the "good" man who would not agree to any undue risk. The "hard cased" individual spreads out lovely tales anent the profit which he has made on the deck-load which his steamer carried; in an "aside" which can be heard for quite a distance, he suggests that "poor old So-and-so, is a bit slow, you know;" and hazards a wonder as to why shareholders respond so readily to his demands for more capital. Time passes, and the "hard-cased" man succeeds in bringing home several cargoes without undue trouble, and the "good" man is inclined to wonder whether deck-loads are so terribly wicked, after all. He hesitates a bit: plays with the temptation; after the manner of all men (or women) who hesitate, is lost to all sense of fair-dealing manhood; and, henceforth, his steamers bring along deck-loads. That is to say, they bring them along if they are enabled to; if not, they are "washed away," and the underwriter pays up for yet another swindle that has been engineered through the help of a severed lashing. The trouble of the whole matter here, is on a par with that which is gradually ruining the Mercantile Marine: The good people who have been placed in charge of the business, know absolutely nothing—at first hand—thereof; and as a natural consequence, are at the mercy of any of the gentlemen whom tarradiddles will help. What is needed in this instance, is exactly what is needed right through the legislating for Britain's greatest national industry. The advent of practical men; who shall be paid a sufficient wage to ensure their absolute honesty and impartiality; men with no axe to grind; and with no "interests" which must be bolstered at the expense of other "interests." Given the class of men referred to, and we should soon be treated to a spectacle of clean-sweeping, that could be depended on to wean back to the sea, the many thousands of good men which existing circumstances have driven on shore. What is urgently needed, is a Parliamentarian who can stand up and describe from personal knowledge, the miseries, dangers and losses which annually transpire through deck-loads. Given that man, and a description of the steamer which staggers along through a gale, as near on her beam-ends as makes but precious little odds; of the utter impossibility of walking on her decks; or sleeping in one of her bunks; of daring to move from place to place, until a good hand-grasp on something firm had been secured; of how the engines groan and grind, because of every bearing being twisted and warped by the continued strain which has eventuated, and for which the engines were never constructed. Let him then go on to explain about the green seas which continually break over the lopsided vessel; to show you how there is no cooking done on board, because it is impossible to keep water in a galley crock, on account of the angle of heel made by the vessel as she labours along, groaning, creaking, straining and buckling. Next, let the description turn on to the crew, jammed off in any clear corner; with a few biscuits, a drink of water and an aroma of silent profanity surrounding the whole fit-out; and then wonder, if you dare, as to why the Mercantile Marine is gradually becoming depleted of dependable seamen; why none but dead-beats will undertake, for a time the duties of "able seamen." It is because the dire circumstances are understood to the full, that Lord Muskerry is ever to the 'fore in endeavouring to get some little amelioration for the unfortunate beggars who have to exist among them. Jack is usually described as a bundle of soul-harrowing swear-words, and we are willing to admit that, at times, his language is both forceful and highly-coloured. But this is merely when the small pin-pricks of life—nautical life, you understand—are annoying him. When the sailor is placed on a steamer whose invariable methods of progression is on her bilge, instead of on her keel-plate; when the man is cold, wet, hungry, and altogether miserable; well, on those occasions, he doesn't indulge in profanity other than of the inward kind. The situation is hopelessly beyond swear-words, and Jack realises the fact. So, instead of "letting out" in the manner which is popularly assigned to him, he is too unspeakably miserable for any such safety-valve: but he takes care that you never catch him in the same straits again—if he can help it. The natural result is: You have to get more aliens to undertake the work which, in a properly regulated nautical industry would belong to the Briton. Yet you go on wondering, why the native lad is gradually leaving the British Mercantile Marine! The wonder would be, if he were misguided enough to stay there, having once experienced the additional miseries that are placed with the ordinary disadvantages of a life on the briny, when a deck-load of timber has to be brought across the Atlantic, in winter-time. However, in replying for the Board of Trade, the Marquis of Salisbury was of opinion that the Government had no reason to complain of the interest taken in the question propounded by Lord Muskerry. The President of the Board of Trade piously remarked that "undoubtedly any circumstances affecting the lives of those engaged in our Mercantile Marine are of the highest interest to Parliament, ... but ... the evil ... though a real one, has been to some extent exaggerated." Highest interest to Parliament, forsooth! It is, but not in the manner which the average Parliamentarian understands that interest. The A.P. imagines that all redress meted

out to Jack, is merely in the nature of the humanitarian: Jack is a poor devil; has been hardly-used, in the past; and, well, we'll see that he gets marmalade for breakfast, from now, on! The real interest which the Parliamentarian has in the British sailor is this: If means are not soon found to stem the constant tide of desertion from the merchant ships of Britain, there will be no Parliament; merely a Reichstag, or other polony-faking combination. And as to the evils of a deck-load being "to some extent exaggerated," let us assure the Marquis of Salisbury, on the honour of those who have "been there," and who do not mean to go there any more, that it is impossible to exaggerate the miseries resultant from the carrying of a deck-load. When the weather is fine, and the deck-loaded ship is ambling along with nothing worse than 10 degrees of heel, all hands are in a ferment as to whether the glass is "steady;" or if it is inclined to "fall." When the bad weather has eventuated, all hands are just as anxious as to whether the old crock is going to win through this affair —right side up. There is never a grain of comfort on a deck-loaded steamer, from the moment she leaves her loading port until she arrives home—or until the lashings which secure the deck-load are cut, whichever eventuates, first. From the master, right down to the mess-room boy (in varying degrees of accentuation, of course), all hands are "nervy," and more or less disconsolate. How, under the conditions which we have sketched out, can it be otherwise. The top-heavy crock rolls over, until you feel nearly certain that nothing but a dispensation of providence will square her up, once more: having got down to her so-called bearings, she stops there: you might get used to the new position; you might develop panic. If the latter state materialises, you may be sure that a sharp axe (and a more or less clear conscience) is about: a few blows on a rope-lashing ensues; and with a mighty jerk the vessel "comes up right, again." The log-book assures you that the whole contraption was consequent on the Act of God, and there you are! Yet the lives of people who have to stoop to this kind of conduct, are of "the highest interest to Parliament!" You see—thanks to the sharp axe—the life loss on this account, is not so great as it might be, remembering all the circumstances, and thus it comes about, that "when dealing with so small an evil, the question of competiton has, to some extent, to be considered." British shipping might be—and is—a law unto itself, but when it is desired to make the service liveable for a modern citizen, the question of competition has to be considered! In other words, two wrongs make a right, and if the Mercantile Marine goes on degenerating, bless it! Competition killed it! Here is an admission, too: and from the President of the Board of Trade: "I believe that, on the whole, shipowners are an admirable class of men, who carry out their work with a due regard to the sanctity of human life. But there are, of course, in every trade, some members who do not come up to the high standard of the vast majority. There are, no doubt, in the shipping trade, one or two such owners." There are! But seeing that the majority are good men—and practical experience has taught us the truth of this assertion—why not legislate so that the "one or two" rotters may cease from posing as temptations to the majority? Obviously, the suggested legislation will merely bring the soul-less ones into line—when the vast majority have, already, a high standard? Is the industry to be carried on merely in the interests of the "one or two" who batten thereon, and drive most of the decent Britons ashore; or are we to hope that legislation—which will not detrimentally affect the vast majority—is to be withheld, so that the rotters may go on "making a pile?" To our mind, it is no answer to say that the merchant marine of the foreigner is constituted on a much "smaller scale than ours, and they probably feel the effects of competition at least as much as we do, and are thus reluctant to place restrictions on their merchant service." Lord Muskerry is not unduly worrying about the foreigner's merchant marine: it is the British sample which occupies his constant attention; and anyhow, when a country has a Mercantile Marine the size of Britain's, and other countries have merely apologies therefor, it is merely begging the question to discuss the possibilities as concerning the foreigner. In all probability, the Marquis of Salisbury realises this, quite as well as ourselves. But true to honourable tradition, he must speak—and act—in accordance with its tenets; that is, to put down, as politely as possible, all attempts at making the British Mercantile Marine a home for Britons. All the same, Lord Muskerry is to be congratulated for the manly manner in which he shows the Gilded Chamber, wherein lays its chief danger.

AMERICAN JINGOISM!

THERE would appear to be a highly concentrated sample of "nerves" about, among a certain portion of the United States Senate. Quite a number of Uncle Sam's lawmakers seem to be imbued with the idea that, when he has finally sent the Bear home to be curry-combed, the amiable Jap will give vent to a long-concealed desire to possess himself of the Philippine Islands. The mere fact that the Japanese Minister at Washington scouts the idea; declares that Japan never had a notion to take advantage of any of her neighbours in the matter of territorial aggrandisement; that she wishes to live at peace with everybody; and to strengthen the ties of interdependence; all go for nothing. The pugilistically-inclined portion of the upholders of a Monroe doctrine can see danger in the merry manner in which Japan is "dressing down" Russia; and feel nearly sure that once the Russian is "off," the Philippines will be "on." This, presumably, is as it should be? When a number of well-meaning folk lay themselves out to "snook" as much of their own continent as possible, and at the same time look around for portions of other continents—well, they realise that the words "Monroe Doctrine" are just that, and no more. A Mr. Hull first gave vent to the belief which appears to have been percolating through the brains of himself, and a few friends; the belief concerning Japan's wicked intentions, by and bye; and as Mr. Hull happens to be the chairman of the House Military Committee, at Washington, his "notions" were given a sort of importance which, at the moment, they do not appear to have deserved. That Mr. Hull is not alone in his fancies, is exemplified by one Mr. Carmack, from "ole Tennessee," who is also of opinion that the United States will ultimately have to fight Japan for the Philippines—and other stakes? A Mr. Spooner, too, got the Jingo taint badly, when he declared that "no nation under the sun, east or west, can take from the United States anything that the United States possesses." That's what's the matter! "We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do," we're short of ships and sailors, and we're short of soldiers, too! Personally, we should not like to bet on the assertion as to whether the Japs couldn't take up the Philippines, an' they wished to. It cannot be gainsaid that the Islands are a long way from America, or that they are close to Japan. It is equally certain that the Americans have nothing to brag about in the way of transport; while the Japs, with less need therefore, have plenty. And viewing the matter all 'round, it is terribly debatable as to whether "no nation under the sun" could do the very thing that Mr. Spooner is so sure about. Come to think of it, the Filipinos took a lot of beating, the other day? Considerably more beating than was anticipated? Then, if backed up by a going concern like Japan, it is extremely doubtful as to whether Mr. Spooner would be worth a cent, in the matter of prophesying? Seems to us that it would be far better to refrain from this tall talk, for it is ill "sassing" a person who has proved himself a better man than yourself—even if his face is yellow, and his eyes are not quite shaped on Western ideas of symmetry and beauty? Bluff is a fine game—when only one of the players understand the potentialities of card "stacking!" *Verb. sa: sap.!*

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *March 22, 1905.*

DURING the past week, the Coal Market has displayed no very startling change, although the weakness which has been so much in evidence for quite a while, now, is not nearly so pronounced. All the same, there continues a dulness over the usually cheering landscape of Coalopolis: a dulness which appears to have become part and parcel of the scene, in so far as coal-selling is concerned. In the latter days of last week, tonnage arrivals were extremely few, and as a natural result, there is a marked decrease in the total of shipments for the period embraced between our last, and this present time of writing. As might only be expected, prices are anything but lively, even if, as already stated, the weakness is not quite so pronounced.

THANKS to the scarcity of buyers, it is declared that those with actual business in hand, have been able to secure as much as necessary for present requirements, at lower figures than were ruling when last we had the felicity of addressing you. As is usual in these statements, at times like the present, there was a proviso thrown in. The local "prophet" is a whole team for provisos, if you come to think of it: he is much the same, supposing you are too tired, or disheartened to give the matter any attention. That same old condition of purchase, needless to say, is the everlasting one of—prompt shipment.

PERSONALLY, we incline to the belief that all this old chowder about prompt shipment, is merely that, and no more. Principally, too, for the reason that when the condition is most insisted upon, it is a moral impossibility to fulfil it. That is, the so-called "necessary inducement" is never possible, when it is most talked of! However, we are open to admit that it is a long time since the colliery person had his tonnage arrangements in anything approaching the chaotic state which has been the vogue of late; and with this in view, it is admissable to suppose that prices have been influenced by the prevailing thusness?

COLLIERIES have to be kept going—somehow. But if there are no steamers at hand, coal wagons have a nasty little habit of congregating in whole legions; and everyone thereof, "full up." Naturally then, as you will probably imagine, prices have to be at the "concession" point? They have! But if the buyer has no ships, and the coal-owner has no spare wagons; what is either of them to do? Simply fuss around, and say things to each other—even as they pray devoutly for the merry chartering clerk, and his power of "nosing" out new stuff. If you care to think about the matter, concessions in the coal trade are ever to the 'fore, when nobody is in a position to take advantage thereof. Ay, ay! And thus the merry game continues.

BUT according to the books that were favoured in our youth; in that period before the "yellow back" was calculated to woo us from the apparent paths of probity and virtue—particularly the latter; we were wont to tell each other that it is always the darkest hour, just immediately before the dawn. We used to "stuff" each other in that simple fashion, then; and now, although we have grown considerably older—and otherwise, as may be; we still endeavour to work up the same old tag! So it was, at the end of last week. It was then about the darkest hour—before the steamers arrived! Later on—in the early days of the present week, that is—tonnage arrivals have romped along in the "full and plenty" line, and even at the time of writing, that miserable old weakness is not quite so much in evidence.

WRITING of tonnage arrivals, we believe that, in round figures, a matter of some 120 bottoms have rolled in for cargo. When you get that number in as one batch, the docks are a little bit busy; the coalowner man is more so; and the shipowner person is more than that. Furthermore, in view of all that lovely whack of boats, the colliery genius is inclined to cant his hat back a piece; acts as if he had already emptied those wagons which have been harrowing his soul for such a length of time; forgets that the 120 vessels must depart before his congestion is relieved worth a cent; is, as a matter of fact, a little bit previous in his hat tilting! However, as sufficient for the night is the amount of rain which falls on the gentleman who has forgotten his "brolly," so is the sudden bound in the gait of the coalowner.

CONSIDERING those tonnage arrivals a bit farther, we presume that it is unnecessary for us to suggest that every one of them waltzed in under a tip, or coaling crane, "to wanst, 'fnot sooner?" You would have decided thusly, on your own? You would also realise that shipowner is now in the blissful position of getting despatch without as much as asking therefor; and that coalowner is falling over his own goloshes, in a mad desire to empty out some of those wagons. Eh, this is the day—and night—for the owner-man? The moneys which have been described as "despatch," are never mentioned, at times like the present. In fact, the state of business at the Docks is simply beatific! Coalowner is all smiles; actually nods to his natural enemy, the shipowner—from across the Floor. Is even willing to pass an alleged joke with "our outside man;" and if there were any "separators" at the Docks, cream from the milk of human kindness would be at a discount!

HOWEVER, the stocks on hand have been quite equal to the demand, and with outputs, therefore, in excess of requirements, any immediate improvement is out of the question. Indeed, it is likelier to be just a sweeping out of the trucks, in preparation for another glut—later on. Anyhow, new business is distinctly "off;" is non-existent; and although some of the cult will pretend that they are "up to their eyes," you may take it from us that it is in nothing save wickedness! Of course, there is always business under-weigh—else why bother with a Coal Market; but at the moment, all the transactions have been confined to the immediate and pressing necessities of the coal buyer. This means, that forward accumulations are few.

PARTICULARISING, we find that BEST CARDIFF ADMIRALTYS have undergone no change, in so far as the quotation goes, and this remains at the average of last week—13s. 3d. Sellers, however, are not in the position, thus far in the week, of being able to negotiate business on quotation prices. Consequently, the nimble "threepence off" has eventuated as frequently as have the quoted figures. This, too, without an undue amount of the persuasive power, which is generally assigned to the wily buyer of Welsh coal. Circumstances alter cases, you understand, and thus it comes about that, here and there, a stiff lip is kept, and the quotation has to be paid. But stiff lips are in no wise common, these days. Take that from us.

SECONDS, too, are similarly placed. Collieries working the better class coals are well-stemmed, while one or two of them are in the fortunate position of having but little coal to spare—for prompt shipment. The demanded figures in this grade, are 12s. 9d. and they are fairly steady, at that; but even so, there is a quantity of coal in this section which can be easily secured at threepence under; ay, and at another threepence—for really prompt shipment. Naturally then, SECONDS are little better than easy?

ORDINARIES, poor things, are suffering from the same old lack of request which has surrounded them for ages—seemingly!—past. As a matter of fact, Ordinaries, at the moment (even as they have been for some time) are a weak group. Collieries' stems have not improved; there is any amount of the stuff offering; and consequently, buyers are able to get all they need, at advantageous terms. Values may be marked at 11s. 9d. or at 12s.—varying according to the quality and position; and it is more than

probable that for a cargo in the "right position," the former figures would be accepted for most of the Best Sorts.

DRYS—well, you know about Drys, don't you? That is, they are quiet; dull; slack; dead; off colour: in fact, they are Drys! Actual transactions limited; stems easy; buyers find prices all in their favour. We do but give you the words of our own "Professor Dawkins," and if you don't like to believe him—well then, you won't!

MONMOUTHSHIRE coals show but little alteration in price or conditions. Indeed, their position synchronises with that in which we found them at our last time of writing. Of course, tonnage has romped home in their—as with other's—case. But then, stocks were depressingly heavy, and the arrivals so far, have been unable to deplete these worth fourpence. Consequently, supplies exceed the demand, and values keep down. It is always thus—under the same conditions? For immediate value, BLACK VEINS are worth nothing more than 11s. 3d.; and even at this price, there is precious little doing.

ORDINARIES are reputed as being in "the same box." They are, too! For prompt shipment, they are quoted at 11s.

SECONDS, of course, cannot be expected to show any improvement, although prices remain on a par with those current at our last. Latterly, quotations here have hardened a little; but the hardness is by no means inspiring. Sort of "Perhaps." We know that the figures quoted are 10s. 6d., but——!

RHONDDA No. 3's continue in good demand. Indeed all of our tale in last week's issue, is equally good to-day. Sellers are hard at 14s. for Large, and on this basis, stems are by no means easy to secure. THRO's may be marked at from 11s. 6d. to 11s. 9d.

RHONDDA No. 2's, on the other hand are suffering the fate of most of the other grades—lack of demand is their besetting weakness. Therefore, their values are wobbly. True, the tonnage arrivals during the past day or two have infused a little activity into the collieries involved, and as these qualities are still at the 10s. mark, some of the would-be "fly" members are declaring that nothing under 10s. 3d. will get their stuff. But don't believe them. Every time, the nimble half-sovereign will fetch it!

SMALLS have retained the firmness of which we told you at last writing, so that prices have not varied from those of our last week's list. Bests are favoured with a good enquiry, and as stems are well-filled—for anything required promptly—the figures still current are from 7s. 6d. to 7s. 9d. Indeed, it is difficult to get a reduction on this. SECONDS rule at about from 7s. to 7s. 3d. Other sorts we give below.

PATENT FUELS have undergone no change.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	13s. od., 13s. 3d	13s. od.	13s. od.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od., 13s. 6d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	12s. 3d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, .	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d., 12s. od.	12s. od.	11s. 9d., 12s. od.	11s. 9d., 12s. od.	12s. od.
Drys ,, .	12s. od.	12s. od.	11s. 9d., 12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. od., 12s. 6d.
Best Newport ,, —	11s. 3d	11s. od., 11s. 3d.	11s. od., 11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 4½d.
Ordinary Bests ,, .	11s. od., 11s. 3d	11s. od	11s. od.	11s. 1½d.	11s. od., 11s. 3d.	11s. od.
Seconds ,,	10s. 3d., 10s. 6d	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,,	16s. 9d., 10s. 6d	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,,	13s. 9d., 14s. od	14s. od.	14s. od.	13s. 9d., 14s. od.	13s. 9d.	13s. 6d., 14s. od.
No. 2 Ditto. ,,	10s. od.	10s. od.	10s. od., 10s. 3d.	10s. 1½d.	10s. 1½d.	10s. 3d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro."	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 9d.
,, 2 ,,	8s. od	8s. 6d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d. 9s. od.	8s. 9d., 9s. os.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff	7s. 9d	7s. 9d.	7s. 6d., 7s. 9d.	7s. 7½d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 6d., 7s. 9d.
Seconds	7s. od., 7s. 3d	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. od.	7s. od.	6s. 9d., 7s. od.
Ordinaries	6s. 6d	6s. 6d	6s. 9d.	6s. 9d.	6s. 6d., 6s. 9d.	6s. 7½d.
Best Newport	6s. 9d	6s. 9d.	7s. od.	7s. od.	6s. 9d.	6s 9d.
Seconds	6s. 6d	6s. 6d.	6s. 3d., 6s. 6d.	6s. 4½d.	6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.
Rhondda No. 2	7s. od., 7s. 3d	7s. 3d.	7s. od.	7s. od.	7s. 3d.	7s. od., 7s. 3d.
,, No. 3	10s. od.	10s. od.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.	9s. 7½d.
Foundry Coke:						
Special	21s. od., 21s. 6d	21s. od.	21s. od.	21s. od., 22s. od.	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.
Ordinary	17s. 9d., 18s. 6d	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.
Furnace Coke	16s. 6d	16s. 6d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
Patent Fuel	13s. od., 13s. 3d	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 9d., 13s. 3d.	13s. od.	13s. od.
Pitwood ex ship	17s. od	17s. od	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d	16s. 10½d.	16s. 9d., 17s. od.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *March 22, 1905.*

QUIETNESS has again characterised the Market at Swansea this week. Latterly, however, business has been better, and enquiries have been more numerous. There has been a pleasing improvement in the arrivals at the port during the last few days, and stocks have been largely reduced; but the absence of new business enables no immediate improvement to be marked, and the bulk of the enquiry about has yet to materialise.

For ANTHRACITE COALS quotations remain at the old levels and prompt Coal prices are still somewhat easy to negotiate. Certainly, colliers have been better employed, but stems continue slack. For the time being, however, the weakness has been arrested. MALTING qualities range from 17s. 6d. to 19s. 6d. BIG and RED VEIN COALS are rather plentiful, with the quotation at 11s. 6d. and 10s. 3d. respectively, and this market is by no means a firm one.

CULM, however, is unchanged, for their steadiness is still maintained.

DUFF is commanding 3s. 6d., at which a fair business is recorded.

STEAMS are on a par with their condition of the previous week. For prompt business, the market is an easy one, and in the buyer's favour. Although shipments have been brisker, supplies are larger than the demand, and until this improves, naturally, prices will not go better. BESTS can be arranged at 13s., although the quotation is 3d. higher. SECONDS are worth nothing more than 12s. Bunker qualities have been more freely enquired after, but insufficient has been done to warrant their values hardening, and these are, on an average, about 11s. THRO's at about 9s.

PATENT FUELS are in good demand at 11s. 9d. to 12s.

BELOW, we give the average prices for the week:—

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:						
Best Hand Picked						
Malting Large	19s. 6d	19s. od., 19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. od., 19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d., 19s. 9d
Seconds do.	17s. od., 17s. od	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.
Big Vein Large	11s. 6d	11s. 6d	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.
Red ,, ,, ...	10s. od.	9s. 9d., 10s. od.	10s. od.	10s. od.	10s. od., 10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.
Machine Made Cobbles	16s. 6d	16s. 6d	16s. 6d., 16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. od.	17s. od.
,, ,, Nuts ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. od.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 16s. 9d
,, ,, Peas ...	10s. od., 11s. od.	10s. od.	10s. od.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. od., 10s. 6d.
Rubbly Culm	5s. 9d	5s. od.	4s. 9d., 5s. od.	5s. od.	4s. 9d.	5s. od., 5s. od.
Duff	3s. 6d.	3s. 6d.	3s. 3d., 3s. 6d.	3s. 3d.	3s. 6d.	3s. 6d.
Patent Fuel:—	12s. od	12s. od.	11s. 9d., 12s. 3d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	12s. od.
Steam:						
Best Large	13s. od	13s. od.	13s. 3d.	13s. 1½d.	13s. od., 13s. 3d.	13s. 3d
Seconds ,,	12s. od.	12s. od.	12s. od., 12s. 3d.	12s. 1½d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d
Bunker ,,	11s. od., 11s. 3d	11s. od.	11s. od.	10s. 9d., 11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d
Thro' and Thro' ...	9s. od.	8s. 10½d.	8s. 10½d.	9s. od.	9s. od.	9s. od., 9s. 3d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

CARDIFF. *March 22. 1905.*

EASTERN. At last, and in this direction, the market evinces some little sign of life; shows that it has not died, altogether; but that it has merely been sleeping! Anyhow, a few fixtures are reported for this saddening direction of the chartering whirl, and if the prices are "deplorable," there still are prices! For instance, SINGAPORE has been closed at 8s.—ye gods!—and COLOMBO has paid both 8s. 4½d. and 9s. Naturally, the last-named rate, was for a spot boat, and meagre as the figures are, they are an advance over the last few fixtures, hereaway.

WESTWARD business is ambling along in the old, sweet, happy manner which has characterised the section of late; at least, since our last appearance with a weekly review, no changes have materialised—either in volume of fixtures, or in price. For the PLATE, between 7s. 3d. and 7s. 6d. is the magnificent rate offered; while for RIO DE JANEIRO, the scheduled value is again 9s.

FOR the ISLANDS, we are proud to see an advance—a substantial advance, shall we write? Anyhow, the substantiality is of the nature of 6s. for TENERIFFE, LAS PALMAS, and MADIERA, and for CAPE VERDES, 7s. have been actually offered—freely. After that, "Tell us not in mournful numbers, etc." Is it going to continue? Ask us another, please. We are not running the prophetic business, just now.

MEDITERRANEAN-WARDS, we find the merry game continuing, in a strong and healthy manner. This too, in spite of the fact, that, thanks to a settlement in weather conditions, there is a good showing of tonnage on hand, as explained elsewhere in these columns. Indeed, tonnage-to-hand and all, there appears to be anything but a glut, in so far as this phase of the market is concerned, for rates in all Mediterranean features, are well-maintained.

PORT SAID commands 6s. 6d., with 7s. conceded for ALEXANDRIA. The GENOA market is not quite so keen for tonnage, at the moment, but 7s. is fairly easy of attainment for handy-sized boats. CONSTANTINOPLE charterers have paid up to the tune of 6s. 9d., and big boats for VENICE are getting just three half-crowns. For a wonder, MALTA is paying a decent rate—6s.; while near Mediterranean ports are workable as, MARSEILLES, 8·25 francs; ALGIERS, 7·50 francs; ORAN, 7·25 francs: and TUNIS, 9·12½ francs, for coal.

FOR the BAY, there is but little doing, and rates are, consequently, weak—both outward and homeward.

COASTWISE, there is a little better enquiry, and rates are just a trifle firmer. For instance, ROUEN is paying 5s. 3d.; HAVRE, 4s. 3d.; and HAMBURG, from 4s., to 4s. 3d.

Week Ending, (Wednesday), March 22, 1905.

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Colombo, *Sutherland,* 2,277 n.r. 8s. 4½d.
Yarborough, 1,988 n.r. 9s. spot.
Singapore, *Hillglen,* 2,398 n.r. 8s.

WESTWARD, Etc.

Rio de Janeiro, *Æolus,* 3,400 tons, 9s.
River Plate, *Beltor,* 4,100 tons, 7s. 3d.
Steamer, 3,000 tons, 7s. 6d. option **Rosario,** 7s. 9d.
Sandsend, 4,500 tons, 7s. 3d.
Clinton, 4,300 tons, 7s. 6d.
Las Palmas, *Patria,* 3,800 tons, 6s. option **Teneriffe.**
Frutera, 1,000 tons, 5s. 9d.
Cape Verdes, *Atlas,* 2,000 tons, 6s. 4½d. 200 dely. 9d.
Cairnmore, 2,000 tons, 7s. spot.
Turquoise, 2,100 tons, 6s. 9d.
Penarth, 4,100 tons, 7s.
Bermuda, *Cresyl,* 3,100 tons, 8s.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Llandrindod,* 5,500 tons, 6s. 6d.
Genoa, *Ole Bull,* 2,400 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Lady Kirk, 3,500 tons, 8s. 4½d. fuel, 400 delivery.
Solveig, 6,000 tons, 7s. spot.
Steamer, 1,500 tons, 7s.
Steamer, 3,500 tons, 7s.
Syra, *Trevanion,* 3,000 tons, 6s. 9d. option **Piræus.**
Constantinople, *Tre——,* 3,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Bosphoros, 2,600 tons, 6s. 9d.
S. Anargyros, 3,600 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Steamer, 2,300 tons, 6s. 9d.
Torre Annunziata, Steamer, 2,200 tons, 7s. coal, 7s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Messina, *Capua,* 2,400 tons, 6s. 9d.
Catania, Steamer, 2,700 tons, 6s. 9d. coal, 7s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Alexandria, *Woodburn,* 3,400 tons, 7s.
Steamer, 3,000 tons, 7s.
Chiverstone, 5,100 tons, 6s. 9d.
Trefusis, 3,300 tons, 7s.
Siward, 4,100 tons, 6s. 9d.
Hubbuck, 3,000 tons, 7s.
Piræus, Steamer, 3,000 tons, 6s. 6d.
Venice, *Acme,* 3,000 tons, 7s. 10½d.
Kobe, 6,200 tons, 7s. 6d. (N).
Panaghi Vagliano, 4,400 tons, 7s. 6d. (N).
Southport, 5,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Steamer, 4,000 tons, 7s. 6d. option **Ancona.**
Marseilles, *Hopemount,* 4,800 tons, 8·25 francs.
Ellewoutsdyk, 1,900 tons, 8·12½ francs.
Algiers, *Diligente,* 2,000 tons, 7·25 francs.
St. Vincent, 2,400 tons, 7·25 francs.
Crimea, 2,100 tons, 7·50 francs. spot.
Lesseps, 2,300 tons, 7·25 francs.
Ninian Stuart, 2,400 tons, 7·25 francs. spot.
Oran, *Kathe,* 1,800 tons, 7·50 fcs. coal, 8·50 fcs. fuel, (s).
Vatin, 1,600 tons, 7·15 francs.
Douglas Hill, 2,400 tons, 7·25 francs.
Gibraltar, *Radyr,* 1,200 tons, 5s. 8d.
Cassia, 1,400 tons, 5s. 8d.
Lisbon, Steamer, 1,700 tons, 4s. 6d.
Sieglinde, 1,900 tons, 4s. 6d. (N).
Credo, 950 tons, 4s. 9d.
Vigo, *Crimdon,* 1,900 tons, 5s.
Hekla, 700 tons, 5s. 6d.
Alicante, *Trieste,* 1,800 tons, 6s. 3d. coal, 7s. fuel, (s).
Tunis, *Theresedal,* 2,000 tons, 9·12½ fcs. coal, 10·12½ fcs. fuel, (s).
Augusta, *Wansbeck,* 1,100 tons, 7s. 3d. spot.
Gervin, 2,400 tons, 7s. 3d.
Port Empedocle, *Falk,* 1,100 tons, 7s. 9d. (s).
Naples, *Frascati,* 2,500 tons, 6s. 9d.
Steamer, 4,000 tons, 6s. 6d. 1,000 delivery.
Steamer, 2,000 tons; *Bacchus,* 4,200 tons; both 7s. option **Torre,** (N).
Vortigern, 3,800 tons, 6s. 7½d. 1,000 delivery.
Malta, *Kilmaho,* 3,000 tons, 6s.
Cornubia, 2,100 tons, 6s.
Valencia, Steamer, 1,400 tons, 6s. 6d.
Bari, *Mary Thomas,* 2,500 tons, 7s. 3d.
Taranto, *Katie,* 3,800 tons, 7s.

BALTIC, Etc.

Stettin, *Normandiet,* 1,500 tons, 5s.
Gothenburg, Steamer, 1,600 tons, 4s. 3d.

BAY, Etc.

La Rochelle, *Spurt,* 1,400 tons, 4·37½ fcs. (s).
Innesmoor, 1,000 tons, 4·12½ francs.
St. Nazaire, *Alemania,* 2,800 tons, 4·25 francs
Bordeaux, *Algorta,* 2,900 tons, 4·50 francs.
Rocheforte, *Serantes,* 2,800 tons, 4·37½ francs.
Ollargan, 2,750 tons, 4·37½ francs.
Sables, *Richard Nordrauk,* 1,400 tons, 4·50 fcs. (s).
Chantenay, *Holderness,* 2,100 tons, 4·75 francs. (P.T.)
Izaro, 2,100 tons, 4·62½ francs.
Steamer, 2,500 tons, 4·75 francs. (s).
Arcachon, *Gerda,* 1,100 tons, 5·87½ francs.

COASTING, Etc.

Boulogne, *Lady Bertha,* 850 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Hamburg, Steamer, 1,500 tons, 4s. 3d
Steamer, 1,100 tons, 4s.
Havre, *City of Rochester,* 1,600 tons, 4s.
Raloo, 1,400 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
G. N. Wilkinson, 850 tons, 4s. 3d.
St. Malo, *Gransha,* 1,500 tons, 4s.
Speedwell, 1,250 tons, 4s. 1½d.
Steamer, 1,400 tons, 4s.
Rouen, *Emperor,* 700 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Steamer, 1,500 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Rocheforte, 1,100 tons, 5s. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Lisbon to Cardiff, *Wilton,* 1,900 tons, 4s. 10½d. pitwood
Bilbao to Cardiff, *Eastgate,* 2,300 tons, 3s. 10½d.
Devonia, 2,000 tons, 4s.

SHIPBUILDING.

THE first Atlantic turbine steamer left Liverpool yesterday for Canada. This vessel, the Allan Liner *Victorian*, built by Messrs. Workman, Clark & Co., Belfast, inaugurates a revolution in ocean travelling by marine steam turbines. It is only four years since the first steam turbine, intended for trading, was launched at Dumbarton. This was the *King Edward*, but from that time, the system has grown to be a rival to the reciprocating engine, and has proved so successful in vessels of high speed, that it is being generally adopted in cross channel steamers. The *Victorian*, and her sister ship the *Virginian*, now completing at Glasgow, each of 10,630 tons gross, are intended to be used in working the Canadian trade at all seasons of the year. They are the largest, fastest, and finest in the Allan Line fleet, and will, if successful, as they are almost certain to be, inaugurate a new era in the Atlantic service. The *Victorian* was at first intended to have reciprocating engines, but before the hull had been far advanced, turbines were decided on, and an order was placed with Messrs. Alex. Stephens & Sons, Govan, for a sister ship. The turbines for the Belfast vessel have been made by Messrs. Workman, Clark & Co., by arrangement with the Parsons Company; but Messrs. Parsons have constructed the machinery for the Govan vessel. We gave a full description of these fine steamers some time ago, and we hope they will be the success, the enterprise of the owners deserve. During the early part of the week, the owners allowed the public to inspect the *Victorian*, at the nominal charge of one shilling, and the proceeds were devoted to the funds of the Liverpool Seamen's Orphanage.

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THE iron tank steamer *Tancarville*, has been sold by the European Petroleum Company, Limited, London, to a Dutch firm. She was built by Messrs. Craig, Taylor & Co., Stockton, in 1889. Dimensions 292ft. x 37ft. x 25ft. 6in., 2,355 tons gross; with engines 22in., 35in., 60in. x 42in. stroke, by Messrs. Black, Hawthorn & Co., Newcastle. This vessel which was one of the pioneers in the oil bulk carrying trade, is now undergoing a transformation at North Shields, by the Smith Dock Company, after lying idle in the Tyne for three years. Her machinery is being removed and tanks being put in, in order to convert her into an oil barge. On completion, she will be towed out to Borneo, where she will be stationed in deep water, for the purpose of filling up tank steamers which cannot navigate the shallow waters of the oil regions.

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THE fleet of steamers lately managed by Messrs. G. H. Elder & Co., of Newcastle, are freely offering in the market and two of the boats, the *Roman* and *Ormesby Broad*, are reported sold. Last week Mr. Elder filed his petition in bankruptcy at the Newcastle Bankruptcy Court, and the usual receiving order was made. The *Roman* and *Ormesby Broad* were built by Messrs. Mackie & Thomson, Govan, about five years ago, and each carry about 1,750 tons deadweight. They are reported sold to Messrs. L. Dens & Co., of Antwerp, for about £24,000, the two.

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FEW orders for new tonnage have been placed this month, and as already stated, the boom which set in with the beginning of the year, has spent itself. The most important order placed, so far this month, on the East Coast, has been secured by Messrs. Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., Ltd., Newcastle, for the construction of two steel screw steamers for Messrs. Alfred Holt & Co., Liverpool. Dimensions 390ft. x 50ft. x 31ft. 6in. moulded. The first vessel to be delivered in December, and the other in January.

WE hear that Messrs. Orders & Handford, Cardiff, have sold their steel screw steamer *Refugio* to German buyers at about £9,500. She was built at Campbeltown, by the Campbeltown Shipbuilding Company, in 1894. Dimensions 230ft. x 32ft. 6in. x 17ft. 4in.; carries about 2,000 tons deadweight; with engines 17½in., 27½in., 45in. x 33in. stroke, by Messrs. Kincaid & Co., Greenock.

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THE steel screw steamer *Nicolaos Gastriotis*, is reported sold to Mr. D. Fuhrmann, of Hamburg, for about £15,000. She was built by Messrs. Pickersgill & Sons, Sunderland, in 1892. Dimensions 320ft. x 41ft. 4in. x 21ft. 2in.; 2,855 tons gross; with engines 23in., 38in., 62in. x 42in. stroke, by Messrs. George Clark, Ltd.

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THE Greek steel screw steamer *Georgios P. Bouboulis*, at present lying at Cardiff, is reported sold to Mr. Joseph Hoult, of Liverpool, at about £11,750. She was built by the Palmers Company, Ltd., Newcastle, in 1890. Dimensions 300ft. x 40ft. 2in. x 19ft. 4in.; 2,504 tons gross; with engines 22in., 35in. x 58in. x 42in. stroke, by the Palmers Co.

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BY order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, there will be offered for sale by auction, at Chatham Dockyard, on the 4th April, 28 obsolete war vessels and other craft, which have recently been put out of commission by the Admiralty.

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MESSRS. ALFRED H. KEEP, LTD., London, are the purchasers of the new 420 tons deadweight steamer, building by Messrs. R. Williamson & Son, Workington, reported sold in our last issue. The steamer has been launched and named *Queenie*.

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THE steel screw steamer *Torgauton*, built in Norway, in 1901, dimensions 137ft. 6in. x 24ft. x 10ft. 2in., 267 tons gross, lately owned by Messrs. Aas & Cappelen, of Fredrikstaad, has been sold to Mr. C. Mc Arthur, Sydney.

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The returns issued by the Registrar General of Shipping and Seamen, show that during February, 35 vessels of 74,243 tons gross, were sold to foreigners. Ten of the vessels were sailing ships, and 25 steamships.

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THE engines for twenty of the London County Council's steamers have been completed by the Scott Shipbuilding & Engineering Company, Greenock, and have been sent to the Thames, where the hulls are building.

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THE iron steam trawler *Northwold*, built in 1894, by Messrs. Cochrane & Cooper, Beverley, lately owned by The Northwold Steam Fishing Co., Ltd., Grimsby, has been sold to Mr. H. A. Roed, of Sandefjord, Norway.

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MESSRS. CRAWFORD, BARR & Co., Glasgow, have purchased a new steamer of about 5,300 tons deadweight, now building at Greenock, by the Greenock and Grangemouth Dockyard Company.

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THE Tyne Iron Shipbuilding Company, Ltd., have received an order from Messrs. L. Dens & Co., Antwerp, for the construction of a cargo steamer of about 2,500 tons deadweight.

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THE iron steam trawler *Tor Bay*, has been sold by the Hellyers Steam Fishing Co., Ltd., Hull, to Messrs. Valle & Co., Corunna; she has been renamed *Gladiator*.

AS is said to be the case with books, of the making of laws there is no end! Some of the laws are good; some of them are bad; but most of them are neither—being rather indifferent. As a matter of fact, and particularising, a little, most of the laws which are fettled up after much painful toiling, and which are supposed to be for the good of the sailorman, are neither "fish, flesh, nor good red herring." Moreover, outside of the ranks of the estimable gentlemen who framed them, nobody seems to bother much about those laws. I suppose this is what was originally intended? A number of workers-for-nothing take it into their not-too-wise heads to go in for legislation: they ask some of their nautical admirers to suggest a subject: the admirers do so; there is a great strain on the lid of the House of Commons for a season; and there you are!

OUT comes a new quiff, ticketted and labelled as Section Something of the Merchant Shipping Act, of some particular year, or another; the King's printers have a big job on to get the stuff put into shape; you are offered a reprint from anything between twopence and half-a-crown; if the price is right, you might purchase; say, "Lah!"; prattle about it to your friends who do not care a toss for the whole business; and then, in all probability, go home to your virtuous repose, feeling as if you had done a meritorious action. Anyhow, that is exactly how the fibby-nibby appears to me, and if I am wrong, I apologise, most profusely.

WRITING of new quiffs, reminds me of a set-to which a committee of members of the House of Commons had, on Monday last. A committee that was said to be specially interested in shipping matters. The gentlemen forming that committee, wished to place before the Board of Trade, their views with reference to the proposed Minister of Commerce. By the way, if they make Ministers of Commerce on similar lines to those which are adopted in the making of Presidents for the Board of Trade, then, here is a sailorman who earnestly hopes the Board of Trade—bad and all as it is—will continue for ever! As far as I can see, the fillers of important positions are fixed-up, much after the fashion prevailing with good positions in the Senior Service.

THAT is, it doesn't really matter what training you have had for the post in which you are about to be hoisted. Odd-man-out is enacted among a favoured few, and if you happen to be "odd-man," you get the first pull at the good things; if some other fellow is "odd-man," well, you have to be satisfied with a smaller post, in which you will have plenty of time allowed you, to pray for patience, and better luck next time. It must be this way, you know, for it is mighty seldom that any of the jobs go to the better men. But bless me, I have got away from the subject which I had intended to start in on. When I first sat down at this bit of pastime, I had in mind, that old jape anent boy sailors. And the committee to which I referred somewhere up the page, passed a resolution in connection with the class of humanity known as "boy sailors."

WITHOUT bothering about quoting that resolution, let me just say that it called attention to the fact that, in the opinion of the committee, the "wheeze" for the encouragement of "boy sailors," should be continued until the adoption of some alternative scheme. Good, isn't it? The "encouragement of boy sailors." Good heavens! What possible encouragement to a boy is it, to know that he is being exploited for the benefit of his employer? Here have we been, for quite twenty years past, with the *personnel* of the Mercantile Marine gradually dwindling—in so far as the Briton is concerned until to-day, the case is about as rocky as makes no odds; but go on with the "encouraging." Boys will start away for a sea-life, but all the "encouragement" that has been offered up to now, is useless from any point of view. Those boys will make one or two voyages; but they'll see everybody concerned, away in Timbuctoo, before they will continue at the life. This fact cannot be gainsaid, and most of those committee-men must know it, don't you think?

A TRAMP comes into the Roath Dock; she has two "boy sailors" on board. In the evening, those boys meander for'ed to the forecastle, where a couple of hobblers are sitting on as many bollards. Between the puffs of smoke engendered by fire and "Irish roll" 'baccy, the hobblers allow themselves to be interviewed. The "boy sailor" asks: "How much do you fellows get paid for your work, here, of a night?" Hobbler replies; "Ten shillings for a tide's work." Boy is aghast! Ten shillings! Great heavens, this man has a job that should make him wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice! Think of it. Ten shillings for one tide, when as an able-bodied seaman, this "boy sailor" may ultimately hope to receive, anything up to £4 per month.

WHAT think you, is the result? Simply that the "boy sailor" elects, right away, to become a hobbler—or to throw up the sea, in any case, so that he may look for a better job than that. Shipowner curls his lip, even as he sarcastically remarks: "Has the boy no more ambition, than is implied by a decision to become a dock hobbler?" Spare the sarcasm, sirs. Everybody may not hope to be shipowners inclined. Somebody has to run the humbler jobs; and if to be a dock hobbler will bring in ten shillings for a tide's work, and going to sea as a "boy" or other sized sailor is merely worth £4 per month; for seven days a week; night time or day-time; are you going to blame the boy for leaving the poor old crocklet to the mercies—or otherwise—of the foreign anarchists that are only too ready to flop into the job?

AFTER all, happiness is merely a relative term; so is success in life. The Dago imagines he is in clover, providing he is in von fine Eenglis skip at "tree pounds de months;" the Briton considers it is merely "hell afloat" at the same price. One shipowner imagines he has done himself proud with two steamers; another won't be happy until he has annexed a fleet of twenty ships! The business is all relative, sirs. And meanwhile, the British Mercantile Marine is becoming relatively denuded of the class of dressing which, alone, will make it a paying concern. That is, the genuine "boy sailors" who, in the past, worked the thing into its present state of power, and majestic might, have no present day successors. Yet shipowning M.P.'s will form committees for the purpose of prevailing on each other and the powers that be, to continue a dodge that has partially wrecked the country. Funny people in this world—or it seems so to

PETREL.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on March 9, 1905, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

5,964/04—REILLY—*Improvements in mechanism that may be employed either in the propulsion of ships or boats, or for transmitting power from a river or like running water.*

According to this invention a frame is mounted centrally in a boat or other vessel or between two boats. At each end of the frame sprocket wheels are mounted on horizontal power driven transverse shafts. A pair of endless chains carrying paddles are led over these sprocket wheels and around leading pullies on parallel shafts situated below. The paddles are caused to dip beneath the surface of the water by the approach of the leading pullies towards one another. This apparatus is also adapted to transmit power from running water.

7,084/04—FIELDING—*Improvements in luffing derrick cranes.*

This invention relates to an arrangement of the hoisting ropes in cranes whereby the height of the load remains constant, whilst the jib is being luffed inwards or outwards. This is effected by forming a loop in the hoisting rope by leading the rope carrying the weight from the pulley at the end of the jib over a leading pulley at the top of the post, around another pulley mounted near the pivot of the jib, from thence again over a pulley at the top of the post and afterwards to the hauling barrel. The luffing or upward raising of the jib causes the paying out of the hauling rope and *vice-versa*.

7,840/04—HARBINGER—*Improvements in automatic valves for ships' life boats and the like.*

This valve comprises: an automatic mushroom valve located in a chamber formed by two suitably recessed metal bosses located one on each side of a hole in the ships' bottom and screwed together or secured by bolts; and a non-automatic screw valve formed by a cap which screws on an extension of the upper boss.

9,672/04—GUMBEL—*Improvements in apparatus for opening and closing bulkheads by hydraulic power.*

This invention relates to apparatus for operating bulkhead doors by hydraulic power, either from a central station or from points close to the respective doors.

18,639/04—ROGERS, FARNSWORTH & DUKE—*Apparatus for preventing mine cages from falling in the event of the winding rope being fractured.*

According to this invention a pair of horizontal shafts are mounted in bearings on the top of the mine cage, and a similar pair beneath. The superposed shafts are coupled together by levers and connecting rods, which latter are connected by chains to the hoisting rope. The ends of the shafts are right and left threaded and enter threaded sockets formed in the guides of the cage which embrace the guide ropes. When the hoisting rope breaks, the weight of the levers and connecting rods will turn the shafts and screw their ends into the sockets and so jamb the screwed ends against the guide ropes. Where guide timbers are employed in the place of guide ropes then the ends of each shaft are provided with small pinions which engage with racks formed on each of two members of a clip which are drawn together and grip the guide timber.

21,601/04—WILLIAMS—*Improvements in trolley sheaves for engaging electric power wires, applicable also to sheaves and guide pulleys used with wire ropes, cables and the like.*

This invention relates to a method of restricting the wear of the groove of a sheave to the centre thereof. This is effected by forming two narrow parallel spaces perpendicular to the axis of the sheave extending to a depth of about one third of the diameter and at a distance apart equal to the diameter of the cable. An alternative, to forming the space by parting in a lathe, is to construct the central portion of the sheave in one piece with the boss and secure the two side cheeks to the boss with a narrow space intervening.

22,795/04—BRADLEY—*Improvements in and relating to driving mechanism for bucket conveyors.*

This driving mechanism for bucket conveyors consists of an endless driving chain arranged parallel to the chain of buckets. Each link of the driving chain is formed with a tooth or dog which engages the axles of the buckets. By this means the driving strain is distributed over a number of points along the conveyor chain.

26,548/04—WILLIAMS—*An improved method of ventilating and refrigerating cargoes and goods in ships warehouses and the like, and apparatus for carrying the same into effect.*

According to this invention a grating or perforated false bottom, extending over the entire floor of the cargo space, &c., is provided so as to form an air space or chamber beneath the grating. Air is blown into this space by fans through suitable ducts for distributing it more or less equally, the air ascends through the cargo and is drawn off at the top and discharged into the atmosphere, or returned for recirculation. When the cargo is to be cooled or refrigerated as well as ventilated the air is previously passed through a cooler or refrigerator.

28,607/04—PIAGGIO—*Improvements in and relating to lifting and transporting devices for use in ship-building yards.*

This invention consists in the arrangement of lines of stationary pillar cranes between and parallel to the vessels under construction. The total area of action of the cranes covering that occupied by the ships under construction.

These applications for patents are, until April 22, 1905, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

The following application for the registration of Trade Mark relating to the shipping and coal trades was advertised on March 15, and is open to opposition by interested parties within the period ending April 15.

Class 4—Including Coal.

No. 269,062—5th Jan., 1905—SAP—for coal and coke. William Baines, 22, Victoria Road, Great Crosby, Liverpool; Engineer.

Class 8—Including nautical instruments.

No. 269,851—3rd Feb., 1905—GERYK—for educational appliances (included in class 8) and philosophical instruments, scientific instruments (included in class 8) for useful purposes, and instruments and apparatus for teaching. The Pulsometer Engineering Co., Ltd., Nine Elms Iron Works, Oxford Road, Reading, Berkshire; hydraulic and general engineers.

Class 20—Explosives.

No. 269,837—2nd Feb., 1905—ABBCITE—for explosive substances. Kynock Ltd., Lion Works, Witton, near Birmingham; manufacturers.

Class 21.—Naval Architectural contrivances and Naval equipments.

No. 269,777—1st Feb., 1905—The device of a piece of an electric cable in section, supported on trunions between two pedestals, and words "The St. Helens Cable Co., Ltd.," for all goods included in class 21. The St. Helens Cable Co., Ltd., The Electric Cable and Rubber Works, Bank Quay, Warrington, and of 93, Liverpool Road, St. Helens; manufacturers.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

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Telegrams: "INSOLES, CARDIFF."

LEWIS MERTHYR CONSOLIDATED COLLIERIES, LTD., Proprietors and Shippers of "Lewis Merthyr" Navigation Steam Coal.
Telegrams: "LEWIS MERTHYR, CARDIFF"; "LEWIS MERTHYR, LONDON."

MARQUESS OF BUTE COLLIERIES, Aberdare, Hirwain, and Rhondda Valley. Shipping ports:—Bute Docks, Cardiff: Penarth Dock: Swansea: Briton Ferry; and Newport (Mon.)
Telegrams: "SEMA, CARDIFF."

OCEAN (MERTHYR) COAL CO., LTD., 11, Bute Crescent, Cardiff, proprietors of Ocean (Merthyr) Steam Coal.

UNIVERSAL STEAM COAL CO., LTD., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Proprietors of "Universal Steam Coal."
Telegrams: "VERSATILE, CARDIFF."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

VIVIAN, H. C. & Co., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole European Agents for "The Puritan Coal Mining Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A."
Telegrams: "VIVIAN, CARDIFF."

WATTS, WATTS & Co., Cardiff and London. Contractors for the supply of Coals at all Depôts abroad.
Telegrams: "WATTS, CARDIFF."

Dock Owners.

THE CARDIFF RAILWAY COMPANY, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Ship Repairers.

SHEARMAN, JOHN & Co., LTD., Cardiff, and at Barry Dock.

THE BUTE SHIPBUILDING, ENGINEERING, AND DRY DOCK COMPANY, LIMITED, Roath Basin, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "CAISSON, CARDIFF."

THE CARDIFF CHANNEL DRY DOCKS AND PONTOON CO., LTD., Cardiff and Barry Dock.
Telegrams: "Entrance, Cardiff." "Channel, Barry."

THE MERCANTILE PONTOON CO., LTD., Roath Dock, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "MERCANTILE, CARDIFF."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

Miscellaneous.

LEWIS & TYLOR, Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole patentees and manufacturers of "Gripoly," a patent woven belting; and "Burals," a semi-metallic packing.
Telegrams: "BELTING CARDIFF." Telephone, Nat. 231.

Steamship Owners.

DAN. JENKINS & Co., Steamship Owners and Brokers, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Stonewall, Cardiff."
Nat. Telephone: 1318.

BARRY.

Dock Owners.

THE BARRY RAILWAY CO., Barry.

Ship Repairers.

BARRY GRAVING DOCK & ENGINEERING CO., LTD.
Telegrams: "BARDOCK, BARRY."
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WILLIAM JONES, Esq.,
President of the Cardiff Chamber of Commerce.
(See page 110.)

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Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MSS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

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MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS. CARDIFF.

Thursday Afternoon.

THE MARITIME REVIEW has passed through its first libel action, particulars of which, our daily contemporaries have already given you, and we take this opportunity of thanking them, for the able and impartial manner in which they marshalled the facts for your enlightenment. At the same time, there are a few points which have escaped the lynx-eyed representatives of the local daily Press, and it might be of interest if we particularise a little on the subject, ourselves. On December 14 and 21, 1904, we published certain articles which were objected to by Mr. S. Fisher; so much so, that he was of opinion that we had damaged him to the extent of £1,000. Personally, we had no such belief, nor had we any such intention; otherwise, it is certain that the articles referred to would not have been printed. Silently, but firmly, we refused an apology that was suggested in Court, where the matter was laid before the proper tribunal. We elected to pose the subject matter of THE MARITIME REVIEW, as it stood, so to speak; to stand or fall by the interpretation which twelve good men and true should place thereon. With this decision in mind, we sat out the trial; said no single word in extenuation of our writing; called no witness on our behalf; made no effort to interfere with the reading of the jury; listened to a pathetic appeal from Mr. S. T. Evans, K.C., M.P.—an appeal which should have moved us to tears, but didn't; listened attentively to the Judge's summing up—which could scarcely be considered as unduly favourable to ourselves; and in the result, had the—perhaps you will say—questionable satisfaction of hearing that our expressions of opinion on the dates referred to had, in the opinion of the Jury, damaged the plaintiff to the extent of £50, instead of £1,000 as claimed. Taking into consideration the fact that we had never met Mr. Fisher, personally; nor had ever come into contact with him, in any way, we believe that this little explanation is due us; for we wish it to be distinctly understood that, in our strictures, we have no particle of malice; and ever have felt that opinions which are worthy of attention, should stand without additional explanation, or the introduction of extraneous evidence. How far wrong we were on this occasion, is exemplified by the difference between the damages granted, and those claimed; the difference between £50 and £1,000.

ELSEWHERE in this issue, we have considered the Annual Report of the Cardiff Chamber of Commerce, and have culled a few points from its wealth of facts. The study is a most fascinating one, and we see no reason why a further garnering of useful knowledge should not be indulged in, especially as the Report is a history of Cardiff's yearly progress, drawn from reliable sources. For instance, Cardiff exports some 21,000,000 tons of coal per annum. Where does it go; who is the greatest patron of the world-famed fuel? Well, Cardiff coal goes, practically, everywhere. At any rate, the Report has a matter of 460-odd ports arranged in alphabetical order, and commencing with Aden and its "taking" of 127,146 tons; we jump along to Algoa Bay, where the figures are merely 27,515 tons; another leap, and we reach Antofagasta with its 18,054 tons; more sprinting, and we gain Aarhus and a poor 4,712 tons, in justification of the foreign competition which has brought it thus, from 15,000 tons in the previous year. Making a jab into the "B's" we find that Bordeaux has speculated to the extent of 285,147 tons; Buenos Ayres, 616,452 tons; Brindisi, 93,264 tons; and Bangkok, 12,877 tons. We have purposely "skipped the world over" in our gleanings from the list, and are of opinion that, as a sample of the whole, the "A's," and the "B's" mentioned, are about as comprehensive as makes no odds?

As to the individual ports which are the greatest patrons of "good old Welsh," we find that honours are about divided, between Genoa and Port Said. For instance, the former port, in 1903, took in some 1,179,639 tons, and in 1904, 972,668 tons; while the figures for the latter port, and for the two years indicated, were 1,089,639 and 1,114,086 in tons, respectively. True, this gives the palm to Port Said, to the extent of 51,418 tons in two years; but in view of the fact that the whole amount is for the use of passing steamers, and that any downward trend in the popularity of the Canal route would adversely affect the export to that Scene of Desolation, it is but right to say that Genoa is Cardiff's best supporter? Contrary to popular belief, Alexandria is a poor Mediterranean second, with 503,739 tons to its credit. As already shown, Buenos Ayres beats Alexandria, and for the year under consideration, Hong Kong—thanks to the Far Eastern war—is glorified with 576,148 tons, as its "little lot."

The difference made by the war will be appreciated, when we state that Hong Kong's quantity for 1903, was merely 57,471 tons—and there was a jump, good people; one that is calculated to convince you as to the favour in which Welsh coal is held, by the navies of the world?

Again, as a result of the war, we find that Cronstadt has "jumped" from 172,518 tons in 1903, to 208,094 tons, in 1904: while emphasising the dire effects of foreign competition, we see that Dieppe has come down from 101,055 tons, in 1903, to 69,397 tons, in 1904. On the other hand, Havre has increased from 328,191 tons, to 370,110 tons, in the same period, so in all probability, the "old, old bogie" man will ship his superior smile, even as he murmurs "quite so!" So far, we have given attention to merely the "big folk." There is another side to the shield, here, as in every mundane arrangement. Even as no quantity is too big for the pushful coal person at Cardiff: neither is a small parcel beneath his consideration. An expensive-minded sort of "kritter" in Lobito Bay, needed a first consignment of nine tons—and, sirs, he got it! So did another merchant in Santa Marta! In each instance, the gentlemen (or ladies: the Report is a bit vague on this head!) were pioneers in the industry, for they commenced to see the beauties of Welsh coal, in 1904. After the nine-tons consignments enumerated, 20 tons for Savanilla; 27 tons for Marbella; and the whole of 159 tons for Galveston (no less a place) appear quite huge!

Sunny Spain deserves a paragraph all to herself—especially in view of its rumoured Royal marital arrangements with this country? Barcelona would appear to be the greatest unit in the Spanish combination, as far as Welsh coal is concerned, for its 197,056 tons represents the greatest on this particular list; and this is a fall of 16,706 tons on the total for the previous year: a quantity which Tarragona nearly manages to account for, seeing that the latter place imported the whole of 16,209 tons! Neither Carthagena, Corcubion nor Corunna are worth bothering about, seeing that their totals are, 7,306, 5,055 and 3,780 tons, respectively. Indeed, when it is realised that the whole of Spain's "taking" is represented by the figures 460,620 tons, and that Barcelona took practically one-half of that amount; well, it will be conceded that the remaining ports are not looming unduly tall in the local coal-owners' united eye! We agreed to give Spain a paragraph all to itself. It was in one of our weak moments, for really, the exigencies of the case demand that the Sunny Land should be dismissed with a small notice. Not that it was ever thus. On the contrary, rather, for time was that the German Syndicate had not placed its inveigling feet—and Westphalian coal—in this part of the world.

Seeing that our freight list is usually well-filled with such places as Rio de Janeiro, "The Islands," Colombo (which spot has a weakness for getting its coal cheap), St. Malo, Rouen, St. Nazaire, Savona, Marseilles and Malta—it will be of interest to know that the 1904 figures for those places, in tons, are, 408,424; 311,389; 280,517; 122,113; 111,026; 292,407; 207,706; 339,957 a fall of practically 218,000 tons, in consequence of the strike at that port; and 342,106 tons, in the order mentioned. But to avoid wearying the reader with a long array of figures, it will be as well, if we tabulate the chief receivers of the "bottled sunshine" for which Cardiff is world-famous. Without troubling you with comparative tables, here are the figures for 1904—and in their order of merit, according to the ideas of the Cardiff colliery manager:

Italy	2,632,255	tons.
France	2,439,279	,,
Egypt	1,640,241	,,
Argentine Republic	963,659	,,
Brazil	704,256	,,
Hong Kong ...	582,596	,,

and for anything below the half-million—of which there are dozens of names in the list—we have no space.

So far in our search for truth, we have merely investigated the amount of coal which is handled at Cardiff Docks—that is, the sea-borne quantity of "gallant little Wales," which is annually distributed all over the world, to gladden the hearts and inflate the banking accounts of all sorts and conditions—to say nothing of all colours—of men. In addition to this by-no-means-negligible amount, there is the portion which is used up by the Briton, on his own heath, or in his own furnaces, as the case might be. The figures for each year, commencing with that which immediately succeeded the Year of Sin—otherwise the last strike—are as follow:

1899	39,870,097	tons.
1900	39,328,209	,,
1901	39,209,059	,,
1902	41,305,583	,,
1903	42,153,287	,,
1904	43,730,415	,,

or, in the aggregate, no less than 245,596,650 tons of the internal economy of Wales has been raised "to bank," for the uses of the universal world! Is it any wonder that Professor Boyd Dawkins gets into a way about our future coal supplies? Or that he enacts the rôle of prophet, without remembering that this class of person is never given the honour and praise that is his due, in his own time and generation?

Personally, we are sorry for these prophetic souls. We are prone to admit that, say, 300,000,000 of tons is calculated to look a big heap, if one imagines the lot in one place. But when one takes a journey "up the hills," and gazes around on the landscape, generally, well, one is inclined to feel that in comparison with the awful heap of Wales which yet remains, a paltry 300,000,000 tons, in six years, is a mere bagatelle. Especially when one remembers the trend of modern engineering; the quiffs for fuel-saving that are constantly being patented and worked; the struggle of the oil-fuelers to claim attention—and profit; the petrol-working machinery; and what not. In view of the whole arrangement, one is hardly tempted to fuss unduly about the possible dearth of any "priceless heritage" that may come about, yet awhile. Beside, there is always a certain versatile and kingly gentleman to fall back upon. Once let the coal supply become short, and you could depend on his giving up telegrams, and swagger uniforms for ten minutes; for just long enough to put us all happy with a high-class though "made in Germany"—substitute! We can never understand how these panicky people manage to overlook the blessings which a bountiful providence has still vouchsafed to us—wicked and all, as we are.

Having gone into the supply—and the little matters which surround it—let us consider the selling price of Cardiff Best Large Steam Coal "according to quotations." And mind you, there is an awful lot in the quoted sentence. Things are not always what they seem—anywhere; they very seldom are, in coal-dealing. The world, generally, is apt to say nasty things about a certain class of horse-dealer:

but Great Cæsar! The average horse-dealer is as a child, in comparison with a number of the *genus* coal-dealer. We are not referring to the gentlemanly person who brings along a consignment of So-and-so's "red ash" to your back door; who smilingly offers you a Corporation (or Railway Company's) weigh ticket; and, even as he remembers the terrible temptations which beset his path, over every step of the way from the weigh-bridge to the back-door aforesaid, shudders a virtuous shudder. No, sirs! We mean the coal-dealer who "quotations" you a consignment of "the Best," at 13s. 9d, and then, in great perturbation, mops the moisture from his manly brow, as you smilingly assent—providing you get a penny in the shilling discount! At times like these, it is necessary to write "according to quotations"? In coal-land, quotations are merely a wile of that old gentleman who is generally supposed to be a great authority on coal—or fire, if you like the word better.

However, seeing that "according to quotation" is as near as we may reasonably hope to get, it is as well if we review the prices as given—again since the Year of Sin. In the six years included in that period, the selling price of the coal referred to in the preceding paragraph, works out as:

1899	14s. 8¼d.	1902	15s. 4d.
1900	24s. 7d.	1903	14s. 5½d.
1901	18s. 1d.	1904	14s. 8¾d.

Needless to say, the year 1900 was remarkable for more than "fancy" prices f.o.b. There was an excessive amount of "remarkability" hanging about the frantic efforts made by a number of highly respected gentlemen with whom we have a nodding acquaintance, in an endeavour to unload their "faulty" properties at "boom" prices. We remember one dear old chap, who went to bed at night, and in the morning had "jumped" the supposed value of his collieries, a clean £50,000. It worked out as: To-day, the property was said to be worth about £180,000; next week—seeing that a possible buyer had sailed above the horizon—the price was £200,000; and then, in one night, as explained, the price went e'en another £50,000 higher.

Moreover, the "dear old chap" hied him to the firm of London financiers, for the purpose of carrying out the sale without the help of the wicked fellow who had found that prospective buyer, and had been idiotic enough to disclose his name—on the assumption that coal-dealing was somewhat different from horse-coping; he has other ideas now: or had, when last we discoursed with him! Still, when coal-prices are up around the 25s. stage, any "dear old chap" is to be excused for losing his head; for forgetting that *noblesse oblige* is still a factor with some business men even if, as is stated at times, the age of chivalry is gone? Mind you, the sale didn't "come off." The other fellow, when he got to hear of the transaction, gave the whole show away—which was mean of him, and as far as we know, the same old concatenation of mining property is still awaiting the next "boom." Its a weary world, good sirs; especially if you have an ambition to emulate the little soldier boy: the one who nobly threw down the bottle—when it was empty! Furthermore, there are some awfully 'cute people, engaged in working the selling average of Welsh coal into "fancy" stages. You may take that from us. By the same token, there are others who are by no means 'cute—merely think they are, when, in reality, they are but unscrupulous. But this is a digression?

Come we now, to a consideration of freights during the period which we have been discussing in our usually amiable manner. There are quite a number of good people who will assure us that there were not any freights in that period; merely apologies therefor. So be it. Ours not to reason why, etc. But let us compare a few rates that were current in that same old "boom" year to which we have alluded, with those which were in vogue in 1940. Here goes then. We will not tire you out; will merely take a few, and solely for the purpose of showing that you need not wonder, when hearing of so many reputably "sound" firms, going "broke." The wonder would be if they didn't go "broke." From Cardiff; first figures 1900; second, 1904:

	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.
Antwerp ...	6	1	4	3	Alexandria ...	12	2	5	6½
Christiania ...	7	6	4	9	Constantinople	10	8	5	3
Stockholm ...	8	4	4	10½	Rio de Janeiro	17	5	8	10½
Cronstadt ...	8	9	4	9	Monte Video ...	15	11	7	3
Dieppe	6	7	4	0	Aden	19	0	7	10
Rouen	7	0	4	8	Bombay ...	20	10	8	4
Bilbao	5	0	3	8	Hong Kong ...	33	8	16	6
Lisbon	7	11	4	6	Shanghai ...	40	0	18	6
Gibraltar ...	8	4	5	1	Japan	29	0	19	6
Palermo ...	11	0	5	8	Singapore ...	18	11	9	8
Genoa	10	4	5	9	Cape Town ...	27	9	11	10

Do you need any more—after the foregoing? You don't? We imagined that those seductive-looking figures would about sicken you! And yet, in face of it all, there is almost as big a rush to acquire new tonnage, as if there were a veritable "boom" due in about twenty minutes, from now? After all, the rush for tonnage is merely carrying out nature's first law. That one which provides for a survival of the fittest. It is certain that the more up-to-date the new tonnage is; the larger—as things are; the better fitted with labour-saving, and quick-despatch appliances; in short, the more generally efficient; the better chance will there be for earning a dividend. The only fear is, that what has been, will be. That is, with the advent of the new tonnage, the displaced portion will be handed over, at giving-away prices, to the foreigner. That way madness lays, and if the shipowner will do nothing in the matter to save himself, the legislature should step in and compel him to. If the old crocks were differentiated against in the matter of freight, there would be need for no complaint. Seeing that the veriest old crock commands as fair a freight as a brand-new, up-to-date sample of steamer, there is such a need. A very urgent one, at that.

In leaving this review of the Annual Report of the Cardiff Chamber of Commerce, we cannot do better than follow the plan adopted by its able compiler—give you, as a *finale*, the particulars of traffic as handled by the three companies whose properties go to make up the Port of Cardiff. Here they are:

CARDIFF RAILWAY COMPANY.

Statement showing the Trade and Registered Tonnage which has used the Bute Docks for the Years 1903 and 1904.

PARTICULARS.

		1903.	1904.
Imports, Viz.:			
Cattle	No.	2,354	-
Sheep	No.	3,808	
Iron Ore	Tons	827,126	806,164
Pig Iron	,,	5,022	4,515
Iron and Ironwork	,,	36,244	41,669
Timber (Round and Square)	Loads	40,329	25,909
Deals and Deal Ends	,,	104,861	91,047
Flooring Boards and Sundry Wood	,,	13,249	19,811
Mining Timber, Pit Props & Sleepers	,,	67,018	82,304
Pitwood	Tons	369,191	340,484
Grain and Flour	,,	275,529	303,241
Potatoes	,,	58,668	60,836
Bricks	,,	1,741	2,852
General Merchandise	,,	257,046	242,104
Total Imports		2,056,024	2,020,936

Exports, Viz.:—	Tons.	Tons.
Coal and Coke (including Bunker Coal) ...	7,169,912	7,490,481
Patent Fuel	372,444	457,517
Iron and Steel Rails	85,939	60,990
Iron (Pig Iron, Speigel, and other of like nature)	2,127	5,957
Iron (Sundry) and Ironwork	58,425	67,080
Bricks	1,303	181
General Merchandise	128,177	167,876
Total Exports ...	7,818,327	8,250,082
Imports and Exports (together) ...	9,874,351	10,271,018

Registered Tonnage Cleared.

	1903.	1904.	1903.	1904.
	No. of Vessels.		Tons Register.	
Steam	6,326	6,678	3,772,153	4,040,502
Sailing	2,043	1,805	285,377	250,204
Total ...	8,369	8,483	4,057,530	4,290,706

BARRY RAILWAY COMPANY.

Statement showing the Trade and Registered Tonnage which has used the Barry Docks for the Years 1903 and 1904.

Particulars.

Imports, Viz.:—	1903. Tons.	1904. Tons.
Pitwood (including Props)	330,953	340,257
Timber	26,179	33,329
Rails	660	—
Iron	—	18,832
Iron Ore	3,491	—
Building Material	13,749	9,008
General Merchandise	14,764	22,052
Patent Fuel	—	350
Total Imports ...	389,596	423,828
Exports, Viz.:—		
Coal and Coke	8,840,891	9,113,762
Rails	1,801	314
Pitch and Fuel	—	915
Iron and Iron Ore ...	660	—
General Merchandise	11,858	10,439
Total Exports ...	8,855,180	9,125,430
Total Imports and Exports ...	9,244,776	9,549,258

Registered Tonnage Cleared.

	1903.	1904.	1903.	1904.
	No. of Vessels		Tons.	Tons.
Steam	3,016	2,979	4,218,892	4,298,070
Sailing	112	103	68,821	53,902
Total ...	3,128	3,082	4,287,713	4,351,972

TAFF VALE RAILWAY COMPANY.

Statement showing the Trade and Registered Tonnage which has used the Penarth Dock and Harbour, 1903 and 1904.

Particulars.

Imports, Viz.:	1903. Tons.	1904. Tons.
Iron Ore	—	—
Iron and Ironwork	262	163
Sleepers	1,760	1,322
Sundry Wood	816	1,194
Pitwood	10,072	8,611
Wood Pulp	32,842	35,557
Gas Coal	72,859	82,556
General Merchandise	33,103	41,872
Total ...	151,714	171,275
Exports, Viz:		
Coal and Coke	3,800,700	3,871,279
Patent Fuel	275	868
Iron and Ironwork	610	875
General Merchandise	758	3,053
Total ...	3,802,343	3,876,075
Total Imports and Exports ...	3,954,057	4,047,350

Registered Tonnage Cleared.

	1903.	1904.	1903.	1904.
	No.	No.	Registered Tons.	
Steam	2,437	2,403	1,687,148	1,689,157
Sailing	991	897	85,230	82,268
Total ...	3,428	3,300	1,772,378	1,771,425

We suppose it is alright, this new departure in securing neophytic Nelsons for Britain's First Line of Defence; this "ten minutes chat with possible candidates"; but to our mind, there is a large amount of the grotesque about, when a number of "old 'uns" sit in judgment on one or two "young 'uns." Tommy comes in, with a nicely burnished face, and is told by mamma, before engaging on the interview lay, that he must "just be natural." Tommy says he will: goes in to the sacred room; is put through his paces: and the Solons decide, as to whether this boy of twelve is likely to make a smart man at thirty, and—well, and there you are! Past experiences which tend to show that a boy may be a duffer at twelve, and a genius at twenty—or *vice versa*—are ignored, completely. Telepathy, and prescience are switched on, so that in future, the fool of the family is going to be left to worry, only, the authors of his being—with the foolishness which they have passed on to him! Mind you, there is a code of rules laid down for use in these "informal interviews." You see, some boys are thoroughbred, while others are—well, not thoroughbred, being more inclined to mongrelism, if we may be forgiven such a term in connection with blue blood?

Anyhow, if you get a thoroughbred on the *tapis*, you have to say something funny: something that is calculated to make him laugh. Not to laugh immoderately, you understand, for sometimes you have to remember, that "the loud laugh bespeaks the vacant mind"; therefore, you have to make the neophyte laugh, a bit—even if you tickle him with a feather? On the other hand, you are impressed with the fact that what will make one boy laugh, will gar another to greet! This, of course, might be a dilemma that may not be too easily overcome? If it were all a matter of feather-tickling, the thing would be easy enough. With the naturally inclined-to-laugh lad, any kind of feather would be permissible: but with the other sort, you would need to hustle around for a bit of eider-down, or the split-end of an ostrich plume. We are not at all sure as to whether we have read aright, the suggestions concerning the laugh; but we are sure that a worthy vice-admiral is of opinion, that a question which will make one lad laugh, will make another youngster cry. And that is clear enough, don't you think? As already suggested, there are merely two kinds of breeding recognised by the authorities. As usual, there is no middle course. You have to bang her to hard-a-port, or to hard-a-starboard, and "a touch" either way is out of bounds.

Very well then. As "good breeding is an indispensable qualifictaion for future naval officers;" and as it doesn't seem to matter a toss as to their ability; we are surprised that any alteration in the old rules were thought necessary. From time immemorial, none but the scions of noble houses were accounted fit to bear a Royal commission, and if those scions are not chock-ful of "good breeding," what is there left to the nation? In future—even as in the past—the same darlings of the gods will, alone, be considered as fit to pose as the nominal heads of the King's Navee. Under the circumstances, therefore, why all this pother about good breeding, and its indispensability in connection with the naval officer of the future? On the authority of a one-time assistant-master of a public school, we are assured that the two kinds of breeding stand out as "a real inferiority of tone," and "a superficial deficiency of manners"—quite a pleasing fashion in which to put it? One would hardly dare to suggest that the Honourable Tommy were bound to be either a gentleman or a Hooligan—would one, now? All the same, it would be the truth, and the leanings would be all-to-often toward the Hooligan side of the bulkhead.

However, it is sad to note that the real inferiority of tone can hardly be disguised, "even in a boy who has been brought up under favourable social influences," because the natural result of this, will be an insufficiency of naval officers—if the present tom-fool notions are allowed to continue. Here let us quit the indulgent tone, and adopt the plain questioning. Will it be contended that, in a nation the size of Britain, we have no good material that is fit to be moulded into creditable naval officers, save only within the ranks of the cult which, hitherto, have had it all their own way? What about the hundreds of mercantile sailors who, year in, year out, command the fastest ships afloat: who run with what is almost an uncanny freedom from mishap; who carry about princes, dukes, lords, and every other sort of noblemen; and who never get hauled over the coals for a lack of good breeding; or for acting other than as a gentleman under all conditions, which demand such conduct? Are not these men fit to have charge of a warship? Is there any scarcity of them about? If you add a hundred liners to the existing fleets, will you have a moment's difficulty in finding—among the thousands of officers—enough gentlemanly commanders to supply the new additions which we have suggested?

Of course you won't, only some ignorant folk have tried to persuade you, that a Mercantile Marine officer is a bundle of swear-words and general cussedness; that he can, under no circumstances, be a gentleman. It's all fudge, sirs! In the ranks of Mercantile Marine commanders, there are no scions of noble houses; but, practically every man-Jack is a natural gentleman, or the survival of the fittest would have made it impossible for either of them to be in command. The merchant sailor who has attained command, is, in the majority of instances, in a position to pose as a gentleman, or as a seeming blackguard. His virtues are positive, on both heads. Experience has taught him that to pose as a gentleman to a number of Continental anarchists, would be merely a casting of pearls before swine: so he adopts the rôle of blackguard, for the time being, and successfully puts the fear of God into the ruck with which he is cursed—these days. But to see the same man at dinner; with his Grace of Somewhere on the right, and the Earl of Something on the left; with a fairly decent sprinkling of other titles scattered around the saloon: well, it is to see a nautical gentleman. A man who is an epitome of courtesy and good breeding—and a sailor to the finger tips, notwithstanding.

"But," you might be inclined to hazard, "is not this a different sort of man to what we have been taught to consider as the ordinary skipper of commerce?" He is, undoubtedly; but they all graduate in the same school, don't forget. He took his trick at the wheel; kept his look-out; washed paint-work; chipped bulwarks; handed, or reefed a sail; polished brass-work; stripped the ship to the lower yards—which he "cock-billed"—that time we were caught in a hurricane at Mauritius; and passed through every successive grade, from boy to master. That is mainly why he is in a position to pose as either gentleman or blackguard, and to be sure that he never uses one phase, when the other should be *de riguer*. He was one of the fittest, and has survived. That is all! But in connection with this dodge to secure neophytic Nelsons, their virtues will be all of the negative kind. They might never hope to be in a position to pose as a blackguard; but then, they will experience just as much difficulty in acting up to modern notions of a gentleman. They will be merely a kind of "betwixt-and-between," and for the simple reason that they have been wet-nursed, instead of having to stand the racket of natural laws.

This old talk of "gems of wisdom;" of well-deserved encomiums to this, that, or the other Naval authority; of praise—from sources which probably know as much about the circumstances, as we know of why the fly got in the amber—that is merely intended to act as a bit of sycophancy; makes us tired. Throw the navigating appointments of the Navy open to the nation; merely stand aside and allow nature's inexorable laws to operate; and you will be surprised at the number of really high-class and altogether dependable officers the nation will possess, inside of five years. Go on with this mutual admiration business; this, "Oh, my, how nice of Lord So-an'-so! How patient he is, and what a wealth of positive brains the man possesses!"; and you are on the fringe of the toughest time that has ever faced dear old Britain. We have told you, repeatedly, that things are not well with the Navy; we tell you again. Furthermore, they never will be well, until this pocket-borough business is relegated to the limbo of the past. There is no man on earth, who can successfully forecast the future possibilities of a lad of twelve—and you know it. Seeing that you do, why be imposed upon by a quantity of old piffle on the subject?

Think over the foregoing, friends. Having thought, we are convinced that you will agree with us. Think of examples in your own families—and thinking, remember that you have no sort of copyright for human surprises. Your own lad, at twelve, perhaps, was a dullard; or so you sadly opined; at twenty-five he was head-and-shoulders above his fellows—and you wondered, even as you felt proud, and glad! On the other hand, you might have had an infantile prodigy; a lad, who at twelve, was a bundle of scintillating brilliancy, but who at twenty-five, was—well, the least said about him at that precise age (and after), the better for all concerned! With the good people descanted upon in this present writing, there appears to be altogether too much of the academic, and too little of the real. They are arguing from hearsay, or from a knowledge of one side of the subject, only. It is utter nonsense to pretend that Britain has any difficulty in obtaining a sufficiency of meritorious officers. She has not. There is a difficulty in getting the requisite number from the upper reaches of British "Society;" but there are other reaches from which to fish. Why not drop a line therein, and stand-by for results?

Dear us! "Sharks have become so numerous in the Adriatic, that the maritime authorities at Trieste have offered bonuses ranging from 7s. 6d. to £20, for their capture." Here is an opportunity for some of the local philanthropists! Sharks are just as numerous "up Butey Roadey," and yet never a body thinks it worth while to offer a bonus for their capture. What's that? Bonus-giving for this purpose, would break any philanthropist that ever was? Not it, sirs! Once round-up one or two of the gentry, and the others would flit to pastures new. The shark is the biggest coward on earth—or in the waters under the earth, for that matter. He merely multiplies where he has no opposition, or no molestation. Of course, you could not expect to get much of a shark for 7s. 6d., could you? But on the £20 lay, phew! You could gather them in, in full and plenty. The only trouble that we can see in the action of the Trieste authorities is, that Cardiff will soon have more than her proper share of these pests. Drive them out of the Adriatic towns, and they will work a passage to Taff-side. As things are, at present, we have enough and to spare of this class of fakement; by-and-bye, things are going to be worse!

Eh, eh! There are troublous times ahead of the poor engineer. These wicked turbines are going to cause a slump in the engineering markets of the world! Consider the maiden passage of the Allan Line's *Victorian*, if you are seeking any proof to our remarks. Here is a "wireless" which wandered shoreward from the telegraph house, away for'ed: "Fine weather; turbines working smoothly: no vibration." No noise; no clanketty-clank; no serious looks upon the faces of the staff; no querulousness from the "chief." Everything in tip-top order, and in the midst of a north-east gale, the happy passengers sweetly sleeping within their bunks! Is it any wonder that *Daily Mail* labels the whole caboodle as a "turbine triumph"? Of course, not! Why, "with a speed of seventeen or seven knots, there was scarcely a perceptible tremor through the ship." That's what's the matter, and as we have asked on previous occasions, who is going to be the first Cardiffian to include among the tonnage registered at the port, a turbine-propelled steamer? Here, locally, we have turrets, trunks, shelter-decks, life-boat-likes, half-tide-rockers, and, oh, heaps of other kinds; but they are all driven with the out-of-date reciprocating engines: the machinery which has seen its day! Who is going to break ground that will be new—locally?

Without going into the merits or demerits of the overloading case which was tried at Cardiff, on Friday last, we yet are of opinion that the law, in this particular direction, is in sad need of revision. The result of the trial was "a fine of £50 and costs, or two months, distress in default of payment to be levied upon the ship." Is there any sense, reason, or justice, in thus branding a man as a criminal, when he has, at the worst, committed a merely technical error? It will be admitted that, supposing the ship were overloaded to the extent of two and a half inches, and yet got home in safety, nobody was hurted? Also, that if the lynx-eyed inspection which found out the probability of the two and a half inches (and the nose that smelled a fine), had been passed over to some of the rotten life-saving appliances which were about at the same time, then somebody would have been benefitted? The law as regards overloading—especially at Cardiff—is ever understood and administered on the assumption that the shipmaster is a double-dyed villain, and that he wilfully allows his vessel to be overladen. Now, after twenty years of sea life, we are convinced that not one in a thousand overloading cases materialise from malice prepense, nor with the hope of raising two or three additional sovereigns by way of freight.

The fact of the matter is, Cardiff, like a number of other big shipping centres, is sadly in need of a Marine Court. A tribunal where men accustomed to marine procedure, will decide as to the why and wherefore of things maritime. It is easily conceivable that in the case of a man who is for ever dealing with all that is sordid and seamy in human nature: that is, in the case of a man acting as a Police Court magistrate; it is easily conceivable then, that such a man is prone to see wickedness and depravity in everything. Nobody wishes to screen a scoundrel from the results of his scoundrelism: but on the face of it, if a man is equally affected by any possible risks that come about through a case of overloading as are the members of his crew; then, it is open to believe that the overloading was the result of accident, pure and simple, and under the circumstances he has no right to be faced with "the alternative of two months" in jail, 'fore all the world as if he were a criminal? Gainsay the fact who may, a sailorman at Cardiff, is seldom given the benefit of any doubt that hangs around his case. Fines are urgently needed: the skipper has made a slip; *ergo*, he must pay a fine.

A fine, too, that is utterly ridiculous in its severity, and which is another factor in driving the Briton from the command of British vessels. With a marine Court as suggested, the shipping community could feel satisfied in leaving their cases in hands which were nautically capable. And anyhow, what right has a Police Court to decide as to whether a technical breach has been committed, or otherwise? To our mind, the whole thing is an injustice, and the sooner that steps are taken to alter such a tyrannical state of affairs, the better will it be for all concerned. Cardiff, to-day, has nearly 350,000 tons of locally-owned shipping; yet, whenever a case occurs in which the aid of the law is invoked (and naturally, with such a quantity of vessels, this is pretty frequently) the parties interested have to scurry off to the alleged Hub of the Universe, there to seek what should be every Briton's right, on his own heath—justice, and a settlement as soon as possible. Whether it is a salvage case, or a collision; a disputed charter-party, or breach of contract; London alone, is allowed to put the matter right. In the old days, and when London was about the only place on earth that was worthy of consideration from a nautical point of view, this did not so much matter.

To-day, however, when London is no longer in the running for enterprising effort, such conduct is a sin and shame. With a properly constituted Marine Court at Cardiff: a Court such as the town—seeing that it is the Welsh Metropolis—should have; any maritime case could be settled with the promptitude and despatch which has made Cardiff what it is, at present, and for which it is noted the world over. Under the suggested conditions, a shipmaster could depend on getting justice—as distinct from mere law; and for the simple reason that there would be less of that "he must be utterly bad, or he would not have been haled before ME." According to the ethics of modern life, there is far more reason for the Londoner to come to Cardiff, than there is for the Cardiffian to go to London—if really nautical subjects are to be successfully dealt with. Because a state of affairs has been, is no just reason that it should be allowed to continue, and in our opinion, most of the "maritime decisions" which are bandied about, should be relegated to the Tower of London, to pose with the thumb-screws, and "blacksmith's daughters" of a remoter—and more benighted—age.

Another abortive meeting of the parties interested in coal-trimming eventuated on Friday, last. The proceedings were of the "strictly private and confidential" kind, and the minions of the Press were excluded from all knowledge of the possibilities of an ultimate settlement. Exclusion notwithstanding, there was just enough "leakage" to suggest the "most cordial character" lines, so if everybody—save, perhaps, the coal-trimmers—isn't satisfied, then, they ought to be. Really, the whole affair is becoming dangerously close to bathos. Writing as something of an expert on the question, we are of opinion that if a settlement is really desired, this can be brought about with one meeting, and that, not a long one. Of course, if the *status quo* is intended to continue as long as possible; if shipowner is to be forced to pay up on the old scale "under protest;" and if the ultimate differences in price have to be settled, by and bye; well, we can understand the long-drawn-out sweetness of the whole contraption. It is an old saw which declares that none are so blind as they who will not see; on the same assumption, none are so contentious as they who will not agree. Meanwhile, the trade of Cardiff pursues its merry way, 'fore all the world as if no shipowner wished to prove that his boat is the easiest trimmed on earth; or that a colliery man was careless of annexing an odd farthing per ton, in perpetuity. Queer game?

THERE is a good time coming for Falmouth; At least, there would be a good time, if some of the dear old fossils thereaway could engineer it! What's the matter with turning the outer edge of the Fal into a naval base? Nothing, is there? All you would need, would be to dig the place out a bit; spend a few millions on docks and other improvements: put up sheds and colleges—can't have a regular Naval Port, these days, without at least one college nestling under a hill; restrict the natives in every possible manner—for the good of the nation; and then stroll off to some more suitable place! Falmouth is a noted place—on many counts. It is principally noted for the kind of decisions which its own particular "beak" enumerates in connection with shipping cases. Say, where men refuse duty; or where a shipmaster dies, after arriving at the port. Of course, these are but the natural concomitants of nautical greatness; but when it comes down to the calm suggestion of making the spot a Naval base—right under the lee of Devonport, too, well, we have to hunt around for something in which to hide our hilarity! We have, really; and the circumstances do not admit of our being too particular in our choice.

HERE, hold our heads, please! Naval "accountant officers" are on the rampage, because they are somewhat afraid that, like Othello, they will find their occupations gone. Economy—with a capital E—is on the bounding deep, and it is claimed that a lieutenant (officer?) assisted by a competent staff of "writers," which, in 'longshore talk is "clerks," could manage all the clerical work of a warship, quite as well as it is managed at present. We should smile! If the lieutenant failed; or if his "writers" failed him; then, neither the lieutenant nor his clerical staff would be of much account, commercially considered. Naturally, the "accountant officers" have different views, and if the wickedness is carried through; if the gentlemen are turned adrift on a cold, unfeeling world—well, it will be somewhat rough on the world don'tcherknow. It is suggested that Admirals will always be in need of secretaries, and on the face of it, there is truth in the contention. But then, Admirals are scarcely as plentiful as "accountant officers?" So that if economy is really aimed at, it would be cheaper to create a brand of shorthand "officers"; detail one to each Admiral; and wipe out the naval lilies of the field. What do you think? It would be hard, of course: but these are hard times.

WELLINGTON, New Zealand, is going the pace! Among other incidents which conclusively establish the truth of our remark, is the fact that a twenty-ton crane is by way of being installed on the Railway Wharf, by order of the Harbour Board. No less than four British firms were asked to tender for this fair-sized piece of machinery, and the successful tenderers were Messrs. Tannett, Walker & Co., Ltd., of Leeds, who have earned a reputation in South Wales, which they might well be proud of. We understand that the price of the crane, f.o.b. at Liverpool, is £3,009; and for the freight and insurance to Wellington, at a sum not exceeding £1,205—or £4,214 in all. The crane is to have three lifting powers of some, 6, 13, and 20 tons respectively, through a height of 100ft. This means, that the jib will be high enough to clear the deck-houses of the largest steamers using the Railway Wharf at Wellington, which, in addition to the crane mentioned, is to be fitted with ten hydraulic, double-power, gantry cranes. The lifting power of these latter will be 40cwt., and 15cwt., when under either the double or single hydraulic rams, as may be. Taken altogether, it will be conceded that Wellington is progressive? Look out for trade expansion, now, sirs.

MARITIME MARK MAKERS.

WILLIAM JONES, ESQ.,
President of the Cardiff Chamber of Commerce.

THAN the subject of this present writing, it would be hard to find a more difficult. Not because Mr. William Jones is a difficult person in himself; but rather that it is practically impossible to prevail on him to talk about his successes in life, although, that these have been many, may not be gainsaid. There are times in the life of the biographist, when the surroundings are altogether the reverse of roseate-hued, and this is, distinctly, one of them! However, seeing that, after all, a man is known by his works, it is possible to glean some facts and figures concerning our Maritime Mark Maker of the present, even though the gathering thereof has been carried on through many channels. Born in Cardiff, some sixty-seven years ago, and being intimately connected with the trade and progress of the port during most of that time, it follows that such a personality is well-known—and, in this case, highly-esteemed. We have remarked that our friend has been connected with the trade of Cardiff "during most of that time" included between his birth and to-day, and did so advisedly. That is, there was a portion of the period spent at sea, and then, although he was not directly connected with Cardiff's progress, he was still gathering up the knowledge which has proved of incalculable value to him since, in his business of a successful shipowner. For as the head of the firm of W. and C. T. Jones, it cannot be denied that the success is there. Indeed, it is not straining the point in any particular, when we state that the W. and C. T. Jones Steamship Company, Limited—to give it its newer title—is among the most successful in a port where success is fairly common. Not only successful, but ever striving to add some little quota of progress to an industry that has been dealt with none too kindly, at the hands of successive so-called legislators. Concerning the sea-time alluded to, it is unnecessary to state that it transpired in the "good old days," when "white wings" carried black coal the world over. Not, of course, to anything like what obtains to-day; but to the pioneers of that time, their work was just as serious—and considerably more arduous—than obtains among the cult in the present year of grace. Personally, we have tried to glean reminiscences of those sea-going days, but have ever been met with an indulgent smile! Reverting to the steamship line of which Mr. William Jones is the head, we find that eleven steamers are carrying the Company's house-flag—the original "Welsh dragon" and that their aggregate tonnage is represented by the figures 37,550. Essentially a worker, our Mark Maker has ever been of a retiring nature, and in effect, has found more pleasure in giving a whole-hearted attention to his own affairs, than in neglecting them for the purpose of putting somebody else's in order. That his shareholders have been the gainers, is an incontrovertible fact. All the same, he has been prevailed on to support the Cardiff Chamber of Commerce for three years as a vice-president, and on Wednesday last, without opposition, Mr. William Jones was elected president for the ensuing year. To pose as the head of such an influential body of business men is, in itself, no small honour; that it was thoroughly deserved, and will be creditably maintained, goes without saying; for to be thorough is the new President's motto, and is the one which has carried him along from a sailor-boy, right up to the head of an important steamer line. Mr. Jones has been Chairman of the Cardiff Shipowners' Association—to which he rendered good service; and he is a director of the Mount Stuart Dry Dock Company.

SHIPBUILDING.

We understand that Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., who, last week, launched the battleship *Rashima*, for the Imperial Japanese Navy, have just received further important orders from the Japanese Government. The Elswick shipyard was opened in 1884, and since then, Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., have launched 73 war vessels for 15 different navies, 21 for the British Government, 14 for the Japanese, seven for the Chilians, five for the Brazilians, five for the Chinese, four for the Norwegians, four for the Italians, three for the Argentines, two for Austria, two for Spain, two for the Indian Service, two for the United States, one for Portugal and one for Turkey. The aggregate displacement about 296,000 tons, and the horse power about 672,000.

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The Admiralty has purchased the large oil tank steamer *Petroleum*, built by Messrs. C. S. Swan & Hunter, at Wallsend, but has laid idle in the Tyne since her trial trip. The Admiralty intends to use her for carrying oil fuel to the vessels of H.M. fleet burning that product, and as oil fuel is in growing use in the Navy, there should be work enough for the *Petroleum* to do. She was launched in 1903. Her dimensions are 370ft. 8in. x 48ft. 7in. x 29ft. 3in.: deadweight capacity about 6,600 tons; with engines 25in., 41in., 69in. x 48in. stroke by the North Eastern Marine Engineering Company, Ltd. We understand the price paid is about £56,000.

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Messrs. W. France, Fenwick & Co., Ltd., London, have sold their steel screw steamer *Needwood*, to the Union Steamship Company, of New Zealand, Ltd. She was built by Messrs. Osbourne, Graham & Co., Sunderland, in October, 1904. 1,977 tons gross. Dimensions 279ft. 5in. x 40ft. 1in. x 18ft. 1in.: carries about 3,100 tons deadweight; machinery by the North Eastern Marine Engineering Company, Ltd.: with engines 20½in., 33in., 54in. x 39in. stroke. We understand the price paid is about £24,000. The steamer is to be renamed *Kaituna*.

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The steel screw steamer *Falka*, owned by Messrs. Herskind & Co., West Hartlepool, is reported sold to foreign buyers at about £9,000. She was built by Messrs. W. Gray & Co., Ltd., West Hartlepool, in 1889. 1,744 tons gross. Dimensions 260ft. x 36ft. 7in. x 19ft. 5in.: carries about 2,500 tons deadweight: with engines 19in., 30½in., 51in. x 36in. stroke, by the Central Marine Engine Works.

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During the past 30 years, Messrs. Russell & Co., Port Glasgow, have built 535 vessels, and, including last year's work, they have added the enormous total of 1,117,150 tons, to the mercantile marines of various nations. Since 1891, when the dissolution of the original firm of Messrs. Russell & Co., took place, the average yearly output has been 18 vessels, with an average of over 50,000 tons.

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The iron screw steamer *Boyne*, lately owned by Messrs. Glover Brothers, London, is reported sold to Italian buyers at about £5,750. She was built by Messrs. Wm. Gray & Co., Ltd., West Hartlepool, in 1881. 1,927 tons gross. Dimensions 285ft. x 35ft. 5in. x 25ft. 10in.: carries about 2,800 tons deadweight; with engines 33in., 63in. x 36in. stroke by Messrs. T. Richardson & Sons.

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The Indo-China Steam navigation Company, have purchased a steamer now in course of construction at the yard of Messrs. Wm. Dobson & Co., Low Walker-on-Tyne. She is to be ready for delivery in June, and will have a deadweight capacity of about 5,000 tons on a light draft. She has a limited accommodation for passengers, and will be employed in the Company's Eastern trade.

We understand that Messrs. Watts, Watts & Co., London, have sold their steel screw steamer *Hampstead* to Japanese buyers, for delivery in the Far East at about £14,000. She was built by Messrs. Wm. Gray & Co., Ltd., West Hartlepool, in 1887. Dimensions 282ft. 3in. x 37ft. 6in. x 22ft. 3in.: 2,322 tons gross; with engines 22in., 36in., 59in. x 39in. stroke, by Messrs. Blair & Co., Ltd.

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The iron screw steamer *Roumelia*, lately owned by the Ellerman Lines, Ltd., has been sold to Messrs. R. White & Sons, Widnes, at about £3,800, for breaking-up purposes. She was built by Messrs. T. Royden & Sons, Liverpool, in 1877. Dimensions 320ft. 7in. x 35ft. 4in. x 25ft. 5in.; 2,207 tons gross; with engines 28in., 56in. x 42in. stroke, by Messrs. G. Forrester & Co.

+ + +

Engineers employed in the Clyde shipyards, have lodged a month's notice with the Employers' Federation for a restitution of the shilling per week, deducted in August, 1903, and a further advance of a shilling in wages, the rise to come into force on April 24th. The pattern makers demand one farthing per hour advance.

+ + +

The Hamburg-Sudamerikanische Dampfschiffahrt Gesellschaft have invited tenders from German and British Shipbuilding yards for the construction of two fast steamers for the Hamburg-Buenos Ayres service. They are to have a speed of 15 to 16 knots.

+ + +

Mr. Schwab, late of the Steel Trust, is expected at St. Petersburg in a day or two, in connection, it is supposed, with the tenders for cruisers and battleships invited by the Russian Government from the principal shipbuilding firms of the world.

+ + +

New shipbuilding orders are now very scarce and in the way of inquires there is extremely little heard of. Messrs. Gibbs & Lee, of Cardiff, have ordered a new cargo steamer of fairly large size from the Northumberland Shipbuilding Company, Limited.

+ + +

The Wear Steam Shipping Company, (Limited), Sunderland, has been formed with a capital of £10,000, to acquire a steamer now in course of construction by the Goole Shipbuilding and Repairing Co., Ltd.

+ + +

The Britain Steamship Company, Ltd., (Messrs. Watts, Watts & Co., Managers) London, are the purchasers of the steamer *Janeta*, recently reported sold. She has been renamed *Henley*.

+ + +

Lloyd's Italiano Steamship Co., Rome, have decided to purchase three Transatlantic liners to establish a new line of steamers between Italy, New York and South America.

+ + +

Messrs. F. C. Strick & Co., Ltd., have ordered a cargo steamer of about 3,000 tons dead weight, from Messrs. Wm. Gray & Co., Ltd., West Hartlepool.

+ + +

Messrs. Wm. Dobson & Co., Low Walker-on-Tyne, have received an order to build a steamer of about 3,000 tons deadweight capacity, from a Belgian firm.

+ + +

The steel screw steamer *Falls of Keltie*, recently purchased by Messrs. Wm. Esplen, Junr. & Co., Liverpool, has been renamed *Hoyle Bank*.

+ + +

Messrs. Glen & Co., of Glasgow, are the purchasers of the steamer *Sultana*, recently reported sold.

FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 1905.

THE CARDIFF CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

ONCE more we have the privilege of reviewing the Annual Report of the Cardiff Chamber of Commerce, and are glad to do so for the reason that the energetic secretary of the combination—Mr. Willoughby R. Hawkins—has made our task both easy, and pleasant. To say that the eighty-six pages of that Report are filled with commercial matters of absorbing interest, is but to speak the truth, and among the wealth of fact and figures, one scarcely knows where to begin! When discussing this phase of Cardiff's industrial life in our issue of April 20, 1904, we did so more from the cause, than from the effect, side of the undertaking; discussed the personal side of the Chamber; why it existed; the reasons which had helped to bring it into being; in fact, the why and wherefore of the Cardiff Chamber of Commerce, as distinct from other similar chambers outside of Cardiff. This was as it should have been. At the time referred to, THE MARITIME REVIEW had but entered on the path which was destined to lead to journalistic success; was a mere youngster at the business; had never said a word, good, bad, or indifferent, on the subject of commercial combinations; and as a natural consequence, felt constrained to deal with the matter in an introductory manner. But that was in the long ago! Then, we animadverted on the doings of the year 1903; now, we intend to deal with those of 1904. Getting down to real business, we find that, once again, the iniquities of the Coal Tax are commented upon, and that "its baneful influence has been felt in the Cardiff district as well as in others in different parts of the country." Furthermore, we are assured that "its results are likely to be still more severe in the current year." They are! Considerably so, and seeing that Cardiff's trade is absolutely dependent on coal, that same Coal Tax is of very much more importance, hereaway, than in districts whose interests are not so vitally wrapped up in the "smokeless" stuff which keeps fleets in being, and makes it possible for a colossal shipping industry to continue. Particularising, a bit, in this connection, we find that France, our erstwhile best customer, has dropped back from a total purchase, in 1902, of 2,951,889 tons; to 2,439,279 tons, in 1904—a loss to Cardiff, of 512,610 tons. When it is further remembered that the decline between 1902 and 1903, was to the extent of 241,940 tons; while the decline again between 1903 and 1904, was 270,670 tons—well, with an annual (and increasing!) decrease of between 2/300,000 tons, it will not take very many years before France is the Briton's worst customer, and the German's and Belgian's best? When one is faced with actual figures, one has to admit that the "old, old bogey of foreign competition" has a terrible amount of the real McKoy about him? Of course, specious arguments may be to the 'fore, for the purpose of showing that this decrease is a most natural one; that it has nothing to do with the Coal Tax, or other outside influence; that, in short, it is a mere coincidence that the decrease of some 250,000 tons per annum in our coal trade with one country, should synchronise with the establishment of a tax on exports. Quite so! But the so-called "arguments" are merely that, and do not, in any wise, dispose of the absolute loss to Cardiff's colliery people? The Coal tax is an iniquity; is an unjust measure for raising national funds at the expense of but one portion of the nation; and as such, should be discontinued. We all get the same benefits from the flag; therefore, all should equally share in the purchase of the bunting? With reference to the cost of production in the matter of Welsh coal, and with regard to the late demand of the coalowners for a reduction in the colliers' wages, the Report in alluding to the Independent Chairman of the Conciliation Board, says: "To the surprise of the commercial community, the application failed, therefore the rate (of the miners' wages) will remain at 38¾ per cent. above the standard of 1879, for the next three months, at least." From this, it will be seen that for baneful influence, the Coal Tax, and the alleged "Conciliation Board," run each other very closely? The tax drives away a big portion of trade, and the "Conciliation Board"—on the coalowners' own showing—unfairly handicaps what is left. To our mind, this is the whole thing in a nutshell. It should not be forgotten that although the coal tax is an incubus that will take a quantity of shifting, the "Conciliation Bathos" may be ended by a simple notice, and the time necessary to make such operative. Concerning the attempts which have been made to abolish the Coal Tax, the president of the Cardiff Chamber of Commerce—Mr. E. Franklin Thomas—has rendered yeoman service. After several preliminary meetings under the ægis of the president, an influential deputation ultimately waited on the Chancellor of the Exchequer, no farther back than February 23, of this year. The speakers, on this occasion, were Mr. Joseph Shaw, representing the Monmouthshire and South Wales Coal Owners' Association; Mr. E. Franklin Thomas, as chairman of the Central Executive Coal Tax Committee; and Mr. C. H. Wellesly Wilson, on behalf of the shipowning fraternity. The report informs us that "The speakers confined themselves, principally, to calling attention to the conclusions arrived at by the Commission on Coal Supplies, employing and illustrating those clauses which dealt with the supply and export of coal, and urging, from their personal knowledge, the necessity for full consideration being given to the recommendations, with a view of an early repeal of the Coal Tax." Now, it is difficult to conceive of a more thoroughly representative deputation than the one referred to; or in which the members thereof, were more "up," in a knowledge of the subject with which they were dealing. But, again in the words of the Report: "It is difficult to say what effect the representations had upon the mind of the Chancellor, as his reply was of a non-committal character." Also, that the gentleman was "considerably impressed" with the facts which were brought to his notice. Of course the gentleman's reply was non-committal! He knows that he has a good thing in this squeezing of the coal industry, and doesn't wish to be convinced of its utter wickedness. The Coal Tax will continue just as long as public opinion will allow it to continue, and not a day longer. If we were Chancellor, we should be non-committal, every time that a deputation approached us with intent to knock chips off a carefully-thought-out—and ever-expanding—Budget. We should, indeed! However, going along with our consideration of the Report, we find that several local Bills were attended to; that Chamber of Commerce Scholarships and Prizes, figured in the business transacted; that such affairs as the telephonic communication between Great Britain and France were not considered beneath the notice of this progressive body; that the Private Legislation Procedure (Wales) Bill; contraband of war; import trade; New Zealand steamship service; a new set of Port Sanitary Rules; visit of one poor warship; a London to Cardiff mail service; the unemployed problem: the Ministry of Com-

merce; and numerous other important measures, came under the purview of the Chamber. We regret to note that, during the past year, the King of Terrors has been more than usually busy with the members of this combination, and that six well-known names have been deleted from the members' list in consequence, in the period under review. The total membership of this bulwark of local trade interests, runs into 377—no inappreciable proportion of the whole: and if some of the members of the Council do not find themselves in a position to make up a fairly decent average of attendances, others, again, make up for this lack on the part of their colleagues, by being "in their places," at nearly all the Council meetings. For instance, Mr. E. Franklin Thomas and Mr. William Jones are credited with twelve attendances out of fourteen meetings; Mr. W. North Lewis, for ten: Mr. J. B. Ferrier, for nine: Messrs. J. A. Jones, and T. M. Heywood, for eight; while for the mystic number of seven, we find the names of Messrs. E. Handcock, E. C. Fry and H. Wood Davey, scheduled. One gentleman saved his face by making one attendance; another seemed to be of opinion, that he wouldn't spoil a record for noughts, by keeping away, altogether! When it is remembered that the Council is composed of busy men; men who have their hands very full with their own affairs; it is matter for deep congratulation that so many are to be found, with enough of public spirit to enable them to "tighten up the loose pegs of business," free, gratis, and for nothing. To such men is Cardiff's colossal trade expansion due, and the business community recognises the fact. Coming along to a detailed account of that trade expansion, we find that the total quantity of

Coal shipped to Foreign Ports in 1904, was	14,930,610	tons.
While that shipped in 1903, amounted to ...	14,395,066	,,
Giving an increase for 1904, of	535,544	,,
Coal shipped Coastwise in 1904, was	2,548,894	,,
The amount for 1903, being	2,464,729	,,
An increase of	84,165	,,
Coal shipped for bunkers, in foreign-going vessels in 1904 was	2,816,201	,,
For the same purpose in 1903,	2,760,385	,,
An increase of	55,816	,,

or, in coal alone, a matter of 20,295,705 tons. Then, if we add for coke shipped to foreign ports, 40,082 tons; patent fuel for foreign account, 469,985 tons; and a jumble of coal, coke and fuel shipped for ships' use on coasters and tugs, and coke and patent fuel exported Coastwise, a total of 128,904 tons: we get a grand total of 20,934,676 tons of exported "steam raiser" from the Port of Cardiff, for the year 1904. No wonder the Docks man puts on a little "side," now and then! We have seen that Cardiff is justified in "holding her head up" when tonnage handled is spoken of; she is in the same happy position when Cardiff-owned shipping tonnage is the subject of discussion. At the end of 1904, the net total of Cardiff-owned vessels on the Register, was 329,080 tons—a total which has been materially added to, since then! The pitwood trade, too, is of far greater dimensions than is realised by most of us, for in 1904, alone, the import of this very necessary commodity reached, for the Port of Cardiff, the respectable total of 689,352 tons; while to this must be added, under the heading of "log timber and deals (that is, all timber except pitwood)" a matter of 254,916 tons. Eh? Iron ore is responsible for 806,164 tons of additional work for that portion of the community which attends to such things; and for the import of grain and flour into Cardiff, we will close our review of the Cardiff Chamber of Commerce's Annual Report, by quoting you the amounts, as per the Bute Docks returns, for the past five years:

"1900	... ...	229,388 tons.
1901	... ...	253,094 tons.
1902	... ...	284,188 tons.
1903	... ...	275,529 tons.
1904	... ...	303,241 tons."

in addition to which, and "occasionally, a small quantity arrives at Barry and Penarth." In concluding, we cannot do better than advise you to purchase a copy of the Annual Report to which we have given our attention. It is chock-full of interesting matter; is ably edited; and a nimble shilling will give you a pleasurable occupation for quite a number of hours which might, otherwise, be less-profitably occupied.

"BROKEN UP, CONDEMNED, ETC."

TO the nautical mind—and possibly to that belonging to the 'longshoreman—there is a world of pathos in that portion of "Lloyd's Returns of Vessels Totally Lost, Condemned, etc.," which treats exclusively with the sailing vessels grouped under the latter portion of the title. On page 9, of the latest Returns to hand, and in connection with tonnage which figures in the Register Book for 1904-05, we find but one "wind jammer" which has come to port in a condition which necessitates the terse description of "Towed into Mazatlan dismasted and water-logged; to be sold." The boat in question is the *Maria E. Smith*, of 347 tons, register: American owned: wooden; three-mast schooner; from Port Blakeley to Guayaquil, with lumber. The sailor can imagine the conditions in which this poor old servant staggered along on her journey; how she was met with conditions which her over-wrought timbers could not cope with; how, bit by bit, she was turned from a smart little vessel into a mere wreck: and how, eventually, with ne'er a stick standing; with as much water inside her hold as there was outside: she received a pluck from an abler vessel; was taken into port, to be scheduled at last, with the "broken up, condemned, etc."! For a good and faithful servant, this fate is bad enough, in all conscience. But in comparison with that which befalls many of her one-time contemporaries, the *Maria E. Smith* is favoured, indeed. Still quoting from the list, we find that out of seventeen vessels figuring as among the "nautical dead beats" from causes other than stress of weather, ten are just "broken up" in various parts of the world; three have been converted into coal hulks; two razeed down for use as lighters; one converted into a pontoon at Civita Vecchia: and one merely dismantled. Again we note that out of that "little lot," but three hail from the United Kingdom and one from the British Colonies; four owned allegiance to Sunny Italy; one to France; two to Norway; two to Sweden; one to Russia; and one to Austro-Hungary. In the majority of instances, the vessels—as we consider them, to-day—were small; in fact, and including the first vessel mentioned above, their combined tonnage does but amount to no more than 9,549 tons. But where the pathos lays, is in the fact that Britain's maritime might of the present year of grace, was built up solely on the merits of such picayune vessels as they which have been turned to those base uses, in their "played out at forty" senility! True, we have used the "played out" term in a metaphorical sense, only, for it is highly probable that, in most instances, the vessels have been struggling with an adverse fate for many years more than is included within the period, which is twen.-cent. for "finished with"! One can easily imagine the pomp and panoply which attended their launchings; can think of the hardy sailors which learned to dip to their stays; of the owners who, in those days, were owners, indeed; and imagining all these things can feel sad, and sorry, for the degeneration which is about in these latter, and "more civilised" times. Yes, the pathos is there; right in that column which deals with the "broken up, condemned, etc."

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *March 29, 1905.*

ALTHOUGH we are unable to state that business in the staple trade, hereaway, has undergone any great improvement, there is, undoubtedly, a much steadier feeling attaching itself to "Cardiff (and other) Coal." That is to say, a little more activity than was in evidence at our last time of spreading the details before you, has materialised; but not sufficient to enable values to mount into prettier figures, just yet. Shipments have certainly been better, and as a natural consequence, stocks have been largely depleted. With this in mind, you will understand that there is nothing like the quantity of coal about to-day, that there was, say, a week ago.

HOWEVER, outside of those increased shipments—most of which have been on contract account—there is anything but a

Startling amount of business

transpiring; and there is any amount of room—to say nothing of an acute desire—for those new accumulations which are so dear to the hearts of our colliery friends. It may be true—of some things—that man wants but little, here below; also that he wants that little, long; but when it comes down to the places where the coal person of commerce meanders around—well, the gentleman "wants" a big little, and he "wants" it, all the time! Philosophy of the abstract kind—is of little use in Coalville.

STILL, there is no getting away from the fact that, as already suggested, prices have been considerably steadier; and when prices steady themselves after a more or less protracted period of fluctuation; there is ever a

Hope of a better time coming.

To help the hope along on this occasion, there is a plentiful supply of tonnage to hand; collieries, as a result, have been busier; chartering, too, has been fairly active; and taken altogether, we are of opinion that the hope referred to, has a fair chance of blossoming into blessed reality. With regard to the fairly active chartering suggested, we note that the bulk thereof, has been for moderately prompt loading.

THAT is to say, there is a disinclination on the part of the seller to discount future opportunities. As a matter of fact, the gentle seller is hardening his heart—er—his quotations, considerably more than he has been in a position to do, for some time past. Indeed,

Mr. Seller appears to be convinced

that a regaining of his usually good position (?) is a matter that may not be unduly prolonged. When the festive seller is in this—or a similar—state of mind, you may be sure that there is an opportunity of a "better time coming"—mighty soon! We hope he will not be disappointed; that his hopes will fructify; that he will gather in all the stuff to which his anticipations prompt him.

BUT the worst of the deal is, that Mr. Buyer is a man possessed of notions. Appears to be convinced that he is a portion of the commercial entity which must not be disregarded, and that the conditions which obtain at the moment, continue to favour him to a very great extent. You see, he has it in his knowledge that outputs are altogether too heavy—for present demands; and this latter, he is

Doing his level best

to still further curtail. Therefore, the buyer, as usual, must not be disregarded in the mill! And under the circumstances which exist, the market is still an easy one to negotiate for prompt shipment, and the basis of the transactions scheduled, is that of the old figures, as you will see, further along.

BUT writing of new business, 'way back, reminds us that there has been a little order in the market, for German account; indeed, that same "little order" is now under process of execution. The destination—at least, the declared destination—is Hamburg; but we should not be surprised, in the least, if on arrival there, the whole consignment were turned over to our seemingly good friends, the Russians; should you? Anyhow, several steamers have been

Taken up by the German agents,

here, and we believe that a local firm has also a share of the business—which runs into an approximate 20,000 tons. Not much, as Cardiff consignments go; but yet sufficiently large to be worthy of consideration.

THEN, the Belgian and Danish State Railway contracts are also in the market—and for fairly large quantities. Of course, these "unconsidered" trifles, in the aggregate, mount up, and help to make the colliery man believe that his day is dawning; that the dull care which has nearly prostrated him, poor man, is about to be dissolved, even as is the morning dew. We hope he is right, for take him as you will, and he is a patient kritter. But reverting to the Market, generally, its feature has been Smalls, for which there

Has been no end of a demand.

As a matter of fact, demand is about all that has been around—as merchants have found to their cost.

SUPPLIES of SMALLS have been disappointingly limited. So much so, that it has been practically impossible to obtain even small quantities, for prompt shipment—which has been the necessary condition. The shipment of Large Coal has not been sufficiently well-maintained to enable the output of Smalls to mount to its usual level. Then, again, the free arrival of tonnage having materialised "one on top of t'other," as it were, prices have risen shillings per ton—as you will see from our tabulated list, further along. Coming to the Large of the

BEST CARDIFF ADMIRALTY descriptions, we do not find that they have been

Commanding any higher figures,

than were ruling when last we had the pleasure of unfolding our weekly dissertation, for your kind consideration. Mind you, the quotation is up to 13s. 6d., and although buyers, on the whole, have found this very firm, indeed; especially with one or two collieries who are the happy possessors of full stems; there has been no record of buyers having succumbed at the quotation. You will, perhaps, remember our last week's remarks anent quotations? Well, exactly the same thing applies, to-day! We mean, that although the "quotation" is 13s. 6d., it is still possible to rope in the stuff at threepence under; aye, or threepence under, again! Collieries are certainly busier, and stems are better; but there is an insufficiency of coal changing hands, to admit of any marked degree of actual firmness.

SECOND ADMIRALTYS, too, while showing a steadier tone, are, in the matter of value, practically unaltered.

You might have surmised this?

Might have decided that 12s. 9d. about represents the figures, here? Alright then! Collieries, hereaway, are fairly busy; but as is the case in other quarters, the demand is anything but an overpowering one; and while the better qualities are holding out for the nimble ninepence, other sorts, not being so well stemmed, are disposed to take lower figures—which is to say, from 12s. 3d. to 12s. 6d. Shipments for that "Sherman's little lot," have been made chiefly from this section.

ORDINARIES continue to be in a bad way, throughout, for a continued absence of new demand keeps this phase of the market in a weak state. Very weak, might possibly be justified, under the circumstances. As a matter of fact, the lack of demand is so pronounced that

Stoppages are of frequent occurrence.

The demanded figure is a level 12s., but offer the would-be seller a prompt turn and—see him smile. Hear him warble, "I will take 11s. 9d. or a bit under that—if you will but pass me the order!" At any rate, the full value of Ordinaries is nothing above 11s. 9d., and others are easily obtainable at 11s. 6d. Stems, too, in this direction, are decidedly "off," and there is no immediate prospect of an early recovery—worse luck.

DRYS continue to romp along in their old rut. Business in them is the reverse of active, and although the quotation for the better sorts is somewhere around 12s., prompt offers would bring this tumbling down to a reconsidered price. Inferiors are easy at 11s. 9d.

MONMOUTHSHIRE coals may be said to have held their own, as at our last; but that is certainly all. Quotations are, more or less, on a par with those of the previous week; but even as then there is

Nothing amounting to firmness

in the demanded price, because of the limited business passing For anything required with promptitude and despatch, buyers experience no difficulty in arranging matters on the old basis. Hence, BLACK VEINS, while assuming a rôle of 11s. 6d., are by no means averse to accepting a trifle less—for immediate shipment.

ORDINARIES, in the matter of demand, have been favoured with no improvement. True, shipments have been on the increasing grade, but the demand as yet is anything but pleasing, or commensurate with the supplies which abound. Therefore, while this continues to be so, it is useless to expect that prices will harden. The quotation—drat the "quotation"—has certainly been put up to 11s. 3d., but the circumstances to which we have referred, do not permit of sellers obtaining those figures. Indeed, the buyer, here, is still constrained to the benevolent rôle, when a

Genuine buyer comes his way!

At times like these, the price is likelier to be 11s., than the "quoted" 11s. 3d.

SECONDS may not truthfully be considered as any firmer than at our last. The market is the reverse of active; indeed, there is but precious little doing herein, at the moment. This means, that lack of request has affected these grades, even as it has other and more costly samples. There is but little difficulty in securing as much of this stuff as you may chance to need, at 10s. 3d.; and it is at these figures that the majority of transactions have materialised.

RHONDDA NUMBER 3 coals remain satisfactory, for the reason that sellers find it an easy matter to maintain their quotations which do not differ, materially, from those current at our last. LARGE, remains firm at 13s. 9d. to 14s., and collieries, generally, are still full in stems. A good enquiry continues, so that a weakening in No. 3's

Need not be anticipated,

yet awhile. Forward, there might be—when the spring-time comes; but you know!

RHONDDA NUMBER 2 coals have been steadier—accounted for by a better demand for bunkering purposes. So, with improved stems, prices are more firmly given, up to 10s. 3d.; but it is possible to dock 1½d. off this price, providing you have firm business in hand, and in the right position.

SMALLS on the other hand, as we have already explained, have been at famine prices. BESTS have been sold, freely, at 8s., and it is declared that the stuff has passed, at threepence better than this. SECONDS, too, have been extremely scarce; in fact, this is the condition with all SMALLS, and the quotation in this grade, is firm at 7s. 9d. For next week, the position is not quite so tight, and

Prices are likely to be easier

in consequence. ORDINARIES have been selling at 7s. 6d., with Newport qualities almost up to the same level.

PATENT FUELS remain steady on the basis of 12s. 9d. to 13s., but there is no overpowering demand. PITWOOD is in good supply, but not request, and as a result, prices are somewhat weak between 16s. 6d. and 16s. 9d.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	13s. 0d., 13s. 3d	13s. 0d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 6d.	13s. 3d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 7½d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.
Drys ,, ...	12s. 0d., 12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 10½d.
Best Newport ,, ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d	11s. 3d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 6d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d., 11s. 3d.	11s. 1½d.	11s. 1½d.	11s. 3d.
Seconds ,, ...	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,,	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,,	13s. 9d., 14s. 0d.	14s. 0d.	14s. 0d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 6d., 14s. 0d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,,	10s. 0d., 10s. 3d.	10s 1½d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 1½d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 3d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ,,	12s 0d	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.
,, 2 ,,	8s. 6d	8s. 6d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d. 8s. 9d.	8s. 7½d.
Smalls:						
Best Cardiff	7s. 9d	7s. 9d.	8s. 0d.	8s. 0d.	7s. 9d., 8s. 0d.	7s. 9d , 8s. 0d.
Seconds	7s 3d., 7s 6d	7s 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 7½d.	7s. 6d.
Ordinaries	6s 6d	6s 7½d	6s. 9d.	6s. 9d., 7s. 0d.	7s. 0d.	6s. 9d., 7s. 0d.
Best Newport	6s. 9d	7s. 0d.	7s. 0d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s 0d., 7s. 3d.
Seconds	6s 6d	6s. 6d	6s. 9d.	6s. 9d.	6s. 6d., 7s. 0d.	6s. 9d.
Rhondda No. 2	7s 0d	7s 3d.	7s. 0d., 7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 3d., 7s. 6d.	7s. 0d., 7s. 6d.
,, No. 3	9s. 9d., 10s. 0d	9s. 10½d.	9s. 10½d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.	9s. 9d.
Foundry Coke:						
Special	21s 0d	21s. 0d., 21s 6d.	21s. 3d.	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d., 22s. 0d.
Ordinary	18s. 0d	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Furnace Coke	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d	15s. 9d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.
Patent Fuel	12s 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. 0d.	13s 0d.	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d.	12s 9d., 13s. 0d.
Pitwood ex ship	16s 9d	16s. 9d	16s 6d., 16s. 7½d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d , 16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *March 29, 1905.*

THE market in this direction, has been maintained, although prices have undergone but little change. Generally, these are on a par with those at our last writing, yet notwithstanding, are fairly steady. There is a decided improvement in the amount of business that is about; but insufficient has really materialised, to warrant any startling firmness. For forward shipment there is good enquiry, and sellers are not unduly anxious to close up anything for this position, at current prices.

ANTHRACITE shows but little variation. For BEST SORTS, there has been an average demand, and seeing that collieries are well-stemmed, prices have been maintained. The outputs, however, are easily keeping pace with the demand; indeed, are in excess thereof; consequently, prices remain as before. Inferior sorts are quiet, and for prompt shipment, there is any quantity of free coal offering; as a result, prices are inclined to weakness. Quotations remain at 11s. 6d., and 10s. 3d. for BIG and RED VEIN respectively; but concessions on these figures are obtainable, and without any undue persuasion on the part of the buyer.

CULM, on the contrary, remains a passing good commodity, the demand therefor being firm. Stems are full, and with but a limited quantity available, sellers have been enabled to maintain values. For the Best Sorts, 5s. is the value, with others at 4s. 6d.

DUFF is also a steady market at 3s. 3d. to 3s. 6d.

STEAMS, in the matter of quotation, have undergone no change, albeit they are a trifle harder. BESTS are offering at 13s. 3d., but there has been no influx of new business, and it is still possible to obtain a concession of 3d., for early shipment. SECONDS, on the other hand, are decidedly weak at 12s. With no improvement in the demand; with supplies in excess thereof; these qualities may be arranged—in decent quantities—at 11s. 9d. BUNKER SORTS, rule at about 11s.

PATENT FUELS are quoted at 12s., at which price, there is good enquiry.

BELOW, we give the average prices for the week:—

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large	19s 0d	19s. 6d., 19s. 0d	19s. 6d.	19s. 0 l. 19s. 0d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 0d., 20s. 0d.
Seconds do.	17s 6d.	17s 6d.	18s. 0d.	18s 0d	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.
Big Vein Large	11s 6d	11s. 0d	11s. 7½d.	11s 7½d	11s. 6d., 11s. 0d.	11s. 6d.
Red ,, ,,	10s 0d., 10s. 3d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 6d.
Machine Made Cobbles	16s. 0d	16s. 0d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 0d.
,, ,, Nuts	16s 0d., 17s. 0d	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.
,, ,, Pens	10s 0d., 11s. 0d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d	10s. 3d.
Rubbly Culm	4s 9d., 5s. 0d.	5s. 0d.	5s 0d.	5s. 0d., 5s. 3d.	5s. 0d.	4s. 9d., 5s. 0d.
Duff	3s 3d.	3s. 3d.	3s. 0d., 3s. 6d.	3s. 3d., 3s. 6d.	3s. 3d.	3s. 0d., 3s. 6d.
Patent Fuel:	12s 0d.	12s. 0d., 12s. 3d.	12s. 1½d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d
Steam:						
Best Large	13s 3d	13s 3d.	13s 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 3d
Seconds ,,	12s 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 1½d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d
Bunker ,,	11s 3d	11s. 3d	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d	10s. 9d., 11s. 0d.	11s 0d., 11s. 3d
Thro' and Thro'	9s. 0d	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d., 8s. 9d.	8s. 7½d.	8s. 7½d.	8s. 0d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

CARDIFF, *March 29, 1905.*

THE EASTERN market continues to jog along in its lately amiable manner, and we note that a couple of boats have been taken up for COLOMBO at 8s. 6d. JAVA charterers have filled their requirements at 9s., and other steamers have been fixed for ADEN at 8s., with the CAPE posing as worth 10s.

WESTWARD, we find Plate rates continuing fairly firm on basis of 7s. 9d. for the Lower Ports; with RIO DE JANEIRO ranging between 8s. 6d. and 8s. 9d. Other fixtures reported are: A handy-sized boat for PARA at 9s. 6d.; while for QUEBEC, the exceptionally remunerative rate (which is sort of sarkastic!) of 4s. 7½d. has been taken. Still, freights for this port are few and far between, and the cargo in question was probably for ballasting purposes?

HENCE the ISLANDS, business is hardly as steady as it was at our last time of writing, and 6s. 9d. is recorded for LAS PALMAS, with CAPE VERDES down to 6s. 9d.

MEDITERRANEAN rates are a trifle easier, tonnage being more plentiful, with very few new orders offering on the market. PORT SAID has receded to 6s., and for ALEXANDRIA, current figures are from 6s. 6d. to 6s. 9d. For GENOA, the demand has eased considerably, and in one instance, at least, 6s. 6d. has been accepted.

OTHER fixtures of interest are BEYROUT, at 7s. 9d.; MALTA, 6s.—for a small boat; SICILY, 7s. to 7s. 3d.; and SALERMO, 7s. 3d. HENCE, MARSEILLES, the current rate remains at 8 francs.; with ALGIERS paying 7·25 for its requirements.

Week Ending, (Wednesday), March 29, 1905

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Colombo, *Anapa*, 2,251 n.r. 8s. 6d.
Provincia, 2,290 n.r. 8s. 6d.
Cape, Steamer, 10s.
Java, *Baron Balfour*, 2,552 n.r. 9s.
Aden, Steamer, 8s.

WESTWARD, Etc.

Rio de Janeiro, *Olympic*, 3,200 tons, 8s. 9d.
Steamer, 8s. 6d.
River Plate, *Penare*, 4,000 tons, 7s. 9d.
Falloden, 4,100 tons, 7s. 9d.
Wilberforce, 3,900 tons, 7s. 6d.
Steamer, 7s. 7½d.
Cape Verdes, *Snowdon*, 4,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Las Palmas, *Albuera*, 4,500 tons, 5s. 9d. option **Teneriffe**
Adriatic, 4,500 tons, 6s. option **Cape Verdes**, 6s. 6d.
Bray Head, 3,600 tons, 5s. 9d. option **Teneriffe.**
Para, *Yanariva*, 2,500 tons, 9s. 6d.
Dakar, *Winnie*, 2,000 tons, 7s.
Azores, Steamer, 3,300 tons, 5s. 9d.
Quebec, *Atbara*, 2,500 tons, 4s. 7½d.
Teneriffe, *Lord Dufferin*, 6,000 tons, 5s. 9d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Northam*, 5,500 tons, 6s. 3d.
Nessfield, 5,000 tons, 6s. 3d.
Kurrachee, 4,500 tons, 6s. 1½d.
Sidmouth, 5,500 tons, 6s.
Steamer, 5,400 tons, 6s.
Annie, 5,400 tons, 6s.
Boltonhall, 5,200 tons, 6s.
Coquet, 5,400 tons, 6s.
Alexandria, *Chiverstone*, 4,300 tons, 6s. 6d.
Tregothnan, 4,200 tons, 6s. 6d.
Slingsby, 4,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Genoa, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Steamer, 3,000 tons, 7s.
Andros, 4,500 tons, 6s. 9d. option **Savona.**
Ashfield, 3,200 tons, 6s. 9d. (N).
Lamia L. 3,200 tons, 6s. 9d. option **Savona.**
Leala, 4,500 tons, 6s. 6d.
Spezzia, *Kingswood*, 2,200 tons, 7s. (s).
Venice, Steamer, 3,500 tons, 7s. 6d. option **Ancona.**
Kolozvar, 2,000 tons, 8s. 3d. (s).
Malta, *Carperby*, 2,500 tons, 6s.
Adelina Patti, 4,200 tons, 5s. 6d.
Sicily, *Iro*, 3,300 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Steamer, 2,800 tons, 7s. 3d.
Brindisi, *Polymnia*, 4,000 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Naples, *Dunraven*, 4,700 tons, 6s. 6d. optn. **Torre,** (N).
Sarah Radcliffe, 2,600 tons, 7s.
Duneric, 2,400 tons, 6s. 6d.
Torre, *Uranus*, 5,000 tons, 6s. 10½d. option **Civita Vecchia** or **Leghorn.** (N).
Salermo, *Istros*, 2,600 tons, 7s. 3d. (N).
Bona, *Skodsborg*, 2,100 tons, 7 francs.
Roseneath, 2,100 tons, 7·50 francs.
Valencia, *Cymrian* 1,100 tons, 6s. 9d. coal, 7s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Marseilles, *Tom*, 2,800 tons, 8 fcs. option **Algiers,** 7 fcs.
Bachi, 2,600 tons, 8 francs.
Maridal, 1,400 tons, 8 francs.
J. C. Jacobsen, 1,300 tons, 8 francs. (s).
Steamer, 1,500 tons, 8 francs.
Steamer, 2,600 tons, 7·75 francs.
Steamer, 4,200 tons, 7·75 francs.
Barcelona, *Gwentland*, 1,800 tons, 7s. 3d.
Sieglinde, 1,800 tons, 7s. 6d. (s).
Carmen Roca, 2,400 tons, 7s.
Isle of Caldy, 1,800 tons, 7s.
Siegfried, 1800 tons, 7s.
Palma, *Warwick*, 1,800 tons, 6s. 9d.
Lisbon, *Bedale*, 1,600 tons, 4s. 7½d.
Jeanie, 2,200 tons, 4s. 7½d.
Olive, 1,700 tons, 4s. 7½d. (s).
Oporto, *Skald*, 1,400 tons, 4s. 10½d.
Oran, *La Rochelle*, 1,600 tons, 7 fcs. coal, 8 fcs. fuel.
Algiers, *Dalbeattie*, 1,700 tons, 7·37½ francs. (s).
Saltwick, 1,900 tons, 7·25 francs.
Emma, 1,700 tons, 7·25 francs.
Syra, *Wimborne*, 5,000 tons, 6s. option **Piraeus.**
Beyrout, *Duke of Cornwall*, 2,100 tons, 7s. 9d.
Gibraltar, *Rothesay*, 2,500 tons, 5s. 3d.
Benan, 2,300 tons, 5s. 3d.

BALTIC, Etc.

Pillau, Steamer, 750 tons, 5s. 6d.
Kiel, Steamer, 1,100 tons, 5s. 6d.

BAY, Etc.

Chantenay, *Rosehill*, 1,900 tons, 4·62½ francs.
La Rochelle, *Maliano*, 2,200 tons, 4·12½ fcs.
Behera, 2,100 4·37½ fcs. option **Rocheforte,** 4·62½ fcs. (s)
Bordeaux, *Leo*, 2,200 tons, 4·45 francs.
Rocheforte, *Peter Hamre*, 1,300 tons, 5 francs. (s).
Nantes, *Abermaed*, 1,300 tons, 5 francs, (s).
Anita, 1,400 tons, 4·75 fcs. (P.T.)
Charente, *Rive de Gier*, 1,400 tons, 4·75 francs.
Santander, Steamer, 2,400 tons, 3s. 6d.
Abertawe, 1,600 tons, 3s. 8d.
La Pallice, *Uriarte*, 1,400 tons, 4 francs.

COASTING, Etc.

Hamburg, *Ingram*, 2,100 tons; *Redwood*, 1,400 tons; *Mercator*, 1,300 tons; *Melrose Abbey*, 1,500 tons; *Ambient*, 2,100 tons; *Consent*, 1,700 tons; *Ely Rise*, 1,500 tons; *Saxon Briton*, 1,600 tons; all 4s. 6d.
Rouen, *Ossian*, 700 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Peter Berg, 800 tons, 5s. (s).
Raloo, 1,300 tons, 4s. 7½d. (s).
James Speir, 600 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Havre, *Camille*, 1,300 tons, 4s. (s).
Caen, *Theodora*, 1,000 tons, 4s. 1½d. (s).
Rapid, 1,200 tons, 4s. 1½d. (s).
Amrum, 1,150 tons, 4s. 1½d. (s).
Honfleur, *Curran*, 1,400 tons, 4s. 3d.
Clonlee, 1,300 tons, 4s. 3d.
Dieppe, *Mersey*, 550 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Taygeta, 1,700 tons, 4s.
Brest, *Alice M. Craig*, 1,200 tons, 4s.
Bremen, *G. N. Wilkinson*, 850 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Cardiff, *Pomaron*, 1,900 tons, 4s. ore
Maliano, 2,400 tons, 4s. ore.

Maritime, and other Money, Matters,

SOME week or so ago, we expressed a belief in the future of the Severn Dry Docks; suggested that it had a good time ahead; and that it would win through the ills which had, apparently, surrounded it, even supposing it had to change its name in the doing. Somehow or other, our words—viewed in the light of later events—were of the prophetic? Mind you, we did not intend that they should be considered as such, for we were merely writing as to what we considered to be "on merit." That is, the property is a good one, and in able hands, should return something pretty, to those who have footed the bill. That it has not done so in the past, is no reason to suppose that the hands have not been able. On the contrary, rather.

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BUT there is a tide in the affairs of a dry dock, even as in the affairs of men. That same old tide—if taken at the flood—will wash up a big thing; but if disregarded—well, of what use is to set sail when the best portion of your tide is gone? If we were asked to give a good tip for successfully running a dry dock, we should unhesitatingly say, "Pick out a manager; put him in charge; and then go home to sleep—or play tennis, or golf." If we were further asked "What should you do, if an unkind fate had made you that manager?" then, just as unhesitatingly, we should say "Well, we would be the manager under all circumstances or—chuck the job."

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OF course, we admit that we are not managing a dry dock; never have managed one; and never hope to. All the same, we happen to know a few gentlemen who are—and have been, for quite a time. Another item which is included in our knowledge is, that in our opinion, the most successful dry docks are those where the managers do even as we would do—"Run the show!" On the other hand, we know one or two concerns where the manager is somewhat too prone to be "directored" in small things; as a result, the returns in those concerns are of a "small" character. Too many cooks spoil a broth. That is admitted? In our opinion, too many directors spoil a dry dock. At least, they spoil its chances of leaving a dividend.

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BUT bless us, we started out to write about the Severn Dry Docks, and here have we been drawn off on a side issue, and one which has nothing whatever to do with them. We apologise, and hasten to get back to the track from which digression coaxed us. It's like this. The Severn concern has changed hands. Possibly—nay, probably—it will, eftsoon, change conditions! That is to say, the one-time "Severn" is now a component part of the Cardiff Channel Dry Docks and Pontoon Company, Limited; and is under the care of an old friend, Mr. William Jones. What that means—in calm £ s. d.—you are likely to see, later on. Yes, the "Severn" has changed hands; and the reason for the change "is about £65,000." But you need not bother unduly as to what the exact price is—or was.

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IT is more to the point to wonder what the result will be. In the past, the "Channel" was tangled up about as much as was necessary for comfort? You will admit that? Very well, then! To-day, the tangle is very much less in evidence? Admit that, also? Very well, some more. What smoothed out the tangle? Fairies, didn't they? No? You don't believe in fairies? Neither do we, for we would far rather put our money on a "live" man—that's what we would do. And anyhow, when a concern can get out of a tangle; and inside of a very few years can lay down up-to-date plant; can also go out of its way to "buy in" other going concerns, and things of a like nature; well, there must be either a "live" man somewhere about, or a pagoda-tree in the back office.

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NOW, the day for the pagoda-tree is done. Personally we do not believe that any such a thing existed, and that the whole wheeze is merely a traveller's tale, thought up for the purpose of deceiving the young and innocent—which is us! But although there are no pagoda-trees, there are "back offices." They sometimes contain bottles that are useful in alchemy; and alchemy is the science which is going to produce the philosopher's stone. Do you follow us? The philosopher's stone is said to have the property of turning everything it touches into gold? Still following us? Right then! When you have a philosopher's stone that has a horse-power capable of "touching about £65,000," what is the correct thing to do and say? Give it up? So do we—just now! But keep your eye on future issues of this page. We do not give you all we know for one threepennypiece—not us.

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IF we were built after the fashion of some of our friends, we should fall over our best boots, in a wild endeavour to show you the inward workings of sundry apparently obscure facts. But we are not. We are built on our own plan, and all in good time, we shall tell you what there is to know—ay, whether the subject be alleged pagoda-trees, back offices, "live" managers, or what not. Meanwhile, we feel that it will not be amiss if we congratulate "the Channel," on having acquired "the Severn." The part might be greater than the whole—but it isn't. So it comes about that as in nature, the Severn flows into the Channel; well, the fitness of things is even as it should be, *n'est-ce-pas?* Moreover, in the flowing, the Severn runs a lot of stuff into the Channel. What? That is how it is going to be in the case of the "Severn" and the "Channel." You'll see.

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DRY-DOCKS aren't much use without steamers. There is also a subtle connection between them. Thus, if we drop from dry-docks into steamer companies, we shall be in order. Just so! The Torrington Steamship Company, Limited, has been registered with a capital of £53,000. Here is another 9,000-tonner for the Cardiffian to brag about! Second one in the same group, too. That of Messrs. W. J. Tatem and Co. One thing we are glad of: There are already fifteen brass plates outside a certain door in "the Square;" there is room in the same tier for nine more; there is also room for several other tiers; what it is going to be, by and soon—well, we shouldn't like to suggest. If a few more of the local shipowners continue on the path that has been followed by such firms as Messrs. Tatem and Co., Cardiff will soon need a Registry of her own; to say nothing of sundry other items which come in useful in steamer running. Anyhow, although we have coupled the *Torrington* on to a dry-dock dissertation, we hope she will never need its attentions for more than a "spring clean," say—which might be considered as rough on the dry-dock?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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"TURNER."—We are extremely glad, and hope you will let it count to us for righteousness! Generally considered, our advice is even as you say; but then, we are modest people—fortunately for you!

SEVERN SEA SPRAY!

HERE you are good people! Just an extract from the log of the *Scindia*. Time and again, I have been instrumental in giving you "log extracts," of one kind and another: but hitherto, they have ever been suggestive of the class of business which is known to the vulgarly inclined, as "monkey work." You know the sort I mean, don't you? The "log extract" which proved, more or less, that if the vessel referred to wasn't about as near a wreck as made no odds to anybody; then, in the interests of truthful journalism, she jolly well ought to have been. But this present "extract?" Yes, sirs! It is an extract to be proud of, and as a precis for a dernation pile of work, stands out big, even in these days of expert precis writing. Talk about much in little! But I'll give you the exact quotation:

"SUNDAY, November 9, 1902. Latitude 46·40 N. Longitude 7 W. Fresh to moderate N.W. gale; high sea; ship rolling and labouring heavily; and taking seas over decks fore and aft. At 9-50 a.m., sighted a barque flying signals of distress: bore down on her and rescued the crew." There you are, sirs! No shinnannakin about it. Just a "bore down on her and rescued the crew." The barque was the *Giovanni S.*, of Lussinpiccolo, bound from Cardiff to Maranham with good old Cardiff "smokeless," and under the command of one Captain L. Liereovich. The barque, with her rudder gone, and her boats more or less damaged; sinking rapidly, and the crew too exhausted to prolong their fight; was in sad case. So sad, that there is need for no wonder that those who may, decline to undertake the hilarious life of a sailor?

HOWEVER, the *Scindia* was "to the rescue," and although she signalled that she was coming on in haste: that her boats were manned and ready for the fray; the crew of the derelict had seen all they wanted to of *Giovanni S.*; and had trusted themselves to the barque's damaged boats which, in their opinion, were safer than the storm-tossed packet which they were anxious to leave. There was a skipper, a mate, and twelve hands to deal with, and although the seas were running "mountains high," the *Scindia* got them all. That is, the Anchor Liner "bore down on her and rescued the crew." Furthermore, they were not greatly ahead of fate on that occasion, for within one hour from the rescue, *Giovanni S.* gave up her futile struggle with the world, by foundering.

THIS was act one in the drama. A damp and dreary act, at that. Act two is ever so much brighter and pleasing; is almost enough to reconcile those interested, to the conditions under which they annex their daily bread—even supposing it is nothing better than "Liverpool pantiles?" And before going into the details of Act. II., let us suggest that the annals of our Mercantile Marine are freely interspersed with similar instances. With tales of courage and humanity; of efforts carried out in the face of grim death; and all for the purpose of snatching another sailorman, from the peril that has surrounded him through no fault of his own. Because of this, and for other reasons, I am proud of the fact that, at one time in the dim vistas of the past, I posed as a sailorman, myself. But to business! Act II. is awaiting an opportunity.

ON Friday last, and at the request of the Austrian Consul-General, the Mercantile Marine Service Association undertook to make a presentation of a silver loving cup to Captain S. Abrey, of the *Scindia*, in commemoration of the rescue which, I am afraid, I have given but a poor showing. Anyhow, the Association mustered in force, and in addition to a representative number of shipmasters, there was also present the Austrian Consul. Perhaps I ought to mention that the assembly was graced by the presence of ladies; in fact I will. For among the guests were Commander Mac Nab, R.N.R., and Mrs. Mac Nab. (But I never was good at this class of descriptive writing, so must ask to be excused from mentioning anything further about it. Beside, the esteemed friend who passed me "the tip" omitted to say anything further; so on him be the blame!)

ANYHOW, it was Captain J. Keay, president of the M.M. S.A., who made the presentation, and he expressed great pleasure at being enabled, for the first time during his year of office, to preside on such an occasion. The Captain suggested that all seamen knew the Bay of Biscay, in its many moods, and hazarded the opinion—to which I respectfully subscribe—that but precious few of them amount to much, from a consideration of comfort! Going on to discuss the reason of the present gathering, Captain Keay touchingly reverted to the rescue; said that in accordance with honourable traditions, Capt. Abrey, as soon as he saw fellow seamen in distress, and without stopping to count the cost, or of reckoning up the danger to himself, sailed in to win them back from impending doom.

CAPTAIN KEAY also commented on what such conduct meant to the wives and children of the rescued men, and as to the probable amount of suffering which had been obviated by the plucky conduct of the captain and officers—who ably abetted the rescue—of the *Scindia*: and that as fellow members of the same great service, they gladly congregated to do honour to the captain, and to pay a tribute to his officers. In replying to these remarks, Captain Abrey expressed his appreciation for the kindness of the Austrian Government, and assured his listeners that in such moments of peril to fellow seamen, but one thought ran through the minds of the rescuers—"the joy to save life." Indeed, and as is usual with men of action, Captain Abrey had not a lot to say; he believed more in doing.

THE Consul-General for Austria—through his interpreter—conveyed, to those present, the thanks of his Government, both for the humanity displayed by the captain of the *Scindia* in saving from death an Austrian crew; and to the Mercantile Marine Service Association for their aid in helping to make it possible for their appreciation to be expressed. There was a letter accompanying the loving cup; a letter which I should like to reproduce, but cannot for lack of space; and for my part, I sincerely hope that Captain Abrey will be long spared to quaff his favourite beverage—whatsoever it might be—from the memento which has been given him, for proving that even in these "bad old days," the British shipmaster may be depended on for maintaining the traditions of a thousand years. Here's to you Captain Abrey, from

PETREL.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on March 16, 1905, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics.*

4,128 04- LEUE -*Improvements in appliances for transporting supplies to and from ships at sea.*

This invention relates to means for transporting supplies between a ship and the shore, or between ships at sea where the distance cannot be kept constant. For the purpose an endless cable passes around sheaves on each vessel and the invention more particularly relates to an apparatus for keeping the cable in tension. This is effected by passing the cable around several sets of sheaves mounted on parallel shafts on one of the vessels. One of these shafts is fixed whilst the other is adapted to be forced away from the former by the piston rod of a fluid-pressure cylinder.

5,496 04—BARNSLEY—*Improvements in and relating to rock-drills, pneumatic hammers and other percussive tool.*

According to this invention the bit or cutter of a rock drill is made separably from the rod or stem. The cutter is formed with a shoulder and a slightly tapered shank which fits a corresponding tapered hole in the end of the stem.

7,900 04—BRIX—*Rope grip for suspended rope railways.*

According to this invention a pair of jaws, one fixed, the other pivotted, are mounted at the top of a small two wheeled trolley running along the suspension rope. This clip is closed to grip the haulage rope by a worm spindle, which gears with a toothed segment formed on the tail of the pivotted jaw of the clip. The load is suspended from a lever keyed to the worm spindle so that it tends to close the clip. The end of this lever is fitted with a roller which on meeting a rail causes the lever to lift and release the clip.

8,041/04—MIKOLAJEZAK—*Process of manufacturing di-nitro glycerine and di-nitro glycerine explosives and powders.*

This invention relates to a process of manufacturing explosives containing di-nitro glycerine in the place of the usual tri-nitro glycerine.

8,951/04—CALLIN—*An improved combined screwed and hinged plug, specially applicable to ships deck plugs.*

This invention relates to a plug for closing the ends of pipes flush with a deck and its object is to prevent the plug being lost when inoperative. According thereto the mouth of the deck socket is increased in diameter to accommodate an annular piece hinged to one side thereof. The internal diameter of this annular piece corresponds to that of the bore of the socket and both are internally screw threaded. The plug is externally threaded and screws into the annular piece and is prevented from being completely detached therefrom by a lateral pin and a wide annular groove in the piece. When the plug is completely screwed home a portion of its depth is screwed into the socket as well as into the annular piece hinged thereto.

9,084 04—MONRO—*Improved tackle block.*

In this block a lever weighted at one end is pivotted on a pin passing through the top of the block above the sheaves. Cams or wedging pieces are mounted fast on this pin and are normally held by the weighted lever, clear of the ropes passing over the sheaves. On pulling a rope secured to the other unweighted end of the lever the cams jam the ropes.

9,374 04—STEPHENS—*Improvements in apparatus for allaying dust in connection with rock drilling machinery.*

This invention relates to the provision of a water spraying device attached to the air tap of a pneumatic rock drill.

155,52 04—PETRIE—*Improvements in life rafts.*

This life raft is composed of two longitudinal cylindrical logs of Palo de Balsa wood dipped in wax to render it impervious to water, this being a Spanish-American wood of great buoyancy. These logs are united by cross pieces having their ends shaped to fit the curvature of the logs over which battens forming a grating for the passengers are secured. The whole is lashed together by lateral and diagonal tension ties, the cross pieces acting as compression members. Life lines are also fitted.

18,948/04—WATSON—*Apparatus for stopping and backing steam and other ships.*

The object of this invention is to enable ships to be stopped and backed without reversing the engines. According thereto a plate or scoop shaped drag is pivotted at the stern of the vessel to the free ends of two rods or beams which in turn are pivotted amidships, one on each side of the vessel. When it is desired to arrest the progress of the vessel the drag is lowered into the water behind the propeller where it deflects the stream of water therefrom and tends to reverse the vessel.

19,453/04—CARPENTER—*An improved controller for steel wire hawsers or cables.*

This cable controller consists of a block adapted to be secured to the deck to one side of which a piece grooved to form one jaw of the controller is hinged. This jaw-piece when closed against the block is secured by an eye pivotted to it passing over a lug formed on the edge of a cover plate also hinged to the block. The other jaw is formed by a sliding wedge located in a recess inside the block the taper of the wedge being so directed that the tension of the cable tends to tighten the grip. The wedge piece is slackened back to release the cable by means of a pinion mounted on a vertical spindle in the block, which pinion meshes with a rack formed on the side of the wedge. The end of the spindle is squared to take a key.

These applications for patents are, until May 1, 1905, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specificatcns may be obtained from the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

The following application for the registration of Trade Mark relating to the shipping and coal trades was advertised on March 22, and is open to opposition by interested parties within the period ending April 22.

Class 8—*Including nautical instruments.*

No. 269,754—30th January, 1905—The fac-simile signature of "J. H. Dallmeyer, London." For: Lenses included in class 8 and telescopes. J. H. Dallmeyer, Ltd., 25, Newman Street, Oxford Street, London, Manufacturers. In use since 15 years prior to 13th Aug., 1874.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

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Telegrams: "SEMA, CARDIFF."

OCEAN (MERTHYR) COAL CO., LTD., 11, Bute Crescent, Cardiff, proprietors of Ocean (Merthyr) Steam Coal.

UNIVERSAL STEAM COAL CO., LTD., Bute Docks, Cardiff, Proprietors of "Universal Steam Coal."
Telegrams: "VERSATILE, CARDIFF."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

VIVIAN, H. C. & CO., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole European Agents for "The Puritan Coal Mining Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A."
Telegrams: "VIVIAN, CARDIFF."

WATTS, WATTS & CO., Cardiff and London. Contractors for the supply of Coals at all Depôts abroad.
Telegrams: "WATTS, CARDIFF."

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THE CARDIFF RAILWAY COMPANY, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Ship Repairers.

SHEARMAN, JOHN & CO., LTD., Cardiff, and at Barry Dock.

THE BUTE SHIPBUILDING, ENGINEERING, AND DRY DOCK COMPANY, LIMITED, Roath Basin, Cardiff.
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THE CARDIFF CHANNEL DRY DOCKS AND PONTOON CO., LTD., Cardiff and Barry Dock.
Telegrams: "Entrance, Cardiff." "Channel, Barry."

THE MERCANTILE PONTOON CO., LTD., Roath Dock, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "MERCANTILE, CARDIFF."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

Miscellaneous.

LEWIS & TYLOR, Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole patentees and manufacturers of "Gripoly," a patent woven belting; and "Burals," a semi-metallic packing.
Telegrams: "BELTING CARDIFF." Telephone, Nat. 231.

Steamship Owners.

DAN. JENKINS & CO., Steamship Owners and Brokers, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Stonewall, Cardiff."
Nat. Telephone: 1318.

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THE BARRY RAILWAY CO., Barry.

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MINERS' FEDERATION
AUTOMATON.
THE HUMAN WINDMILL
YOU PAY THE MONEY - WE DO THE REST.
DROP YOUR MONEY IN THE SLOT AND THE AGENT WILL SHOUT AND WAVE HIS ARMS
SLOT

Dai.: "It iss a shame, look you. I haf put in my money but the thing is out of gear-r, yes!"

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MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS. CARDIFF.

Thursday Afternoon.

WE note that the final report of the Royal Commission on Coal Supplies has been published. Among other items of interest, that report contains Sir William Thomas Lewis' decision as to what, in his opinion, are the available coal resources of South Wales and Monmouthshire. It cannot be gainsaid that Sir William is an authority of the highest order; that what he doesn't know of coal is scarcely worth troubling about; so that when he tells us that the estimated available quantity still left in Glamorgan, Monmouth, Brecon, Carmarthen, and Pembrokeshire—and contained in seams from twelve inches, upwards—is 28,335,788,150 tons; well, we ought to be satisfied. Our readers will remember the tremendous uproar that was made, some months ago, concerning the "wicked and shameful waste of a priceless heritage" that was going on; the said waste being in wantonly selling to the foreigner, the precious coal that was needed for our own fleets. The discussion—if such it may be termed—was equally divided between pathos and bathos, and if everybody wasn't frightened into believing that the first hard winter was likely to freeze us all up, then, it wasn't because the scare-monger had not done his best!

OF course, we know that it is fashionable—and popular—to "sit upon" the colliery man. He is outside the pale—and deserves it! Is not he the man who sells coal to the foreigner, at 13s. 6d. f.o.b., at the Bute Docks, even when the supplier of our domestic needs, is impressing upon us the fact that he is a benefactor to the human race, for delivering inferior stuff at our back-doors, for anything up to 26s. 6d. per ton? Certainly! And a man that will indulge in such tricks deserves most of what he gets in the way of opprobrium? Most, you understand, but not quite all! Thus it comes about, that when a few more or less well-intentioned sensationalists trot out their ideas anent the rapidly diminishing coal reserves: the man in the street, who knows next to nothing of the real circumstances, and who is "boiling mad" because he has had to pay coal price, for a quantity of not-too-good shale, helps in the so-called discussion. There is a pooling of issues, and the seemingly astute newspaperman—who has also been "had" with that shale affair—lends his aid, and the columns of his paper, for a high-class thrashing-up of the sort of indignation which sane business men describe as "bathos."

ON occasions such as these, anything which sounds erudite and "touchy," is seized upon with avidity; dictionary words are flung around with a profusion that is supposed to belong merely to the giving away of the "priceless heritage"; the needs of the Fleet are animadverted upon; all hands are told that, almost before you can say "knife," the nation's coal will be exhausted; the foreigner will swoop down upon us, thanks to the coal which he has saved from those other, and brighter, days; and hey, presto, the knell of doom will reverberate from the spires where, erst-while, the sweet-toned bell summoned the faithful to prayer. At this stage of the "discussion," an easing off is apparent; the crowd seems to be seized with one common wish to give time for their weighty pronouncements to sink in; breathlessly they stand aside; and in anticipation, can feel the foeman's steel up against the extremely high collar, which is usually affected by this class of monitor! The whole "agitation" has been worked in this manner, time and again. So many times, indeed, that one wonders how it is that there are still people who will give serious attention to the ancient tale. That those people exist, is certain. Probably, they were too busy to give attention to the subject, when last it fluttered across the daily stage!

SEEING that the sensationalists had worked themselves into that pitch of fury which urgently demanded a cessation, for a time, at least—unless they meant to explode; the calm light of knowledge materialised. As the outcome of the spluttering denunciations against the wicked colliery man, a Royal Commission was created; not so much because the powers that be had any doubt upon the subject; but rather for the reason that, in the vistas of the past, a Royal Commission could ever be depended on to allay public apprehension. The man in the street has a great belief in the powers of a Royal Commission; almost as great as his belief in the utter unworthiness of the average

colliery man! And that is saying a lot! Meanwhile, the demands that what remained of our "priceless heritage" should be reserved for Naval purposes, only, were pigeon-holed; instead of loud anathema, sullen murmurings were the vogue; and the soulful cry was, "Wait until that Royal Commission has finished its labours: then you'll see that we are right." And we are nearly sure that the sensationalists believed their own rant. Not, perhaps, at the beginning of the discussion; but later on, and when corroboration had eventuated from scores of other sensationalists, the originators of the agitation felt that, somehow or other, they were about as near right as made no odds!

Well, as already stated, the final report of the Royal Commission on Coal Supplies has been published, and among other things we find that, of Welsh coal—the priceless heritage, you know—in 1904, there was raised some 44,000,000 tons. Of that by-no-means small quantity, the British Naval authorities purchased just 1,117,000 tons. Yet we are asked to seriously consider a scheme which shall ear-mark, so to speak, the national coal supplies for the use of the Navy. Makes you smile, doesn't it? You are wondering why otherwise estimable folk will fash themselves with subjects upon which they are, obviously, all at sea? We have it on the word of Sir William Lewis, that in view of the fact that there are some 24 Welsh steam coal collieries upon the Admiralty list, as well as four others which are upon a limited Admiralty list- if we may put it thus; then, the available supplies yet in the earth, and for the collieries interested, amount to 3,936,657,410 tons. Is there any reason to go on fearing for the advent of that wicked foreign man? Need any of us lay awake o' nights, imagining that we can hear some alien stealthily trying our back-door fastening; or need we awake as the first struggling beams of day creep in through the slats of our bedroom-window blinds, with the impression deep upon us that a big German is standing at the foot of the bed, carefully "going through our pockets?"

No, sirs, on all counts. At least, not as the result of our getting rid of any "priceless heritage" connected with Welsh Coal. There are several other reasons tending toward the situation which we have endeavoured—perhaps with some little success—to sketch out for you. If you will be well-advised enough to turn over your coal attention, to the urgent question of the manning of your fleets, both Naval and Mercantile; well, you will be attending to something that is calculated to serve you in good stead, later on. Don't worry about the coal supply. There is plenty of it left, for ages to come. Your greatest worry is needed is connection with a supply of men to use that coal on your warships; and for a further supply of natives to carry that coal where it is needed by the former. You have coal enough, and to spare. Where you are drifting down the stream, is in the matter of stokers and sailors. The nation has plenty of ships; whole heaps of fuel; lashin's and lavin's of ammunition; everything, in point of fact, save men. Indeed, there are plenty of these latter; but the unfortunate part is, they will not take to the sea, preferring, if they must starve, to do it on shore, and without hard work and continual hardship as a concomitant.

The pity of this latter part of the discussion lays in the fact that quite a number of would-be philanthropists engage in the subject; offer all manner of panaceas—or imaginary panaceas—for removing the trouble; talk of generous bills of fare: separate rooms for each *matelot:* libraries on board; service boxes for united worship; free mufflers and mittens for those engaged in cold trades; but never a one of them is inclined to say one word about the one-and-only cause which keeps the Briton out of the British forecastle—poor pay. It never seems to strike the philanthropist that the sailorman is a human being, and may be depended on to act after the manner of his kind, under all conditions. Give him enough pay, and he will be in a position to purchase as many mits and mufflers as he needs; if he doesn't need them, he won't buy them; and anyhow, the supply of any article for which he has no use, is a superfluous charity? Of what use is it to offer a hungry and dog-tired man, a tract which treats of the blessings of repose? He needs food and rest? To the same man, too, is a separate room of any real utility? On the contrary, rather, for it will merely conduce to more sinfulness.

Each separate sailor will retire to his room, and curse the fate which placed him there; when, if the crowd were altogether, the swearing would be carried on, one by one; in relays, so to speak. For instance, Bill would have a go at the business and his shipmates would listen. When Bill became tired, Jack would "take the floor," and thus would there be less profanity in the aggregate. Again, is there sense or reason in offering a man a book which treats of some other kind of martyr, when that man's body is yearning for nourishing food, and his soul for rest? You know, and we know, that the "libraries" (save the name) which are dealt out to Jack, are ever of the canting, hypocritical, kind. The hero which Jack is asked to emulate, is some unfortunate (but mythological) kritter who never knew what it was to be hungry in the whole of his monotonous life: who was bounded on the north by a chapel; on the east, by its pastor; on the south by the deacon; and on the west by the saintly heroine who had plenty of money, and an absorbing love for the hero. We tell you this, because we have "been there;" have flung the trashy rubbish to the cavernous depths beyond the pawl-bit; and have thought up all manner of punishment (in the abstract, you know) for the silk-hatted and cotton-gloved arrangement who sent the "books" on board.

If those philanthropical folk really wish to benefit the sailor; to wean back to the sea, the good men who have decided to have no more of it; and if it is really impossible to offer a greater monetary inducement than obtains at present; why not re-stock ships' libraries? Fill them up with books which deal with heroes who have been starved, ill-clothed, and slave-driven. Show Jack how, and under what conditions, it is possible to glean a little comfort out of the circumstances under which he lingers out his days—and nights. Never mind so much of this old goody-goody stuff which never happened; this metaphorical hero who should be in a glass case. If you can show the sailor how he may ease the pangs of hunger without food; how to rest his weary body and still go on working; how he may keep himself cool in an iron box, in the tropics; and warm, when wet through and ill-clad, on the Banks of Newfoundland; then you will be doing some good. Of course, you cannot? Even your philanthropical efforts stop at the impossible? So! Then, adopt other tactics. Crusade the question of pay for a time, and you'll be surprised how quickly you'll rush up the number of available seamen. Anyhow, don't bother about the coal supply; that's alright.

There is more trouble ahead! Admiral Sir John Fisher will be the unwitting cause of it, too! That Admiralty committee which is engaged upon the reorganisation of the

national dockyards are "on" to the business, in style. The result is going to be that, in future, warships will be turned out, in less time than ever! The "dockyardee" is going to be induced to get a hustle on—at least, it is hoped so, although we are inclined to doubt the possibility of the undertaking; and then, warships will come away from the yards in—well, we shouldn't like to say how they'll come away. This is precisely where the trouble will eventuate. To-day, the dockyards turn out warships faster than the Naval authorities can turn out men; what the situation will be, if the "dockyardee" really is constrained to hustle, heaven alone knows. Anyhow, there is talk of appointing a professional constructor—whatever that is, in *Daily Express*—at each yard, and a "system of surveying will be carried out by naval officers." Eh? This is a move in the right direction? Soon, the naval officer will know something about the practical side of ship-making? G'arn! We merely intended to talk to you of the impending trouble. Having done so, we have finished.

GREAT Ptolemy! You have heard of that fleet of "obsoletes" which have been turned out of the Navy? Of course, you have, for we have told you of the matter, ourselves. Well, the Admiralty has been up to its tricks, it appears. Has been wrecking the boilers of the "obsoletes." Not only wrecking the boilers, but "mutilating the propelling machinery." Been cutting off the tails of piston-rods, and notching the ears of the high-press. cylinders—we suppose? Anyhow, we are indebted to the same "shipping authority" which we quoted in the par above, for all this "intelligence." The fleet of cast-outs will soon come under the hammer, we are told, although judging by the "wrecking" and "mutilation," the hammer must have eventuated already? However, because of this sad wickedness on the part of the Admiralty, the vessels will have to be towed to their destinations, for "they will not be able to raise an ounce of steam." Yea, lor'! Think of that! Of course, there is not an undue amount of potentiality in an ounce of steam—even if it could be raised; but it is not the potentiality that one has to bother about; it is the principle involved.

WHY, this misguided action of the Admiralty "has depreciated the selling value of the ships by many thousands of pounds." Think of that, now. Did you ever believe that an ounce of steam was worth all those shekels? You didn't? Well, never mind. With all their faults, somebody'll love 'em still; and loving, will buy—if the vessels can only raise a quarter of an ounce of steam between 'em. What troubles us most, is the parting with steam tonnage—some of which is brand new—under the name and title of "obsolete." The ounce of steam is nothing; it is the stokers that were the greatest trouble. As we have remarked ere this, when the Admiralty are willing to turn Jollies into stokers; when, shortly afterward, a fine group of warships are offered at bargain prices; it should show you, fairly conclusively, that stokers in the Navy, are at a premium? Whether it shows you this, or not, they are at a premium, and even at the time when the unemployed list on shore, is of alarming dimensions. If reorganisation is not sadly needed, here, then we should like to know what is needed. It is all very well to "wreck" and "mutilate" machinery and boilers in otherwise sound ships; but it would be far better to wreck, mutilate and destroy the system which keeps a Navy short-handed, when there are thousands of starving men seeking an opportunity on shore.

IT is even as we suggested last week, that there is by no means an unanimous opinion concerning the "remarkability" of the new dodge which has been inaugurated with reference to the supply—or selection—of cadets for the Navy. At least, among those who are best qualified to know something of the subject. It is all very pretty for our venerable contemporary, *Times*, to prattle of "the complete success of an experiment so novel" as this catching a boy of twelve, and deciding through the help of a ten minutes chat, as to what kind of sailorman the kid will be at thirty. Very pretty, but as we have already contended, very ridiculous. We admit that the "New scheme of Naval Training" has points in its favour: the chief of them is, that it is new. The old dodges have been eminently unsatisfactory; at the worst, the new can be no more! Anyhow, Admiral C. C. Penrose Fitz Gerald has been politely chiding "the Thunderer," for "soaring boldly into the ethereal regions of prophecy," and we suppose that it will be admitted that an admiral is calculated to know something of a naval subject; something worthy of attention, we mean, and outside of the province of mere "filling" for a daily paper?

IN the words of the gallant Admiral, "it is just a little bit premature to say whether the new scheme is, or is not a success. For in spite of the formidable array of authorities which you quote in the special article on 'The New Scheme of Naval Training,' I would venture to submit that there can be no proof of any sort as to the success or otherwise of the 'experiment' for the next 10 or 15 years; until the 'sons of Nelson' now being entered have arrived—at least—to the rank of lieutenant or commander." Of course it is a bit premature, and the wonder is that such a staid authority as *Times* undoubtedly is, should commit tself to a declaration of opinion which, in a newer devotee of journalism, would be marked-down, at once, as rank rubbish; and as merely intended to pander to those who are in authority. Fancy labelling a mere idea, as being "no longer an experiment, but a real and very valuable discovery!" Why, the "New Scheme of Naval Training" is not, as yet, an experiment; it is merely an academical discussion of what might be—some-day. An attempt to gloss over, what everybody who cares to give any thought to the subject, realises as another endeavour to continue the pernicious system of patronage, which has gone so far toward making our First Line of Defence, the "hollow mockery" which it unfortunately is.

CONTINUING with Admiral Fitz Gerald's comments, we get, "this 'entirely new experiment,' when stripped of its somewhat theatrical adornments, which remind one of the puffing advertisements of a new soap (true, oh, Admiral!) is in reality a retrograde step, in the direction of a return to the 'pure' patronage which a competitive examination (combined with a later age of entry) did so much to modify." We are also informed, by the same authority, that the new quiff is "directly opposed to the democratic spirit of the age; that the 'democratic purists' will be bound to reverse it if they ever get into power again, and that they will be quite right in doing so." Our sentiments, to a T! Indeed, and as we have already suggested, the powers that be recognise that, to-date, the "fool of the family" has far too often found himself "in the Navy." They also recognise that the day when that "fool" could safely be carried on the pay-sheet, is done. But instead of appealing to the country at large, for a share of its superfluous brains, they tinker with a dangerous situation, for the purpose of having a reward handy for some of the fathers who have helped them in time of stress.

To put the whole thing on a commercial basis, it will pay the nation far better if money considerations are made to

those "helpers of the cause." A payment—a sort of lump sum *pour boire*—after this fashion, need never exceed a few thousands, for any man that would stoop thereto, has but a poor opinion of his financial value, and would never set it at too high a pitch. In this way, the country would be mulcted to the extent of a certain small sum, but would be saved the eventual and possible loss of a million and a half, when some high-class warship were dropped, through the inefficiency of these "fools of the families?" Is not the whole matter plain enough. The promoters of "The New Scheme of Naval Training" have been brutally frank in their declarations that they wish to exclude the "fool of the family;" *ergo*, he must be more in evidence than we ourselves, have believed. But in their efforts to serve two masters, those promoters have, in effect, said: "Well we'll throw out the fools, but we'll unload all the children of which you may be the happy possessor, on to a long suffering nation!" There is a dearth of seamen, and yet the folk who are entrusted with these matters, cannot see that there is a way open to them, that will give them the refusal of Britain's brightest and best.

What is that way? Simply to throw the nation's warships open to the nation—as we have repeated, more times than we care to remember. Not that our repetition has been in vain. On the contrary, rather, for there are quite a number of experts who, to-day, are keen on giving us their support, and who are seconding our expression of opinion in a whole-hearted manner. By throwing the whole of the national service open to the whole of the nation, you give an opportunity to the brains that would be dissatisfied to stop at "warrant" rank; the *ultima thule* of the present-day "middle class" naval aspirant. No matter how "smart" a lower deck man may be, his chances of attaining commissioned rank are so obscure, that they are not worthy of consideration. On the other hand, no matter how big a duffer an aristocrat might be; if the *pater* has done anything out of the ordinary ruck for his party: then, the duffer may depend on pitchforking, right through his career. If he ultimately succeeds in throwing away a warship valued at a million and a half—to say nothing of the life loss, and the menace to the nation if a war is on—well, it must be "swallowed:" 'twas all in the bond, even at the beginning! No wonder that Admirals think it incumbent on them to throw in a word for the nation's welfare? Doesn't the whole arrangement disgust you? It does us.

'Tis surprising with what rapidity the gentle barnacle of commerce will increase and multiply, on occasion! As far as we can see, a barnacle will be born; will develop shell; will get married; rear a family; and die; all in the space of a brace of shakes! It must be so, for that dear old French barque, *Francois*, has been posing as an object lesson thereafter, to some of the young men on the Liverpool *Daily Post*. You'll probably remember the vessel! She left 'Frisco, grain-laden, and after a struggle of 202 days' duration, turned up, smiling, at Runcorn—after no end of money had changed hands on her account, at that place in London where alleged "doctors" most do congregate. After leaving 'Frisco, the poor old—or young—*Francois* ran into a sample of weather that was bad enough to break the heart of any self-respecting shipmaster. Head-winds, calms, or fogs, followed in rapid succession for 102 days, during the whole of which time, the hapless vessel did nothing but drift: at least, she did little else but drift—and rear sea-grass and barnacles. As a matter of fact, so dense did the parasites become, that when the vessel was favoured with a slant of wind, she did nothing better than "half-speed because of the dirty condition of her hull."

If this had been all, there would not be so much to wonder at. But there was worse, and more of it—according to the scribe alluded to above. For "when the men had cleaned one side of the hull as well as they could under the circumstances, it was as bad as ever by the time they had cleaned the other side." This either implies rapid growth on the part of the barnacles, or terribly slow work on the part of the French sailors; or, to be charitable, a little of both? However, on March 13, in the neighbourhood of the Azores, and when the "wind was like smoke," the whole of the sails were carried away, "and the ship was forced (barnacles notwithstanding?) to run before the sea." Great heavens! It must have been terrible. Especially when "a heavy wave about 40 to 50 feet high (waves that high, are generally hefty, you'll find) broke over the ship," by which token, the sea would appear to have had the best of the race, and was running before the ship? But that is merely a matter of opinion, of course. Where the fact comes in, is "that the captain and three men were at the wheel, and the captain shouted out to the men to save their lives." Nice sort of captain, that: kind and thoughtful, too; the men must have been good disciplinarians, also, for they appear to have followed his instructions, to the letter.

That is to say, all the lives were saved, and now we are trying to conjure up an idea as to how the barque's wheel looked, when manned by the skipper and three men. She must have kicked like a horse, we should opine; sails all gone, or not. Anyhow, "for twenty-four hours the ship ran before the storm under water," which is a feat to be proud of, and no mistake; while, "at the end of three days, the storm abated"—praise de lor'. In the words of the faithful historian, "The voyage afterwards was uneventful." We should think so, indeed! Couldn't expect to enjoy a series of exciting episodes like the foregoing right over a 202 days' passage, could you? One good thing, the ship was well-stocked with food. If a British wind-jammer had been out all that time, grim hunger would have added to the hilarities of the situation. Still, the Frenchman's first order after mooring at Runcorn, "was for beef-steak and potatoes, which, late as was the hour, were supplied from the town." Eh? We had ever a belief in Runcorn enterprise, and we should have hated like all that, to hear that the town had failed the skipper of the *Francois* at the crucial—no, the beef-steak and potatoes moment. We should, indeed, sirs. But we'd like to know whose compo. was on the *Francois*, all the same for that—or whose metal?

We have ever admitted that there are black sheep within the ranks of shipmasters. Judging by recent reports to hand, the Antipodes gets more than its fair share of the gentleman. At Newcastle, N.S.W., the "sailor on shore" has been claiming a little of the 'longshoreman's attention, and the Sydney *Daily Telegraph* is good enough to give us a resumé of that attention. We must admit that there is little that is new in the tale as spread out by our contemporary, although we are of opinion that the condemnation is altogether too general, and is likely to defeat its intended aim, in consequence. We know, from personal experience, that seamen "down under," are supplied by the "bordins master," even as they are at 'Frisco, and other godless—or godly—places. But then we are also certain that, in the case of a decent sort of skipper, the consul has most to say in the matter at 'Frisco, and the Government officials at Newcastle. According to one Mr. C. H. Hannell, of the last-mentioned place, and a shipping master of 42 years' standing: "Captains often preferred to take men without discharges as supplied by boarding-masters to men with good discharges supplied through the shipping master's

office.... About 2,000 seamen shipped at the port of Newcastle, yearly. Only three in ten were supplied by the shipping master."

NICE sort of record, this, isn't it? Here is some more of it: "I blame the captains for a good deal of the increase in crimping, and the illicit supply of seamen. Men on board have a lot of wages due them, and it is to the interest of masters to get such men to desert, because they would leave their wages behind." Of course, there is another side to this shield, and we know the devil is never so black as he is painted. Black enough, perhaps, but not so black as we are told. For instance, give your seaman a month's advance leaving home: another month's money in the slop chest; sundry consignments of tobacco for poker playing, and—well, he hasn't a lot to leave behind, if you run him out, at Newcastle? Furthermore, it may be taken from us who know, that the man who will submit to the running process, is invariably the man with nothing due him. He is ready to "run" with no provocation whatever; and is just as ready to lend himself to the boarding-master until the blood-money has been paid—when he will again "run." We want to be fair, in this matter, and are taking no points from a shipping master, no matter how many years he has been practicing.

AND even in this instance, our Antipodean friend admits that "Some captains are as good men as ever lived." That is, they would scorn any of the shady, and no-man tricks already referred to. We know it. We also know that the shady ones are in a glorious minority, and do not set much stock on that old yarn which claims that it is to the interest of skipper to run his men. Have heard it too often, for it is one of the hardy annuals of shipping life. We are at one with. "Seamen should be entitled to receive a portion of their wages, as they earn the money." We also realise that under existing conditions, this is impossible. Whether "a third (of the wages due) would be quite sufficient," is altogether another matter. To our mind, there is a little bit too much of the wicked boarding-master, and also too much of the ill-used shipping officer in this phase of nautical life. Boarding-masters are a necessary evil; whether the shipping officer is an unmixed blessing, we would rather not say. We do know, from personal knowledge, that the majority of the shipping officer's white swans have turned out, in practice, to be ugly ducklings: we also know, that the boarding-master's "hard cases" have usually been right-down good men, once they got into deep-water, and understood there was to be no shinnannakin.

WHEN all is said, there are good and bad skippers, as well as good and bad boarding-masters, shipping officers, shipowners, or what not. But it is the fashion, in official circles, to blame every short-coming on to the unfortunate skipper: and the shady ones among him, help along the delusion, in the minds of those who merely judge from hearsay, and cannot differentiate, from personal knowledge. This is where the pity of it all is. Ill news flies apace, so does a knowledge of ill conduct. When a decent shipmaster carries out his work in a gentlemanly manner, his actions are overlooked. Comment thereon is unnecessary, so the world is "bluffed." But when the black sheep is caught in *flagrante delicto*, dear us! isn't there a shriek sent up into the empyrean blue! Rather! Exeter Hall and its devotees is merely a circumstance to what transpires on those occasions! The 'longshoreman forgets that the shipmaster is around in thousands; that being such a numerous body he is bound to have wrong 'uns in his ranks; the argument is all in favour of "He is a skipper; he is a bad lot; then, all skippers are bad. We know, because So-and-so told us." Now So-and-so might really know as much of the circumstances, as we know of Sanskrit. Still, he is a plausible cuss, and so he carries his crowd of admirers.

CONTINUING with this subject for yet a bit farther, we note that before the Navigation Commission—considered at Newcastle, too—Captain J. B. Brown, the local manager for the Adelaide Shipping Company, and president of the Newcastle Chamber of Commerce, had a little to say on the crimping subject. Here are Captain Brown's words, "Newcastle deserves a bad name for crimping, but the signing on, on board, will not prevent crimping. I have been in most large ports of the world, and think Newcastle no better than the worst of them in the matter of crimping. . . . An improvement in the conditions of work and living on vessels will induce a better class of men to remain in the Mercantile Marine." It will, Captain Brown, and we are glad to place ourselves in line with you. Circumstances are first allowed to drive the decent men on shore; the riff-raff that remains, conducts itself after the manner of riff-raff—and those interested set up a howl. Cater for good men, and you will get them; go on catering for rubbish, and just as surely, rubbish is all that you will command. Demand governs supply at sea, even as on shore; and you can't expect silver angels, at tin angel prices. If you do, you won't get them, of that you may be sure. A certain class of employer will offer no more than blackguard rates, and is then disappointed in that he does not receive undergraduates at the price!

THE Sunderland Shipowners' Society has been having its annual meeting, and Mr. Scott Gunn presided over a goodly number of his colleagues in the business. The question of Suez Canal dues came up for consideration, and the conduct of the London Committee of the Canal Company came in for, possibly, a well-deserved share of uncomplimentary comment. As Mr. Scott Gunn remarked, "This committee has recently adopted such a hostile attitude as to make people feel that they are more concerned for the interests of the Canal Company than for the shipowners, and I think the time has come when a change should be made in the composition of the committee." So think most of us. Either a change in the composition of the committee, or the much-talked of second canal. We have already given our views on this momentous subject, and if people will not keep to their expressed agreements, then, means should be found to make them, or to see that the conditions suggested in those agreements were never again possible. With the advent of a second Canal, it is certain that the existing one would never more pay a 26 per cent. dividend. That is a statement which admits of no two opinions?

THE chairman of the Sunderland Shipowners' Society also touched on the apprenticeship question; told his friends that the Act applying thereto expired with March month: and that there was no further Act to take its place. "It will therefore be of some benefit to shipowners if they pay more attention to the Federation scheme on this matter." We wonder! Personally, we are of opinion that neither the defunct Act, nor the Federation scheme are worth shucks in the matter of persuading any number of boys to continue at sea, after they have once tasted the miseries of the life. This has been exemplified, again and again; will go on being exemplified, until there is never a Briton left in the whole of Britain's Mercantile Marine. We are wondering which will happen first, the total decay

of the British Shipping industry, or the advent of a public-spirited man with sufficient courage to run a crusade on genuine lines. Such a man would certainly deserve well of his country, and the country's greatest honour would be none too big a guerdon for his efforts. So far, we have been given nothing but platitudinous discussions, and in consequence, the "boy sailor" is ever less in evidence.

The always interesting Shipping Notist of the *Financier* has been passing remarks concerning the liability of an employer, for the negligence of a servant, and as is only natural for a notist of the shipping persuasion, points his moral by using the shipmaster. Here are the words, "But, as we have before observed, we think that it (the employers' liability) is stretched to the very utmost when it makes a shipowner liable for the negligence of his captain." Now, without going into a discussion as to the merits or demerits of this phase of reasoning, right here, we pass on to our contemporary's next ebullition of "For that captain comes to him (the shipowner) with the highest official credentials, and the shipowner cannot be expected to know more about him than the Board of Trade." But is this so? We think not. The shipmaster has no official credentials, either of the highest or lowest kind. He has a tentative certificate of competency, which the Board of Trade trusts to, even as little as does the shipowner. To our mind, the B.T. and the shipmaster, are like the mother's help and the baby at washing time. If baby turns blue, the water is too cold: if red, then, the water is too hot.

So it is with the shipmaster. If he manages to go clear of accident—not negligence, merely—he is a duly-qualified skipper: if he comes to grief, he is not fit to command anything, for a time—perhaps for ever. This cannot be denied, so where are the "highest official credentials?" They are merely a sham: a pretence; a means of robbing a hard-working British subject, first of an examination fee: and then, of all the good name he has ever been able to save, up to the time of the accident. If suspension were merely meted out for proven incompetency, there would not be so much to take exception to: but for the veriest error of judgment; for the simplest mistake—to which all human flesh is liable—those "highest official credentials" are merely a myth. If, in addition to a loss of livelihood, the shipmaster were also liable for damages which materialise, through alleged negligence, then, would the shipping industry be finished up at once. No man would undertake the command of a ship, if he had to be personally liable for accidental damage that might result from bad machinery, faulty steering gear, rotten hawsers, non-English—and therefore non-understanding—crews, or any of the thousand-and-one difficulties which surround the shipmasters' path: not if a hundred K.C.'s "proved" that the whole thing were negligence.

We are prone to believe that by making the shipmaster liable, you would better the conditions prevailing at the moment, with the greatest shipping industry which the world has ever seen. Were the Old Man liable as suggested, he would see to it that everything on board, were shipshape and Bristol fashion; he would take no chances of sustaining an accident, anc then having it ticked off as negligence. Not he! In our experience, nine-tenths of this so-called negligence of the master, is, in reality, the natural corollary to a set of conditions which had no right to exist. Alter the law, and you kill the shipping trade: for ships would then be above reproach: and to allow for the unavoidable, the Old Man's wages would have to be notched up to a mark, sufficiently high to admit of his insuring against every possible contingency! If he did not do so, then, he would be ruined through the parsimony which is about, now: and which would be about in greater quantities, once allow the shady portion of shipowning to steer clear of their own wickedness. None know better than the shipmaster, himself, how terribly difficult it is to have the most urgent repairs carried out—unless he is willing to engineer same through the help of a faked log-book. No, no, sirs! We have sailed the seas too long, to be taking in any of that "negligence" nonsense. We have really.

Not everyone of our Belgian friends are suffering from swelled head on account of the phenomenal growth of the shipping trade at Antwerp. A writer in *Mouvement Maritime* is giving a warning shout. While admitting that shipowning is a difficult and complex enterprise; one which demands extraordinary energy and experience; and also that the Belgian lacks both; this Mentor is asking his friends to "go slow." He exhorts them not to be led away with the apparently colossal trade of Antwerp, and for the reason that his countrymen, although in the position of large exporters, are by no means the masters of the transit trade. That is, he realises that Antwerp is merely an entrepôt for other people's oversea trade. With this before him, our contemporary counsels a beginning with small things—that is, in ships; and for the reason that while such countries as Britain and Germany are, by the very nature of things, enabled to supply the cargoes which keep their fleets running; Belgium, on the other hand, can merely depend upon the business which other nations favour her with. There is good, sound sense in the argument. And the Antwerpian friend would do well to treasure it up.

The Jamaican *Gleaner* is up ag'in this withdrawal of the "obsolete" warships which have come home to die! With terrible scare-heads which suggest such appalling items as "Report says we are all sick of England," our tropical contemporary goes on to point out what is going to happen—by-and-bye—as the result of the withdrawal referred to. It appears that we do not usually keep fleets around in fine weather latitudes for the purpose of keeping off cowans and intruders; not at all; for it is the native population who is most antagonistic to the so-called beneficent British rule. It is not enough that the United States have practically guaranteed the integrity of the West Indies; we have to get the good will of the mokey part of the population—and that is the predominant part. Now, in the withdrawal of the warships, the gentle and unsophisticated moke recognises, a dastardly attempt to shorten his chances of making a bit out of British Jack, and the coloured friend is wrothy in consequence. Great Scott! It isn't all beer and skittles—running a show the size of the British Empire!

But there is a quantity of sound sense in *Gleaner's* arguments all the same—up to a point, that is. It bases its deliberations on the well-known fact that, when the cat is away the mice will play. Furthermore, it knows its moke compatriots and subscribers, even better than we know mice—and after living on mice-gnawed "biscuit" for a number of years, our knowledge in the direction indicated is not to be sneezed at, as the phrase goes. Our warmish friend opines thusly: "The fact is that the West Indian colonies are no longer deemed important or necessarily integral parts of the empire. If the Government at Washington were to say to the people of Great Britain: 'Drop that bundle no, no, we are misquoting, hang it.

Should have been: 'Hand over your West Indies to us and we will look after them,' the thing would be done in the twinkling of an eye." Base ingratitude, we call it, and after all that Sir Alfred Jones has done to the little cuss of an island! In conclusion, our contemporary says: "And no one in this part of the world has any doubt that it would be a good thing for the West Indian Islands to be handed over to the great American republic." We swow! But who owns the *Gleaner*? Really, we mean? Is there any appreciable amount of capital from "the great American republic" in it? We don't know. Merely ask, because until to-day, we never heard of the *Gleaner*: but it's a great sheet—you bet.

DEAR us! Here are we, as a nation, continually fussing ourselves as to what we should do in war time, for the humble though necessary daily bread; are spending millions annually for the purpose of pretending to be in a position to protect our trade routes; and yet, all the time, we are hopelessly wrong! The *National Review*—the *Times'* chum, you know—is amiably prattling of "The Invasion of England," and tacks its lucubrations on to a "German Staff Officer." In effect, this Teutonic Solon is good enough to tell us that if war with his incomparable country should eventuate, the proper thing for Germany would be, to "throw" an invading force into us. Good lor', but the chiel writes sensibly, for if that invading force really landed it would be "thrown" away for all time! We do not like to be frivolous, but it is very difficult to be serious at all times. This is one of them where we cannot. You might throw that army on shore, but what about throwing them the necessary sauer-kraut? There is none in Britain; there would be none after war had commenced; so what would the invading force live on? Themselves—or us! Eugh! Makes one creepy!

ANYBODY keeping their eye on the Blufftic Fleet? You know, that concatenation of fishermen matelots, and independent firing admirals, etc. Latest advices seem to indicate that Rozh-etc. and his brother bandits have "gone South," leaving no address. To our mind, this is a piece of hard-heartedness which only a Japanese Admiral will be likely to correct. Mind you, Rozh-etc. has a reason for seeking colder climes (please don't say things about his being better off than in the climes for which he was originally intended; it's rude). It appears that his fishing has been double-barrelled, so to speak. He has hooked cat-fish, and pilot-fish; but his crocklets have also been engaged in the mollusc industry. For the purpose of clearing their underneath parts—we don't like to use the other word—of barnacles, grass, etc., the gallant Admiral has bunkered off in a southerly direction, where he anticipates a total clearance from the pests of his life, thanks to the intervention of colder water. The old chap must have a geological fiend along with him; but he would have been far better advised, if, before starting on his never-to-be-forgotten voyage, he had coated those underneath parts with a truly-British-and-every-time-barnacle-busting-composition-that-is-best-known-by-its-smell-and-the-way-its-promoters-invest-in-shipping-to-get-the-bottoms-and-boot-topping, yes. Poor Rozh.!

LORDY us! How that *Daily Chronicle* loves Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and how it tries to stuff itself with the belief that its little outbursts will put back the hands of the clock of Protection. We hardly know which to be most sorry for, the *D.C.*, or J.C.! Anyhow, *D.C.* has been passing remarks on shipping, at which, usually, it is a whole team with a bull pup under the axle. We haven't room for more than the tag of the D.T.—no, the *D.C.* stuff; here it is: "Meanwhile, under Free Trade the shipping industry in this country has attained unexampled prosperity (there you are, shipowners; out with those belated dividends; no nonsense about it, for *D.C.* has its eagle eyelet on you). Shipping is 'going,' but not in Mr. Chamberlain's sense (guid faith); it is 'going strong' (for pity's sake send the *Chronicle's* young lions to Cardiff for a week-end) and going also against Mr. Chamberlain." There you are, Sir Chamberlain. After that, don't you dare say another word on the subject which lays so near your heart—and the hearts of most of your countrymen, as will be seen later on, and what will *Chronicle* do then, poor thing? Will it "hedge"—or merely trim its sails to the altered gale?

AN extensive sale of obsolete war and other ships was conducted at Chatham Dockyard on Tuesday last by Messrs. Fuller, Horsey, Sons and Gassell. There was a large attendance. The majority of the vessels were sold subject to their being broken up and in nearly every case the machinery had been so mutilated as to be beyond the possibility of repair. In the case of Coastguard Cruisers, however, there were no restrictions as to their being broken up. The following is a list of the vessels sold and the prices realized:

		Purchased by		£
Cruiser	*Northampton*,	Mr. Ward, of Sheffield,	at	15,800
,,	*Arethusa*,	Mr. G. Garnham, of London,	,,	7,600
,,	*Mersey*,	Mr. M. Isaacs, of London,	,,	7,200
,,	*Australia*,	Messrs. J. J. King & Co., of Garston	,,	10,900
,,	*Cossack*,	Mr. G. Garnham, of London,	,,	4,800
,,	*Barracouta*,	Messrs. P. W. McLellan & Co., Glasgow,	,,	5,000
,,	*Warspite*,	Mr. T. W. Ward, of Sheffield,	,,	18,150
,,	*Severn*,	Mr. G. Garnham, of London,	,,	7,100
,,	*Galatea*,	Messrs. J. J. King & Co., of Garston	,,	11,150
,,	*Archer*,	Messrs. Forrester & Co., of Swansea		4,850
,,	*Mohawk*,	Mr. G. Garnham, of London,	,,	4,850
,,	*Racoon*,	Messrs. G. Cohen, Sons & Co., of London,	,,	4,150
Battleship	*Simoon*,	Mr. G. Garnham, of London	,,	14,550
Torpedo Gunboat	*Renard*,	Messrs. P. W. McLellan & Co., of Glasgow,	,,	2,900
,,	*Gleaner*,	Messrs. G. Cohen, Sons, & Co., of London,	,,	2,600
Coastguard Tender	*Redwing*,	Messrs. G. Cohen, Sons, & Co., of London,	,,	1,250
Gunboat	*Pigmy*,	Mr. Fox, of Falmouth	,,	2,000
,,	*Starling*,	Captain Manley, of Liverpool	,,	1,600
,,	*Bouncer*,	Captain Manley, of Liverpool	,,	740
Training Ship	*Exmouth*,	Messrs. G. Cohen, Sons, & Co., of London,	,,	4,150
Old Hulk	*Royal Adelaide*,	Mr. Laidler, of Sunderland	,,	3,500

Eight Coastguard Sailing Cruisers and two Sailing Cutters were also sold. The total of the sale was over £138,000.

NEW YORK'S *World* intimates that "All the other nations of the earth are grovelling at the feet of Great Britain, with her commanding sea-power." This is *World's* little way of working off a goak, presumably? Where the grovelling comes in, in view of that North Sea outrage, would be hard to say. For the matter of that, it is just as difficult to size up the "commandingness" of the sea-power which allows any old combination of scrap iron to sass it! At least, that is how it appears to us, at the moment.

HE, was a young—and "yark"—Docksman. She was a cherubic and chiffony chunk of cheerfulness from out Roath-way. They had met in the upper reaches of High-street, and had adjourned for—well—for coffee. The stuff was good; she was imaginative; he was patient. Said she: "If a fairy were to come in and offer you the dearest wish of your heart, what would you do?" "Do?" repeated he, "I'd immediately join a Band of Hope; then, I'd see a Doctor." Friends, this is a practical age!

SHIPBUILDING.

THE shipbuilding returns for the first quarter of the year show that 53 vessels of 114,484 tons have been launched from Scottish shipyards during the three months. This compares with 78 vessels of 102,389 tons for the corresponding period of last year. The total, therefor, though less in the number of vessels, gives an increase for last year of a little over 12,000 tons, notwithstanding that the autumn of 1904 was a dull period as regards the placing of orders. However, the boom at the new year is beginning to tell on the tonnage launched, not that the vessels then placed are now being floated, but the boom certainly has hurried forward the building of the vessels on the stocks. The quarter's tonnage is the highest recorded, with the exception of that of 1899, when 117,940 tons were launched in the corresponding three months. The output for March, is 27 vessels, of 45,408 tons, as compared with 29 vessels of 45,633 tons, in March of last year. Clyde yards launched 21 vessels of 42,482 tons, of which, ten of the vessels of 16,259 tons, were for Clyde owners, a very unusually large proportion. The largest vessel was the *Fuerst Bismarck*, for the Hamburg-American Line, built at Fairfield, while one turbine, the *Onward*, for the South Eastern and Chatham Railway Company, was among the launches. The contracts reported in March, aggregate only about 14,000 tons.

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ON the 30th ult. Messrs. C. W. Kellock & Co., offered for sale, by public auction, without reserve, the steel screw steamer *Larne*, lately owned by Messrs. Thomas Dixon & Sons, Belfast. She was built by Messrs. Harland & Wolff, Ltd., Belfast, in 1886; 3,198 tons gross; dimensions 340ft. 5in. x 42ft. 1in. x 25ft. 5in.; carries 4,980 tons deadweight on 24ft. 1½in. draft; with engines also by Messrs. Harland & Wolff, Ltd., cylinders 24½in., 37in., 64in. x 48in. stroke, steams 10 knots loaded. She was sold for £8,600.

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MESSRS. A. & J. INGLIS, Port Glasgow, have secured the order to build the new Royal yacht, in face of keen competition. In this class of work, Messrs. Inglis have an extensive experience and it may be taken for granted that the yacht they produce, will give satisfaction in every way. She is to be fitted with turbine machinery, but it is not yet settled whether they will make the turbines, or sub-contract them to Messrs. Parsons.

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A NEW steel screw cargo steamer building at Maryport, by Messrs. W. Walker & Co., is reported sold to Messrs. George R. Haller & Co., Ltd., Hull. Her dimensions are 159ft. x 24ft. 9in. x 11ft. 9in. moulded; carries about 590 tons deadweight, on 11ft. 8in. draft; machinery by Messrs. Ross & Duncan, Glasgow; with engines 18in., 40in. x 30in. stroke; one single ended boiler 13ft. 6in. x 10ft. 3in., working at 130 lbs. pressure. We hear that the price paid is about £7,500.

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THE Norddeutscher Lloyd, Bremen, are having thirteen steamers built, six of 5,500 to 6,000 tons register, for the new cargo service to Australia, three of 8,500 tons each for the mail service, one of 10,000 tons for the mail service to the Far East, two of 1,600 tons each for the coasting trade between Singapore and North Borneo, and one paddle steamer of 350 tons for passenger service.

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THE iron screw steamer *Beaconsfield*, lately owned by Messrs. G. Cleugh & Co., Tynemouth, has been sold to foreigners. She was built by the Tyne Iron Shipbuilding Company, Ltd., Newcastle, in 1877. Dimensions 270ft. x 34ft. x 24ft. 5in.; 1,737 tons gross; with engines 28in., 61in. x 36in. stroke, by the North Eastern Marine Engineering Company, Ltd. We understand the price paid is about £4,000.

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THE iron screw cargo and passenger steamer *Aranmore*, lately owned by The Clyde Shipping Company, Ltd., Glasgow, is reported sold to Canadian buyers at about £12,000. She was built and engined by Messrs. W. B. Thompson & Co., Ltd., Dundee, in 1890. Dimensions 241ft. x 34ft. 8in. x 15ft. 7in.; 1,170 tons gross; with engines 23in., 38in., 61in. x 48in. stroke.

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THE fleet of steamers lately managed by Messrs. G. H. Elder & Co., Newcastle-on-Tyne, have been taken over by the following firms: the *Briardale* and *Dovedale* by Messrs. Short Brothers, Shipbuilders, Sunderland, the *Briton*, *Cambrian*, *Cornbank* and *Ionian*, by Mr. Joseph Constant, Shipowner, London, the *Roman* and *Ormesby Broad*, by Messrs. L. Dens & Co., Shipowners, Antwerp, and the *Croxdale* by The Tyne Iron Shipbuilding Company, Ltd., Willington Quay on Tyne.

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THE iron screw steamer *Ghilka*, lately owned by the British India Steam Navigation Company, Ltd., London, has been sold to Japanese buyers for delivery in the Far East. She was built and engined by Messrs. W. Denny & Brothers, Dumbarton, in 1878; Dimensions 285ft. x 35ft. 2in. x 23ft. 9in.; 1,971 tons gross; with engines 34in., 60in. x 42in. stroke.

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THE steel screw steamer *Briar*, lately owned by Mr. N. H. Coxon, North Shields, has been sold to Mr. J. S. Cole, Newcastle-on-Tyne. She was built and engined by Messrs. W. B. Thompson & Co., Ltd., Dundee, in 1891. Dimensions 100ft. x 20ft. x 9ft. 6in.; 188 tons gross: with engines 13½in., 26in. x 21in. stroke.

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THE employers have declined to allow the advance in wages, demanded by the engineers and pattern makers employed in the Clyde shipyards. They have agreed to a conference with the men's representatives, when it will be made clear to them that trade does not yet justify an advance in wages.

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LITTLE or no demand exists for second-hand tonnage just now, an improvement in freights to a paying figure, is wanted to create business in the sale and purchase department, and meantime brokers are experiencing a bad time.

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WE understand that Messrs. Glen & Co., Glasgow, have resold the steamer *Sultana*, which they purchased last month, from Messrs. Wilson, of Hull.

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MESSRS. MINLOS & Co., Lubeck, Germany, are the purchasers of the steamer *Refugio*, recently sold by Messrs. Orders & Handford, Cardiff.

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THE steel steam trawler *Brilliant Star*, built by Messrs. A. Hall & Co., Aberdeen, in 1896, has been sold to Mr. T. Davidson, Aberdeen.

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THE steamer *Salisbury*, recently purchased by Messrs. Wackerbarth & Co., Liverpool, has been renamed *Andalusian*.

The Maritime Review
An Illustrated Weekly Journal

FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1905.

ABOUT LAWS, AND LAW-MAKING.

IT is generally conceded, to-day, that to the shipping industry belongs the questionable privilege, of being in a position to show the greatest example of over-legislation combined with under-legislation—which is a seeming paradox! Indeed, it would appear as if the so-called legislators had combined to try their 'prentice hands on ships and shipping, before letting themselves go for the alleged benefit of the 'longshoreman. Under the conditions which prevail, this is not to be wondered at, seeing that it is possible for any kind of brain to gain admission to the place where Acts of Parliament are manufactured—sometimes, with disastrous results to the community. It will be admitted that to put a "crank" in the position of law-maker, is to do a foolish thing? Yet in numberless instances, the men who get into Parliament are little better than "cranks"; are strong on their one besetting weakness, and lose no opportunity of unloading their very peculiar ideas on to the long-suffering nation. As long as a man is moderately sane; has enough party or personal influence to gain him the necessary majority; and is game, withal, to "try his luck"; the chances are all in favour of his writing himself M.P. His election speeches might be written out for him by the Bosses of the political club which "runs" him: at the one or two occasions in which he appears before his alleged "constituents" he might stutter, stammer, hesitate, talk through his hat, or what not; but as long as he is well-supported by the caucus which is engineering him; his chances are roseate-hued; and his "supporters" shake hands with each other as they knowingly remark that "our man is strong in the running"! It is not a very entrancing picture we know; but you will admit that it is painfully true. Sometimes, of course, a man gets into the talking shop, on merit; but in far too many instances he gets in for the reasons which we have written. When these little facts are remembered, is it necessary to express wonder that some of the "laws" (save the name) are monuments of idiocy? Never a bit! Furthermore, when it is remembered that, to the ordinary mortal, shipping is as obscure as is Sanscrit, need we express any surprise that shipping "laws" are far and away the most idiotic in the whole combination? We say no! Send a ship to sea with her Plimsoll mark submerged to the extent of an inch or so, and the law regards the matter in the light of a national calamity; unload the same old crock, and send her to sea in alleged "ballast," and the law gazes indulgently at the spectacle. It is matter of no moment to the law-makers that, in the first instance, the ship is quite as safe as if Plimsoll's mark were a few inches out of the brine—and for the reason that it is physically impossible to place a loading mark where it shall denote the exact margin of safety under all circumstances. The average Parliamentarian knows nothing about curves of stability, factors of safety, or any of the thousand-and-one items which enter into the work of the seaman. How can the A.P. know any such thing? He might be a high-class brewer—and turn out splendid swizzle: he might be a toney kind of cotton merchant, and know all about calico; he might even be an alleged lawyer—and get most of his practical japes from Blackstone, or "Coke-as-a-little-ton," if you like; but in either instance, shipping knowledge is conspicuous by its absence. Furthermore, with Parliament as constituted to-day, it is hopeless to expect the passing of any law—no matter what its urgency—on other than party lines. One or two interested members recognise that if a certain law is passed it will mean a loss of unholy gain to them, so something must be done. The "something" is known as "lobbying," and consists in obtaining the support of as many more hon. members, as possible, on the understanding that if you scratch my back, then, when you are being tickled, I will scratch yours! This is law-making, and so it comes about that a perfectly safe ship is marked down as scandalously overladen; while a veritable menace to life and property is allowed to pursue the wobbly tenour of her way, without let or hindrance from anybody. If the *Fantan*, say, is overloaded to the extent of a handful of inches, never a soul on board cares a toss; but if the same steamer is ordered to proceed for instance, from Cardiff to Galveston, in the winter, and with nothing but her water-ballast for stiffening purposes, well, everybody, save the executive, will leave *en bloc*. The executive stays on, for the reason that in the struggle for existence, it is easier to lose, say, a mate's job, than to find another. With the rank and file, however, and to whom ships are as plentiful as blackberries, they simply walk ashore, even, as they wink to each other at the mention of light ship passages. True, it is possible to get another crew. It always is. But then, it is usually possible to muster up enough men for a forlorn hope, in any undertaking. Circumstances ever admit of this—fortunately for Britain's trade. All the same, those circumstances do not justify the idiotic laws which, from time to time, are inserted in the Statute Book, under the style and title of Merchant Shipping Act, this, that, or the other Section. As a matter of fact, the shipping industry is ever the butt of amateur law-makers, and although we are prone to acknowledge that so-called shipping members are mainly responsible, the conditions which admit of such "playing to the gallery," should not be countenanced for a moment. It is human nature to legislate for personal profit, and it is useless to pretend otherwise. That is, if a brewer finds he is being handicapped in any way, his human nature will come to the front in a mad endeavour to stave off the evil day. The mere fact that there are probably less than 5,000 brewers in the whole country, while there are 40-odd millions of folk who are not brewers, has nothing to do with the case. The 40-odd millions are not in Parliament; the brewer is; so what can you expect? Again, if a shipowner legislator finds that his profits are likely to be clipped through the advent of a given measure, his human nature comes out. There might be hundreds of shipowners outside of Parliament, and to whom the suggested legislation will come as a boon; this makes no difference to the man who is inside Parliament; he is there; he came mainly for the purpose of having a word to say in his own interests; the time has arrived; the word (many words and much lobbying, perhaps) is spoken, and the outside public may go hang. If the whole fit-out of Parliament were composed of men who were wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice, then, we could naturally suppose that the "greatest good for the greatest number" would be the everlasting motto. When, however, it is remembered that a great number of the cult had scarcely a penny to jingle on a tombstone ere finding themselves—they hardly know how—in "the House"; is there any sense in pretending that human nature has been changed in their case? We say, no, once more. It may be a mere coincidence, we know, but the facts are there all the same, that the lawyer as a Parliamentarian becomes more afluent than before he joined the magic circle; so, in like manner, with the brewer, the tailor, the ironmonger, the "labour leader," the shipping magnate, the—the every grade; and yet members of Parliament are unpaid for their onerous duties! Funny, isn't it? To our mind, instead of fussing around with so many Negligence Bills to this end and that—and which are mainly, for the purpose of crippling

the one industry on which Britain will sink or swim; there should be a Negligence Bill rushed through at once, that would make it penal for any group of men to conspire against the public weal, by picking up some "mouth-piece" who is willing to go to Parliament for a consideration. (There already is such a law, you say? Well, then, make a stronger one). Naturally, this class of man must speak by the book, when once he has entered Parliament; or his paymasters will throw him overboard! You can see that, can't you! All this pretence of giving one's life for the good of one's fellows is pure moonshine, to our way of thinking. And writing of negligence, consider the latest piece of Parliamentary inanity—The Shipowners' Negligence (Remedies) Bill. Here is a law, which intends to deal with a 'longshore workman, who might have been injured by the negligence of the officers or crew of a ship "while he is engaged in discharging or loading cargo." The hugeness of the injustice, here, can be assimilated when it is remembered that you may kill off as many officers, or as much of a crew as pleases you—in any fashion short of actual murder—and there is no Bill to help Jack. But once allow the sacred biped who works ashore: who has a six shilling vote; and who, because he is probably too dense to move when a sailor shouts "stand from under," gets hurted; then, no matter what the circumstances, you are safe in assuming that "negligence" will be brought in, and that the man's "damages" are declared to be within the meaning of the Act. As a vote-snatching ordinance, that "negligence" monstrosity has much to recommend it: as a piece of bare-faced favouritism, it has considerably more. Here have we a crowd of sailors who are not allowed to work at their own job of discharging, because they haven't joined some labouring "union," or other; their places are filled by a mob of labourers who have joined that "union." Because the labourer knows nothing of the business on which he is employed, he is hurted in some manner, and the shipowner is mulcted in costs and damages. Why? "Because his servants have been negligent" in not providing easy chairs, slippers, and a good cigar for the poor fellow who was idly waiting about, when the iron-ore tub, say, came down on his head? See! That nasty tub came down, without first ringing an electric bell: moving a semaphore signal arm to the danger mark: and operating a lever which set the necessary machinery going, that would silently but firmly remove the man who had been hurted! This might seem far-fetched, but analogous cases are happening, every-day. True, there is no mention made of the absence of easy chairs: but the looker-on is convinced that nothing short of automatic care-takers, will obviate the breaking up of some of the "labour" which is employed on shipping. Again, our friend who has been hurted, might be recovering from the effects of last night's debauch: might be altogether unfit to be trusted on a ship, for any purpose, whatsoever: but even so, shipowner should pay—if that man is hurted through the "negligence" of his officers and crew. What we mean to emphasize is, that every hurt will be claimed as the result of negligence. No matter how shipowner might reason the thing out: the "poor workman" will have the sympathy—because he has the vote! As things are tending, now, it will soon be necessary for every shipmaster to insist on having a doctor's certificate from his labourers, before they are admitted on board—and another certificate to say the doctor is not of the "club" variety, and that he has absolutely no interest, direct or indirect, with any workmen's club, of either colour, or shade of colour. Even as the Employers' Liability Act has crippled all that is best and most enterprising in the shoregoing factory, the engineering works, the dry dock, the ship-repairing yard, etc., so will this newest phase of labourer's lullaby legislation cripple the shipowner. Of course, he will be able to insure against it—at a price: but it is common knowledge that the insurance companies are contemplating a big rise in "compensation rates," for the reason that there is so much swindling in the claims set up: and already, the shipping industry is "underwritten" until the margin of possible profit is painfully small. In effect, the present is the day of the labourer; soon, it will be even more so, for as things are tending, they will each have to work for the other—seeing that all enterprise will have been "legislated" out of the country.

CONCERNING CRIMPING.

ALL the regulations, strictures, and promises to the contrary notwithstanding, the business of the cunning crimp is more prosperous to-day, than it was in what are popularly supposed to be the "bad old days," when the sailorman never thought of going to sea as other than a pier-head jumper. Correspondents from all parts assure us that the evil, instead of becoming crushed out, is more, and ever more in vogue. Liverpool, Glasgow, Shields, Grimsby, Cardiff—all of them, happy hunting grounds for the crimp of commerce. The Board of Trade, secure in its feeling of haughty irresponsibility to anybody, will make no move in the matter; leaves all the *minutiae* of a possible prosecution to private enterprise; and even when its attention is called to a bare-faced advertisement which is openly crimp-like in its terms; politely, but firmly insinuates that the crimp is in order; that he does but carry out his promise—no matter whom he has rooked of hard-earned cash, meanwhile. The fact of the matter is, the Board of Trade man is too busy in hunting up possible fines from people who can pay them, to have any inclination to give protection in a case where the delinquent is a man of straw. As already stated, if private enterprise will concern itself with the crimp; will spend its money in securing justice for the crimp's victims; well and good. The Board of Trade will offer no objection. A dozen *soi-disant* "shipping masters" may stalk about in broad daylight: everybody—save "the Department"—might realise that the "shipping master" is breaking the law: that he is engaged in the illegal supply of seamen; might understand that continuous discharge-books are faked up by the hundred, for any "poor foreigner" who is in need of same; and might be told by the pigeon-Englished foreign seaman, "dot five shillin's I gifs me to de schippin maestro for de shance of a yaub;" but an indulgent smile is all you will get, if you mention it to the puissant Board. The B.T. is so seemingly secure in its belief that it is infallible, that it is utterly impossible to make it undertake a careful consideration of any of the items you might care to bring to its notice. Even as in the matter of rotten life-saving appliances; when you might be dead certain that a given ship's stuff is rotten beyond belief; then, if you wish the Board to move, you have to go to the expense of bringing irrefutable evidence, in substantiation of your claims. In other words, you have to do the work for which the Board of Trade was constituted; if you are right, the Board will take the credit; if you are right, but are too poor to be able to pay the necessary witnesses for corroboration; then, the Board will smile, even as it talks about mare's nests, assumptions, and the like. Under these conditions, is it any wonder that crimping is equally as bad here, in our midst, as ever it knew how to be in 'Frisco? The method is plain enough. "If you want a ship, borrow a couple of quid from one of the tailors in the swim, or get an outfit on tick. He'll get you a ship—and he'll draw your wages." Same old game. Old as the hills. Old, but ever new. Won't some of those tailors get hold of the Board of Trade on the same terms? They'd none of them be missed! In fact, if the B.T. could be shanghaed in the lump, so to speak, the country would have to see to it that a substitute were created. Britain—after all these years of mismanagement in matters maritime—could not be expected to survive, without some kind of Board of Tinkers? So what's the matter with a set of continuous discharge books, a festive crimp, a ship at the pier heads, and a clean sweep?

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *April 5, 1905.*

THERE can be no getting away from the fact that the times are out of joint, and that the situation has been anything but improved, by the Irrepressible One's visit to Morocco. Here are we all, struggling along with everything in our disfavour, and just because a Royalty won't believe—without demonstration—that Satan finds some mischief still, for idle hands to do, we have to sit tamely down, and let her hum, so to speak. Why doesn't the great Teutonic race find something for its Head to think about? Why—but there! We've got 'em bad, this week, and principally because there is nothing worth writing about, as far as the coal trade is concerned.

WHEN starting out on this particular job, we had intended to begin something after the following: "Once again we have to

Chronicle the continued lack

of anything appertaining to the new and strange in the Coal Market." and now that we have written the words, we have half a mind to let 'em stay! We will! Especially as they are heart-breakingly true! Continued lack, forsooth! We hardly know why the long-suffering colliery man bothers about coming to the Docks, at all these days. If we belonged to the sacred phalanx, we should stay away for a whole month. Should stand off until everybody had become about as near mad for coal, as made no odds; and then we should pick our way, carefully, to the spot where the biggest crowd of coal-seekers had congregated.

WHY should we do this? Well, for various reasons. One of them is, that by this course of action we should convince everybody that we belonged to the phalanx; another reason is, that such conduct would be distinctly original; and the world is longing—with a big long—for

Something Original to transpire,

in Coal-land. Our allusion to the "sacred phalanx" was merely a playful one, you understand, for in point of fact, there is no such thing in coal-dealing. The whole caboodle is a disintegrated mass of atoms; and dog-eat-dog, is the prevailing fancy therein. By holding off, as suggested, we should convince the amiable buyer that his old trick of playing one concern off against another was played out, and that would be a good thing, don't you think?

MIND you, the buyer hasn't the sole copyright for that "playing off" idea. Not by a very great deal! The seller, on occasion, is

A past master at the business,

and probably the only reason that he hasn't the thing all to himself, is that somehow or other the buyer is a "paster master"—if we may put it thus? You don't mind our writing it in that precise style, do you? Particularly when you realise that the expression is sadly, and distressingly true. Alright, then. There is nothing new to chronicle; at least, not very new; and all that remains for us, is to piece out the items which have transpired. In the first place, let us inform you that firmness, in nearly every phase of the coal market, is conspicuous by its absence, and that already, there is talk of the Easter Holidays. Fact, we assure you! Sales may come, and sales may go—but "holidays" go on for ever.

HOWEVER, we are glad to be able to state that shipments during the past week, have been fairly heavy—so

Somebody is getting a little good

out of what really is moving? The natural corollary to big shipments is, that there is no undue accumulation of coal about; but unless matters brighten up considerably, there soon will be! Sufficient for the day, etc.; especially when the evil is a fine, and large-sized one! And even if there are no undue accumulations of coal around, there are still considerably more than there is any demand for, and thus it comes about that prices are not to be considered as in the hopeful stage. Concerning the outlook—which never cost anybody anything this is said to be brighter.

THE brightness is consequent on an improved enquiry for forward business. But when it is remembered that this alleged enquiry is

Merely a wile of the would-be seller,

well, you are at liberty to attach thereto, whatsoever importance pleases you. We have been told—in strictest confidence—that folk do not usually waste time and energy on enquiry, unless they have a certain and well-defined reason therefor. We admit the soft impeachment, even as we suggest that, as often as not, the said reason is merely of the nature of bluff. And anyhow, you cannot pay wages to say nothing of dividends—with enquiry. Can you, now? And even if our very own coal expert is inclined to believe that there is an indication that the market is likely to harden; we let the opinion go, and mainly because he forgot to table the date of hardening.

CRYSTALLISING the thing as much as possible, we find that

Business is terribly restricted,

both for prompt, and forward, undertakings. Principally because there is such a divergency of opinion as to values, between seller and buyer, when they set themselves out to discuss the price which shall constitute the basis of negotiations. Somehow or other, there is ever a divergency of opinion—a misunderstanding of the relative beauties, shall we say?—between those two very necessary adjuncts to a coal trade. Furthermore, the divergency is usually removed, by what the vulgar portion of the community would term a "climbing down" on one side or the other. Of late, we are grieved to state, the descending principle has been all on the side of the seller—poor thing.

A couple of railway contracts

have been concluded, this week. The L. & N.W.R. has been placed among the Newport group, as also that of the Midland & Great Western of Ireland. We believe the latter is for about 60,000 tons, and the price not considerably distant from 12s., f.o.b., Newport. Good business, don't you think? But coming down to a detailed consideration, we find that

BEST CARDIFF ADMIRALTYS have undergone no variation, for the current quotation remains at around 13s. 3d. But don't be misled with quotations, please. We are prone to admit that, as quotations the figures have been hard as nails; the transactions which have passed, however, have not, in many instances, been even distantly related thereto. Of course,

There is much to be desired

in the actual passings in this grade, for while the better class collieries are possibly favoured with good stems, others are anything but so easily situated. Under the unfortunate—to the seller—circumstances, therefore, it will be matter for no surprise, when we assure you that it is fairly easy to obtain Best Cardiff Admiraltys at 13s.; and for a nimble threepence less—if your boat is in the right position. Yes!

SECONDS, are being maintained at 12s. 9d. At least, their patron saint declares it so. So far, so good! The length, in this case, is merely in so far as the better-class collieries are concerned. These latter keep fairly busy, and their stems are passing good. This, notwithstanding,

Buyers appreciate the fact

that there is anything but an undue difficulty, in securing as much prompt coal as is desired. As a matter of fact, there is an uncomfortable feeling of easiness hanging around some of these "other qualities," at the moment; with the result that 12s. 6d. is being taken with, more or less, avidity; and threepence less than that—after a gentle whine or so, concerning the unholy greed of the intending buyer. Taken any way, there is precious little demand for Seconds.

ORDINARIES are sadly in need of a tonic. They are weak; have been over-done, and over-taxed—the latter, especially. This means, generally speaking, that they are suffering from a

Great lack of appreciation.

When coal is treated this way, its condition is exactly the same as with other human arrangements; it languishes. Stems, all 'round, are woefully empty, and there is very little request. Hence, immediate values are dependent, almost entirely, upon the date for which buyer is prepared to guarantee shipment. The quoted mark is 12s.; that eventually paid, at anything between 11s. 6d. and 11s. 9d.; and even at this, there is very little passing in the grade. When there is no demand, you may not expect much booking, may you? Well, this is how it is with Ordinaries.

DRYS have undergone no exciting change for the better—or for the worse, as far as that goes! This being so, and as we have told you, week after week, their position remains an easy one.

Little business is materialising

in this branch of business, and to use a colloquialism, "collieries are quiet." Where buyers intend to purchase, they may do so, appreciably below the quotation—providing the necessary prompt shipment is the corollary. Roundly, the figures for Drys, at the moment, are 12s. for the Superior sorts, with others at 11s. 9d.; a little over or under, as the pertinacity of seller or buyer, respectively, determines.

MONMOUTHSHIRE COALS, too, are every bit as weak as at our last time of writing. True, prices are being upheld—if only on paper: but there is absolutely nothing startling in this section. In fact, there is any amount of room for improvement in the volume of business passing, which, to put the thing mildly,

Is extremely limited.

Continuing on the "volume" idea, Monmouthshire coals are similar to those *editions de luxe* of which one reads so frequently; their sale is disgustingly limited! Considering prices, we find that BLACK VEINS are offered at 11s. 6d., but as colliery stems are by no means full, sellers, here, are no better off than their colleagues in other grades. That is, concessions are the order of the day; particularly when prompt shipment is suggested, and the suggestion materialises.

ORDINARIES, again, show no variation. A fair business has been done; but it would be wickedly misleading to mark it higher than "fair." Moreover,

This fair business is markedly trifling,

when compared with the outputs—which certainly are much larger than any demand which is in evidence, at present. Quotably, prices remain at 11s. 3d., but to book these Ordinaries at the old mark of 11s. is by no means a matter of difficulty. Prompt stems are,

admittedly, slack; and contractors are by no means unduly fulfilling their obligations.

SECONDS continue in practically the same position as at our last, that is to say, they are quoted at 10s. 6d., subsequently offered at 10s. 3d.—and ultimately obtained at the level 10s. This has been the basis of most of the bookings. The position of collieries, here, does not materially differ from that of the premier qualities; that is to say,

Supply is greatly in excess of demand.

With this in mind, you will understand that Seconds—here—are doomed to easiness?

RHONDDA No. 3's are unchanged, with their values standing at 13s. 9d.—and steady at that. There is not an undue quantity of free coal available, and the market has been maintained on this account. The demand, however, has eased off somewhat, although sellers' present engagements are sufficient to keep prices ruling at old levels.

RHONDDA No. 2's may be scheduled at from 10s. to 10s. 3d., and are also steady at those figures. Enquiry, here, has been of a fair average; all the same, the

Section is a firm one,

and schedule notwithstanding, it is possible to "get a little bit off" either quotation, providing you are pertinacious and pleading.

SMALLS—good old smalls; dog-cart-producing smalls; motor-car making smalls—are still the pick of the market. Indeed, we often wonder why "Large dealings" do not quit their fancy, and the Corporation tramcar, for "Smalls and a 'smeller'!" Values in Smalls continue even as at our last time of writing; indeed, in some instances, they have gone beyond. The demand is a bumping one; supply is scarce; Great Scott! There is no difficulty in disposing of Smalls.

Never a bit, for they sell themselves!

For what has been on sale, buyers have had to pay up, and anyhow, you'll find 'em in the list, below.

PATENT FUELS are a trifle harder in values, which range between 13s. and 13s. 6d.; but PITWOOD is easy, around 16s. 6d. to 16s. 9d.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	13s. 3d	13s. 0d., 13s. 3d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d., 13s. 3d.	13s. 0d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d., 12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	12s. 0d., 12s. 3d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.
Drys ,, ...	12s. 0d., 12s. 3d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.
Best Newport ,, ...	11s. 6d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 6d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 1½d.	11s. 1½d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d., 11s. 3d.
Seconds ,, ...	10s 0d	10s. 0d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 4½d.
Best House Coal ,,	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 0d., 16s. 0d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,,	13s. 9d., 14s. 0d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 6d., 14s. 0d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,,	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 1½d.	10s. 1½d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 3d.	10s. 1½d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro."	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.
,, 2 ,,	8s. 9d	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d., 9s. 3d.	9s. 0d.	8s. 9d., 9s. 0d.
Smalls:						
Best Cardiff	8s. 0d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 3d., 8s. 6d.	8s. 3d., 8s. 6d.
Seconds	7s. 9d	8s. 0d.	8s. 0d.	8s. 1½d.	8s. 0d.	8s. 0d.
Ordinaries	7s. 0d., 7s. 6d	7s. 6d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 7½d.	7s. 6d., 7s. 9d.
Best Newport	7s. 6d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 6d., 7s. 9d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 3d., 7s. 6d.
Seconds	7s 3d	7s. 3d.	7s. 0d.	7s. 0d.	7s. 0d., 7s. 3d.	7s. 0d.
Rhondda No. 2	7s 0d.	7s. 6d., 8s. 0d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.
,, No. 3	10s 0d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	10s. 0d.	9s. 6d., 10s. 0d.	9s. 9d.
Foundry Coke:						
Special	21s. 0d	21s. 0d.	20s. 6d., 21s. 0d.	20s. 9d.	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d., 22s. 0d.
Ordinary	17s 0d	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d., 18s. 0d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.
Furnace Coke	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 0d., 15s. 6d.
Patent Fuel	13s 0d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 6d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 3d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 6d.
Pitwood (ex ship)	16s. 9d	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d., 16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 16s. 9d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *April 5, 1905.*

THE tone of the Swansea Market, this past week, has been weaker, and although prices, generally, have not varied, for prompt shipment, the market is rather in buyers' favour. This, on account of the limited amount of business that is passing, at the moment, for practically all descriptions are quiet.

ANTHRACITE COALS are at about last levels, with prices—for anything required prompt—ruling very easy. Certainly, some of the better class coals are well stemmed, and sellers of these qualities hold to their quotations steadily; but others are not doing much, and the stuff can be secured at under the quotation. RED and BIG VEIN are inactive, and whilst the demanded figures range from 11s. 6d. down to 10s. 3d., they can be secured at 3d. less, in each grade, if not even a further 3d., where buyers can guarantee immediate shipment.

MACHINE MADE COALS have not shown much variation, and supplies exceeding the request, buyers are conciliated a little in the matter of price, for anything of the prompt description.

CULM, on the other hand, continues with good enquiry, and coupled with the present happy state of stems generally, this section is still a satisfactory one. Bests are firm at 5s., at which bookings are recorded; and in some cases, the demanded figure is higher than this. Inferiors are also steady.

STEAMS have not been active. Prices may be stated to have been about sustained, but nothing more; and while these do not differ to those of the previous week, there is nothing of firmness in them. For anything required immediately, it is possible to arrange Bests, at the old figure of 13s. Seconds are weak at 'round about 12s., nothing more. In fact, 11s. 9d. is representative of actual value. Bunker Sorts remain at about 11s.

PATENT FUELS are firmer at 12s. to 12s. 3d.

BELOW, we give the average prices for the week:—

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked						
Malting Large ...	18s. 0d., 19s. 0d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d., 19s. 0d.
Seconds do.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d	16s. 6d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.
Big Vein Large	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 0c., 11s. 0d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 6d.
Red ,, ,,	10s. 0d., 10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.	9s. 9d., 10s. 3d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 3d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	16s. 6d., 17s 0d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d., 17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.
,, ,, Nuts	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d., 16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d., 17s. 0d.
,, ,, Peas ...	10s. 0d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.	9s. 9d., 10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 6d.
Rubbly Culm	5s. 0d., 5s. 3d.	5s. 0d.	5s. 0d.	4s. 9d., 5s. 3d.	5s. 0d.	5s. 0d.
Duff	3s 3d.	3s. 3d.	3s. 3d., 3s. 6d.	3s. 6d.	3s. 3d.	3s. 0d., 3s. 3d.
Patent Fuel:—	12s. 0d., 12s. 3d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 3d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 3d.	12s. 0d.
Steam:—						
Best Large	13s 0d	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.
Seconds ,, ...	12s. 0d., 12s. 3d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 10½d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.
Bunker ,,	11s 0d.	11s. 0d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d., 11s. 3d.
Thro' and Thro'	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.	8s. 9d., 9s. 0d.	8s. 9d.	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

CARDIFF, *April 5, 1905.*

As stated elsewhere in this issue, there has been a fairly busy week in shipowning circles. Indeed, the docks has been "looking up"—for these hard times. But judging by the number of fixtures reported since our last time of writing, that tonnage has been of the nature of what Jack would term "working up a dead horse."

NOT, perhaps, in the dim vistas of the past; but merely the ordinary vistas. Consider the EASTERN market—what there is of it. Of course there is something of an Eastern market left. For instance, it has called for a limited amount of stuff for COLOMBO, at the more or less according to how you view it—magnificent rate of 8s. 4½d.; DJIBOUTI has taken the whole of a 5,000 tonner at 8s. 9d. For the CAPE, 10s. is still quoted, and by and bye, somebody will be taking on at the price.

WESTWARD, the little worry appears to have decided to ease off. There is a Westward market. You'll find it in the list—what there is of it; but it may be taken for granted that it is quite a mistake. Really speaking, there should be no Plate business doing; it's against the law; and everybody knows what that means. Still, what has been wickedly engaged in, has been done at three half-crowns—and then those who are interested "do a growl." It's a very indifferent world for anybody who is endeavouring to fix a boat up for the River Plate.

HENCE the ISLANDS, there is little to talk—or write about. For LAS PALMAS, the figures remain as at our last—5s. 9d.

Coming along to MEDITERRANEAN, we find that the fair supply of tonnage has had the inevitable result of easing up rates.

For their values, well, these, and others, are in the list below.

Week Ending, (Wednesday), April 5, 1905

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Colombo, *Bankfields,* 8s. 4½d.
Hercules, 2,742 n.r. 8s. 4½d. ppt.
Djibouti, *Frank Coverdale,* 5,000 tons, 7s. 9d.
Aden, *Baron Ardrossan,* 7s. 6d.
Cape, *Agapanthus,* 5,000 tons, 10s. 3d. ppt.
Walfish Bay, (South Africa), *Whitby.* 1,500 tons, 18s.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Hillgrove,* 7s. 6d. ppt.
City of York, 1,959 n.r. 7s. 6d.
Commonwealth, 7s. 6d.
Cober, 4,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Cape Verdes, *Warrior,* 4,500 tons, 6s. 6d.
Shirley, 5,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Las Palmas, *Inishowen Head,* 5s. 9d. (P.T.)
Lord Antrim, 5,500 tons, 5s. 9d. option **Teneriffe.**
Teneriffe, *Greenbank,* 5,000 tons, 5s. 9d.
La Plata, *Bermeia,* 2,179 n.r. 7s. 6d.
Rosario, *Dallington,* 3,300 tons, 7s. 6d.
Rio de Janeiro, Steamer, 5,000 tons, 8s. 9d.
Steamer, 8s. 6d.
St. Michaels, *Hellenes,* 2,300 tons, 6s. 1½d.
St. Thomas, *Beechburn,* 3,000 tons, 7s.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, Steamer, 3,500 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Genoa, Steamer, 4,400 tons, 6s. 6d.
Steamer, 3,500 tons, 6s. 6d.
Steamer, 3,700 tons, 6s. 6d.
Phoebus, 4,800 tons, 6s. 4½d. spot.
Skipsea, 1,934 n.r. 6s. 6d.
Steamer, 4,800 tons, 6s. 4d.
Oakdale, 1,500 tons, 6s. 7½d. coal, 7s. 4½d. fuel, option **Savona/Leghorn/or Spezzia,** (s).
Luigi Ciampa, 5,000 tons, 6s. 4½d. option **Spezzia,** ppt.
Nador, 3,300 tons, 6s. 6d. option **Savona/Spezzia/or Leghorn.**
Alexandria, *Northam,* 5,700 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Polurrian, 3,950 tons, 6s. 3d.
Hurworth, 6s. 9d. coal, 7s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Vendotian, 734 n.r. 7s. 3d. (s).
Steamer, 2,800 tons, 6s. 9d. coal, 7s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Toro, 5,000 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Algiers, *Dunstaffnage,* 1,750 tons, 7·25 francs.
Steamer, 1,800 tons, 7·25 francs.
Lyndhurst, 2,800 tons, 7 francs.
Porthcawl, 2,200 tons, 7·25 francs, (N).
Netherby, 2,600 tons, 7·25 francs.
Kamma, 1,700 tons, 7·25 fcs. coal, 8·25 fcs. fuel.
Bermeo, 3,800 tons, 7 francs. (N).
Steamer, 2,000 tons, 7·25 francs.
Constantinople, *Viotia,* 4,500 tons, 6s. 1½d.
Gibraltar, *Dunsley,* 2,800 tons, 5s. 3d. usual, 4s. 3d. free discharge, (Admiralty a/c).
Maggie Schultz, 1,500 tons, 5s. 4½d. (N).
Fidra, 1,350 tons, 5s. 3d. (N).
Tunis, Steamer, 3,200 tons, 8·50 fcs. coal, 9·50 fcs. fuel.
Bona, *Deux Charentes,* 2,000 tons, 8·25 francs.
Malta, *Mendelssohn,* 3,400 tons, 5s. 3d.
Porto Ferraio, *George M. Embericos,* 6s. 3d.
Naples, *Taormina,* 2,500 tons, 6s. 4½d. (N).
Steamer, 6s. 3d.
Ancona, *Peareth,* 4,000 tons, 7s. 4½d. (s).
Piræus, *Pendarves,* 3,200 tons, 6s. 10½d. coal, 7s. 7½d. fuel, (s).
Aberfeldy, 1,446 n.r. 6s. 6d.
Steamer, 2,000 tons, 6s. 6d. (reported).
Steamer, 2,500 tons, 6s. 6d.
Marseilles, Steamer, 3,700 tons, 7·75 fcs.
Aristea, 2,100 tons, 7·75 francs.
Spezzia, *Goidelian,* 1,400 tons, 7s. 3d. (s).
Venice, *Esemplare,* 3,300 tons, 7s. (N).
Chorley, 6,000 tons, 7s.
Clumberhall, 5,000 tons, 7s.
Murillo, 2,400 tons, 7s. 6d. coal, 8s. 3d. fuel, (s).
Civita Vecchia, *Iberia,* 2,100 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
Brindisi, *Anna Moore,* 3,500 tons, 6s. option **Palermo,** 6s. 9d.
Palermo, *Newby,* 2,700 tons, 6s. 9d. option **Messina/or Catania.**
Bougie, Steamer, 2,350 tons, 7·50 francs. (s).
Guilianova, Steamer, 8s. coal, 8s. 9d. fuel. (s).
Oran, Steamer, 1,600 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Cadiz, *Elizabeth,* 700 tons, 5s. 7½d.
Lisbon, *Ragusa,* 816 n.r. 5s. 3d. fuel, (N).
Steamer, 2,000 tons, 4s. 6d.
Seville, *Auckland Castle,* 1,400 tons, 5s. 6d.

BALTIC, Etc.

Kiel, *Fri,* 1,200 tons, 5s.

BAY, Etc.

Pasages, *Marzo,* 1,750 tons, 4s. 6d.
Nantes, *Rocio,* 1,700 tons, 4·87½ fcs, coal, 5·37½ fcs. fuel, (s).
Axpe, 1,700 tons, 4·62½ francs.
Bordeaux, *Bavaria,* 2,300 tons, 4·65 francs.
Santander, *Matienzo,* 1,164 n.r. 3s. 6d. (N).
Bayonne, *Adour,* 1,450 tons, 4·75 francs.
Gustav Bogel, 1,400 tons, 5·25 francs. (s).
Aasta, 1,550 tons, 5 francs. (s).
St. Nazaire, *Vlug,* 1,600 tons, 4·25 francs (s).
Grane, 1,400 tons, 4·37½ francs. (s).
La Rochelle, Steamer, 2,950 tons, 4 fcs. (s).
Diana, 1,300 tons, 4·20 francs. option **Rocheforte,** 4·45 francs, (s).
Maliano, 2,300 tons, 4 francs.
Chantenay, *Austria,* 2,000 tons, 4·45 francs.

COASTING, Etc.

Devonport, *Alice M. Craig,* 1,150 tons, 3s. 1½d. usual, 2s. 7½d. free discharge, (Admiralty a/c).
Hamburg, *Wilton,* 2,100 tons; *Jonan Siem,* 2,100 tons; *Ingoldsby,* 1,600 tons, 4s. 6d.
Steamer, 1,800 tons, 4s.
Dieppe, *St. Kelvin,* 720 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Havre, *Fulton,* 1,350 tons, 4s. (s).
Rouen, *Glynn,* 414 n.r. 4s. 7½d. (s).
Start, 800 tons, 4s. 10½d. (s).
Electra, 600 tons, 5s.
Passage West, *Lodes,* 410 tons, 4s. (N).
Brest, *Lycidas,* 950 tons, 4s. 3oo dely. 6d.
Rochester, *Opal,* 650 tons, 4s. (s).
Newhaven, *Lady Bertha,* 700 tons, 4s.
Portland, *Alacrity,* 1,200 tons, 2s. 4½d. F.D. (Adm'lty a/c).
Queenstown, *Eddie,* 210 tons, 4s.
Sheerness, *Argus,* 1,200 tons, 3s. 6d. F.D. (Adm'lty a/c).
Wallsend, 1,200 tons, 3s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Belfast, *Crofthead,* 400 tons, 3s. 4½d. (s).
Dublin, *May,* 240 tons, 3s. 6d. (s).
Port Leven, *Bombardier,* 300 tons, 4s. 6d.
St. Brieuc, *Mersey,* 550 tons, 5s. 3d.
Honfleur, *Ring,* 1,100 tons, 4s. option **Caen.**
Caen, *Thisbe,* 1,300 tons, 4s. 3d.

HOMEWARD.

Pasages to Newport, *Coventry,* 2,100 tons, 4s. 1½d.
Bilbao „ „ *Espana,* 2,200 tons, 4s. 3d. ppt. ore
Bilbao to Britonferry, Steamer, 1,500 tons, 4s. 4½d. ppt. ore

MARITIME AND OTHER MONEY MATTERS.

GREAT Hannibal, but here is an opportunity for you good folk who have filled up the stocking so tightly, that you have to look around for another sock or another stock (without the "ing.") "Advance, Rhodesia." There is a "tip" for you, and in the columns of a highly respectable London journal which doesn't give racing tips—because they are naughty; nor divorce court ditto—because they are naughtier. All the same, there are numberless other "tips" which are not altogether of the nature of Holy Writ, and pass we now, to a consideration of more of the scare-heads to which we have already referred.

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HERE you are, then. "New Discoveries." "Chartereds—their increasing value." (Who said "praise de lor'?" or, "it is high time for us to have value of some sort?"). Again, what is the matter with this, "Great Land Boom?" Nothing, is there? Or that "scarcely a mail goes by but it brings fresh news." What's that? Why does the mail go by? And you thought it was merely the purchasers of Chartereds that indulged in anything of the "go by" trick? Be quiet, please, for "London's best" is serious, when it gets off on this Rhodesian ramble. It is, indeed! Moreover, there is something remarkably encouraging in the fact that every mail brings different letters to those which were brought before!

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ON the face of it, you might be inclined to believe that in Rhodesia, erstwhile, the custom had been to get a number of letters stereotyped, and then dump one of them into the post, so as to be ready for each mail that means to "go by;" and so on—*ad infin.* But if you incline to any such belief, then, you are by way of being deceived. Every mail that has come to hand from Rhodesia, for years past, now, has been chock-a-block full of promises of a good time coming. Rhodesians always make us think of that case where the eighteen soldiers bought buns at "a bob" each, and were all going to pay, Saturday! You'll have heard the yarn? If not, it doesn't greatly matter, for Rhodesians are always going to pay something startling—on Saturday, or Saturday week; or even at a farther distant date.

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BUT you may take it as a dead certainty that they are't going to pay much in the immediate future; at least, to the merry punster who takes his "tips" from the columns of a semi-religious newspaper. When the gentlemen who run the Rhodesian ramble have anything that is particularly good about, they may be depended on to keep it all to their little (or big) selves. Anyhow, they aren't going to spread it out for the delectation of a city editor; no, sirs, not even if he is willing to trot it all out for nothing, rather than at so-much per line. Personally, we are willing to allow a number of mails to "go by," before we have more than a critical look at Chartereds.

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OF course, we may be wrong; so might you, if you take our "tip." But there are quite a number of very estimable folk who have played with Chartereds on the advice of the "financial expert," and now they are seated in silent and sorrowful solitude; are engaged in the soulful game of trying to ascertain which, in a merry gamble, is the better part—to be sure, or sorry! Furthermore, they are absolutely sure that they are sorry—for taking the "tip" which landed them in a hole! To our mind, the only "fresh discoveries" which have materialised out that way, is in a new method of baiting the hook. Old fashions have palled on the crowd; the promises which were good enough when the world (at Rhodesia) was young, have lost their convincing appearances; where, metaphorically, a gentle was good enough in the old days; to-day, you need a really high-class, and artificial fly.

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IT's funny, too, when you come to look at the thing dispassionately; but our semi-religious Mentor is inclined to be apologetic, even as he prattles to you of "new discoveries," "great land booms" "further important strikes" and things. In fact, we are of opinion that the Mentor is somewhat ashamed to be seen in line with the utterly wicked journals which unblushingly give you gambling tips, together with heaps of other unconsidered trifles for your ha'penny. Judge by this, if you will: "Progress may not have been so rapid as desired by some of Rhodesia's most ardent supporters." May not have, be hanged. Don't we all know that the less said about the progress the better. Rapid, forsooth! Can anybody imagine rapidity and Rhodesian progress in the same thought?

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AND here, "but those who have had to bear the heat and burden of the day"—did not we suggest to you that our contemporary was of the semi-religious type? Heat and burden of the day, in the middle of a stock gamble isn't all so bad, is it?—"recognise the marvellous advancement that has been made during the past three years." Quite so, but those who have merely found the money; who haven't unduly bothered about the heat and burden of the day—or night, for that matter—would like to see something else beside advancement. You cannot put "advancement" in the bank; nor offer it as collateral to your butcher, can you. What the gambler in Rhodesians is out for, is oof; a return for his money. We do not doubt about those "further important strikes" of gold. They ought to be there.

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IN fact, and not to put too fine a point on the matter, there has been enough of British gold dumped into Rhodesia, to offer opportunities of several sorts of high-class "strikes" being dropped on by now; "strikes" of the same stuff which has been dumped. What? Cotton and tobacco might be flourishing, thereaway. It might be also "satisfactory to know that...the first sale of Rhodesian wool took place at the Wool Exchange." But why did they sell the stuff? Wouldn't it have been better to save it up for future use? Rhodesia is not out of the wood, as yet; and there might easily be a number of uses for that wool, by and bye? You know, wool is what is "pulled over the eye," on occasion. To our mind, there has been an awful quantity of it pulled over the eye of the British investor.

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WE are also of opinion that there will be need for a further quantity—if it is hoped that these high falutin' tales of "new discoveries," "great land booms," etc., are going to rope in new capital. If a man is in need of something exciting in the matter of finance, he need never go to such a distance therefor, as Rhodesia. Beside, the gamble has become so tame; there is such a slight element of chance about the thing. You merely put up your money, and then sit down and wait for the mail to "go by," when you will learn of all manner of new discoveries—save the one you are hankering after; a return for your shekels. No, sirs, there is a heap more excitement in a game of parlour chuck ha'penny, than there is in ten games of Rhodesian "new discoveries." Take that from us.

SINGAPORE is a long way from free and happy England, if we consider the distance as it obtained in the dear old days of the white wings which never grew weary, although sometimes they were "patched" with a dab from a tar brush! But it doesn't really matter whether Singapore, to-day, is a long way off, or close aboard—I know, in point of fact, that it is either, according to how you consider the matter; all that matters to me, on this occasion, is the item that the seaport possesses a journal after my own heart—the *Straits Budget*, to wit; and that a portion of its issue of February 16, is of interest to the seafarer.

VERY well, then. Why this interest? How will it affect a page that is devoted to Severn Sea Spray? I'll propound to you. On numerous occasions, this same page has told you of instances, where one sort of maritime law is meted out to the Mercantile Marine man, while an altogether different sort is meted out to the more fortunate—if slightly more fat-h—but never mind; there is a different sort of law given the Naval man. Now, that you might not think that I point my moral in this manner out of pure cussedness; that my judgment is not so warped as some would-be Solons have essayed to show; I mean to give you another authority on the subject; will "lift" a whole chunk of stuff that was originally printed in sun-baked Singapore.

HERE you are: "It would be interesting to learn, on what authority the shipping laws are twisted about, so as to deal kindly with such vicissitudes of the deep, as detrimentally affect vessels in the service of the Straits Government. The immortal case of the 50-ton *Seabelle* is one instance. A later one, is the stranding of the *Seamew* at Cape Rachado, last Sunday. Had Captain Bill Smith, or Captain Jack Jones run foul of a cape, with the s.s. *Buster*, or the s.s. *Mary Jane*, they would have had opportunity to enjoy all the benefits of a public enquiry at the Marine Court, as soon as they reached port. No such enquiry has been held in respect of the stranding of the *Seamew*; yet, that vessel carried a most precious lot of passengers, including the Hon'ble, the Colonial Engineer.

"Now, had the Colonial Engineer and some of his friends been drowned, in a noble endeavour to pull off the *Seamew*, from the grasping sands of Cape Rachado, we would have heard a lot more about the instance, and the enquiry into the stranding, would have necessarily been open, and above-board. From what we can gather, from unofficial sources, however, the enquiry into the incident was really held *sub rosa*, on board the *Seamew*, herself, on Wednesday morning." Eh? What? Do you believe, after reading that, that this rotten state of differentiation is even as we have told you; or will you go on believing that I—and others of the staff of THE MARITIME REVIEW—are merely dreamers of dreams? Of course, not! You fully realise that what you get on this page is the plain unvarnished truth, and I am but joking in suggesting otherwise.

IN the case which I have quoted, *in extenso*, there is no more, and no less than usual, of the jobbery which usually surrounds these naval, or semi-naval pieces of "efficiency." Indeed, the procedure here, is all of a piece with what happens in all phases of the administration of the Royal Navy. In the first place, the navigating staff must be recruited from the "curled darlings" of the nation; and regardless of the fact that this is a strenuous age; that the British Empire cannot be run, successfully, on favouritism; that if it is intended that Britain shall survive; then, it will only be through using up her fittest, in contra-distinction to her least fit. I have told you, here, full many a time, that you really do not care a toss as to who was father to your national hero, as long as you get the hero?

IT is the truth, too? The greatest Naval hero which the country has ever had, was one Nelson. So great a hero was he, that every sucking skipper of the Fleet to-day, is named a "future Nelson," an "embryo Nelson," or something to that effect. But how can the youthful and wet-nursed pieces of humanity which are to be chosen through the agency of a ten minutes chat in a Government house in London, be a future Nelson? The old, original, was not chosen in that manner; he wasn't a curled darling, even; his dad was merely a country parson; and he won his way to immortal glory, through sheer merit. Very well, then, again. This being so—and it is—how can these juvenile geniuses (or alleged geniuses) develop into Nelsons, by and bye? They cannot, obviously, for they are not starting in any wise equal to their supposed prototype.

IF they cannot develop on the required lines, how will they develop? Why simply on the tack so ably spread by our friend of the *Straits Budget*. That is, they will cost the nation no end of money for their supposed training; they will graduate, with more or less honour, from one step to another; the best of the bunch will be trusted with a high-class fighting machine and plenary powers to hash up the country's prospects; and t'others will be pitchforked into metaphorical *Seamews*. There is the whole course and distance. It's as plain as the proverbial pike-staff. I am not "down" on these alleged naval officers, *qua* naval officers; I merely maintain that a nation the size of Britain, has no right to experiment in this hazardous manner, with second-rate stuff, when there is any quantity of first-rate to be had.

THE mere fact that this slip-shod method has obtained in the past, is no just reason that it should be allowed to continue? Furthermore, there should be the same treatment to both branches of the Service—the Naval as well as the Mercantile Marine. There are not wanting plenty of long heads, that are filled with a belief that the Mercantile Marine is more essential to Britain's majesty, than the Navy can ever be; in view of the so-called North Sea Outrage, those folk are about right? This being so, let us have no more of these hole-and-corner "trials," and a misguided attempt to cover up the shortcomings of the men who have been chosen, not for their merit, but for their father's. When a mere shipmaster comes to grief—in whatsoever manner—the whole world is told of the fact; give us the same thing with the Naval (and semi-naval) man. With the merchantman, too, he does but work with private capital; the Naval person is trusted with that which belongs to the nation. So, let the nation be given an account of the stewardship.

PETREL.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on March 23, 1905, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

25,882/03—STEVENS & RICHARDS—*Improvements in the construction of propellers for ships, and of fans for ventilators, fans, blowers, and the like.*

This invention relates to a method of constructing propellers and the like. According thereto the blades are separably attached to the propeller boss. The boss is circular in cross section and bored longitudinally to receive the propeller shaft. The forward end of the boss is formed with a number of flat faces, corresponding in number with the blades. These faces project outwards and rearwards at an angle of about 45°/o with the axis of the propeller shaft. The blades are secured to these faces by screws, bolts or the like.

4,649/04—SPINK—*Instrument for indicating a ship's position at sea.*

This invention relates to an instrument by means of which the longitude of a ship at sea can be found without the use of a sextant. It consists of a circular disc, mounted on gimbals and divided along its edge into twenty four hour divisions which in turn are subdivided into minutes, &c. Also a midnight point N and a noon point S is marked. A second reflecting disc or mirror is mounted concentrically over the first disc and is marked with a lubber line or provided with an indicating finger normally resting above the noon point. Mounted on the central spindle of the mirror and disc is a pointer which extends over the edge of the mirror to the graduations on the edge of the disc. A slotted sighting vane is also mounted on this spindle. Two semi-circular arcs are arranged over the instrument. The instrument is used in conjunction with the ship's compass and the method in which it is employed is briefly as follows:—The meridian line on the disc is set by means of the reflections of the arcs in the mirror. The longitude is ascertained by moving the sight vane towards the sun, the pointer will then give the apparent time, and by applying the equation of time will give the mean time.

5,259/04—ECKERSLEY—*Improvements in or connected with the feed for coal-cutting machines and the like.*

This invention relates to a feed mechanism for coal-cutting machines, which is not only automatic in its action but is also self regulating. This is effected by keying a worm-wheel on the shaft of the winding drum which winds the haulage rope to advance the machine, or on a shaft which drives the drum shaft through suitable reducing gearing. Loosely mounted on a shaft arranged at right angles to the shaft carrying the worm-wheel, is a sleeve formed with a worm which gears with the worm-wheel. The one end of this worm sleeve is normally held in engagement with a collar, fast on the shaft, suitable crown teeth being formed on the meeting places of each. A helical spring surrounding the shaft bears against the other end of the sleeve to keep it in engagement with the collar. The action of the feed mechanism is as follows:—The shaft with the collar is driven from the machine and normally drives the worm and with it the worm-wheel and haulage rope. Should the tension on the haulage rope increase above the limit determined by the strength of the spring, the crown teeth surfaces will ride over each other the worm sleeve moving longitudinally along the shaft against the spring but will not be driven thereby and likewise neither will the haulage drum.

10,209/04—JAYNES—*Apparatus for use in connection with seine-net or other drag-net fishing.*

This invention relates to a device for facilitating the hauling in of the net and the landing of the fish. It consists of a floating structure hinged to the stern of a vessel, the free end of such structure being formed with compartments which are adapted to be submerged by filling them with water. The surface of this structure forms an inclined plane for facilitating the hauling in of the nets. The flooded compartments are adapted to be emptied of water by compressed air.

11,782/04—PARIZOT—*Marine life preserving ring.*

This consists of an annular life-buoy to the inner periphery of which a ring of soft fabric is secured and the inner edge of this ring of fabric is provided with an elastic band. The device is worn like a collar around the neck. Straps secured to the buoy are adapted to be passed under the arms.

22,313/04—WALL—*Improvements and aids in Marine Signalling.*

This invention relates to a lamp for flashing signals. The lamp is composed of an upper and lower metal portion united by a cylindrical lens and the usual burner, &c. The upper and lower portions are held together by tie rods, on which a cylindrical opaque screen is adapted to slide, so as to obscure and expose the illuminated lens in accordance with the signal code. A further improvement consists in inscribing the code on a translucent plate mounted on the lamp so as to be illuminated thereby.

These applications for patents are, until May 8, 1905, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

The following applications for the registration of Trade Marks relating to the shipping and coal trades were advertised on March 29, and are open to opposition by interested parties within the period ending April 29.

CLASS 4—*Including coal.*

No. 270,369—22nd Feb., 1905—"'Montrigg' Navigation steam coal" for coal. The Tilbury Contracting and Dredging Co., Ltd., 50 Mark Lane, London, E.C., Lightermen, Coal Merchants, Dredging Contractors, &c.

CLASS 8—*Including nautical instruments.*

No. 269,338—16th June, 1905—"Sirdar" for Binoculars, Telescopes and goods of a like kind included in Class 8. James Aitchison, 14 Newgate Street, London, E.C., Optician.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

OUR MARITIME DIRECTORY.

CARDIFF.

Colliery Proprietors.

CORY Bros. & Co., Ltd., Cardiff and London. Depôts at all the principal Coaling Stations in the World.
Telegrams "Cory, Cardiff"; "Cory, London."

INSOLE, George & Son, Cardiff. Sole Shippers of Cymmer Steam Coal, Windsor Steam Coal, and Insoles No. 2 Rhondda Coal.
Telegrams: "Insoles, Cardiff."

LEWIS Merthyr Consolidated Collieries, Ltd., Proprietors and Shippers of "Lewis Merthyr" Navigation Steam Coal.
Telegrams: "Lewis Merthyr, Cardiff"; "Lewis Merthyr, London."

MARQUESS of Bute Collieries, Aberdare, Hirwain, and Rhondda Valley. Shipping ports:—Bute Docks, Cardiff: Penarth Dock: Swansea: Briton Ferry; and Newport (Mon.)
Telegrams: "Sema, Cardiff."

OCEAN (Merthyr) Coal Co., Ltd., 11, Bute Crescent, Cardiff, proprietors of Ocean (Merthyr) Steam Coal.

UNIVERSAL Steam Coal Co., Ltd., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Proprietors of "Universal Steam Coal."
Telegrams: "Versatile, Cardiff."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

VIVIAN, H. C. & Co., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole European Agents for "The Puritan Coal Mining Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A."
Telegrams: "Vivian, Cardiff."

WATTS, Watts & Co., Cardiff and London. Contractors for the supply of Coals at all Depôts abroad.
Telegrams: "Watts, Cardiff."

Dock Owners.

THE Cardiff Railway Company, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Ship Repairers.

SHEARMAN, John & Co., Ltd., Cardiff, and at Barry Dock.

THE Bute Shipbuilding, Engineering, and Dry Dock Company, Limited, Roath Basin, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Caisson, Cardiff."

THE Cardiff Channel Dry Docks and Pontoon Co., Ltd., Cardiff and Barry Dock.
Telegrams: "Entrance, Cardiff." "Channel, Barry."

THE Mercantile Pontoon Co., Ltd., Roath Dock, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Mercantile, Cardiff."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

Miscellaneous.

LEWIS & Tylor, Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole patentees and manufacturers of "Gripoly," a patent woven belting; and "Burals," a semi-metallic packing.
Telegrams: "Belting Cardiff." Telephone, Nat. 231.

Steamship Owners.

DAN. JENKINS & Co., Steamship Owners and Brokers, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Stonewall, Cardiff."
Nat. Telephone: 1318.

BARRY.

Dock Owners.

THE Barry Railway Co., Barry.

Ship Repairers.

BARRY Graving Dock & Engineering Co., Ltd.
Telegrams: "Bardock, Barry."
National Telephone No. 7. Post Office Telephone No. 7.

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LAYING A BOGIE!

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MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

IT is a grand sight to see the "daily" of commerce, awakening to the importance of the need for reform in the Mercantile Marine. All the same, it is a pity that the poor thing cannot find time to differentiate, a little, in its efforts to put the world of shipping on its metaphorical sea-legs. Personally, we are acquainted with dozens of "dangerous policies" which abound in shipping circles, and are of opinion that the most dangerous, to-day, is the policy which covers for war risks, an East-bound steamer on Russian account. But *Daily Express* has toboganned into a considerably worse sample of the genus, and it has to do with leaky ballast tanks. It's like this, one "Master Mariner," hailing from Kensington—what's the matter with Forest Gate, this time? For quite a while, now, "the Gate" has been the London equivalent for the "Matmoney Parades" of the Provincial shipping ports. However, "Master Mariner" once had a steamer which was cursed—or blessed, according to whether you are a shipmaster or a shipowner—"with very bad, leaky ballast tanks." Not nice, leaky ballast tanks, you'll observe; but uncompromisingly bad samples of the genus. Moreover, she had "only recently come out of dry dock, and was reported seaworthy to the owner."

VERY well, then! "Master Mariner" had great trouble with those ballast tanks—as you might readily suppose; and after "a lot of cargo" had been damaged, he "reported the cause direct to the owner." See! This was one up against the superman! Our letter-writing friend had garnered a great truth, apparently in the golden days of his youth—you'll know why we consider him youthful, later on and the great truth is exemplified by the advice, "Always go to the fountain-head. Don't fuss around with tributaries from the main stream. Go to the Head Bubble." When you do this, you may depend on receiving the same attention which fell to the lot of "Master Mariner," which is to say that, "when the ship arrived home, the marine superintendent came on board, furious!" Here we have all the elements necessary for a high-class Barney, for when the marine superintendent gets his back hair down—metaphorically, of course—there is bound to something happen. We know, because we have seen more than one superman in the suggested state of dishabille—we have; and of two evils, we would rather contend with leaky ballast tanks, than with supers who are in the mood furious. Good heavens! When the superintendent is really furious, you never know what is going to transpire, on board. You don't, indeed.

HOWEVER, this particular—and furious—marine superintendent examined the ballast tanks about which "Master Mariner" had complained, "direct," and when Sunday had arrived—and the service boxes were spread out to be dusted, etc.—"with only himself and the master in the hold, spent the afternoon sharpening pieces of wood and driving them into the worst of the leaks." Yea, lor! Now you understand our suggestions concerning the golden days of his youth? Of course! Any "leary"—and therefore ancient—shipmaster, would have seen super jiggered before he "spent the afternoon sharpening pieces of wood"; he would have got the mate -and a knife-with-a-shackle—along, wouldn't he? Rather! Still, the efforts of the twain must have been crowned with glorious success, for we have it on the word of the same authority, that "the ship went across the Atlantic again, that way." Eh? Which way? Why, that way, of course! Case of keeping her head somewhere around West, even as the poor crew sat on the stumps of those pieces of sharpened wood, so that they may not get forced out of place, once more. You can see the pathetic side of the unfortunate circumstance, can't you? Can even cease from wondering as to how it came about that "the writer once had a steamer," but has one no longer—as exemplified by the word "Kensington"?

Now, on the face of it, "Master Mariner's" grumble appears to be alright, and we are not altogether surprised that *Daily Express* should tumble into the wicked snare that was laid for its ownest "nautical expert." Some of us—say, those who have been at sea—would naturally ask how it came about that "Master Mariner" waltzed around the waters with his ballast tanks full, and at the same time, with his holds full of cargo? Generally considered, it is

rather exceptional to fill both holds and ballast tanks; it is absolutely impossible for two men to put an afternoon in, plugging up the tops of a ballast tank which reclines peacefully beneath the sheltering cover of a more or less complete spread of flooring-boards? We like to put our friends of the "daily" persuasion right in their struggles toward the light; consequently, we say, most emphatically, that this is another case of where *Express* has had its figurative leg pulled. But there, we suppose the little ha'porth would accept it as truthful, if we were to say that sharpened pieces of wood were nothing to use, for plugging ballast tank tops; that we, ourselves, have used pieces of sun-dried tinned tripe—with onions; that the stuff cannot be beaten; while for staving off an excessive dry dock bill, and kerflummixing a commission-taking superman; it is miles and away ahead of any old pieces of sharpened wood.

Yes, the ship went across the Atlantic again, that way. Talk about "A Dangerous Policy!" It's more than that! It's a national calamity. So is the fact of allowing such a Munchausen to linger along under the name of "Master Mariner." If we were not absolutely positive that the thing is practically impossible in the ranks of shipmasterdom, we should bring in some questions as to the precise angle of obliquity adopted by some "writers," while engaged upon the wine when it was red; or the whisky when it bubbled and fizzled in the bottom of a glass where soda-water was trying to enter. Anyhow, we hope the whole arrangement will pose as a warning to all concerned, and that other master mariners will realise that when they wish to put in an unconsidered Sunday afternoon at sharpening pieces of wood, their safest way of attaining that wish, is to "report the cause direct to the owner." This is bound to make the marine superintendent furious—especially if he knows that there are holes in the tank-tops, and also the precise spot where those holes are located. And taken anyway, *Express* may as well emulate *Ally Sloper*—as a comic—in this fashion as in any other? Now, please, take the "moonshine" away.

Don't tell us about the blessings of firing on a mob of mutineers! Firing, under such circumstances, is wicked, and is also an unnecessary waste of good ammunition—to say nothing of mussing up an otherwise clean place, with bits of broken humanity. A case in point occurred at Havre, the other day, when 500 Greeks met 600 Hungarians on the decks and other portions of an emigrant steamer. Most of the combatants were beginning to gaze scowlingly on the world—thanks to a superabundance of "black eyes"—when the officer of the watch decided to bring order out of chaos; peace out of war; and cleanliness out of filth. With this decision uppermost, the crew were instructed to "fetch along the hose," which they did in double-quick time. Splash, ding, wallop, went the stream of Havre dock water, and in an infinitesimally short space of time, the fightists declared an amnesty, for the purpose of clearing their eyes from mud! This was probably the first square wash which most of them had undergone—we had almost written "enjoyed"—since their initial bow to this world of sin and sorrow; but it was a thousand-fold more effectual, as a peace-regainer, than forty policemen, armed with the sword affected by the French police-force.

Anyhow, it took the suggested number of gendarmes all their time, and a goodly portion of their skill at fence, to separate that portion of the damp and dreary combatants who had meandered on shore "to have it out." We suppose the hose was too short to reach the quay-side, effectually; or else the officer of the watch opined that it was no affair of his, as to how the 'longshore portion of the community maintained the peace. In the result, the forty bold policemen conquered—after a fashion—for we learn that the belligerents were eventually overcome, and subsequently confined to different chunks of durance vile. Here is an object lesson to the Russian friend, and when, in future, the Russian Prospect does the reverse of pleasing, all that is necessary is to "fetch along the hose," when an apparent tragedy may be quickly turned into a screaming farce. Moreover, it is considerably easier to get a wet mob into the mind that dry clothes are far more a matter of pressing need, than reforms—even if you spell the word with a capital R. Again, it is easier—and more conducive to good temper—to have a good towelling after an impromptu bath; than it is to sort out your ear, for instance, from among a heap that has been scattered about on the side-walk, through other and more drastic methods?

Dover is certainly coming to the front! What with new harbours; visits from the heads which are popularly supposed to "lie" uneasily, although the matter is somewhat debatable; and several other items too numerous to mention; Dover is by way of becoming famous! Not the smallest claim to the famous idea, in as far as fame and Dover are concerned, comes to hand in quite a new form, for somebody at the Channel sea-port has caught a devil! A sea-devil, we hasten to interpolate! Think of that, now! Most of us remember how "The Newcastle volks 'ev ketched a mune, an' turned 'im intew a clock-feace"—as the song had it; but when it comes down to catching a devil—! On the authority of the *Daily Chronicle*, this particular devil is of "surpassing ugliness." Quite so, for as ugly as sin has long since become proverbial; while sin and devil are synonymous terms? But after all, this newest capture is but a baby-devil, so to speak; is but three feet in length; so its sinfulness will be but a comparative affair, will it? You cannot expect much wickedness out of a mere three feet of devil—not even if its head occupies quite the half of its length? What we should like to know, is who that devil was searching around for: a Russian, or a Teuton?

Like the poor, the seekers after "quick coaling for the Navy," are ever with us, and each exponent of the gentle pastime may be depended on to demonstrate, that he is a thousand-fold smarter than the other fellow. In fact, we know a "quick coaler" who has a patent somewhere in his back office, that is bound to revolutionise the whole business, at an early date. This newest quiff merely calls for furnaces which will burn small coal—same as do most of the tramp steamers which ply for hire, these days; a big centrifugal pump; some fathoms of armoured hose, and—well, and there you are. The whole thing is so simple, that we are wondering why none of the commercial giants have exploited it. You load your intended collier with finest small, Welsh, "smokeless"; send her out to the fleet, when she passes the end of her hose to the nearest warship; starts the pump, which mixes water with the small coal, and hey, presto, the whole consignment is quickly pumped into the warship's bunkers, whence the superfluous water is syphoned back to its native element once again. Simple, isn't it?

Too simple, apparently, for most of the coaling geniuses prefer to muss around with guys, stays, sheaves, sets of signals, sacks, snotters and trigging lines, generally; then, you have to get derricks, booms, winches, swear-words, and things, again, generally! However, as coaling a warship—like most other efforts in this very indifferent world—has to pursue the line of least (official) resistance, we find that

the experiments scheduled for trial at Portsmouth, are coming on apace. That is to say, the floating depôt which has been built for the Admiralty is about, and by-and-bye, there will be some 12,000 tons of superfine coal at hand in that same depôt, all ready for the Fleet. When the big coal hulk—we beg its pardon, the floating coal depôt—is anchored in the harbour, it will be possible to coal two ships, on opposite sides, at the same time; it might also be convenient for a smart torpedo-boat belonging to a possible enemy to account for that 12,000 tons at one hit—with a torpedo! In our youth, we were taught that it is ill business to carry all your eggs in one basket. The Admiralty people have assimilated that truth for all it is worth, and as a result, have promised the nation that, if depôt No. 1 is a success, another shall be instituted, forthwith!

EXACTLY how the matter of "success" is to be determined, is not stated. No one imagines, for a moment, that it will be impossible to coal from the floating stores, so that cannot be the subject of experiment? It is all very well to tell us that "should the experiments prove successful, orders for further depôts will be given, and the present craft will be substituted by one with a larger capacity." We can quite understand the "larger capacity" notion, because that will mean the more banging of saxpences; what we are not so clear upon, is: Did any of the Admiralty people believe that there would probably be a latent difficulty in getting coal from an anchored depôt-ship, when it has been proved, beyond doubt, that a mere tramp anchored in the harbour, presents no difficulties of bunkering, to a warship? Or, as already suggested, have we to wait for that coming war, at the conclusion of which, it will be determined as to whether it is safe to purchase more floating depôt ships, or otherwise? It is all very well to remark about the manner in which the coal will be handled; to tell us that the bags will be filled by electrically-driven machinery: and that it will be trans-shipped by means of somebody's transporters. We, most of us, imagined some such thing, seeing that we have precedent to go upon. But what are the successes of the new departure to be based upon?

THERE certainly is something of the pathetic in the manner in which the Government will strain at a gnat, even while it swallows the metaphorical camel! Here is the Mercantile Marine gradually becoming depleted of the British element, and yet if you ask for redress; for easement in the slightest practical degree; you are met with the assurance that any such thing is altogether too costly; that the results are not likely to justify the expenditure; and the whole gamut of official objections are thrown at you, if you as much as dare hint that there is something woefully rotten in the State, which will dilly-dally with its future chances, in any such a parsimonious manner. But when it comes down to the Navy; that ornamental combination of alleged seamanship of which we all are—or ought to be—so proud; then, expense is nothing; is "a mere shakings;" and the best to hand, is by no means good enough. We have animadverted to this phase of national life—or decay, whichever pleases you—in another part of this issue, and merely touch on it here, for the purpose of calling attention to the subject, which appears on page 146. Surely the time has come, when a little enlightened conduct would work wonders in staving off Britain's inevitable debâcle—if the present disregard continues.

IN the matter of the Australian mail contract, much "thunder" is about. With regard to the Orient-Pacific Line, it has been stated that their increased demand was consequent on having to substitute white labour, for the lascars who have erstwhile posed as cinder-worriers. As a matter of fact, there is but little difference in the relative costs between "black" and white labour. With lascars, the extra number which have to be carried, in excess of what would be necessary with Tyndal Street worriers, for instance, about levels up the situation. Anyhow, we note that the secretary of the Orient Line has been writing to a London contemporary, for the purpose of showing why an increase in mail subsidy was demanded. Here are the words of the Orient's official, "Our experience of the mail contract has convinced us that the sum hitherto paid, £85,000, is altogether inadequate." Yet the Australian cousin is labouring under the delusion, that he will be able to suit his requirements, for very much under the sum named. Who was it declaimed, feelingly, about the beauty of the state in which poor suffering humanity was likely to get, if the Lord did but give it a good conceit of itself? In some instances, there appears to be little need for the declamation. The conceit is already there!

THE German friend—especially he of the shipping variety—is a canny individual! Moreover, he is for ever emulating that ancient gentleman whose business in life was the conquering of more worlds; and who, when there were none left to be operated upon, sat him down to greet. We have put it that way, because the chap—although an ancient—must have been a Scot. Anyway, his name was Alexander, and that is Scottish enough, if you like? It is, if you don't like! But it was the German friend that we started out to discuss; the German Hansa Line friend, to be exact. You will remember that this particular line, 'way back in last month, withdrew from the Conference Lines running between New York and South Africa, mainly for the purpose of working up an independent service, in which it should be *facile princeps*. With that idea uppermost, it has been seeking new opportunities, Hansa (!) it has made a bid for roping in all the cargo trade that is about, between Antwerp and the various Indian ports. As a matter of fact, the H.L.B.G.—no, that doesn't mean Heaven's Last Best Gift, but rather the Hansa Line of Bremen, Germany—has been circularising all and sundry who are interested (as well as a goodly number who are not), to the effect that a special rebate will be offered the exclusive patrons of the Sherman schips, as well as a special retrospective bonus for the first three months of the present year, when the "exclusiveness" was not toward.

Now, on the face of it, one would imagine that the gentle Teuton has already had the foolishness of this line of conduct, demonstrated to him. It should be sufficient to whisper "Atlantic rate-war" in his starboard ear, when he would at once subside. But, bless us, as none are so deaf as they who will not hear; so is it with regard to seeing, and they who will not open their optics. However, there is a "respectful information" offered, to the effect that if any shipper is idiotic enough to send stuff by the B.I.S.N. or by the wicked P. and O., then, the ten per cent. rebate which has been already promised as from March 31, last, will be invalidated. Then, as another little "graceful concession," the same concern of universal benefactors intimate, that to the same exclusive patrons, a further *pour boire*, or bonus—style it what you will—to the extent of 5 per cent. "on all shipments from Continental ports . . . made by Hansa Company's steamers between January 1, 1905, and March 31, 1905, and which shall be payable on the same terms and at the same time as the deferred rebates accumulated between January 1, last, and 30th June, next." Shipping would appear to have grown pretty

mouldy, when hitherto reputable concerns have to adopt the tactics of patent medicine vendors: have to give free samples, before succeeding in selling their stuff in a lump so to speak?

THE alien pilot question is still dragging its weary way along. A subject which, at the first glance, should convince the most sceptical, that it is fraught with national importance, yet seems to be cursed with the same dilettante treatment which is meted out to most other features appertaining to our—at present—greatest national industry. It is impossible to get an angel from heaven to assure all and sundry, that to give the foreigner the right to learn the navigation of our ports is a flying in the face of providence; so all and sundry will not believe. We note that Mr. Sanford D. Cole, of Bristol, is again sounding the warning note, and remarks among other items, that "every local pilotage authority and the whole seafaring community disapprove of such certificates (as pilots, that is) being granted to foreign captains." Of course! But then, unfortunately, local pilotage authorities, and the whole seafaring community, are about the last bodies on earth, who are supposed—by the law-makers—to have any knowledge whatever, of ships or shipping. What the dickens can a sailorman know about the needs of shipping? He is at sea, for the best portion of his life, and although he ought—under happier constituted laws—to be the man who is consulted on all nautical occasions; as things are, he is seldom consulted, at all.

To further quote from Mr. Cole's remarks, "The United Kingdom Pilots' Association has, for some years, made strong efforts to secure the passing of a prohibitive measure: the Navy League has lent its aid to the campaign: within the last few weeks, the Association of Chambers of Commerce passed a resolution on the subject; and an increasing number of Members of Parliament belonging to both political parties is opposed to the present policy of the Board of Trade. Surely it is time that public opinion made itself felt on a question which, from the point of view of national defence, is a most serious one." Certainly, it is. But then, what can any Pilots' Association know about pilotage? Where does a Navy League come in? What has a Chamber of Commerce to do with it? What part of the procession would Members of Parliament fall into? And what has the whole caboodle to do with public opinion? The Board of Trade: that concatenation of ineptitude which invariably signs itself "Your obedient servant," in accordance with a time-honoured joke which is perpetrated on those who pay its salaries: will have none of it. That ought to be good enough? Fancy public opinion daring to say a word derogatory to the estimable old-ladies-in-pants who pose as the Board of Trade!

BACK in the days when Britain's shipping amounted to about a million tons, the Board of Trade was able, and willing, to attend to nautical matters. Then, as now, it "went to business" from ten to four; read its few letters; twaddled its few instructions; and then went home to dummy whist—and things. Time passed, and the one million tons of shipping grew into two millions; but did we get two Boards of Trade? Shipping still advanced; but did the Board of Trade advance with it? Of course, not! The same old contraption which attended to the million tons—somehow—still has the hardihood to pretend that it is attending to the many millions of to-day. It writes "notices to mariners"; dodges around after a possibly over-laden ship—on which a fine can be levied; answers your letters of complaint—after a week's delay; assures you that somebody has been instructed by the Board of Trade to say this, that, and the other thing; and all the time, there is no such thing as a Board of Trade in existence. The whole fit-out is a myth; a pretence; a gigantic piece of bluff. When you get unduly mad about some of your plans having gone agley, through the manifest ineptitude of the Department, you write letters to the papers; raise Hamlet, generally; and in the midst of your heat, are told that—bimeby—you shall have a Ministry of Commerce.

YOU will, too—if the alien hasn't mopped up the whole of the country before that time arrives. You are also likely to find that the new Ministry of Commerce is merely the old Board of Trade under a new name—unless you are pretty watchful. All the same, isn't it high time that we learned something definite concerning that Ministry idea? The Mercantile Marine is rapidly increasing, as far as its actual shipping is concerned, yet the authority which is supposed to regulate its actions is still at the same old notch which obtained, when "Adam was an oakum-boy at Portsmouth." And under any circumstances, doesn't it seem rather *infra dig.*, in a country the size of Britain, to make it necessary for private Associations to band themselves together with Members of Parliament, for the purpose of keeping a Government Department up to sticking point; or rather for making a futile effort to that end? Everybody knows that these reforms are urgently needed; there is no shadow of doubt on the subject; yet because a few be-trousered ladies elect to use the power which a misguided Government has given them in the matter of putting back the hands of the commercial clock: a whole nation has to sit down, and patiently await the advent of *Nirvana*. Truly are we a progressive nation?

NOT often is there a case before the Courts where insufficient dunnage is the cause of a claim for cargo damage. In fact, these days, the business of the dunnage-layer would appear to be a lost art! However, there was a case a few days ago, in which the steamer *Commonwealth* figured as defendant—at least, her owners did—and a Buenos Ayres firm was plaintiff. The amount that it was sought to recover, was, £2,300 17s.—and we are sorry that the level figures were broken up in any such a manner! According to the plaintiff, the damage was wholly resultant from the unfitness of the steamer to carry a cargo of maize, and if his claim had been substantiated, then, the steamer *Commonwealth* wouldn't amount to a very great deal, as steamers go, these days. Most of us who have carried the lovely stuff, recognise its inherent cussedness that tend toward heating: and also know that if maize—or for the matter of that, any kind of cereal, although some more than others—is inclined to the least bit of dampness on shipping, then, it is all Lombard Street to a China orange that there is going to be trouble at the end of the journey. From the remarks of Mr. Justice Channell, who tried the case, we should incline to the belief that this particular consignment was all in the way of being inclined to heating.

INDEED, in the result, we are of opinion that everything pointed to that state. On the other hand, it would appear that there was "contributory negligence" on board, in that there was an insufficiency of dunnage. In other words, the bags of grain were placed against the ship's side (whisper: They always are!) and the condensation which resulted from the steamy maize, trickled down over the grain, and thus the damage. We suppose that in theory, there should be dunnage-wood laid along between the sacks and the vessel's skin; but, guid sakes, how often is this done? Fancy carrying dunnage wood in a grain

steamer! Why, something would transpire, if this were persevered with! Indeed, and taking the subject up in a sporting vein, it is all in favour of disregarding the dunnage—and chance it! Once in a way, the ship is bowled-out; she was in this case; and while admitting that it is possible to buy a quantity of dunnage for £351 3s. 10d.—the amount of the assessed damage—we are hardly sure if we should go to that extent, had we been interested. The great trouble in grain loading is, that no one is appointed, in the interests of the ship, to see that the stuff is fit for shipment. The Old Man is, as a rule, fairly 'cute, in these matters; but after all, he is hardly a grain expert, and that is what is needed.

PERSONALLY, we have seen a muster of shipmasters around a given vessel's main hatch; have noticed each one of them with a handful of grain poised, as if to size up its humidity; have seen them, one after the other, lay a bronzed and bearded cheek, lovingly against the "golden grain," and then remark, "Cap'n, this don't appear to be very (and there was a skipper-like accent on the word) wet!" Each in turn, would give his opinion, and the skipper with most at stake, would reluctantly agree to "let her went;" aye, even though he had an uncomfortable feeling that he was taking more chances than the circumstances warranted. The log-book would be called into use; protests would be offered and refused; Cain, generally, would be raised; and it would all work out in the old sweet, happy way. That is, if the stuff got home in fair condition; then, it wasn't too wet for shipment—obviously; and the Old Man was an idiot to write all those letters home to the Boss, by way of preparing him for what might happen. If the stuff, *per contra*, got heated on passage, the Old Man was a greater idiot for shipping it, or for giving a clean bill of lading—no matter what letters he had written in explanation. Anyway, it is *toujours le capitaine, mon ami*!

MUCH ado about nothing! "Cardiff crew's empty fears" is the way an up-town contemporary puts it, and it is about "on the spot!" It was all about the *Thomas Turnbull*, owned by Messrs. Watts, Watts & Co., and her late crew "got the needle" about something or other, and took their complaint to Court for amelioration. According to the bo'sun of the outfit, the captain, pilot, and compass-adjustor were squiffy—although we believe the gentleman rope-hauler placed it as uncompromisingly drunk. Furthermore, there was enough unseaworthiness in *Thomas Turnbull*—if we are to believe the evidence of that bo'sun—to comfortably last half-a-dozen steamers for quite a while. Of course, the thing fizzled out, for the Stipendiary gave it as his opinion that the "unseaworthy" idea "had worked on the minds of the crew as such little matters often did in the mind of a jealous man." Did this mean that in the opinion of the Stipendiary, the witnesses had departed from the truth; or that they were merely dreamers of dreams? Again, the Stipendiary stated that he did not believe "there was the slightest ground for the charge of drunkenness against either the compass-adjustor, the captain, or the pilot." Yet these sea-lawyers go scot free, notwithstanding all their attempts at dirty-water throwing!

WITH tolerable regularity, the question of the use of the lead at sea crops up. As in the case of the apprenticeship question, all manner of theories are propounded; but precious little real help is offered. The latest occasion which we have noticed in this connection, was at the Royal United Service Institution, some week or so ago, when Rear-Admiral Sir W. J. L. Wharton, K.C.B., F.R.S., and late Hydrographer to the Navy, presided. Lieut. H. W. H. Helby, R.N., had something to say concerning "Sounding and the Admiralty Charts," and, among other things, opined that, among seamen, a belief in the lead is on the wane. The worthy lieutenant is wrong; woefully so; the belief is there—firm as ever; but as we have shown on numerous occasions, the ability to practice the belief is *non est*. It is all very well to say what should be done, when snugly seated in the lecture-room of the R.U.S.I., but it is altogether up another street, to undertake to get a chain of soundings on the tramp of commerce, under "service conditions." We should like to put Lieut. Helby on one of the ordinary tramps that we wot of; with three men in a watch, and never a one of them with a word of English between them; a gale of wind blowing, and green seas breaking over her; night, pitch dark, and the Old Man in that condition which is expressed as "'E dunno where 'e are."

IT must be remembered that when soundings are most needed, the conditions are even as we have suggested in the foregoing. The crew wet and hungry; only three inches off rank mutiny; the old crock heaving the hearts of everybody on board, up against each individual's ribs; and then yell, "Pass the lead along!" Makes us tired! To read the usual clap-trap which is bandied about, one would imagine that every vessel afloat had a patent automatic sounding machine; that all you need do, is stop her; take a stroll to the galley for a warm; and meanwhile, the patent notion gets its work in, ringing a bell to call your attention to the little dial which gives the soundings. As a matter of fact, "taking a cast of the lead," on ship-board, to-day, is the most painful operation in the whole fit-out of pain. Furthermore, no sane man will believe in the sounding after it has been taken, and mainly for the reason that, in the majority of instances, everything is against a "plumb cast" being obtained. No, sirs! No sailorman has any waning belief in the efficacy of the lead-line; he merely accepts the situation; realises that it is all buncombe to try to get a cast under the conditions in which he finds himself; so he trusts to luck—and the sweet little cherub.

SOMEHOW or other, the sweet little cherub is still there, or we should have a thousand-fold more shipwreck than we really get. It is all very pretty to remark that "when passing over a regularly-inclined bottom there is nothing so sure as the lead." Quite so! But how in Sam Hill is a fellow to find out about that inclination from the surface—as things are to-day? You can't send a man down to stroll around for a bit; it is equally impossible to get a cast of the lead that is worthy of attention, so of what use are "regularly-inclined bottoms" to anybody? Here you are, too: "Nothing can make soundings what they should be, except infinite surveys." We are willing to admit this, but who is going to make those infinite surveys? The Government, in a lack-a-daisical fashion, do their bit—and there the matter ends! Admiral Moore, at the meeting already alluded to, declared that the Government should devote a few thousands of pounds more per annum to the business—but it won't. In fact, the Government, when all is said, appears to be as callous about good soundings, as is the average navigator, to-day. We are willing to agree with Lieutenant Helby—in the abstract; but for really practical purposes, he might just as well save his breath.

EH? What? Here is William, the Supernal, a-trying to worm the Navy's secrets out of one of its own Admirals! Geewillikin! It's dref'ful, and if we didn't believe that William's best men know quite as much of Britain's secrets, as Britain's best men know about William's, well, we don't

know what to say! Anyhow, when his Majesty of Germany went on board the *King Edward VII.* at Gibraltar, the gentleman asked Vice-Admiral May some questions "which were rather embarrassing." Why were they that, we wonder? If a visitor—and a royal one at that—so far forgot himself and what was due him, as to descend to the tactics that would not be out of place in a Cockney coster, we cannot see why Admiral May should feel embarrassed. Impertinence with impertinence, even as diamond cuts diamond, would have been the correct thing, we should imagine. At this late date, nobody is inclined to take his Effulgence as altogether an ingenuous piece of mortality; on the contrary, rather, for most of us know that when William is "out" for knowledge, he isn't particular as to how he gets it. In objecting to supply that knowledge, it would be well to remember the peculiarities of the situation, and act accordingly.

HERE 'tis again! *Daily Express* interesting itself in shipping items! It prattles about a "warship in a street," the same old ship being the *Havannah*, which has long since gone to join the angels—if old warships go that way. Rambling on, we get some "points" as to why the Cunard Company has paid no dividends in 1904; are assured that the failure "has caused no surprise in shipping circles" (by the way, it would be interesting to size up what, in reality, the *Express* regards as "shipping circles," and what sort of a diameter they have!); and that depression, there, has been general. Next, our wise friend goes on to give us facts. "The fact is," it says, "there are too many vessels for the available cargoes," and got its information from an underwriter man hailing from Lloyd's. Now, the London ha'porth is wrong, again, for the real trouble is, there are too few available cargoes for the number of ships—which is a distinction with a difference, if *Express* can only rise to it. Then a worthy M.P. came to the rescue, so to speak, with "the depression is due to bad trade and keen competition"—which doesn't differ much from the version of that Lloyd's man, does it?

NEXT, came in the shipowner, and he added his quota to the general information bureau of our contemporary. Said the shipowner, "It is a mistake to imagine that the cutting is associated with Atlantic freights, alone." By this, we should imagine that the shipowner was a Cardiffian. Anyhow, to continue with the latest jeremiad, "There is a fierce fight for freights, which has driven profits to a vanishing point." The gentleman forgot to remark that this merely applies to the suffering shareholder; not to the shipowner, proper; for personal observation still shows us his merry little landau; his motor car; and things like that. However, "foreign competition, especially from German houses, is to be most feared." It is, and if the nation would only remember this little fact, when out upon the purchasing lay, there would be less of the "made in Germany" in evidence; especially when "made in Britain" is better—and cheaper in the long run. Consider this, too, "These firms (Germans) are prepared to make almost any sacrifice to secure trade." They are, right down to bonuses and rebates; free samples to-day, as long as you purchase to-morrow. The German is, truly, our greatest rival, and his "splendid isolation," at the moment, is not an altogether unalloyed ill.

SYDNEY—"down under"—is an ambitious place. At least, it imagines it is, although a little calm consideration will probably dispel the allusion. It is aiming to become the London of Australia, and whether that is an ambition which is worth a cent., is an open question. London, with its river filling in; with its trade departing even as its Great Men twaddle to each other concerning the pressing need of the moment—which is forgotten tomorrow; with its City becoming merely a conglomeration of tenantless houses, because the struggling population cannot bear the rates which "popular" legislation has brought to bear upon it; well, considering all things, we are not so sure that Sydney is really ambitious, in its aim to be known as the London of Australia. However, the Sydney Harbor Trust (and the absence of the u in Harbor, leads one to imagine that it is more inclined to be the New York, than the London of the Antipodes?) has been having its annual picnic, and during the continuance of the function, there was the smattering of labour speeches and socialistic stuff, for which that end of the world has become famous. As far as we can see, each speaker had done more for the country, than the previous speaker; what each one hadn't done, was left out because he hadn't time to do it before he lost office! This is where the London-like propensity comes in, with force!

DEAR us! That German aggression in the Marshall Islands is still dragging itself along. The Earl of Jersey has been asking what steps in this connection, have been taken by the Government. But what steps can be taken? Every nation under the sun is enabled to dictate terms to Britain—in the direction of Protection of its industries—and Britain can merely argue the point, in return. Time was, that the argument was efficacious—seeing that a somewhat clumsy attempt at covering up the cannon's mouth was indulged in. But the foreigner has become used to that moonshine; familiarity has bred the inevitable contempt; and now Britain is forced to argue out a losing case. It doesn't much matter where one turns, but Protection, from the other fellow, stares one in the face; Protection in its most aggressive form, too! Yet a number of estimable folk still pretend to believe that Protection for Britain is an unheard of crime! Well, those same people shouted themselves hoarse with regard to the Brother Boer; but the Transvaal went under, just the same; all in its good time, the Protection will rise above foolish Free Trade, and then if Earl Jersey again asks the question which we have referred to, he will receive a satisfactory answer. Meanwhile, the German will please himself in the Marshall Islands—and elsewhere!

CONTINUING with the theme, we note that Mr. Reid, the Federal Premier, has been opening himself out with a warning to Germany. He goes straight to the root of the situation. That is, he threatens reprisals, if Germany continues on her want-the-earth policy. To our mind, this is the only method of bringing things to a reasonable understanding. There has been considerably too much truckling to the gentle Teuton, for the comfort of the remainder of the world. Somehow or other, the whole world has taken Germany at its own valuation; has marked it down as a power in the world; but why? Has the country done anything, in late years, to warrant any such treatment? Personally, we have our doubts. It managed to get the upper hand of France in 1870, it is true: but there are numberless deep-thinking men who are of opinion that gold did more in the deal, than lead; or personal prowess. Indeed, the conduct of Germany for years past, has been merely that of the bully, and the queer thing about it all, is that the remainder of the world complacently accepts the situation! The trouble in the Marshall and Caroline Islands is merely a circumstance in what has been weaved around the march of the Teuton, for years; he blusters, and threatens a lot; tells us of the mailed fist, and futures on the sea; but he doesn't fight, considerably?

Come to think of it, Cardiff is not the only place where corruption runs riot! Ever and anon, the gentle ratepayer in our midst is receiving some soothing statement, that now is the hour of his discontent worked out; but it isn't, by any means. Still he should bear his fate like a man, even as he remembers that there are other places where the "same old game" continues! Look at Australia, and having looked—weep. Adulteration, corruption, and all the evils which follow in their train are rampant there. "Revelations" have been made, and thanks to the fact these, "following on the butter and jam scandals, have convinced the public that Australian commerce is hopelessly corrupt." Eh? Hopelessly! Worse than it is, here? For here, we are promised amelioration—at the Greek calends: there, the situation is hopeless. Tell us not about that old "Advance, Australia" jape: a spot that is "hopelessly corrupt," cannot advance worth tuppence? 'Tis only fair to say that the latest "scandal" thereaway is in the matter of the extensive adulteration of leather with poisonous chloride of barium. We trust that the Cardiff Corporation will see to it that they are not purchasers of Australian leather—and poisonous chloride of barium!

A London "amalgamated daily" has been easing itself of certain qualms of conscience concerning the British Fleet. Tells us that "our fleets are always an imposing sight" which is very mean of the "a. d."? Those fleets may be "imposing" and all that, but any self-respecting evening-daily should keep clear of any attempt to show up the imposition? Especially when those same fleets have imposed upon the foreigner, for quite a time. But hold on, our contemporary didn't mean quite that: for reading on a bit, we find "they look beautiful with the grim beauty of the bulldog, and smart." Great Scott! What *is* meant? Is a bulldog a beautiful canine; and can it, by any stretch of imagination, be termed "smart?" Let us get on, for then, we shall find more unkindness in the words of "a. d." "In future, they will look smart, because they are smart"—and if that doesn't suggest that, in the past, they were a bundle of imposition, what does it mean? However, "no one wishes to see a slovenly, ill-kempt squadron of British warships"—and now we are wondering if *Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette* imagine that because a warship is termed "she," it is, in reality, a slatternly female? "Slovenly and ill-kempt" in connection with a squadron of warships, is rather better than even the ordinary "daily" can get off its paper-chest?

Going further, we find that "it is well that the policy of 'spit and polish' should be supplemented by the blessed policy of efficiency," and at the first glance, one is fain to believe that the Navy has recently been supplied with a new set of curry-combs, mops, and the like. But according to the Mentor referred to, curry-combs are exactly like the flowers which bloom about now; have nothing to do with the case! No, Sirs! All the grandiloquence is consequent on the fact that the Navy's guns are to be re-sighted! Fact, we assure you, and even if you cannot see why fitting a new sight to an old gun will do away with the "slovenly, ill-kempt" arrangements which have flourished to-date, then, that is your misfortune. The old gun sights had become hairy, and their unmentionables had developed rents and tears; the new ones, naturally, are spick-and-span; so the warships "will look smart because they are smart." There is to be no more of the imposing business about the British Fleet; and when next old Rozh-etc. undertakes to practice gunnery on unarmed Britons, the Fleet which looks beautiful "with the grim beauty of the bull-dog, and smart," might be induced to practice its new gun-sights up against the noble Russian!

It is impossible to gainsay the fact that the average American citizen is "up to snuff," and is willing to glean his "points" whithersoever they may be gleaned. He is just as willing to learn from the Briton, as to teach the Briton when the gentleman is in need of the teaching. A case in point is to hand from Chicago, even as it was in connection with an attempt to run a GREAT international shipping company. With regard to Chicago's latest, it is a matter of tramway organisation that is on top. The American city is going in for municipalised tramways; sees that Glasgow is top of the tree in this connection: so offers to pay all the needful expenses, if Glasgow will allow its tramway manager, Mr. James Dalrymple, "a thirty days' vacation" to run across to the States and show the good people there, how the success is worked up even as it has been done at Glesca'. The Fathers of the "Second City" are quite agreeable, and thus it comes about that Chicago is by way of being "municipalised," on effete British lines!

The foregoing opens up a splendid vista of hope. The idea is worthy of expansion, and we should like to know what is wrong with the notion of sending a letter to the Glasgow Corporation, from that of Cardiff, offering the same terms as Chicago—and for the same purpose? We are of opinion that if Mr. James Dalrymple were to visit Cardiff, it would soon be possible for a man to leave a suburban terminus by electric-car, and to feel sure that he would get to the Docks before his ship had passed between the pierheads—providing he gave the car a fair time in which to do the journey. We like to be patriotic, but all the same, we are of opinion that Cardiff's tramways are in anything but the flourishing condition which—in view of their cost—the ratepayer has a right to expect. Furthermore, we are convinced that it is possible to "run the cars" with a little more regard to public convenience than has obtained to-date. For example, it is a bit bewildering to find, on every rainy day, that there is no room in a "through" car which is about to start, and for a "through" passenger, because a number of "penny fares" have sequestered all the seating accommodation! Smart business men would quickly remedy this phase of the non-paying idea?

Mr. Alfred Mosely has been giving the British workman some home truths as to why the American labourer is romping ahead. Among other facts, we learn that "The American workman's output is greater than that of the Englishman"—which, to those who have had an opportunity of sizing up both sides of the case, is incontrovertible. Mr. Mosely is able to give the reason, too, for he has it as the result of the American "putting his back into the work," running his machinery at a higher rate, and seeing that the factories are organised with the view to save labour. It is impossible to get away from the truth of these remarks, or from the fact that in Britain, the workman does everything in his power, to nullify the endeavours of the employer, in his aims at cheapening production, and thereby keeping himself in the front of the industrial procession. It has been proved, indisputably, that the introduction of machinery—instead of displacing labour is all in favour of providing more work. Yet our countrymen will listen to the specious tales of the professional agitator, whose "book" is better served with "fairy tales" than with hard fact, and who in consequence, insinuates that machinery is a sin.

In other words, the agitator, having made up his mind to pursue the line of least resistance, in "educating" his patrons, does so, on all occasions. He finds that his workmen paymasters have already assimilated the belief that

machinery in a workshop is a crime—mainly because they have not been educated up to a sufficient pitch of discriminating intelligence; and instead of endeavouring to show them that they are wrong—in which case he would be justifying his claim to "labour leader"—he just lets the thing slide along in its own sweet happy way; declaims even as his employers wish him to declaim; and thus earns opprobrium—and earns it honestly!—where, otherwise, he would receive the support and appreciation, of the majority of his countrymen. It is this pandering to the mob, which has brought the term "professional agitator" into such universal abhorrence. To-day, the "professional agitator" is an industrial pariah; is thought of contemptuously by those with whom he comes in contact—aye, even with the very men whom he pretends to lead: and mainly because everybody can see that he is anything but serious, in his efforts toward the amelioration of his one-time fellow-workers; being intent, rather, to keep a soft job—at all costs. Honest endeavour is as praiseworthy in a "labour leader," as elsewhere; the pity of it is, that but few of the cult realise the truth in this respect.

We note that Sir Alfred A. Jones—as Elder, Dempster and Co.—has been giving the *Times* his company's experience concerning this so-called "boy sailor" dodge. Needless to say, there is a terrible loss on the "carrying" of these boys, and a sweetly suggestive table of cost and loss is supplied. We have no room for those figures, nor is there any reason that you should be bothered with them. To our mind, there is something of the impertinent in this attempt to show that by carrying young sailors, a shipowner is bound to lose money, and should be re-imbursed by the Government. To put the matter plainer, this attempt at posing as a representative British fleet, in as far as the Elder, Dempster combination is concerned, is exactly the same as offering the Koh-i-noor as a sample of the diamonds which are usually found in diamondiferous districts. We do not wish to infer that the Elder steamers are diamonds among the units of the Mercantile Marine; but it is very certain that the methods obtaining with them, are no fair criterion with those existing with the vast majority of Britain's maritime supremacy. If the Elder, Dempster steamers ship boys as supernumeraries, you are safe in assuming that nine-tenths of the remainder of shipping does nothing at all of the sort.

Under the circumstances, therefore, it is simply misleading to trot out any such statement as that included in Sir Alfred Jones' letter. We know: and all sailormen know: that in the majority of instances, every boy that is shipped, means the displacing of a man; that in a steamer which is considered as fully-manned with six seamen, she will be in exactly the same condition with four seamen and two boys. With these conditions ruling, where is the sense of talking about the loss to the shipowner? With the Elder, Dempster fleet, the loss is there, or Sir Alfred would not have said so; but obviously, such a letter as that to which we have referred, is calculated to lead the uninitiated into supposing that the same tale applies everywhere: but where, in the majority of instances—as already stated—exactly the reverse holds good. Even as one swallow doesn't make a summer, neither does one decent shipowner make up the conglomeration which is styled "British shipping." If it is intended to do some good in this manning question, don't humbug us with the metaphorical Koh-i-noor samples; give us the facts which obtain with the units-of-few-carats, so to speak.

There has been enough, and to spare, of this putting of the best side to London; and the country is in parlous state in consquence. The nation doesn't hanker after a knowledge of what is done in the premier lines, and for the reason that this class of concern is in such a hopeless minority, as to pose altogether as a negligible quantity. It has been demonstrated beyond all cavil, that no matter what the shipowner is paid as a solatium for carrying young sailors, those latter will see him hanged before he will help in earning the bonus—for somebody else. And this is exactly as it should be. To the shipowner, the possession of a lien on a number of youngsters, is merely a case of a small decimal-fraction in the ultimate dividend of the steamer; to the youngsters, themselves, it is a life-long consideration; a reckoning-up of whether it will be better to take to the sea, to emigrate, to go to jail, or to commit suicide. Furthermore, as long as the "swagger ships" are put up as examples of what is being done, then just as long will the present wretched conditions prevail. We are not of they who affect a blind admiration for a man, solely because, out of his abounding charity, he deigns to give us "his support."

We retain our admiration for those who, in our opinion, are deserving thereof, and in the case of Sir Alfred Jones, we are of opinion that with the advantages and opportunities which are undoubtedly to his hand, he would have been better advised in telling *Times* of the conditions as usually found in the British Mercantile Marine; and not of an exceptional instance. *Times* cannot know anything about the subject, other than from hearsay; Sir Alfred ought to know from personal knowledge; if he does not, and wished to benefit the world with some dependable knowledge, he could easily have found out all there is to know of the circumstances. Indeed, we cannot understand how a man who, on his own admission, will consent to lose much money in an endeavour to make sailormen; but who will pass around statements that carry all the more weight, coming from such a source; but which, no matter how you view the subject, are merely one side of the case—and that the side which is in a hopeless minority.

Our congratulations to both the Ocean Coal Company, and to Mr. Thomas Evans. In the first instance, for the business acumen which prompted the installation of the right man in the right place—the place erstwhile occupied by the late Mr. Rees Jones; and secondly, because Mr. Evans undoubtedly is, the "right" man. When a person has been, for some twenty years, connected with a colliery company the size of "Ocean;" when, in addition, he is universally esteemed by the community among which that twenty years has been spent; well, there is every reason for the congratulations. We sincerely hope that in this new appointment, Mr. Evans will find it the "half-time survey" of his business career, and that the latter term will be as successful as was the former.

Do you know the dirge-like chant that is affected by the giddy shrimps of the Baltic? No? Well, it is "Wull ye no come back again?" Furthermore, echo seems inclined to answer—"Never!" And it is all along of the distinctly Cardiff manner in which the Bannatyne Challenge Shield came to Taff-side. A London contemporary has been told that the Taffies "were so cock-sure of victory that they had even selected the precise niche in the Cardiff Exchange wherein the trophy was to repose." Eh? What? Fancy spreading that shield around on 'Change—in a niche, or otherwise! On Cardiff Exchange where, very frequently, the Baltic youths are sent to acquire wisdom—and things! Makes you smile, doesn't it? However, the best side won, so 'nuff sed.

FRIDAY, APRIL 14, 1905.

ON THE TRAINING OF SEAMEN.

IN the national talking-shop, some few days ago, General Laurie asked the Secretary to the Admiralty, for information as to how many efficient seamen of the age of twenty years were obtained by the nation, for every 1,000 lads that were entered on the list, at the ordinary enrolling age. Now, in view of the so-called precautions that are taken in the matter of securing the "pick of the nation," such a question would appear to be of a superfluous kind? One would naturally suppose that, bar the death-rate, there would be no other item that was calculated to interfere with the turning of one thousand boys, into one thousand able-seamen? But this is exactly where one would be running up against the bricks; would be woefully wrong—to put the matter as plainly as possible. For according to Mr. Pretyman—and that gentleman, as Secretary to the Admiralty, should know something of the business: "The number of seamen of twenty years of age obtained from 1,000 entrants as boys, is about 800." That is, in spite of the extraordinary care that is taken in the choice of "entrants"; the sky-pilot's certificates; the looking at their teeth; their medical-examination-in-the-nude; the hemming and hawing on the part of the dear old fossils who are paid to attend to this phase of the nation's business; there is still a wastage of twenty per cent. on the overturn, so to speak! After that, let no men hesitate to harbour doubts as to the preparedness of the First Line of Defence; for of a surety will other features in connection with the Navy, be on a par with this making of able-seamen? When all is said, it is extremely doubtful whether the Mercantile Marine is so badly off in this respect, as is the Senior Service. We mean, that it is open to doubt whether out of every 1,000 boys who are persuaded to take to the tramp of commerce for a livelihood, merely 800 thereof will pan out at the final trial. However, General Laurie was of an inquisitive turn of mind, on the occasion to which we have referred, for in addition to searching out percentages, the gentleman was curious as to the cost to the country, of each full-blooded sailorman who had arrived at years of nautical discretion. Once more was Mr. Pretyman in a position to satisfy the General's thirst for knowledge, for we find that the cost to the country, of every sailor up to the date of his being rated as an able-seaman, is no less than £240. In the words of the Secretary to the Admiralty, "This figure includes cost of training, pay, victualling and clothing, both for those who attain the rating of A.B., and those who do not." That is, the cost has to be lumped in together, so that although you charge for 1,000 at £240 each, in the result, you get but 800 seamen for the £240,000! This, we take it, means that for every efficient able-seaman at twenty years of age, the country has to anté up the sum of £300? From this it will be seen, that the country is no niggard in supplying the needful for its fighting fleets—no matter what may be the case with regard to its food-bringing servants. It is highly probable that this little sum of £300 per head, is the chief deterrent, when the advisability of the Government taking over the Mercantile Marine is on the *tapis*? Time and again, it has been mooted that the only way to safeguard the nation's interests, is for the nation to take over the Mercantile Marine. At the moment, we do not intend to concern ourselves with this most important matter, and will merely remark that there are very many cogent reasons why the Government should take over the merchant navy as suggested; and outside of the subject of vested interests, there is but little to urge against it. What we are most concerned with, now, is the disgraceful difference which is allowed to exist between the methods obtaining with the sister services. It cannot be denied that the time has passed when the existence of a fighting navy should be considered as justified by heaven; that a divine right for its continuance is in effect? The nation has been educated up to too high a pitch for any such old poppycock as that. Time was, no doubt, when the Divine-right-idea was worked for all it was worth: indeed, there are remnants of it still abroad, in the ridiculous assumption that none but the sons of noblemen are fit to command, to-day. Doubtless, with the further extension of education, this last relic of a barbarous age will be swept away into the limbo of forgotten things (such as feudalism, etc.), and the nation will be the gainer, in consequence. But harking back to this disgraceful difference to which we have referred, is there sense, or reason, in nursing up a moderately efficient fighting force, only at the expense of what should, naturally, be its backbone in time of stress? Needless to say, that backbone is the Mercantile Marine. At least, under proper conditions it would be such, although as things are at present, it will be the very rock on which the nation will split, as soon as the nautical drum beats for battle. The late Boer War showed everybody, in a most conclusive manner, that without the Mercantile Marine, the nation would have done but little; yet the Boer War was simply a 'longshore muddle through. What is likely to befall, when a Naval War is commenced? In the Boer War, the Mercantile Marine was merely called upon for transport purposes. We say merely, advisedly, and for the reason that it responded in a manner that has raised envy in the hearts of all our commercial rivals. In a transport job, it doesn't matter a lot, whether the seamen are Britons or foreigners. Their duty is solely to carry out the instructions which are given by the Briton—who is about in sufficient numbers to see that there is no shinnannakin. But when a Naval War commences, the country which possesses the greatest reserve of fighting sailors, is the country which is likely to win through. In confirmation of this claim, we have only to consider the possibilities of the two fleets which, even as we write, may be pumping shell into each other for all they are worth. Will it be pretended that the Japanese Navy would have the ghost of a chance, supposing Rozh-etc.'s fleet were manned with sailormen, instead of a mob of heaven-alone-knows-what? Would the Russian butcher have wasted his time in a pretended seance after cat-fish, if his sea-boys had been at all worthy of the name? And even now, are any of us sure that instead of the alleged fishing joke, the Russian genius was not engaged in a last despairing effort to bring order out of the chaos which existed on his vessels, when he was started away on this trip which is bidding fair to be the one from which he will never return? We are not sure of anything of the sort. Indeed, the chances—to say nothing of the indications—are all in favour of the supposition, that Rozh-etc was engaged as suggested. And even as it might be in his case, so would it be with Britain, "the Mistress of the Seas!" Once allow Britain to sustain a loss, similar to that which was sustained by the Russians at the initial stage of the war, and her remaining fleets would have to dodge Pompey, until her levies of 'longshoremen had been initiated into the mysteries of cat- (or other) fishing. We know that the picture is the reverse of inspiriting; but it is a true one, nevertheless. Yet if you dare propose that the Government offer a matter of a few pounds per annum to a given number of eligible lads by way of retaining fee, and so that they may be a reserve in time of need—heigho! there is nothing the matter, is there? Time after time, tomfool schemes have been proposed,

tried, and cast aside as utterly useless; so-called "experts" have assured you that if shipowner is offered a solatium, he will carry boys as apprentices; and you have believed the nonsense. Go on believing it, for that matter, although you have had proof that such arguments are suitable, only, in Hanwell. Shipowner will carry boys without a bonus—if he can get them. Even as in factories on shore, where boy labour is cheaper than that of men, so is it at sea. The trouble is, that the boys will not go—in anything like decent numbers. Moreover, is there any valid reason that they should? There is not! Why should they sacrifice their lives for you? For that is all going to sea, under existing circumstances, amounts to. Even if you will not agree with us in this matter, the fact remains that you cannot get apprentices to stay at sea—no matter how much you "bonus" the employer. This being so—and it is, you know—can there be any harm in trying the obvious remedy? Offer the boys the bonus, and then stand by to see what happens. Shipowner offers some forty pounds for four years' scull-dragging; let the Government increase this by another forty pounds; and you would be surprised at the number of lads that will risk it. As things are now, the Admiralty spends £300 per man, before a twenty-year-old A.B. is acquired; under the conditions which we have suggested, the Admiralty would get a good sailorman for £40. A good, reliable, and resourceful sailorman; the kind of stuff which present naval training will never manufacture. We know that it is hard to have to admit failure; and it is doubly hard for a national department which has hitherto claimed infallibility; but then, it is better to admit this failure of one's own free will, than to be compelled to do so at the point of the sword; and that is what is going to happen unless something radically different is brought about very soon. Time and again, we have called attention to the national fools' paradise which has been worked up around us; have called that attention from personal knowledge, and as the result of living among the surroundings of which we write. Our words have been attended to in numberless quarters, and we are grateful for that attention; the more so as we hanker after no sensationalism, and simply write as experience has taught us. We also know that there is an awakening in the public mind; an awakening for which, in no small way, we have been responsible; but the awakening is too slow; there is too much hesitancy about it: the hesitancy which is born of ignorance of the conditions. Meanwhile, the country is being charged £300 for every Naval sailor that it is given; and this takes no cognisance of the eventual cost of the man; simply franks him through to the age of twenty years. His cost after that, is on an extended scale, and in the end, he is like a tramp steamer that is going a three years' voyage with no spare tail-shaft in No. 3 hold. At least, his warship is! In commercial sailorising, it is considered good business to have spare "parts" to the machinery that earns the money; the same applies to the Navy. A warship is fitted out with spare this, that, and t'other thing; and the only affair in which she runs single-breasted, so to speak, is in the matter of her "hands." Even these, in far too many instances, are of the "skeleton" persuasion; are altogether insufficient for peace time. What is going to happen when the dogs of war are unleashed, needs no very great prophet to determine. In conclusion, let us assure you that we know, from personal knowledge, that there are any number of boys on shore, who are ready—nay anxious—to embark on a seafaring career, if you will but convince them that you have an interest in their ultimate welfare, at least equal to that which you offer to the Naval man. This latter has good ships: continuous service; good food; ten men to do the work of one—mercantilely considered; a pension; doctor's attendance if sick; and an invaliding solatium if muckered up in the service of his country. Compare this with the merchantman and his life in a sweat box; hunger and hard work; small pay; non-continuous service; no pension; the workhouse if rendered unfit by arduous service; and the same thing, when at about forty, he is told that he is "too old." Having considered, say, candidly, if you wonder that the British boy will have none of it. If you do not wonder, why not insist on a better ordering of things nautical; why not see to it that the nation's money is spent on training the nation's food-suppliers?

QUANTITY OR VALUE TAX?

ONE set of "teachers" declare that it is human to wish to fly to ills we wot not of, rather than to incline to a sojourn among those whose inherent miseries we have sampled to the bottom. Another cult declares that human nature is convinced that it is better to live with a—well, yes, with a devil that you know, than with one of the other kind. This may be so, with ills or with devils; but we have our doubts as to whether the "teaching" lines up where a coal-tax is under consideration, and where the humanity involved, is that which absolutely depends on coal, and the trade therein. Here, in Goalville, the present consuming thought is, "Will that everything-that-is-wicked coal-tax be wiped away?" The reply thereto is, "Yes, and an *ad valorem* duty will be imposed, instead." Now, it is a good policy, in every phase of human life, that of two evils, one should choose the least. Mind, there is another good policy, and it is to the effect that, when possible, an evil should be removed. That it is so in connection with the coal-tax, there is no possibility of gainsaying. No matter how the thing is considered, it is none but an extremely foolish statesman who would attempt to justify a tax on exports. If a country is so misguided that it will not tax imports, preferring to give a free stem to every manufacturer on earth; it is still beyond the bounds of practicality, that the same country should stoop low enough to tax one portion of the community, simply for the reason that the tax is "popular," with those whose business is not identical with the taxed portion. It is a law-maker's business to be impartial, and directly he shows bias—either one way or the other—his law-making should be determined, and a better man placed in authority. That the coal-tax is all a question of bias, cannot be denied. It is, furthermore, based on the assumption that as coalowners "make" piles of money, they can afford the imposition. But do coalowners make these alleged piles of money? In a few instances, yes; but in the vast majority of colliery concerns in South Wales, "regrets" are about all that is issued with the annual balance sheets! And reverting to the threatened *ad valorem* tax, let us consider how it would effect South Wales. At the present time, the district supplies about one half of the whole amount of the coal-tax; but if the tax assessed, is to be in accordance with the selling price of the commodity, then, Wales would have to bear the brunt of finding the amount that is ear-marked for coal-tax. There is no getting away from this, no matter how the argument is worked. Personally, we are of opinion that the threatened change is merely by way of an *in terrorem* wheeze; a sort of, "Look here, you fellows in Wales; you have made the pace rather warm in your endeavours to find easement for the burden which we have placed upon you; you have knocked all our arguments into a cocked-hat; and if we allow you to send any more deputations to speak to us, we shall stand exposed before the country, as unduly handicapping a given industry. So! Then, if you have any more old talk about the removal of the coal-tax—well, we'll remove it, or the nation will see through our machinations; but dern it, we'll impose an *ad valorem* tax—and that'll keep you busy!" It would, too, and thus it comes about that those with a vital interest in the question—which is to say the whole of the community in South Wales—should combine. Should sink petty differences until the main issue which affects all, alike, has been disposed of, when there will still be ample time to go on with the "party" excitement?

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *April 12, 1905.*

IN reviewing the Coal Market for the past week, we cannot say that any very great change has materialised therein, although during the past day or so, a reassuring steadiness has hovered around, so that prices are stronger than for some time past. Increased stemming is mainly responsible for this hardening tendency, and the increased stemming again, is resultant from the fairly good tonnage supplies which have kept the merry chartering clerk somewhat busy. Another item which has helped, is that most of the steamers fixed, have been taken for this side of the approaching holidays. However, for prompt shipment, buyers have been faced with no increase in price, although, as already stated, there is a hardening tendency toward.

BEST CARDIFF ADMIRALTYS. In this grade we find anything but an appreciable variation in price. As far as the premier qualities are concerned, sellers show a disposition to accept nothing below 13s. 3d.—seeing that their stems are fairly full; indeed, some of the more blesséd among them, are in the happy position of being, to all intents and purposes, compelled to abandon the thought of entering into any new obligations, for at least, the next week or so. So far, so good! But—alas the word!—there are still others who are not, by any means so well off, and as a natural consequence, the quotation varies according as to whether the quoter is of the full, or rather, the empty line. That is, quality, quantity, and position continues to be the determining factors, as of old! Mind you, there has been anything but a lot doing outside, and although enquiries are undoubtedy more numerous, actual transactions are the reverse. And, as we have stated ere this, you cannot run a colliery on enquiries. Indeed, the Welsh coalowner is altogether too "downy" to attempt any such thing. Thus it comes about, that values in this particular portion of the merry whirl, are ranging along between 12s. 9d. and 13s. 3d. If you have excessive powers of persuasion, you can buy for 12s. 9d.; if the other fellow is best at the persuasiveness, he will sell at 13s. 3d.!

SECOND CARDIFFS are ticketted for sale, at between 12s. 6d. to 12s. 9d., and continue in much the same position, generally, as at our last time of addressing you. If one may judge from indications—and that, after all, is about what one has to judge from?—these qualities are not likely to show any great improvement in the near future. Always, of course, barring the unexpected. True, there are a few collieries in this group, which are rather more comfortably situated than their competitors, and in their case, the prices have been fairly well-maintained, by their exploiters, at around 12s. 9d. But on the whole, stems are certainly easy, and with a supply considerably in excess of the demand, buyers who are enabled to fit in their requirements so that they suit the particular colliery's stem, find that they are enabled to "consesh," to an appreciable degree below the quotation. Thus, while the top sorts are steady at the 9d., others are obtainable at 12s. 6d., while with a little patient thinking and speechifying, 12s. 3d. is anything but an impossible price. And this, in spite of the approach of the holidays!

DRYS also, show no improvement, for they are easy both in condition and in price. As a matter of fact, this grade, in so far as new business is concerned, fulfil their descriptive! Furthermore, the absence of demand is tumbling them over toward greater weakness. The collieries' stems are on the easy grade, and buyers have no difficulty in securing all they require at advantageous terms. For BESTS, the quoted figures are 12s.—the actual figures paid, 11s. 9d.

MONMOUTHSHIRE COALS are about maintained at previous figures, and although these are certainly steadier, there is an absence of any firmness, in values, that is worthy of note. The collieries are working more steadily, it is true; but the demand is by no means active—as the word is understood among the "fancy." It cannot well be otherwise, seeing that stocks are yet too heavy, to admit of sellers shipping the stiff lip which is necessary, when quotations have to be maintained. Thus it comes about, that juggling with quotations is by no means difficult, when anything approaching that blesséd word despatch is to the 'fore. Itemising, we find that BLACK VEINS are offered at 11s. 6d.—Newport; and while we are bound to admit that this is the price in the majority of instances, it might—with a bit of pushfulness—be improved upon.

ORDINARIES, in as far as quotations are concerned, are unchanged, that current being 11s. 3d. This is, however, by no means firm, and prompt cargoes may easily be arranged for, at about 11s. Nevertheless, stems are not so easy with all the collieries, and it is stated that some of the stuff has changed hands at 11s. 3d.; if so, it was merely an isolated case, or so, and has been by no means common. The request in this section, is a negligible quantity, no new accumulations are toward, prices are just easy, and the actual value may safely be considered as 11s. For anything required forward, sellers are inclined to be a bit more obdurate; but there is nothing to brag about, even here.

SECONDS are steadier, having been favoured with a slightly better enquiry. For shipment over the present week, they are arrangeable at 10s. 3d., but for anything ahead, the demand is 10s. 6d. Collieries, here, are better stemmed, and are busier than has been the case of late; this accounts for a hardening of the quotation—and that is all. INFERIORS, too, are pretending to hold out for the odd threepence.

RHONDDA NUMBER 3's are showing an easier tone, seeing that the demand herein has eased off considerably of late. However, sellers have a sufficiency stemmed to enable them—with enterprise—to maintain their market, and taken all 'round, 13s. 9d., is fairly well adhered to for anything required for an early date. Indeed, and for this position, there are they who are unable to negotiate any further business. Admittedly, there is but little doing outside of contracts, so that prices ahead have a weakening tendency, as already suggested. THRO'S are at from 11s. 6d. to 11s. 9d., with SMALLS between 9s. 9d. and 10s.

RHONDDA NUMBER 2's are quoted at 10s. 3d., and a much larger business has been done in these, than for some time past– especially for bunkering. All the same, stems are by no means tight, and supplies are fairly plentiful; this means that positive business—the kind which admits of no shinnannakin, you know—would induce the seller to modify his demand to, at least, the extent of 1½d.—aye, or to 3d., if the shipment suited his own particular ideas of the fitness of things, don'tcherknow. All the same, No. 2's may be safely written down as fairly steady, at this precise moment.

SMALLS—good old Smalls—in the matter of values, have been ruling high. So much so, as a matter of fact, that some few buyers have been turning their fickle

affections to inferior large coal for bunkering requirements, rather than fall in with the haughty tone of the would-be SMALLS seller. But getting away from our little bit of badinage, we are compelled to admit that the supply of the humble, though necessary Small coal of commerce, continues in the sadly limited stage. As a result, there has been little change in price—downward, at least. BESTS have been easily commanding 8s. 6d., and it is asserted (fearlessly) that instances are not unknown, where higher than this has been paid. This may easily be when buyer is restricted to one particular quality—or where buyer is merely an agent for an outlander in which case the outlander never really knows what is doing?—but transactions have been chiefly based on the 6d. limit, at which sellers are more or less firm. SECONDS, range from 7s. 6d. to 8s.; ORDINARIES, from 7s. 3d. to 7s. 6d. And during the past few days, an easiness has been noticeable, on account of the increased shipments of Large Coals.

PATENT FUELS are steady at recent figures, which have undergone no change. The demand, here, is merely moderate. PITWOOD, too, has shown no improvement, as stocks are plentiful. Moreover, the business in Pitwood is the reverse of brisk, and prices remain easy, at 16s. 6d./16s. 9d.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	12s. 9d., 13s. 3d	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 1½d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 3d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 3d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 7½d.	12s. 7½d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 9d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	11s. 9d	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.
Drys ,, ..	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d., 12s. 3d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.
Best Newport ,, ...	11s. 6d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	11s. 0d., 11s 3d.	11s. 1½d.	11s. 1½d.	11s. 0d., 11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 1½d.
Seconds ,, ...	10s. 3d	10s. 4½d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,,	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 9d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, .	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 6d., 13s. 9d.	13s. 7½d.	13s. 7½d.	13s. 6d., 13s. 9d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, .	10s. 0d., 10s. 3d.	10s. 1½d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 3d.	10s. 1½d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro."	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.
,, 2 ,,	8s. 3d., 8s. 9d	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 3d., 8s. 6d.	8s. 6d., 8s. 9d.	8s. 6d.
Smalls:						
Best Cardiff	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 3d. 8s. 6d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d., 8s. 6d.
Seconds	7s. 6d., 8s. 0d.	8s. 0d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 6d., 7s. 9d.	7s. 6d., 7s. 9d.
Ordinaries	7s. 6d., 7s 9d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 3d., 7s. 6d.	7s. 4½d.	7s. 3d., 7s. 6d.
Best Newport	7s. 6d., 7s. 9d	7s. 7½d.	7s. 7½d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s 3d., 7s. 6d.
Seconds	7s 0d., 7s 3d	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 0d.	7s. 0d.	6s. 9d., 7s. 0d.
Rhondda No. 2	7s. 6d	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d., 7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 3d., 7s. 6d.
,, No. 3	9s. 0d., 10s 0d	10s. 0d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d., 10s. 0d.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.
Foundry Coke:						
Special	21s. 0d., 22s. 0d	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.	21s. 0d., 21s. 6d.	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d.
Ordinary	17s 0d., 18s. 0d	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d., 17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 0d., 18s. 0d.
Furnace Coke	15s. 9d., 16s 0d.	16s. 0d	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.
Patent Fuel	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d., 13s. 3d.	13s. 0d.
Pitwood (ex ship)	16s. 9d	16s. 6d., 16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 16s. 0d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *April 12, 1905.*

THE market, here, has shown no improvement since our last, and for prompt shipment, prices continue weak, all 'round. New business being limited, buyers find that the market is much in their favour; but this, notwithstanding, there has been the reverse of a deal of bookings. The demand for all descriptions has been very moderate, and the prospects of any improvement, is not reassuring.

ANTHRACITE COALS, for prompt shipment, are rather plentiful, and with but little request, sellers have been disposed to conciliate buyers in the matter of price. BEST MALTING descriptions are fairly well stemmed, and there has been little change in the quotation, which ranges from 18s. to 19s. RED & BIG VEIN sorts are still easy, although shipping has been heavier, so that prices are about maintained; but nothing more.

MACHINE MADE COALS show no improvement, and the absence of new business is making itself felt. There has been but little demand, and stocks being heavy, weakness is the characteristic of this section.

CULM, however, retains its firmness. Outputs being somewhat restricted, the demand still, exceeds the supply, and as this has been well up to the average, prices have shown no alteration. Bests are selling at 5s.; with Inferiors at from 4s. 6d. to 4s. 9d.

STEAMS are quiet, and there has been no improvement in the enquiry during the week. Consequently, values remain on a par with those ruling at our last writing. Here and there, however, these are steadier, where better stemming has resulted. New business is still far too limited to admit of any firmness in values which, for prompt shipment, are nothing but easy. BESTS can be marked at 13s., SECONDS 11s. 9d. to 12s. BUNKER qualities are a trifle steadier.

PATENT FUELS are rather easier at from 11s. 9d. to 12s. 6d., but there is not an active demand for them.

BELOW, we give the average prices for the week:—

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:						
Best Hand Picked		18s. 9d., 19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	18s. 6d., 19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	18s. 6d., 19s. 0d.
Malting Large	18s. 9d	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 6d	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.	17s. 9d.
Seconds do. ..	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 0d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 7½d.
Big Vein Large .	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.	9s. 9d.	9s 9d.	9s. 6d. 9s. 9d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.
Red ,, ,,	9s. 9d., 10s. 0d.	16s. 6d.	1 s. 6d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 4½d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 6d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	16s. 0d., 17s 0d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 16s. 9d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 9d.
,, ,, Nuts ..	16s. 6d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.	9s. 9d., 10s. 9d.
,, ,, Peas ...	10s. 0d., 11s. 0d.	5s. 3d.	5s. 3d.	5s. 1½d.	5s. 1½d.	5s. 0d., 5s. 3d.
Rubbly Culm .	5s. 0d., 5s. 3d.	3s. 3d.	3s. 3d.	3s. 6d.	3s. 0d., 3s. 6d.	3s. 0d., 3s. 3d.
Duff	3s. 0d., 3s. 0d					
Patent Fuel:	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.
Steam:						
Best Large	13s. 0d., 13s 3d	12s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d., 13s. 3d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.
Seconds ,,	12s. 0d	12s. 0 .	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.
Bunker ,,	10s. 6d., 11s 0d	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 7½d.	10s. 6d., 10s. 9d.	10s. 7½d.
Thro' and Thro'	8s. 6d., 8s. 9d	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d., 8s. 9d.	8s. 7½d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

CARDIFF, *April 12, 1905.*

HERE we are, again, as some other fellow said, at some other time, and in the main, we think we may safely assert that the freight market is a bit brisker than at our last time of writing. There is nothing to brag about in rates, which are, practically, unchanged.

FOR the Eastern theatre, there is just a move - and that is all. When SINGAPORE is doing for 8s., and MAURITIUS for 10s. 6d.—well, it is unnecessary to pursue the vexing subject farther?

WESTWARD, the Star of Empire, and rotten rates pursue their united way. Not that the Star has much to do with the freights, or *vice versa*; but with the PLATE hopping along between 7s. 3d. and 7s. 6d. option ROSARIO, at 8s. 6d.; well it is of little use to write overmuch about it? For the ISLANDS, there is a little doing, at last rates; same thing applies to RIO DE JANEIRO.

FOR MEDITERRANEAN business, there has been a little more activity than during the previous week, at rates as scheduled below; and for the Bay, a moderate amount of business has passed, again at prices below.

THE COASTING trade keeps just middling in quantity, but with a drop —some instances appreciable; other not quite so apparent—in most directions. Taken altogether, the outlook is not so overbright, is it? Nevertheless, there is quite a rush for the business that is about, and thus it follows that the "bulge" is still with the gentle charterer. Pessimists declare, that never again will shipowner see times equivalent to those which have gone. Personally, we shouldn't wonder, a bit. Other times, other manners; other manners, other freights—and there it is.

Week Ending, (Wednesday), April 12, 1905

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Singapore, Steamer, 8s.
Mauritius, *Allanton*, 10s. 6d.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Rosemount*, 4,500 tons, 7s. 3d.
Steamer, 3,000 tons, 7s. 6d. option **Rosario,** 8s. 6d.
Steamer, 7s. 6d.
Steamer, 3,000 tons, 7s. 4½d.
Cape Verdes, *Bagdale*, 4,200 tons, 6s. 6d.
Las Palmas, *Concord*, 3,800 tons, 5s. 9d. option **Cape Verdes,** 6s. 6d.
San Telmo, 1,700 tons, 6s. 6d., option **Madeira**
Dakar, *Holgate*, 7s. 3d.
Majestic, 4,200 tons, 7s. 3d. coal, 8s. fuel
Rio de Janeiro, *Persiana*, 5,000 tons, 8s. 9d.
Pontop, 4,200 tons, 8s. 9d.
Steamer, 5,000 tons, 8s. 9d.
Montreal, *Albara*, 1,500 tons, (part cargo), 4s. 9d. (s).
Tandjong Priok, Steamer, 8s. 1½d.
Madeira, *Douro*, 800 tons, 6s. 6d.
Farringford, 4,000 tons, 6s. option **Las Palmas.**
Zarate, *Enterprise*, 2,300 tons, 7s. 6d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Torrington*, 8,600 tons, 6s.
Moorfield, 5,400 tons, 6s.
Ben Nevis, 6s.
Genoa, *Stanhope*, 4,200 tons, 6s. 6d. ppt.
Segontian, 1,300 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Steamer, 8/900 tons, 12s. 6d. plates.
Selby, 2,500 tons, 7s. spot.
Deipara, 3,500 tons, 6s. 9d. ppt.
Steamer, 3,300 tons, 6s. 6d.
Bertha, 2,900 tons, 6s. 9d.
Alexandria, *Antonio*, 4,100 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Rosslyn, 5,200 tons, 6s. 2d.
Steamer, 5,200 tons, 6s. 1½d.
Algiers, Steamer, 2,600 tons, 7 francs.
La Vienne, 2,000 tons, 7·50 fcs. coal, 8·50 fcs. fuel, 400 delivery.
Elorrio, 1,600 tons, 7·25 francs.
Constantinople, *Jupiter*, 2,600 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Trevalgan, 3,000 tons, 6s. 6d. option **Piræus.**
Weslore, 3,100 tons, 6s. 6d.
Eddystone, 3,000 tons, 6s.
Naples, Steamer, 4,600 tons, 6s. 2d. 1,000 dely.
Furlor, 4,500 tons, 6s. 4½d. 1,000 dely.
Venice, *Indeficienter*, 3,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Steamer, 2,800 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Steamer, 4,200 tons, 7s. ppt.
Steamer, 3,600 tons, 7s.
Marseilles, *Dolcoath*, 2,100 tons, 8 fcs.
Steamer, 2,000 tons, 8 fcs.
City, 4,000 tons, 8·50 francs.
Ella Sayer, 3,600 tons, 8·50 francs. spot.
Peterston, 3,600 tons, 8·50 francs.
Steamer, 4,000 tons, 8 francs.
Richard, 2,100 tons, 8·25 francs.
Glenby, 2,600 tons, 8·25 francs.
Inca, 4,400 tons, 8 francs
Messina, *Licata*, 2,800 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Steamer, 1,750 tons, 7s. 6d. (s).
Torre, *Rosario*, 3,500 tons, 6s. 9d. option **Leghorn.**
Spezzia, *Arethusa*, 2,300 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Brindisi, *Bushmills*, 3,300 tons, 6s. 6d.
Porto Vecchio di Piombino, *Duchess*, 1,600 tons, 6s. 9d.
Trieste, *Atlantico*, 4,900 tons, 7s.
Marmarice, (Near Smyrna), *Pendeen*, 3,100 tons, 5s. 6d.
New Orleans, 5,400 tons, 5s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Dingwall, 2,600 tons, 5s. 9d. „
Smyrna, *Austria*, 2,500 tons, 6s. 9d. (N).
Bougie, Steamer, 7·75 fcs. coal, 8·75 fcs. fuel, (s).
Licata, *Cheriton*, 1,300 tons, 7s. 9d. (s).
Lisbon, *Ulhenhorst*, 4s. 9d. (N).
Garth, 4s. 9d.
Valencia, *Genova*, 1,100 tons, 6s. 3d. coal, 7s. fuel, (s).
Piræus, *Loyal Briton* 3,400 tons, 6s. 6d. (N).
Gibraltar, *Corso*, 2,700 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Muriel, 2,800 tons, 3s. 9d. „
Rhio, 3,400 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty a/c)
Sfax, *Helios*, 2,000 tons, 8·50 francs.
Bona, *Larpool*, 1,700 tons, 8·75 francs. coal, 9·75 francs. fuel, (s).
Ancona, Steamer, 2,600 tons, 7s. 9d. coal, 8s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Civita Vecchia, Steamer, 2,500 tons, 7s. 6d.
Aguilas, Steamer, 6s. 10½d.
Danube, Steamer, 1,500 tons, 7s.
Bilbao *Jason*, 1,000 tons, 3s. 9d. (N).

BAY, Etc.

St. Nazaire, *Abertay*, 1,200 tons, 4·12½ francs
Ollargan, 2,900 tons, 4 francs.
Saxon, or sub., 2,000 tons, 4·25 fcs.
Bordeaux, *Mangara*, 2,300 tons, 4·62½ francs. (s).
Nantes, *Udsire*, 1,200 tons, 4·50 fcs, (s).
Devonia, 1,400 tons, 4·40 francs. spot.
Rocheforte, *Innesmoor*, 1,800 tons, 4·12½ francs.
Sables, *Louise*, 1,600 tons, 4·12½ fcs.

BALTIC, Etc.

Copenhagen, *F. C. Anderson*, 5s. (s).
Stockholm, *Rupel*, 2,800 tons, 4s. 3d.
Rikard Nordraak, 1,400 tons, 5s. (s).
Swinemunde, *Refugio*, 1,600 tons, 4s.
Cronstadt, *Cornucopia*, 1,500 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).

COASTING, Etc.

Devonport, *Throstlegarth*, 2,100 tons, 2s. 4½d. (Adm'lty a/c)
Elemore, 1,150 tons, 2s. 3d. „
Dalmuir, *Stream Fisher*, 500 tons, 3s. 10½d. „
Diamond, 500 tons, 3s. 10½d. „
Portland, *Skeldon*, 1,750 tons, 2s. 3d. „
Dover, *Tees*, 280 tons, 5s.
St. Malo, *Glynn*, 1,450 tons, 3s. 7½d. spot.
Fecamp, *Marchioness*, 600 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Iron King, 510 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Caen, *Lizze*, 1,100 tons, 4s. (s).
Johanna, 1,500 tons, 4s. (s).
Rouen, *Alice M. Craig*, 1,200 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Skrim, (?) 850 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
St. Andre, 1,450 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Guernsey, *Tees*, 260 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Sheerness *Speedwell*, 1,200 tons, 3s. 3d. (Admiralty).
St. Valery sur Somme, *Sea Spray*, 500 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
San Feliu de Guixolles, Steamer, 7/800 tons, 8s. 4½d. coal, 9s. 4½d. fuel (s)
Honfleur, *Ituna*, 700 tons, 4s.
Brest, *Sound Fisher*, 500 tons, 4s. 6d., 200 dely.
London, *Ravensworth*, 950 tons, 3s. 9d. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Huelva to Swansea, *Cassia*, 676 n. 5s. 3d. ore.
Cala Conchas to Newport, *Dunsley*, 2,800 tons, 5s 6d. f.d.

MARITIME AND OTHER MONEY MATTERS.

THE need for an extension in the salvage business has been commented on in these columns, on several occasions. It is a need that cannot be gainsaid, and to-date, but few people—comparatively few, that is—have concerned themselves with the matter; have appeared to be of opinion that it is just as well to depend on the foreigner for salvage-plant, as it is for seamen to man the vessels which might ultimately become in need of salvage. Anyhow, for an Empire of the size and importance of that known as the British, its salvage facilities are disgustingly inadequate. So much so, indeed, that whenever a really important case is in need of attention, the general custom is to obtain the services of an affair made in Germany, or Scalwegia.

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HOWEVER, this sinful state of affairs is by way of being remedied—to a certain extent; and it is matter for indifference whether the Revival, and its consequent Salvage of Souls is responsible; or if some other, and merely commercial instinct, is at the bottom of the newest venture in this direction. Whichever way you care to consider the business, the Cornish Salvage Company, Limited, has been registered, and if there is a startling lack of nautical gentlemen in the subscribers to the registration, this is a little matter that may easily be overcome, later on. Anyhow, we note that the occupations of the originators of the C.S.C.—as it will, we trust, be known to future generations—are clerk, accountant, accountant, merchant, accountant, accountant, accountant.

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NOW, if this were a company formed for the salvage of those unfortunate people who trend toward the brink of bankruptcy because of a tangle-up with ledgers, and things; we should have no personal qualm as to its ultimate success. With five accountants out of seven—and one of the odd members a clerk—you could depend on having your financial affairs salvaged into the strait and narrow way, that branches off at about five-hundred paces from the office of the Official Receiver? That is what we think, anyway. But when we come down to marine salvage, towage, and lighterage—well, we are by no means so certain of our ground. Especially if it is really intended to confine the operations, to the coast of Cornwall, yes! In the words of the vulgar little boy, the coast of Cornwall is no "cop," when salvage operations are about!

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IN proof of this, it is only necessary to remember the *Mohegan*, *Paris*, etc. And coming to the capital which it is intended to halo around this newest salvage concern—well, it is scheduled as £5,000, in £1 shares. We do not wish to appear as unduly pessimistic, but we are of opinion that you cannot purchase much salvage plant for £5,000—no matter how you size-up the value of the shares. Of course, if it is intended to carry out the Cornish salvage business with motor-boats—well, you can purchase quite a number of them for the money. Can't you, now? But when it comes down to a consideration of really high-class tug-boats; Worthington—or other equally efficient—pumps, anchors, chains, and all the other impedimenta which go to make up an up-to-date salvage plant; well, your £5,000 won't go very far; not if you apportion the stuff into £10 shares, instead of the £1 variety.

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ALL the same, we wish the new venture every success, and are of opinion that the same should coruscate around the efforts of the clerical gentlemen who have rushed in, so to speak, where nautically experienced men have feared to tread. It is because of such enterprise as this, that Britain has acquired her present lead in the van of commercial importance; and we should not be surprised to note, that some of Cardiff's shipowning kings had now been shamed into going one better; into floating a company with a capital of about a million—in which case, Cardiff could be sure of having a salvage plant, worthy of consideration. Anyhow, the pioneer salvage concern has a fair belief in its own reason of existence; at least, we should imagine so; for there is to be no initial public issue; and Table "A" will mainly apply; while the registered offices of the company will be down in Bute Street, which is sufficiently near to the proposed venue for operations?

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WE shall keep our metaphorical eye on the future developments of this plucky little combination. We know there is money in salvage work—sometimes; especially where the work is undertaken on the "no cure, no pay" basis, and where ultimately the "cure" is conspicuous by its absence! Furthermore, the trouble with some other, and more ambitious affairs which have flourished—more or less—in the past, has been in the matter of over-capitalisation, to which was added the weight of too big a number of "experts," for whom salaries had to be found. In the case of the Cornish Salvage Company, Limited, there is absolutely no fear of over-capitalization; and if the tactics which were employed in the registration, are carried out in the working thereof, there will be no over-weighting by the "expert," and the need of finding him his screw. By "expert," we mean, of course, the nautical gentleman who is going to show his employers "all about it"—by and bye!

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WHAT'S in a name? A lot, sometimes. So is there in the power which the name covers. There is the Shawinigan Water and Power Company, for instance. It is a Canadian undertaking, and it is appealing to the British investor, for a few shekels. We haven't room to go into the particulars of the capitalisation of the Shawinigan concern. We are more intent on totting up the power which is in the name—or in the undertaking which shelters behind the name. When you remember that—according to the Company's prospectus—its works are now developed to the point which makes available the whole of 100,000 horse-power; well, you will agree that there is a quantity of power in a name, at times? True, the power is in Canada, and the British investor will be in Britain—if he so chooses; but what of that? Still the thing is a big one, as Canadian affairs go, to-day.

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IN leaving the Shawinigan—we like the name; there is such a tickling amount of euphony about it—concern, we might as well show you how very important it is, as to capital? Very well! Its share capital is—all in dollars—6,500,000; the mortgage bonds authorised tot up to 5,000,000, of which 2,000,000 have already been issued; and the present bid is for another 2,000,000—thus leaving yet another 1,000,000 for a future bid. By this you will see that not only is Shawinigan Water and Power Company, an "influential" affair, for it is more. It has the water (at Shawinigan Falls, you'll note); and it has the power to raise another million dollars, even after the present bid is well-responded to, by the Briton who has become sick of investing in shipping which merely floats on water—when there is no paper about! Here let us leave it!

SHIPBUILDING.

It is reported that five of the steamers managed by Messrs. Phelps Brothers, Liverpool, have been sold to London buyers, viz.:

The steel screw steamer *Powhatan*, built and engined by the Barrow Shipbuilding Co., Ltd., Barrow, in 1886, 2,536 tons gross; dimensions 310ft. x 38ft. x 26ft. 8in.; about 3,500 tons deadweight: with engines 18in., 38in., 60in. x 42in. stroke.

The steel screw steamers *Pocahontas* and *Pocasset*, sister ships, both built and engined by Messrs. R. Stephenson & Co., Ltd., in 1889. 2,675 tons gross; dimensions 300ft. x 39ft. 2in. x 27ft. 6in.; about 3,800 tons deadweight; with engines 25in., 39in., 62in. x 42in. stroke.

The iron screw steamer *Pawnee*, built by Messrs. T. Royden & Sons, Liverpool, in 1881. 1,798 tons gross; dimensions 277ft. 5in. x 34ft. 6in. x 25ft. 6in.; about 2,450 tons deadweight; with engines 21½in., 53in. x 39in. stroke: new boilers fitted in 1897.

The iron screw steamer *Picqua*, built by Messrs. T. Royden & Sons, Liverpool, in 1882; 1,796 tons gross; dimensions 277ft. 6in. x 34ft. 6in. x 25ft. 6in.; about 2,450 tons deadweight; with engines 22in., 53in. x 39in. stroke: new boilers fitted in 1898.

We understand the price paid is £35,000 for the lot, they will be sent out East, where the purchasers will try and re-sell the boats to Japan.

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Messrs. Wm. Gray & Co., Ltd., West Hartlepool, announce that the steamer *Pruth*, launched last week to the order of the Mercantile Steamship Company, Ltd., of London, is the seven hundredth vessel which they have built. As the yard is by no means the oldest in the country—the business being only in the second generation—the record is very remarkable and surely not many firms can boast of having launched 700 vessels. The firm was founded by the late Sir William Gray, who is still fresh in the memory of British shipbuilders, and all the vessels have been put into the water since the advent of iron steamships, so that only a shipyard with great resources for turning out work quickly, and on a large scale, could perform the feat. For many years past, Messrs. Gray have made a practice of engining all the vessels they build, so that a very large proportion of the 700 vessels have been built, engined and fully equipped on the company's premises, and without recourse to outside contractors.

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The oil tank steamer *Prometheus*, built by the Palmer Shipbuilding and Iron Company, at Jarrow, has been sold to a German oil carrying company. This steamer has laid up in the Tyne since she was launched two years ago. She was built for Sir Christopher Furness, who sold her about two months ago to the Anglo American Oil Co., Ltd., who have resold her to a Hamburg firm. The *Prometheus* is a fine up-to-date oil carrier, with a capacity of 8,600 tons, and the original contract price is said to have been over £100,000, but we understand she has been sold at considerably less money.

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We understand that Messrs. T. Stephens & Sons, London, have bought a new steamer, now building by Messrs. Short Brothers, Sunderland, for about £35,000. Her dimensions are, 363ft. x 45ft. x 25ft. 2in.; two decks, with cargo poop, bridge and forecastle; about 5,750 tons deadweight. The machinery will be supplied by Messrs. George Clark, Ltd., Sunderland, having engines 24½in., 40in., 66in. x 45in. stroke, and two single ended boilers 13ft. 6in. x 11ft. 9in. working at 180lbs. pressure. The steamer is now about ready for launching.

Shipbuilders on the Tyne, Wear, Tees and the Hartlepools are exceedingly busy, and the same remark applies to the Clyde, but, when the orders at present on hand are executed, builders may look for as quiet a time as was experienced at the latter end of last year. This statement is made in view of the present condition of shipping which is anything but bright, and orders for new tonnage are now very scarce.

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We understand that Messrs. Robinson Brothers, of Whitby, have sold their steel screw steamer *B. T. Robinson* to foreign buyers, at about £8,500. She was built by Messrs. J. Blumer & Co., Sunderland, in 1889. 1,890 tons gross; dimensions 275ft. x 38ft. x 19ft. 8in.; about 2,800 tons deadweight; with engines 21in., 33in., 54in. x 39in. stroke, by Messrs. Amos & Smith, Hull.

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The iron steam trawler *Active*, lately owned by the Pelham Steam Fishing Company, Ltd., Grimsby, has been sold to Messrs. Neale & West, Cardiff. She was built by Messrs. Edwards Brothers, North Shields, in 1898. Dimensions 106ft. x 20ft. 9in. x 11ft.; with engines 12in., 18in., 30in. x 21in. stroke.

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Messrs. G. & J. Burns, Glasgow, have invited tenders for the construction of four new steamers for the cross Channel trade. One of the vessels will have turbine machinery, and the other three reciprocating engines. They are all to be larger and faster than the present Burns' boats.

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The turbines of the new Royal turbine yacht for his Majesty the King, which is to be built by Messrs. A. & J. Inglis, of Glasgow, will be constructed by Parsons Marine Steam Turbine Company, Ltd., at the Turbinia Works, Wallsend-on-Tyne.

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The North British Steam Fishing Company, Ltd., of Aberdeen, have sold their steam trawler *Ben Edra*, to the African Fishing & Trading Co., Ltd., of North Shields. She was built and engined by Messrs. Hall, Russell & Co., Aberdeen, 1901, and will be renamed *Star of the Isles*.

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The Belfast Steamship Company have ordered two fast steamers for the Liverpool-Belfast service. Messrs. Harland & Wolff, Ltd., have secured the contract, and the new vessels, it is stated, will be the finest and fastest passenger steamers in the Irish cross Channel service.

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The Navigazione Generale Italiana, Rome, have ordered six transatlantic steamers of 10,000 tons, each. The Odero Shipbuilding Company, Genoa, have secured the contract.

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The steam trawler *Robin*, built by Messrs. J. Duthie & Co., Montrose, in 1900, has been sold by Mr. J. Lewis, of Aberdeen, to Messrs. Lyle & Garnie, of Granton.

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The Wallasey District Council will shortly invite tenders from shipbuilders for the construction of two ferry steamers to be employed on the Mersey.

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Mr. Hans Muller, of Stettin, is the purchaser of the steamer *Ingleby*, recently reported sold. She has been renamed *Friederike Mueller*.

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The steel screw steamer *Henley*, lately owned by Messrs. Watts, Watts & Co., London, has been sold to Japanese buyers.

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The steamer *Nord II*, recently purchased by the Great Central Railway Company, has been renamed *Wrexham*.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on March 30, 1905, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

5,611/04—CATLIN—*Improvements in belt conveyors.*

This invention relates to improved means for driving and supporting the belts of belt conveyors. According thereto the belts pass at the ends of their travel over leading drums and are driven and supported by one or more endless cables passing over separate sheaves. The actual method of attachment of the belt to the cable or cables consists of a number of hook-shaped clips secured to the edges of the belt which clips engage the cable or cables, after the belt leaves the leading drums.

9,103/04—FABRIK ELEKTRISCHER ZUNDER—*Improvements in electric igniting devices for miners' safety lamps and the like.*

This invention relates to an apparatus for electrically igniting miners' lamps by means of a relatively fine wire which is passed over the wick and rendered incandescent by a relatively feeble current, instead of the relatively thick durable wire now employed for this purpose which requires the use of a relatively powerful current to render it incandescent. For this purpose a star wheel between the spokes of which lengths of the said thin wire are stretched, is mounted on a short vertical spindle so as to be able to rotate horizontally at the end of a tubular rod, which in turn forms a spring ejected plunger arranged to slide in a tube secured to the side of the wick holder of the lamp. When this plunger is forced into its tube, by a lever pivotted in the body of the lamp and actuated externally thereto, it carries the star wheel and wire over the wick, simultaneously contacts are made with the leads from a battery located in the bottom of the lamp and one portion of the wire stretched between two of the spokes is rendered incandescent to ignite the wick. By means of a pawl and ratchet device the star wheel is rotated through an angle sufficient to bring a fresh portion of the wire into operative position each time the plunger is moved. In a modification a reel of wire is mounted alongside the star wheel the arms of which are adapted to clip the wire and unwind same.

10,055/04—CALLENDER'S CABLE & CONSTRUCTION CO., LTD. & WARD—*Improvements in supports for electric cables, hydraulic mains and other conductors of power especially suitable for use in mines.*

This invention relates to a clip for supporting an electric cable &c., in mines, which will yield and release the cable should a fall of material occur on to the same in order to prevent fracture thereof. The clip consists of a strip of sheet metal bent into the shape of an incomplete circle with a vertical tail opposite the gap. This tail is formed by two thicknesses of the strip being nipped together and in the bight at its end a short pin is clamped for supporting the clip from a wall hook.

10,314/04—DOBBIE—*Improvements in ship's logs.*

In this ships log the reading is taken from the graduated periphery or edge of the dial exposed through a window or opening in the casing, instead of as heretofore by a finger passing over the face of the dial. The position of the dial may be caused to be repeated or followed by another dial located for example on the ship's bridge, by means of electric contacts made between a finger and serrations on the edge of the dial or on a wheel fast on the same spindle.

10,359/04—REED—*Improved contrivance for indicating the change of immersion of ships.*

This device consists of a chamber mounted at the centre of area of the plane of flotation of the vessel. This chamber is fitted with a float to which a vertical rod is secured. This rod actuates a pointer moving over a graduated dial. The chamber is connected with the space outside the ship below the water level. The degree of immersion of the vessel is indicated by the pointer on the dial. To provide for large changes of immersion the chamber is so mounted as to be adjustable vertically. The graduations are figured to represent weight as well as heights.

10,541/04—REICHWALD—*Improvements in or connected with briquette presses.*

This invention relates to the class of briquette press in which a receiving chamber reciprocates beneath an open bottomed hopper and in the passage of which receiving chamber a plunger is adapted to be advanced and carry the material forward into the press chamber and compress same into a briquette. The object of the invention is to ensure the delivery of a predetermined quantity of material at each charging of the chamber. For this purpose the relative movements of the parts are such that when the open topped passage of the receiving chamber is beneath the open bottomed hopper the plunger is sufficiently advanced to close the bottom of the said passage so that a charge sufficient to fill this passage only is taken. On further advance of the receiving chamber the plunger is temporally held stationary so as to open the bottom of the passage and allow the material to fall in front of the plunger. These motions are effected by suitable cams.

10,550/04—GREGORY, ELLIS & PLATER—*A new or improved signalling apparatus chiefly intended for maritime purposes.*

This invention relates to a lamp for emitting signalling flashes. It consists of a cylindrical casing, provided near the top with openings through which a light from an electric incandescent lamp is visible. Sliding telescopically inside this cylindrical casing is a cylindrical shutter adapted to close the openings in the former and obscure the lamp, under the influence of helical springs. The shutter is withdrawn by a cord secured to the end of a central rod, which passes from a spider secured to the shutter through the base of the lamp. The whole is adapted to be clamped to a standard on the bridge of a vessel.

These applications for patents are, until May 15, 1905, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

The following applications for the registration of Trade Marks relating to the shipping and coal trades were advertised on April 5, and are open to opposition by interested parties within the period ending May 5.

CLASS 4—*Including coal.*

No. 270,003—8th Feb., 1905—The device of a long-tailed bird on a twig, and the words "TROGON, Frank How & Co., Hackney Wick, N.E."—for raw or partly prepared vegetable, animal, and mineral substances used in manufactures, not included in other classes. F. W. How, trading as Frank How & Company, Gainsborough Road, Hackney Wick, London, N.E., Oil Merchant and Refiner.

No. 270,182—15th Feb., 1905—JAPLITE.
„ 270,186— „ „ —JAPSO.
„ 270,190— „ „ —JAPSOLENE—for raw or partly prepared vegetable and mineral substances used in manufactures, not included in other classes. John Knight & Sons, Ltd., The Royal Primrose Soap Works, Silvertown, London; Soap Manufacturers.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

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Colliery Proprietors.

CORY Bros. & Co., Ltd., Cardiff and London. Depôts at all the principal Coaling Stations in the World.
Telegrams: "Cory, Cardiff"; "Cory, London."

INSOLE, George & Son, Cardiff. Sole Shippers of Cymmer Steam Coal, Windsor Steam Coal, and Insoles No. 2 Rhondda Coal.
Telegrams: "Insoles, Cardiff."

LEWIS Merthyr Consolidated Collieries, Ltd., Proprietors and Shippers of "Lewis Merthyr" Navigation Steam Coal.
Telegrams: "Lewis Merthyr, Cardiff"; "Lewis Merthyr, London."

MARQUESS of Bute Collieries, Aberdare, Hirwain, and Rhondda Valley. Shipping ports:—Bute Docks, Cardiff; Penarth Dock; Swansea; Briton Ferry; and Newport (Mon.)
Telegrams: "Sema, Cardiff."

OCEAN (Merthyr) Coal Co., Ltd., 11, Bute Crescent, Cardiff, proprietors of Ocean (Merthyr) Steam Coal.

UNIVERSAL Steam Coal Co., Ltd., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Proprietors of "Universal Steam Coal."
Telegrams: "Versatile, Cardiff."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

VIVIAN, H. C. & Co., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole European Agents for "The Puritan Coal Mining Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A."
Telegrams: "Vivian, Cardiff."

WATTS, Watts & Co., Cardiff and London. Contractors for the supply of Coals at all Depôts abroad.
Telegrams: "Watts, Cardiff."

Dock Owners.

THE Cardiff Railway Company, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Ship Repairers.

SHEARMAN, John & Co., Ltd., Cardiff, and at Barry Dock.

THE Bute Shipbuilding, Engineering, and Dry Dock Company, Limited, Roath Basin, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Caisson, Cardiff."

THE Cardiff Channel Dry Docks and Pontoon Co., Ltd., Cardiff and Barry Dock.
Telegrams: "Entrance, Cardiff." "Channel, Barry."

THE Mercantile Pontoon Co., Ltd., Roath Dock, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Mercantile, Cardiff."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

Miscellaneous.

LEWIS & Tylor, Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole patentees and manufacturers of "Gripoly," a patent woven belting: and "Burals," a semi-metallic packing.
Telegrams: "Belting Cardiff." Telephone, Nat. 231.

Steamship Owners.

DAN. JENKINS & Co., Steamship Owners and Brokers, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Stonewall, Cardiff."
Nat. Telephone: 1318.

BARRY.

Dock Owners.

THE Barry Railway Co., Barry.

Ship Repairers.

BARRY Graving Dock & Engineering Co., Ltd.
Telegrams: "Bardock, Barry."
National Telephone No. 7. Post Office Telephone No. 7.

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A GOVERNMENT MARINE DEPARTMENT

(OF THE LONG AGO?)

PUZZLE: FIND THE SPIDERS!

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MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF.

Thursday Afternoon.

THE stop-day judgment, has brought forth a very respectable crop of opinions from the ingenuous people who pose as friends to the working-man, but whose friendship is of, rather, a debatable value. To our mind, there is precious little friendship in the advice which eventually mulcts a number of workmen of their hard-earned money. Of course, we are willing to admit that there are many well-informed persons who argue, and not without reason, that it is as well to use up the funds of an union in the payment of damages, as in another, and slower, fashion; that the subscriptions, after being paid up by the union's supporters, may, with reason, be termed "lost capital." In view of the results of the stop-day madness, we are not altogether sure that those subscriptions are not something of the kind? But we are absolutely certain that the expressions of opinion from those who were, in part, responsible for the fiasco to which the country has been treated, are ingenuous in the extreme. If an union is to be anything—in the eyes of its supporters—it has to be utterly militant; must be brought in on every possible occasion; and the word "fight," tacked on to every effort with which it is concerned. The whining trait usually eventuates, after the union has been taught a salutary lesson.

IN other words, the "union" as we know it to-day, is prepared, on nearly every occasion, to engage in a gentle game of bluff; to threaten all manner of trade-dislocating tactics; and unless the employers sit tight, these will undoubtedly follow. Indeed, it would appear that the idea toward which latter-day unionism tends, is not so much the amelioration of the worker, as it is antagonism to what has stupidly been ticketted "the workman's natural enemy"—the employer. Under these conditions, it is small wonder that the men who go to make up an union, may be worked upon in any manner which seemeth good to the leather-lunged gentry who are "leading" them. The pity of it is, that the workmen cannot see who really is doing most of the harm, in so far as they are concerned. Agitator declares that the employer is exploiting the "poor down-trodden workman," and in a few isolated cases, this might be true: but even there, the workman is getting something as his share of the exploitation, for he is being paid a wage which, in view of the statistics which are available, is by no means of the "starvation" order. When colliers, for instance, indulge in the questionable luxury of a piano, and can go off to the seaside, *en famille*, for a fortnight or a month on end, there isn't much to complain of in the circumstances, is there?

AND yet, this is what the majority of them are in a position to do, an' they so wish it. True, there are a number who may not indulge in the music of the instalment-gained "box of strings"; nor in the trip to the seaside, as suggested; but then, if a man will take the major portion of his earnings into "The Blue Pig," say, or will "back his fancy" with another sample of unearned-increment liver, of what use is it to grumble? As a matter of fact, it is this latter kind of "unionist," who has most to say about the iniquities of the age, and of the parsimony of the employer. The other kind of workman, is too busy attending to the wherewithal for the music, and for the shekels which are needed for the seaside trip, to take any stock in the jargon of mass meetings, where the professional agitator insures against consumption, by throwing his chest bare to the mountain breezes. We know that the Welsh collier is a highly developed piece of human nature; but his development has pursued one well-defined path. Where the humour of life comes in, the collier is as undeveloped as a Maori! Were it otherwise, he would see the humour of a situation which admits of his being experimented upon by a number of non-workers, who are for ever chattering about the wickedness of the employer who gives Dai his wage.

THUS far, in a general sense. Let us now come down to the aspect of affairs, as it has been affected by the stop-day judgment. We have already remarked on the ingenuousness which pervades a number of the "opinions," that are manufactured as a sweetener for the men who have to stand and see their shekels wangle over, to the coffers whence they originally came; the coffers of the employer. A loss of anything up to £100,000 is not to be

sneezed at, is it? Indeed, there is quite a number of people who affect a mild wonder as to where the money is really coming from. In view of the frantic efforts which have been made, to "peacefully persuade" the non-unionist into paying up for the "good of the Cause" (which he doesn't believe in), the mild wonder is legitimate. Furthermore, it is justified by a casual glance at the last balance sheet of the Federation. However, when your squad of admirers has been out-done to the extent of £100,000 — more or less—you, as leader of the squad, have to put on your thinking cap, for the purpose of sugaring the pill, or—well, you will soon find your occupation gone? That is how it appears to us, anyhow; and to a goodly number of thinking-persons, beside ourselves.

We can understand that it would be an act of grace, were the employers to forego their damages. An act of grace, from the purview of the agitator; but one of altogether mistaken kindness, from any other point of view. Obviously, the miners' organisation has too much money, no matter how much or how little the amount might really be. Were it not so, that organisation would not go out of its way, to play fast and loose with the interests of that portion of the community which is not of the collier persuasion. Dai evidently doesn't believe it, but, all the same, the rest of us have rights; rights which must be respected, and protected, even as much as those which belong to the miner. And thus it comes about, that if the country allows the colliers' "friends" to play high, low, Jack and the game, with the general prosperity of "gallant little Wales," the sooner that the vast majority of us who are not colliers emigrate, the better will it be for our children, when they grow up? It cannot be pretended that the colliers, or their "leaders," are altogether unsophisticated children of nature; they have proved themselves very "downy," on several occasions; and when they engage in a labour fan-tan, they do so with a full appreciation of the possibilities to themselves.

This being so, were the employers to forego the damages which rightly belong to them, they would, as already stated, be guilty of a mistaken kindness. It is perfectly certain that if the Federation had won, there would be no question of foregoing their costs—not by a very long way, for they would certainly have exacted the uttermost farthing? Another point must not be forgotten in this connection: As long as it takes the agitating fraternity to re-accumulate the snug little amount which has to pass away as a "war indemnity," for just that time will there be peace in the ranks of collierdom. With peace there, prosperity will be likely to continue elsewhere, for one of the greatest obstacles to a continued prosperity in the coal trade, is the fact that the foreign consumer never knows how soon his business undertakings may be ruined, through the advent of labour troubles at the source of supply. This is a point, on which the professional agitator is altogether at sea. The consumer is merely a "something" foreigner, and as such, deserves no consideration. Fortunately, the colliery proprietor has other views, and the best portions of his waking moments are used up, in impressing on that foreign consumer, his importance in the world of coaly commerce.

After the long-drawn-out battle over the stop-day business, it is, to our mind, crass impertinence to suggest that the winners should give up the spoils of war, even as they accept the other losses which the judgment will not indemnify them against. Of course, one expects to hear a quantity of nonsense from those gentlemen who aspire to Parliamentary honours, through the help of the gentle miner. There is Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., for instance, out upon a searching after the innate meanings of the stop-day action. Wishes to know what it means! Then, he goes on to explain; tells his admiring friends that it means simply this: If a "working collier" (but what kind of collier is that?) dares to take a holiday without first asking leave from his master (eh?), he is liable to be fined for so doing. Fudge, Mr. Hardie; nonsense, Mr. Keir Hardie; rubbish, Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P.; and if you do not already know that your words are fudge, nonsense, and rubbish, in our opinion, you have absolutely no right to sit in the national talking shop. An agreement (whether to work, or merely to pay) will have to be just as binding on the hardy lambs of Mountain Ash, as on those of elsewhere.

The Federation has not been mulcted in damages for the reason that a miner stayed away from work; but rather because it conspired against the public weal, and broke agreements which it had entered into, without stopping to count the cost. Keir Hardie further wished to gather the meaning of the word "freedom." Demanded the use of talking about freedom, if a man were not at liberty to absent himself from work for one day, without leave from his master. Fudge, again! Supposing the master, for reasons of his own, elected to make the man stand off without pay, during the continuance of an agreement to the contrary. What would happen? Wouldn't your Keir Hardies be up in arms against this superlative wickedness; this trampling on the rights of the poor down-trodden workman? Rather! And we should be treated, in a week, to more soul-harrowing prophetics as a consequence, than would be given us in a whole life-time, under other circumstances. Really, these alleged "ameliorators" make us tired, for instead of taking the trouble to uplift the poor workman, they, as far as we can see, do exactly the reverse.

Consider this—from the same great mind: ". . . from 40 to 50 working class candidates will be returned to the next Parliament, of whom one-half, at least, will be labour candidates, who will form the beginning of a Labour party, which will sit in opposition to every Government that takes office, whether Liberal or Conservative, until the Labour party becomes strong enough to cross the floor of the House, and form a Labour Cabinet." Yea, lor'! And how long it will be after this, ere Macaulay's New Zealander "shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul," is not stated; but, friends, you may take it from us that the time would not be unduly extended. We write this in all seriousness, for judging by Labour's (Sacred Labour's) tactics to-date, we are of opinion that Britain's sun would set, directly that Labour Cabinet were in force. When Britain's sun has set, there will be a fine chance for that artistic New Zealander, although Macaulay didn't particularise how the gentleman would get to ruined London; whether he'd come by a swagger liner (!), by air-ship, or would merely ship his wings, and fly hitherward. Really speaking, we are of opinion that Macaulay as a prophet, doesn't amount to very much more than Keir Hardie. Meanwhile, and as these dreamers are frothing at the mouth, so to speak, the rest of us engage in hard work, so as to find the necessary bricks that shall keep London bridge from falling over. It's a queer world, isn't it?

Here is good news for the community generally. "Money is freer in America this year, than last, and we may fairly look forward to a boom in touring." Eh? What? The gentle American brother has been saving up

his shekels for the purpose of "doing Yewrope," and there is a fine time ahead! All the Atlantic Lines are, metaphorically, stroking out their moustaches; some of them have been saying those cunning little things to the daily paper man; Cunard is in the glee party; so is White Star; and needless to say the German friend comes in somewhere—if only with a trombone accompaniment. Anyhow, and from the views of all the interested units, it would appear that we are in for a record season. Money is plentiful; there is no counter-attraction in the shape of a St. Louis Exhibition; and the Presidential election—bar accidents—is not due this year. The latter point is most in favour of the good time that is coming, for, practically, every American as soon as he is put into pants—is a thorough politician. Well, we are glad that things are shaping in this fashion, for we are convinced that Jonathan and John Bull merely need a bit more mixing, one with another, to be convinced that both of them are derned fine fellows.

In the past, there was a mistaken notion on tap, in America, that Johnny Bull was everything that was bad, and unsatisfactory. The dawn of reason is with us both, and when it has brought its sun above the fore-yard, both sides of the Anglo-Saxon entity will be the better therefor; so will the world at large. Time was, that every petti-fogging nationette laid itself out to foment trouble and misunderstanding between the world's two great, civilising forces, and, we are sorry to say, both those forces lent a hand in the fomenting. That, however, was in the vistas of the past; was before any of our statesmen had a correct idea as to where America really was, or what its aims in life, were. By the same token, a goodly number of otherwise estimable Americans laid themselves out on a similar policy. They accepted the nonsensical training which had been pumped into them from their school-books—and the fomenter laughed, even as he played one against the other. In our opinion, the fomenter will have to be mighty keen, if he hopes to continue his old-time tricks; and the biggest factor in the saner condition, has been the ocean greyhounds, which dash from side to side of the Atlantic.

That is, through the agency of British Jack, once again, a better understanding exists between America and Britain; each one is willing to glean points from the other; the world is a much finer place in consequence; and so far, Jack has received but little out of the deal. But never mind; he will "come in," later on; for the very existence of that better understanding between two powerful nations, will ultimately tend to his benefit. Each of the benefitted ones will find time, by and bye, to ask how it is that the better state has been brought about; somebody will suggest that it was for the reason that the sailorman brought them together; another somebody will question what the sailorman got for his trouble; yet another will remark, "Not much more than hunger and want; sweating and modern slavery;" a revulsion of feeling will eventuate, and Jack, at last, will get his just deserts. You wait a bit. We don't often go into the prophetic business; but this is one of the occasions where we feel that it is pretty safe to venture. Meanwhile, the country is in for a prosperous touring season, and Brothers Jonathan and John Bull are going to love each other better, now the mists have rolled away. So mote it be!

Writing of the touring idea, we note that dear old Cousin Jacker is out upon the warpath, with the same notion uppermost. With some truth in the claim, the Cornish friend is declaring that his rugged moor-lands, in combination with several other items, form the Riviera of England; a district where the winter atmosphere is so mild, that sick people may remain there, with safety. We have always wondered why the patriotic Briton is so ready to quit the land from which his wealth is derived, and hie him away to spots where he is merely looked upon as an ill-mannered sort of pagoda-tree; where he is marked down as insular, ignorant, and impertinent; and where his only claim to tolerance, is in the fact that he is a cheerful spender! Perhaps it is because the native doesn't go in for the high-class (Continental high-class, you understand) caravanserai and *pensions*, generally; for the snug little domiciles where the green blinds are suggestive of coolness, and other things? Mind you, there is a lot in the suggestion, and when the average tourist is in the mood for spending his money, he likes to feel that he is getting something in return. To-date, and with mighty few exceptions, the tourist gives all, and receives little in return.

This might be from lack of enterprise on the part of the providers, or it might be from some other cause. But the Briton cannot be said to be unduly persevering in those arts in which the foreigner excels. If one considers the gentle Italian organ-grinder, in this connection, and compares him with the Briton who engages in the same industry, the decision will be all in favour of the Italian? When the friend from Sunny Italy undertakes to come here, and more or less lighten our gloom, he invariably starts out with a high-class piano-organ, which is resplendent in a swagger cover, the colour scheme of which is a sight to gaze at, and wonder! The "music," too, is about as good as it is possible to get from the same source: but when your average Briton takes to the "musical profession," what happens? Well, he usually hunts around for a second-hand, and terribly battered and prehistoric perambulator, that is on its last legs—or wheels. On the top of this monument of past greatness, a wheezy old organette, or a "Where is my wondering boy, to-night" reed organ, is placed. Needless to say, the picturesque Johnny from Italy has the pull—and principally because he takes to the business in earnest. The perambulating-Briton, on the other hand, is passed by with a cuss-word, and thus is the alien question once more brought to the acute stage!

As it is with the "street music," so is it with accommodation for tourists. The providers want all the needful, but object to give anything in return, for after all, if a district is half-a-dozen different sorts of a Riviera, a seaside-resorter can't live on that. He needs home comforts—especially if he is prepared to pay therefore. However, Cornwall is out upon the hunt, and taking into consideration the magnificent train service which has been supplied by the G.W.R., Jacker is of opinion that it is time to get up and dust—his home, which he is prepared to let for a week, at a figure which should reasonably buy the whole lot for ever! After all, the Cornishman is much in the same condition as the owners of other "health resorts." He wishes to grab all that comes his way—which isn't much—and objects to set aside a fair proportion of his unearned increment, for advertising purposes. The foreigner, on the contrary, floods this fair land of ours with all classes of advertising, and the public seeing so much of it (and so little of the home stuff), naturally comes to the conclusion that there are no "Rivieras" nearer than that of the Sunny South. The Cornishman is going to alter all this. He is going to advertise his natural beauties—or the natural beauties of his county; by-and-bye. Meanwhile, the festive foreigner, as of old, will romp in most of the tourist money.

We note that the *Montreal Star* has been holding forth on the question of port supremacy at its native place. Our contemporary suggests that the present discussion on Canadian water-borne traffic is "not a question of Montreal against any other Canadian port;" but to our mind, that is exactly what it is. It is all very pretty to say that "the moment ocean-going vessels could sail up the River St. Lawrence, the primacy of Montreal was established;" but it is only partly correct? That is, in the old days, and when there were no possible rivals to Montreal, the port was safe enough. So safe, as a matter of fact, that its authorities imagined that they, alone, owned the earth, and the fulness thereof. With the advent of a possible Hudson's Bay traffic, Montreal has had to set its house in order; but dodging facts will benefit the situation to no appreciable extent. Neither will this, "They might as well try to make Dover the port of England, when the ships can go to London, as to stop ocean traffic below the foot of the Lachine Rapids." Our Montreal friend may take it from us, that if, in the next decade, Dover continues to expand and London to degenerate in the same ratio as may be applied to each respectively in past years, then, if Dover isn't quite the port of England—which is a slightly silly style of putting the matter—the *Star* might lay its odd dollars on the fact that London will not be. That's a certainty.

On the other hand, we are quite at one with the *Montreal Star* in its claims that Montreal should be made a free port, as soon as possible. That will be a step in the right direction, and also cutting the ground from its possible rival. For while the Hudson's Bay scheme were working along merely to acceptance, Montreal would be forging itself into a position from which it could not be dislodged. The trouble with the St. Lawrence port, in the past (aye, and even now, at the present time), has been that no two authorities have been agreed as to what is really essential for Canadian prosperity. They have (those authorities) agreed to sit down and wager a paper war, even as the other side has been up and doing. If the Montreal folk would only agree to shelve their many little differences, for long enough to settle the navigation question; they would soon have the satisfaction, of seeing their port and township in the van of maritime progress. This is the whole trouble. The ice in winter and the fog in summer, is as nothing to the ice and fog which surrounds the places where Canadian councillors most do congregate. A joining up of issues would work wonders—and there would still be the "party" questions to fall back upon, in dull times. We commend this advice to our friends "out there."

We do not know why it is—unless it be the natural proneness of human nature to pick up where they have not strewn—but there appears to be a universal attempt, to curtail the pilot's chance of making a decent livelihood. Victoria, B.C. is the latest arena for the pilotage trouble, and although, to-date, there is but a scant explanation of what the powers that be are after, it is fairly clear that the pilots' earnings are an eye-sore to those same powers. There are several alternative schemes suggested, but every one of them tends toward the same end—the squeezing of the pilot. Naturally, the various pilotage boards are up in arms, and are keen to amalgamate for the purpose of fighting the common foe. The end of the business will, probably, be even as we have become used to at home—a cutting and paring of the fees until inefficiency results. Like everything else on earth, good pilotage must be paid for. If the demand—and emoluments—are merely for inferior service, it is fairly certain that this is all that will be rendered; while, if the service that is desired must be good, then, good remuneration will ensure it. The pity of it is, that those with most interest at stake—that is, the mercantile community, on shore—cannot assimilate the great truth.

Not only in the Old Country have we "Waterside Workers' Wants," for they have them in golden Australia! In connection with the Navigation Commission, to which we have frequently referred, Brisbane has been having a field-day, and a gentleman representing the waterside workers of Rockhampton, has been giving his opinion as to the "wants" alluded to. First of all, there should be some competent person assigned for the inspection of all gear used in loading and unloading cargo, as at present, this class of gear is unsafe. In numberless instances, we regret to say, the said gear is not safe; is very much the contrary; and we are of opinion that to repair chain-runners with "connecting-links," is a poor method, to say nothing of being dangerous to life and limb. We know that the resultant accidents have more to do with the underwriter than with the shipowner; but they have still more to do with the man who is unfortunate enough to get his head under a tub which is coming down in a hurry, principally because that old "connecting link" has got across the sheave in the gin, and has, incontinently, given out? When a nautical man settles himself down to think of these kind of accidents, it is surprising how many he is enabled to catalogue.

But even in Golden Australia, the gentlemen who are responsible for Commissions, have a nice little method of relieving the tedium of their work. The witness who is referred to in the preceding paragraph, was asked if he would tender his evidence in the first person; that is, instead of speaking as the representative of an union, would he give personal episodes of broken runners, and the like? The witness was quite willing, but the Chairman of the Commission considered that such a request was "most extraordinary." Whatever for? Isn't direct evidence of more value than the kind of stuff which you get, when "Bill told Jim; and Jim told Harry; while he told our Sally; who told Uncle Dick; who told Tom Peters; who spread the tale out to Jane Anne, who told me?" Of course it is. But the worthy Chairman alluded to, observed that "this commission has power to inform itself in other ways than a Court of law, and even a court of law can inform itself in this way if it wishes." Of a surety can it, Mr. Chairman, and we are glad that you put the straight thing to that Mr. Edwards who wanted to glean personal information, rather than stuff which came along in the concrete, so to speak.

However, the Chairman wasn't going to be bested, and offered to clear the room for further discussion, if Mr. Edwards so desired. The latter gentleman having entered his protest, "let her go at that." Thus was the "passage closed." Very well, then. The next thing desired by the waterside workers, was a hatchman, where loading or discharging was going on. This, again, seems a reasonable request. Come to think of it, the winchman cannot be expected to attend to his winch, and to the hatch at the same time. Not in these degenerate days, at any rate. Time was, that a winchman could keep an eye on the hatch continuously, and merely drive his winch by attending (by feel) to the throttle-valve; indeed, we have known abandoned wretches who never even bothered about valves of any kind; depended, absolutely, on the reversing gear! That is, to stop the old bag of hammers, 'twas

merely necessary to "put her on the centre," and there you were. But other times, other manners; and with the advent of education, it is necessary to have as many men as possible—because (*vide* a certain poster that is enjoying a vogue, here, at Cardiff), the poor must live! Anyhow, the Commonwealth is likely to institute a hatchman, in future; so you shipowner folk need not wonder at the addition to your stevedoring bill.

Concerning that North Wales Quarries, Ltd., side-light on how workmen-employers act, yet another "letter to the *Times*" has been promulgated. As chairman of the concern, Mr. Richard Bell, M.P., remarks, that there is a conciliation board; a quarrymen's union which, "if it fulfilled its functions, should have represented the men's grievances if they suffered any; but the company had never received a single communication from the union, from the time the company was formed till March 27, 1905, although Mr. Abraham (Mabon) and I had frequently seen the secretary in the lobbies and smoke-room of the House of Commons and elsewhere." This is all very fine, we suppose, and it is as well to use the lobbies and smoke-room of the House of Commons for the casual meetings of hon. members, and their friends who might be secretaries of quarrymen's (or other) unions, as for other, and more important purposes; but did the "labour leaders'" quarrying company pay its workmen less wages than were paid by the ordinary, and wicked employer, who is not a "labour leader?" That is the little point which the world is most interested in. As far as we can see, the main issue is somewhat obscured, in most of these explanatory letters, and it is the hard facts which the public is intent on.

We can quite understand all the little points which Mr. Bell gives the readers of the *Times*. For instance, when that gentleman, in August last, and at a mass meeting that was held, "personally discussed the affairs with them in Welsh, and all without exception seemed quite satisfied," well, that is exactly as we should expect. It is the invariable treatment which is meted out to other employers; those of the non-labour-leading kind. Mr. Bell and his "butties" are merely experiencing the disadvantages which other, and more experienced employers of labour have had to contend with, ever since the sacred Cause of Labour became dignified with capital letter importance. As a rule, the mass meeting mouthings are all for peace—on the surface; it is when the mass meeting has dispersed, and the poison dispensed thereat, has had time to sink in; to operate; to get around under the scalps of the poor workmen; that the dissatisfaction eventuates. The bosses of these mass meetings are generally so earnest; so energetic; so strenuous in their explanations; that, once more, the poor workman is carried out of himself, and simply dunno where 'e are—until he retires to the Labourers' Laager, which has taken the place of the erstwhile "Blue Pig."

Having got away as suggested, the workman has had the blessed opportunity given him, of asking what it was all about. He cannot find out—for the life of him—and so the trouble begins. Mr. Bell, perhaps, can now understand that it isn't all beer and skittles, to be the employer of the free and enlightened workmen who attend mass meetings—and afterward go away with satisfaction on top, but seething discontent everywhere else. To our mind, these meetings of workmen and leaders, always partake of the dialogue which obtained between a certain shipmaster, and his hungry crew. Said Jack, that time when he took the beef-kid aft, to show the Old Man the size of the joint therein: "I've come aft to growl about the grub, sir." "Growl about the grub?" queried the Old Man, with a supercilious raising of his expressive eyebrows. "What's the matter with the grub? Don't you get enough of it?" "Oh!" begins Jack, in a light and airy manner, "there's enough of it, such as it is." "Quite so," admits the skipper, "but isn't it good enough?" Jack opines that "It is good enough, what there is of it," and thereafter walks for'ed with the remark that it is useless going aft to this skipper, who is too much of a sea-lawyer for ordinary and domestic purposes.

But you'll understand that the food continues to be too little, and its qualities too disappointingly below par. That is, the little pow-wow on the poop, has neither increased the size of the ration, nor the amount of its sustaining power. So is it with the mass-meeting idea? The labour-leader is altogether too much of a rock-lawyer—in this instance—to make it possible to hope for a very great deal of help to eventuate, around the path of the workman who usually did not know that he was down-trodden, until the advent of "his leader?" And as far as we can see, Mr. Bell, and his friends on the directorate, are merely tasting a little of the base ingratitude, which their counsel on other occasions, has meted out to professional employers. We can quite understand that to these amateur traders, the wicked ingratitude is appalling. Still, and while admitting that "want of capital" is an awesome situation in which to place a company—whether professional, or merely amateur; we are by no means sure, as to whether paying less wages than is paid elsewhere, will enable a man to live better, and simply because the payer is a labour-leader combination.

We mean, that the rock-lawyer talk will no more raise the size of the Saturday's joint of beef, than did the sea-lawyer's talk in the case of Jack, referred to. And while we are willing to admit, with Mr. Bell, that his own particular sample of the 'orny 'anded had "the following opportunities of securing attention—(1) by approaching the general manager; (2) through their direct representation on the board of directors; (3) referring to the conciliation board; (4) through their union officials to the directors; and (5) the joint committee of the representatives of trade-union and co-operative congresses;" we are in no manner surprised, that the wicked and abandoned wretches declined to make use of any of the machinery alluded to. They never do, Mr. Bell. Because they do not, the country is in such a rotten state, as regards labour, that it constitutes a very grave danger to the community. Personally, if we could believe that these labour-leading gentlemen had learned a salutary lesson in this direction, we should feel that it was a fine day for the land, when a group of labour-leaders left their legitimate business in life, for the purpose of becoming employers of labour.

Ere leaving the subject, we should like to ask one more question. Why is it that the correspondence in this disappointing case, has been carried on through the medium of the *Times*? Is it because the directors implicated, wish to shine among those who are not labourers? It cannot be pretended that the dissatisfied quarrymen are among the clientéle possessed by "the Thunderer," can it, now? One hardly expects to find the "threepenny *Times*" on the breakfast-tables of the employés—or late employés—of the North Wales Quarries, Ltd.? When those labouring gentlemen go in for literature at all, they usually purchase one of the sensation-loving ha'porths, which emanate from the same great city. In our opinion, and remembering that it is the dissatisfied labourers who have to be appeased, the

Times might well have been spared this washing of dirty linen; for, looking at the matter as you will; admitting that there was a soul-harrowing want of capital in the company interested; owning up that the men had five different methods of making their wants known; it would still appear, that the labour-leader-directored quarrying company, still paid its workmen less than the quarries owned by the altogether bloated capitalist of commerce? This is the point which should not be forgotten.

EH, you suffering telephonists! Don't you wish you were "operating" in the country where sauer-krout and sausages are supposed to form the staff of life? You ought to, anyhow, for we note that in Berlin, a short-tempered banker-man has been fined marks to the extent of £5, English money, for daring to dub a poor telephone girl, "an impertinent person." There's for you, too, you Docks gentlemen, who ring up the "Hello Angel," and then say rude things, because she won't switch off everybody else who uses the system, to give you your innings, right away. *You* ought to be in Kaiser Williamville, you did! Think of the opportunities for Chancellor of the Exchequerdom, which lays in this fining for the breathing of impertinences "over the wire." Why, the coal-tax would be a mere circumstance, as an oof-raiser, if considered, side-by-side, with the institution of fining for telephonic wickedness. Of course, it might be that the service in Berlin is so *ne plus ultra*-ey, that there is absolutely no necessity for even a banker to lose his tempy. Germany is a perfect country; so is its administration—we are told: and therefore, a £5 fine but meets the case, under the conditions suggested.

BUT if the poor fellow were talking to a client about a big deal, and he had his conversation varied with such remarks as: "Yes, send up that heliotrope ribbon—no, I said a ton of—that you, Smith? say, did you gi—I'd like to go, but am not sure as to what kind of a wom—alright, I'll send the—plain shillibier, madam"—and so, on: well we are not quite sure about the justice of that fine! The foregoing, too, are actual quotations from conversations heard on the wire, at this particular end of civilisation. Not that it affects the dear creature who "puts you through." Her's not to reason why: her's but to switch, and cry—"Number, please." All the same, it shows that our boasted civilisation is apt to break down, when an uncivilised strain is put upon it. Science is a great thing: the telephone is one of the greatest outcomes thereof: but the human element will still count for much, and personal equation is not a feature to trifle with. Thus it comes about that we have no sympathy for that Berlin gentleman: not a bit: we are nearly sure that he could have used a much more soul-satisfying expression than "impertinent person," for his £5? Eh? What?

EVEN if the expression is not original, there is no getting away from the fact, that we are a great nation—sometimes. Especially when we lay ourselves out to do honour to the Kaiser, while that irrepressible gentleman is having a cruise around the Inland Sea. Those of us who have been there, quite realise the preponderating importance of German interests over British, in the Eastern Mediterranean; yet the good people who are responsible for these little affairs, are simply getting outside of themselves, in an endeavour to make Kaiser William's progress, a sort of triumphal march. The British Mediterranean Squadron is following the gentleman around, for all the world as if he were Britain's Suzerain; and the precise personage that the Briton had "to keep in with." We may all of us be sure, that the action is by no means lost upon the budding heroes in Turkey—and other places thereaway; France, too might reasonably wonder what it's all about: and the mere stay-at-home Briton is forgiven, if he wonders, most of all. Possibly, this is another phase of diplomacy; if so, it is anything but an elevating phase. Of course, the British Fleet might be keeping handy to run messages—and send telegrams—for the One-and-Only; it might be engaged on a totally different bit of work. But the nations of the world may only judge by appearances—unfortunately.

THE Natal Government folk are making a bid for support of a commercial character, in a sensible manner. That is to say, they have issued a Government Notice, to the effect that all vessels using Natal ports, if "calling for the sole purpose of taking bunker or cargo coal, the product of Natal, shall be charged, inclusive of wharfage, pilotage, and light dues, one half the ordinary port dues." This is courting business, don't you think? Furthermore, it is inclined to be of use in ousting foreign coal (which of course, includes good old Welsh) from the warehouses on the Natalian dock-sides? Fearing that the quoted promise may not meet with universal satisfaction, there is an alternative offered, and it is: That a ship shall be charged, at owner's option, and inclusive of wharfage, pilotage, and light dues, on the actual quantity of coal taken, at the rate of 6d. per ton, up to 1,000; with threepence for each ton over the 1,000 mark. But it is also provided that the minimum charge in either case, shall be an amount equal to the ordinary light dues. See, the authorities are willing to let their improvements go for nothing; but the light due dodge must be maintained at all costs!

PROBABLY, if Natalian light dues were allowed to lapse in any degree whatsoever, it would strengthen the hands of the British shipowner? But in any case, the Government authorities in South Africa are 'live individuals, and thoroughly appreciate the duties that are laid upon them in opening out a new country. If some of the older colonies would take a leaf from the same book, there would be less old talk of retaliation here, there, and t'other place. So far in the history of Britain's colonies, the good folk who have been nursed along from the beginning, on the stay-at-home's money, have appeared to covet the penny and the bun That it is a policy which cuts like a two-edged sword, has been abundantly proved. It is admitted that the colonies have the land, and the probable sources of a future supply; meanwhile, the Old Country has the money, without which the colonial land, and possible sources of supply are utterly useless. Furthermore, the money, of itself, is a potential power, while the colonial land is merely a possibly potential one. Natal is setting a good example; one that is worthy of following; for when there is a concession offered to trading concerns, trade flows fast to that particular spot. And anyhow, when the trade has become of sufficient dimensions, the Government may be depended on to get its own back!

WELL, well, they have found the remains of that personage who was held up as the nautical bogie-man of our youth—Admiral Paul Jones! As far as we can see, there is no possible room for doubt as to the said remains being the real McKoy, for although the dear old fellow died some 113 years ago, his organs were so well-preserved, that signs of tuberculosis have been indubitably found therein—and after all these years, it is remembered that the ancient hero died (not of shot and shell, but) of consumption! There's an ignominious death for the "Father of the American Navy." Exactly how it is brought around that friend Paul stood in the position indi-

cated, is not explained; nor does it matter. The great American nation is "out" for relics; like the Dyaks of Borneo, they are after heads—and other parts: they have heaps of money; so the heads—and other parts—are found, as a matter of course. The remains that have been recovered, are exactly 5ft. 7in. in length—so was Paul Jones, as evidenced in the particulars held by the Naval authorities. "The hair is dark brown, and long, curled in two rolls on the temples (after 113 years, too), and gathered in a clasp at the back of the neck, like an admiral's of that far off day"—so was Paul Jones', when last seen by his sorrowing friends.

MOREOVER, that hair is slightly grey, in places, which indicates a person of about his age—forty-five years. All of which goes to show, that it didn't take a lot to be Father of a navy in those days? To-day, the mere sons of the business, are either bald-headed or as grey as badgers, long before they have arrived at the age of forty-five. But let that pass. Admiral Paul Jones—or all that remains of the ancient gentleman—has been found, and there is joy in the circles which have nothing else to do but meander around in graveyards. As far as we can see, there is but one little item omitted in this catalogue of particulars; possibly two items. The real gentleman had a wart on his chin—is "the remains" similarly decorated? The Simon Pure of piracy had a hard heart; "finding that the organs are well-preserved" in the "find," has it been ascertained that his heart was hard? If so, all that is necessary, now, is for a string of American warships to escort the catafalque across the waves, with muffled drums beating, arms reversed, and all the fakements usual to this class of morbidity; after which, it will be a good idea if Brother Jonathan hustles around, to find the father of the modern mercantile marine that he intends having—bimeby?

YOU know, the law of this free and brilliantly enlightened land is a fearsome affair. It is useless to try to burke the facts, for they remain, no matter what you say to the contrary. We have commented on that Houlder Bros. *v.* Griffin case—as who has not, seeing that it has dragged its weary way along since 1902, and that a paltry £150 was at stake. You'll remember that Griffin was a seaman on the *Royston Grange*, and had got as far as the Alexandra Docks—up Channel—when he was struck on the foot by a falling tom; ultimately recovered; but eventually developed influenza, and died. His widow—who had two children depending on her efforts—sued Houlder Bros. in the County Court, for compensation. As far as we can see, there was no disputing the facts; merely a contention that the Workmen's Compensation Act did not apply. The County Court Judge said it didn't, and the case went to the Court of Appeal, who said it did, and awarded the £150. Not satisified with this sort of law, the defendants—you see, there is a great principle involved—sought the help of the top sample thereof, and lo, the Court of Appeal has had to climb down, even as the County Court Judge has been exalted.

THE widow? Where is she, meantime? Heaven knows' but we don't. But what we should like to know is: Did any of the parties interested, believe that anything other than a flouting of the sailor's friends would result? The sailor is not an integral portion of the community; has no right to live—much less to die; and so we feel that we have a right to ask what the Appeal Court folk were working for, when they awarded that widow-woman £150? If we had been asked an opinion at the time, we should have said, at once: If the Appeal Court sides with the widow, the case will indubitably go to the higher House. The shipowner will agree to pay out twice the amount of the damages in legal costs—because there is a principal involved; but to help that widow and her two orphans—well, shipowners are business men, and cannot bother with philanthropy, can they? All this litigation is for a principle; to dispose of any possible precedent; but is anybody going to be simple enough to believe that any future case of accident, and consequent claims for damages, will be kept out of court because of this Houlder Line, Limited, *v.* Griffin settlement?

WE don't, anyhow, and consequently, we cannot see where the principle comes in—outside of the principle that one lawyer has to look after the livelihood of another. A ship isn't a dock—within the Act; a dock isn't a ship; a sailor isn't a workman; nor is a workman a sailor; but everytime and always, a lawyer is that, and if he cannot get a look in on one side of the claim, he must get it on the other! Precedents are fine things; so are Appeals to Cæsar; but after you have been to Cæsar, you might find that he is wrong all to pieces; and that a mere common or garden centurion is the better man, look at it which way you choose. The mere fact of a widow-woman being starved, has nothing to do with the case. For if a printer-man sets "theg" instead of "they" because he was severely shaken in a railway accident, you might have to pay him anything up to £350; but if you kill a hundred sailors—and in spite of the fact that they are daily becoming scarcer—and the butchering takes place on a ship, and by accident; well, you won't have to pay anything. That is clear enough, isn't it, and without going through the folly of trying three different sets of Solons?

IT appears that the West Indian mail contract is gone to Elder, Dempster and Co., and there is bother, in consequence. It is but fair to state that most of the trouble is likely to materialise from the island of Barbadoes. Did you know that the spot which is chiefly noted for niggers of "the troo free-bohn Barbadians" type, has a chamber of commerce? Well, it has, and its members are talking big things in connection with what they consider the wickedness of passing the dear old Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, in the matter of the mail contract. First of all, that chamber of commerce is of opinion that the Home Government had no right to settle up these contract things, without consulting and "submitting full details" for the "consideration and decision of the Legislature" in the coral-bound hummock referred to. Especially as the said hummock has been paying a matter of £4,000 per annum towards the mail service. You know, to the Barbadian £4,000 might easily appear to be a pile of money; but you and us thoroughly realise, that it doesn't amount to much, when a mail service has to be bought, and paid for—especially if it is to be a service that is worthy of the name.

HOWEVER, the Barbadian chamber has been passing resolutions ('fore all the world like real, high-class mainland affairs!), and in addition to the portions which we have already quoted, it says that, "having regard to the fact that the Royal Mail S.P. Company has been, since the establishment of the service sixty-five years ago, the only line which has held the contract (which it has performed satisfactorily)"—well, in the opinion of that chamber of commerce, what was, is good enough. Or, in other words, the R.M.S.P. Co., is entitled to the best and most preferential consideration in awarding the contract—or that is how *Daily Chronicle* has it, and its good enough for us. Obviously, the Barbadian is taking no stock in the old jape

which tells of a survival of the fittest, unless that survival can be fastened on to its own particular "fittest?" But after all, one can easily understand that, in the heat-enervated place referred to, anything in the nature of a change—and therefore a fag—is to be deprecated? 'Twas ever thus, when King Sol had charge of the business, and as long as a simple resolution can be depended on to put back the hands of the clock—well and good.

But in this case, we are of opinion that something more than an island resolution will be necessary? And anyhow, who is the more likely to benefit by the mail service: the Home Country, or the island of Barbadoes? Certainly, the latter, for outside of an inappreciable number of folk who have a few friends thereaway, it won't matter a lot, whether Barbadoes is joined on (by mail-boat) to the remainder of civilisation, or otherwise? It is highly probable that the world would still continue the wobbly tenour of its way, supposing the Barbadian were to wrap himself in a mantle after the build of some other fellow's "splendid isolation?" But there! 'Tis ever the picayune affair that has most to say about these matters, and we can well understand that, after sixty-five years of undisturbed sway, the "Royal Mail" has built up a clientéle whose collective word is a fearsome affair—at Barbadoes. Whether the same thing will apply at home, here, is altogether another joke. The fact of the matter is, Barbadoes is a very small chunk of the West Indies, and an up-to-date Imperial policy calls for the doctrine of "the greatest good for the greatest number." Thus far in the history of the awakening in the West, Elder, Dempster (who have done more than most folk, thereaway) have had but a poor recompense for their labour.

So poor, in point of fact, that a concern with less grit would have tossed up the sponge, even as it anathematised any old sunbaked, or tropical-under-growth-covered crib such as the West Indies undoubtedly is. And to our mind, it is not the West Indies—or any portion thereof—that should start the growling business over this new mail contract, if, as it is said by those who claim to know, the Elder, Dempster Company really has it. Bristol is the spot where the trepidation—and several other items—should eventuate? We all of us remember Sir Alfred Jones' caustic remarks in the past: his threatenings and warnings to the Ancient City Fathers, and their uncles, their cousins, and their aunts, as to what would happen if certain facilities were not forthcoming. As far as we know, those same facilities are practically as far off as ever; so, if the West Indian mail boats are "out" for a new berth on this side of the world, it wouldn't be a bad idea to see if they could be persuaded to come to Cardiff? As our contemporary before alluded to, remarks, "the steamers bring home on each voyage about 26,000 bunches of bananas," and although bananas are not everything, the Cardiffian and his district friends could easily dispose of the little number mentioned, and yet not feel too well-fed.

In our last week's issue, we had something to say about that letter to the *Times*, from Sir A. L. Jones, concerning the apprenticeship question. We note that Mr. Walter Runciman has joined issues with the Banana King, and writes "Why should Messrs. Elder, Dempster, or any other firm of shipowners receive money from public funds to expend in charity, for which they alone get credit." Our sentiments, right down to the ground, and we are heartily glad to note that, at least, one shipowner has pluck enough to stand up for the sailor-boy, even as he, at the same time, does some practical good for his country, and in connection with that sailor-boy. For ourselves, we have continually stated that this whining for a subsidy, as payment for carrying boys who, in the majority of instances, displace men, is a disgrace to the whiner. And now, we have an authority such as Mr. Runciman undoubtedly is, coming into the breech; standing between the sailor-boy and the deep sea, so to speak; an authority who has from 100 to 120 "well-conditioned lads, drawn mainly from the lower middle-classes," continuously in his service. Not only that, but this man flouts the idea of seeking State aid for what individual effort can easily (and profitably) do.

Here you are. Read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the following—even as you grudgingly admit that the claim is what The Maritime Review has taken for its own, since its birth: "If the British shipowners have an earnest desire to bring into existence a body of properly trained men, their course is very simple, and I am glad to say that many of them are doing their part, without dreaming of asking for external assistance." Of course, the British shipowner can! But in the majority of instances he doesn't care a toss for properly-trained men; his demand is, openly and without shame, for foreigners; so much so, that he has not only filled the service with the scum of the earth as seamen; but he has gradually evolved a brand of shipmaster who will take nothing else—from choice. Those shipmasters, too, cannot see that it is but a step from foreign sailor to foreign skipper; that the foreign skipper is the natural corollary to the foreign sailor; that when the "natural" has arrived, the shipowner who has no practical knowledge of the business—and who is merely a sweater of better men than himself—will have achieved his end, in that he will make a little extra profit for a time, through engaging none but aliens.

In the case of men like Mr. Walter Runciman, the nation should feel proud at possessing such; and if their advertising value were a bit bigger, that nation would probably hear more about them. As things are, it is but once in a way, that such pillars of the Empire are heard of, although they probably do ten times as much good as the much-advertised individuals who give a little from out their superfluity. While admitting that the Runciman claim of "many of them (shipowners) are doing their part without dreaming of asking for external assistance," might be true enough, we, yet, are of opinion that, so far, there are all too few of the sort suggested. Our experience has taught us that in the majority of instances, shipowner carries apprentices from motives of "sweating"; for the purpose of shrinking an already well-shrunk portage bill; and not because he cares a Continental and cheap swear-word about nautical supremacy or efficiency. And friends, we have sailed for him, for more years than we care to remember, so are in a position to tell you these things at first hand. But more of this, anon. We shall practice what we preach. Shall "keep a hollerin'."

At its monthly meeting, on Wednesday last, the Cardiff Chamber of Commerce added another resolution to its already formidable list thereof. Mr. William Jones, President of the Chamber, made some interesting remarks with reference to the celebration of Sir William Thomas Lewis' 50-years'-connection with the Bute Estates and Docks, after which, he moved a resolution as follows: "It is resolved that this Chamber begs to offer Sir W. T. Lewis, its hearty and sincere congratulations on his completing a period of fifty years with the Bute authorities, and to place on record its thorough appreciation of the eminent services which he has, during his connection with Cardiff, rendered to the trade of the port." This was seconded by Mr. E. Franklin Thomas, ex-President of the Chamber; cordially supported by Messrs. John Moore, H. Wood-Davey, and Arthur C. Morgan; after which the resolution was unanimously adopted.

FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1905.

TINKERING THE TINKER!

WE are not altogether clear as to what an up-town contemporary means, when dubbing the present dry dock imbroglio "an interesting situation." Personally, we have our doubts as to whether that would-be critic knows any more of the subject, than we know, off hand, of the language erstwhile adopted by the Choctaw Indians. Still, it is a local "daily"; it has succeeded in unloading one of its representatives on to "a well-known local shipowner," and behind his sacred body, launches a quantity of more-than-usually-amusing (which is admitting a very great deal) light literature. Before accepting the diction of that "well-known shipowner," we should like to know who he is; whether he is well-known in a chapel: as a dividend-payer; or merely on his own assurances, thereafter. In any case, he doesn't know much more of the situation, than does *Western Mail*, and if you can strike depths of ignorance on shipping topics more profound than that, well, we should like to hear of them. And now, let us leave the "well-known shipowner," his favourite scribe, the whole of his talky-talky on dry dock subjects, and let us get down to the bed-rock facts of the situation. Let us see how the dry dock man, as distinct from the mere ship-repairer, stands. Having disposed of that portion of the subject, we can easily find other topics of interest, and in the same line of reasoning. For some time past, the dry dock man has been engaged upon a policy of dog-eat-dog; he has been acting the simpleton, generally, when he considered he was doing the keen-business-man trick. Needless to say, his sin has found him out, and indications are toward, which conclusively show that he is awakening from his infatuation; is wiping his eyes; and the "little man"—he who has a soup-and-bouilli-can arrangement on the dock side, and can readily undertake the repair of a few firing tools—is shouting, in consequence. Really speaking, Mr. Tin Shed has no right to shout; on the contrary, rather, for he should be thankful that internecine warfare among the cloth of which he is the simple fringe, should have enabled him to hold his head up, over a number of years when, by all the laws of nature, he should have turned to something new and strange; something for which his "works" are really fit; tin-whistle-making for instance. Here are the facts of the situation. Up to within some five years ago, the accepted charge for dry-docking a vessel—including the shoring, coating the bottom to light-load line, etc.—was threepence per gross registered ton, and this just left a fair profit on the undertaking. Times hardened a bit, and the dry dock friend (never mind which of them, as that has no bearing on the subject) was struck with a "great thought." He conceived the idea that if he were to cut docking charges a bit; knock off a halfpenny per ton, say, for the twenty-four hours' use of his dock-with-trimmings; he would surely be one up against his competitors. Right! He did; and he was. Those competitors, seeing how matters had tended, instead of denouncing the "cutter," simply followed suit; and 2½d. became the alleged charge. Later on, the cutting continued—on the off chance of something decent turning-up, after the *Flimsy Whimsy's* bottom had been sighted—until it became rather too common a sight, to see a steamer docked on a sporting offer of from anything up to £7/8 (we did see one big steamer "done" for 30s.) Very well, then. Nobody will gainsay the fact but that the dry dock man was very foolish; was standing in his own light; or that his clientéle at £7 a time, was any bigger than when he charged the full 3d. per gross registered ton. Moreover, no one will unduly blame the proprietor of the soup-and-bouilli-can arrangement, for playing the one dock off against the other? As a matter of fact, the dry dock man, himself, doesn't throw any blame in the direction indicated; he merely says there must be no more of it; hence, what the contemporary already alluded to terms, the "dry dock boycott." Mr. Tin Shed worked the oracle in a beautifully simple manner. He whisperingly remarked to shipowner, "How can that man dock your ship for £7? He will lose anything up to about, say, £30, and will then try to 'stick' you on the deck, or other, repairs. Will you let me undertake them for you? You see my little place over there"—indicating the spot with a lordly and tin-shoppy wave of the hand—"and you will realise that as my expenses are few, my profits will be small in comparison with that great dry dock's." Shipowner, not being a born idiot, and—tell it not in Gath—having, on sundry occasions, an interest in the little place, drinks in the words of Mr. Tin Shed; allows the dry dock man to do the essential; then gets his ship out of dock: hands her over to Tin Shed: and on occasion, sits down to reckon up the profits that should come to him, as a result. On the face of it, Tin Shed can do the work cheaper than a reputably efficient, and therefore better-fitted establishment; but does he, really? Some of the Tin Shed fraternity are so little-expensed, that they cannot afford to keep a regular blacksmith, say, on the staff. A job at mending-up some firing-tools comes along; half-a-day's work for the peripatetic smith; he is paid for a full day, or will see Tin Shed hanged first; so the latter has to charge up to the extent indicated. All is not gold that glitters; neither is an apparently cheap tinker's job, always one in reality. We are not taking any chances on this "boycott" idea; we know because we have been there; and while admitting that the *ipse dixit* of a "well-known ship-owner" is good enough for the "daily" which, somehow or other, appears to be keen on hoodooing the chances of the town in which it circulates; we must ask to be excused from taking on the tale ourselves. We know that the dry dock cult will not; and even the glorious army of Tin Sheds indulge in a quiet chuckle, as they assimilate to what extent they have pulled the leg (metaphorically, you understand) of the esteemed friend who runs *Western Mail*, on the extreme eastern edge of "gallant little Wales." Funny, isn't it? No if that esteemed friend would but remember that tag of his childhood's days: the *ne sutor ultra crepidam* of his Latin term; then, we should not have to, so frequently, give him the words of wisdom. Revival rant, nor double-breasted politics, have anything in common with shipping—in either of its varied phases. Reverting to Mr. Tin Shed, he has a commercial dry dock in each port wherein he may labour; the charges, there, are between 3d. and 3½d. per gross registered ton, as the proprietors thereof, cannot see the fun of providing a dock on losing rates—not even for their good friend, Mr. Tin Shed. Very well, then, again. The last-mentioned, will frequently take a docking job for anything ranging around a "tenner;" but think not that he means to undertake it; oh, dear no: this is precisely where he works the dry dock man; at least, he has, up to now, and the dry dock man says it must stop. With a perseverance deserving a better cause, Tin Shed will "approach"—we believe that is the correct term—his very good friend; will insinuate that he is SO busy; is sorry that he took the *Floppy Doppy*, but couldn't well get out of it; in short, will the "dear friend" (Mr. Dry Dock, you know) relieve him of the contract? Mr. D.D. asks the price; is told; says it is insufficient; Tin Shed is disappointed, and suggests that D.D. will get ALL the deck and engine repairs, and "I do so want you to have it, instead of

So-and-so!"—the latter being invariably breathed in such a Sunday Schooly tone of voice. In the past, Mr. D.D. rather than see the work go to that problematical So-and-so—has been inclined to grunt out, "Alright, we'll take her; but the price is ridiculous." Of course, Tin Shed smiles the smile that is bland, if not altogether childlike—and, in a figurative sense, shakes hands with himself, as he remembers that he has been calling the price to, what should be (and will be, soon), his formidable rivals. Beginning to see the hidden mysteries, aren't you? It's all plain enough, when you sit down to view it in the light of reason? Of course, and that is the light which, happily, has dawned among the dry dock men, who may be calculated to find work for 1,000 men, where Tin Shed will find, half, or three-quarter-time, for half a dozen. You see, if the "small men" tender for work on what we may term a commercial dry dock tariff, how may they hope to keep their ends up in competition with the other folk? As a consequence, they do not; rather do they tender on the dog-eat-dog plan, and then unload their probable losses on Mr. D.D. That unloading is scheduled as non-applicable, hence all the fuss. Furthermore, a big dry dock concern might easily have financial objections to the blandishments of some of the Tin Shed fraternity; for not always is the loudest talker the best payer—but perhaps you have noticed this, even as readily as ourselves? And anyhow, we presume that it is admissible for a dry dock to choose its possible customers? To decline to work for some, even as it agrees to work for others? The plain truth of the situation is: If tinker's shops would be satisfied to engage in tinker's work, there would be need for no bad feeling. There is room for all of them—tinker's and dry dock establishments. But when the latter, after expenditure of much money, succeed in bringing a possible repair job to the Bristol Channel, it is disheartening—to say the least—to find some little tinkery having the impertinence to tender for work which, under no circumstances, cannot it undertake; and for which it tenders merely for the purpose of getting a free advertisement, in the kindly "daily" to which we have referred. Mind you, we do not blame the tinkery for those tactics—when they can be got away with: but then, Mr. Tin Shed must not be unduly ruffled when he finds that the dawn of reason has arrived, and the tricks which were good enough in the last benighted century, are altogether "off side," in this. This is where the trouble really lays. Mr. Tin Shed, in the past, has been taking himself too seriously; thanks to petty jealousies, he has been running things his own way, until at last, he has come to believe that it was because of his inherent smartness. Naturally, now that he is disillusioned; when he recognises that he isn't smart worth twopence; he is sore about it. For our part, we sincerely hope that Mr. Dry Dock, be he from where he may, will see to it that a better ordering of things ship-repairy is in evidence in the future, than was in the past. The greatest good for the greatest number, is a good saw; it is very certain that Mr. Tin Shed, even if you take him collectively—and, oh, there's a number of him!—will never employ that greatest number; while it is equally certain that Mr. Dry Dock—even if you take him individually—will. One other phase of this Tin Shed arrangement should not be forgotten. It is not unknown, in the Bristol Channel, for a place to be run under a swagger name—and plenty of the commodity which the vulgar sometimes name "old buck"—when, in reality, the superintendent engineer of a big company is the metaphorical dark horse. You know the kind we mean? The place where, although a steamer is repairing in another port; although a gang of men and all the material have to be sent on railway journeys; and although there are sundry other reputable concerns native to the particular spot indicated: yet, the super-run "show" gets the everlasting bulge—if you will excuse the vulgarism—every time, and always. Now, this is just exactly as it should not be. If a steamer is in, say, Richibucto, the natives of that port should attend to her repairs, for it is wickedness and worse, for the work to be sent across to Kingston—neither of which ports are in the Bristol Channel, which is mainly why we have used them to adorn our tale. There are yet other phases of this regrettable business which have tended toward the alleged "boycott"; phases which we shall touch on by and bye. There is as much favouritism, in certain quarters, as there is soup-and-bouilli-can work in others; and Cardiff—to say nothing of other Bristol Channel ports—is altogether too big a spot for a continuance of such tactics to be permissible. We shall tell you of the other points, later on—especially of the super-run jobs, and the favourites of fortune. For this time, you have had enough.

"MOTHER" AND "BABY."

VIEWING the situation in which Britain stands with her own colonies in the matter of trade preference, and the tariff thereon, generally, one can scarcely get away from the idea that, in the past, those colonies have been wet-nursed too much. So much so, in point of fact, that to-day, they are in the position that is ever assumed by "spoiled children." Successive Governments have, metaphorically, employed themselves at the not over-dignified task of listening for baby's cry, when a wild stampede was made cradle-wards for the purpose of "striking a light," to exorcise the fancied bogie-man. As is only natural, "baby" has grown in the belief that it, alone, possesses any claim to consideration; that "mother" was a silly, though well-meaning old party; and that no matter what "baby" did in the way of fooling-around with other children, "mother" would stand patiently awaiting a condescending wave of the hand, to be again ready to rush to "baby's" side, with another box of matches! In the past, tariffs have been worked up all in the favour of "baby," and because "mother" has at last found time to ask what filial consideration or help she is getting in return for her love, and protection against those bogies; protection which costs her millions per annum; "baby" is froward, impudent, and badly in need of the words of wisdom. It is to be sincerely hoped that those words will be uttered and attended to, before an indefinite estrangement occurs between "mother" and "baby." We are moved to these remarks, by the perusal of a communication which Sir Richard Tangye has sent to a London contemporary. Sir Richard—who is well-enough known as a successful business man without any explanation from us—is paying a visit to Australia, where, among other items, he has been "twigging moves" in connection with colonial feeling on the tariff question. Here is one of Sir Richard's quotations: "The Chamber of Manufacturers has adopted a resolution favouring preferential trade with the United Kingdom, subject to the paramount necessity of providing for and conserving local interests." Cool, isn't it? Australia must be allowed to "conserve local interests"—that is, must be allowed to set up PROTECTION (all in capital letters); but "mother" must be persuaded to go on with the free, gratis and for nothing idea for the good of "baby." In concluding his remarks, Sir Richard Tangye asks what would happen if, after the conclusion of a given treaty, a subsequent Colonial Parliament should denounce it? "Would England make a naval demonstration and re-enact the Boston tea-party of 1776?" It is a terrible pity that admittedly smart business-men cannot recognise that the suggested tariff reform will obviate that naval demonstration idea. As things are, Britain has to make the demonstration, or give up her claims to what has cost her millions. With the tariff, "baby" would soon see reason, as then, she could be met with the home sample of "conserving local interests." Oh, the pity of it! Unless Britain is prepared to fight for justice (with rifles and things) she is flouted at every tack. Yet one small war would cost more than years of Protection—if it were the mistake its opponents declare.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *April 19, 1905.*

HOLIDAYS, and again holidays, and by the time this is printed, and "out," you will be knee-deep in holidays. Well, more power to you: in the main, you work hard, and take your pleasures sadly, for the reason that you don't take 'em often enough, so are partially strangers thereto! Is it of any use to talk business to you? Not much, we suppose; but we have traditions to uphold, so would like to insinuate that since our last, business in Cardiff (to say nothing of other) coal, has been considerably more active; yes.

COLLIERIES, generally considered, have been busy, all 'round, and being in possession of better stems, *pro tem*, the seller is inclined to be saucy in the matter of quotations. But 'tis merely an inclination, sirs; for when a positive buyer meanders along, the sauciness is off at once! Tonnage supplies have been good, with well-filled docks to draw on, most of which filling, needless to say, has been anxiously shaken up, in the hope that it will vamoose, before those hateful holidays!

IN the matter of BEST CARDIFF ADMIRALTYS, we find that they continue firm at between 13s. and 13s. 3d.; the latter, as you will probably realise, being the figures quoted by your esteemed friend, the colliery man. He, lucky soul, is in the satisfactory position of having but little to spare, and in connection with his business, there is less reason to doubt that, for the (blissful) time being, at least, his stems, in the majority of instances, are full. Chock-full, sirs! Furthermore, there are a few collieries in this group, whose engagements will carry them along well into the merry month of May—which is, admittedly, a pleasant time o' the year. In any case, stemming for the present month, is rapidly becoming more difficult—partly because the collieries are busy, but mainly for the reason that when the holidays are over, there will be precious little of the current month left in which to attend to coal-selling. Toujours les holidays!

OTHERS, again, are not quite so favourably circumstanced, and because in the coal trade, as elsewhere, there are ever favourites of fortune. That is to say, we heard it put that way, although in our opinion it is less favour, and more ability—on the part of the seller. Still, the non-tryers in coalville, have to work up some kind of excuse for their non-success; and to put the "other fellow" up as a favourite of fortune, is about as good as most other "reasons." There has been a better demand for prompt shipment (naturally), but forward items have been few, and far between. All the same, the market for this section is very steady, at the moment, and although higher prices are asked—here and there—you may place the values at the figures already given you.

SECOND CARDIFF'S, too, are showing more steadiness; but steadiness notwithstanding, the volume of business actually done, is insufficient to enable sellers to raise the price, over what obtained at our last time of writing. As a matter of course, prices—at least, quotations, which is somewhat different, when you come to view the matter dispassionately—vary. For the better class coals, the enquirers therefor, have been stopped in their onward rush with the figures 12s. 9d. But don't forget that this is the quotation launched by the seller who has a good stem, and consequently doesn't bother unduly whether he opens up new business, or not. At least, on this side of the festivities.

AGAIN, don't forget that "there are others," in this merry-go-'round, and they are not so well-stemmed; are a bit more anxious: are ready to concede—if your smile is of the right dimension; and wouldn't quite set the official dog at you, if you were to brazenly declare that 12s. 3d. represented your "outside possible," for Second Cardiff's Moreover, and although there is steadiness in this section, there is no great amount of activity; indeed, the steadiness is caused quite as much by the lack of buyers, as by any inherent improvement in ruling conditions. Drat the holidays!

ORDINARIES, continue in a state of slackness, with quotations ruling easy at from 11s. 6d. to 12s., as the case might be: and with actual prices paid, quite threepence below, in each instance! However, the weakness, here, is not quite so accentuated as of late, even if Ordinaries are some distance off being a steady market. There are altogether too few buyers about, for a real improvement to materialise.

DRYS—good old DRYS—cannot be ticketted as firm, for business therein continues in the same state of inactivity, which has prevailed for some time, now. The continued lack of that indefinable something known to the trade as "request," keeps all values in a weak state, and for prompt shipment, the stuff may be had, freely, at anything between 11s. 6d. and 12s. Indeed, and for this position, there is absolutely no difficulty in booking Bests at 11s. 9d., with Inferiors at from 3d. to 6d. under, as stems, all 'round, are very easy, with the supply much in excess of the demand.

MONMOUTHSHIRE COALS may be considered as showing an improving trend. For anything approaching early shipment, prices are very steady; more especially in the case of the BLACK VEIN varieties, and here, stems have been rapidly filling, for this, and for next week's attention. Moreover the collieries are busy with a good supply of tonnage, which has arrived over the past few days. Hence, the condition in this section is more satisfactory than at any time recently—but "holidays" are mainly responsible; at least, that is our opinion. Giving prices a consideration, we find that they still synchronise with those ruling at our last—11s. 6d.—and buyers find it somewhat difficult to improve upon this, seeing that there is other than an abundance to be had, just now. The figures quoted are, generally, the firm idea of the sellers, and may be taken as representing present value. As in other quarters, the bulk of the transactions have been for prompt liftings, future business being somewhat slow.

ORDINARIES, too, are being maintained at recent figures. For this week's shipment, the quotation from the colliery-man, is 11s. 3d., and although increased shipments have eventuated, outside of present commitments, there is but little doing. In fact, the attention of buyers, has been given almost exclusively to immediate requirements; sort of letting the future take care of itself! True, collieries are more satisfactorily placed than has been the case with them for some time past; but very few bookings for forward business is about. Also, it is fairly easy, in the majority of instances, to improve upon the quotation, providing the right tactics are forthcoming; and a more accurate idea of price may be gleaned from the figures 11s., with an outside touch at 11s. 3d.

SECONDS are, to all intents and purposes, an unchanged section. That is to say, latest figures still obtain: but it must not be supposed, in consequence, that this class of coal is any firmer than heretofore; on the contrary, rather, for business herein, continues on the lamentably slow notch. Sellers—with their usual optimism—are asking 10s. 6d.: but you may take it from us, that threepence under will be thankfully received—and without any undue pressure on the part of the intending buyer.

RHONDDA NUMBER 3's remain, quotably, at from 13s. 9d. to 14s., but as previously indicated, easiness marks the grade. True, the prices given have been fairly-well maintained, seeing that stems are moderately full. Beyond

this, however, there is no active demand, and to our mind, the 9d. may be taken as present representative value, here.

RHONDDA NUMBER 2's also, are unchanged. Supplies are plentiful; so much so, that they are well in excess of all the demand that is about, so that prices continue easy in the neighbourhood (close) of 10s., which has been the basis of the transactions passing. It is certain that they can command nothing above those figures, at the moment; while from 3d. to 6d. below, has been registered.

SMALLS, eh? Here you have a feature, once again! A feature which continues in the expanding line; the exact line which has been their's, for quite a while, now. The gentle seller has had another good week, in so far as demand is concerned; and supplies have been as restricted as ever—accounted for by full stems, and near approach of the holidays. It is a fact that large coals have been shipping more heavily, and the supplies of Smalls have improved in consequence; but the demand has improved in the same ratio, so that the stuff is selling itself, with prices even as at our last time of writing. BESTS are readily cammanding 8s. 6d.—while 8s. 9d. is asked for, and had, in some quarters; SECONDS range along from 7s. 9d. to 8s.; Ordinaries, from 7s. 3d. to 7s. 6d.; and there has been a flattering demand for Newport qualities, at from 7s. 6d. to 7s. 9d.

PATENT FUELS are firm—not so much on actual business, as resultant from the tightness of Smalls. Values may be scheduled at about 13s.

PITWOOD is quoted at from 16s. 9d. to 17s., and this market is a trifle firmer.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	13s. od	13s. od.	13s. od., 13s. 3d.	13s. 1½d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 3d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	11s. 6d., 12s. od.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d., 12s. od.
Drys ,, ...	12s. od.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 9d.
Best Newport ,, ..	11s. 3d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	11s. od.	11s. od.	11s. od., 11s. 3d.	11s. 1½d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.
Seconds ,, ...	10s. 3d., 10s. 6d	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,,	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od., 16s. 3d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,,	13s. 9d., 14s. od.	14s. od.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 6d., 14s. od.	13s. 6d., 14s. od.
No. 2 Ditto. ,,	10s. od.	10s. 1½d.	10s. od., 10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. od., 10s. 3d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro."	11s od., 11s. 9d	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.
,, 2 ,,	8s. 6d., 8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d., 9s. od.	9s. od.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d., 9s. od.
Smalls:						
Best Cardiff	8s. 6d., 8s. 9d.	8s. 7½d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d., 8s. 9d.	8s. 6d.
Seconds	7s. 6d., 8s. od.	8s. od.	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.	8s. od.	7s. 9d., 8s. od.
Ordinaries	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d	7s. 4½d.	7s. 4½d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 3d., 7s. 6d.
Best Newport	7s. 6d	7s. 6d.	7s. 3d., 7s. 6d.	7s. 4½d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.
Seconds	7s od	7s. od.	6s. 9d., 7s. od.	6s. 10½d.	7s. od.	7s. od.
Rhondda No. 2	7s od., 7s. 6d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 3d., 7s. 6d.
,, No. 3	9s. 6d., 10s od	9s. 9d.	10s. od.	10s. od.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.
Foundry Coke:						
Special	20s od.	21s. od.	21s. od.	20s. 6d., 21s. od.	20s. 6d.	20s. od., 21s. od.
Ordinary	17s od	17s. 9d.	18s. od.	18s. od.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 17s. 9d.
Furnace Coke	16s. 9d.	15s. 9d	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 15s. 9d.	16s. od.	16s. od.
Patent Fuel	13s. 3d	13s. od., 13s. 3d.	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 9d., 13s. od.	13s. od.
Pitwood ex ship	16s od., 17s od.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. od.

All less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *April 19, 1905.*

BUSINESS at Swansea is still rather quiet, and while there has been a little more moving during the past week, the market, generally, is no firmer in tone. Certainly there has been a better enquiry for prompt shipment, and stems for this position are improved; but the demand is by no means active, and the position can be stated to be practically unchanged.

ANTHRACITE COALS, of the Malting descriptions, are fairly steady. Stems, hereaway, are good, which enables sellers to maintain their market. Beyond these however, there is not much about in the shape of new business, and while quotations vary, according to the quality sought after (and the position), for anything required promptly, buyers are able to obtain concessions. RED VEIN LARGE, however, is experiencing good enquiry, and values for these sorts are firmer at about 10s. 3d. BIG VEIN is easy at 11s. to 11s. 6d.

DUFF, is fairly active, present quotations being 3s. 3d. to 3s. 6d. Still, there is room for improvement in the demand, supplies being quite equal to it, at the moment.

CULM, is showing no disposition to weakness, for as a matter of fact, prices continue firm. Stems are good, and seeing there has been a continuance of the recent good enquiry, values have been easily maintained. Moreover, the slackness in Large, is restricting the supply of this grade, somewhat.

MACHINE MADE COALS, are moving off to an improved tune. NUTS and COBBLES have received a better demand, and while values are nominally unchanged, they are steadier on this account.

STEAM COALS remain quiet. There has been no increased business done in them this week, and consequently prices have not improved. Judging from indications too, they are not likely to harden just yet. Stems generally are easy, and for prompt shipment quotations rule the same. BESTS, however, are steady, as Collieries, here, are fairly well stemmed. Other sorts, SECONDS and BUNKER qualities are negotiable at under the quotation for prompt shipment.

PATENT FUELS are nominally unchanged, remaining at about 14s. 9d. to 12s.

BELOW, we give the average prices for the week:—

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:						
Best Hand Picked	18s od., 19s od.	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. od., 19s. od.
Malting Large	17s od	17s. od.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d	17s. od.	17s. od., 17s. 6d.
Seconds do.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 6d.
Big Vein Large	9s 9d.	9s. 9d.	10s. od.	10s. od.	10s. od., 10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.
Red ,, ,,	16s od., 16s 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.
Machine Made Cobbles	16s. od., 17s. od.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. od., 16s. 9d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.
,, ,, Nuts	10s. 6d., 11s. od	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	11s. od	11s. od	10s. 9d., 11s. od.
,, ,, Peas	5s 3d.	5s. 3d.	5s. 3d., 5s. 6d.	5s. 6d.	5s. 3d.	5s. 3d., 5s. 6d.
Rubbly Culm	3s 3d.	3s. 3d.	3s. 4½d.	3s. 4½d.	3s. 3d., 3s. 6d.	3s. 4½d.
Duff	11s 9d.	11s. 9d.	12s. od.	12s. od.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.
Patent Fuel:—						
Steam:						
Best Large	13s. od., 13s 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 9d., 13s. od.	13s. od.
Seconds ,,	12s od	12s. od.	11s. 9d., 12s. 3d.	11s. 9d., 12s. od.	12s. od.	12s od.
Bunker ,,	10s. od., 11s. od.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d., 11s. od.
Thro' and Thro'	8s 9d., 9s od.	9s. od.	9s. od.	8s. 10½d.	8s. 10½d.	9s. od.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

CARDIFF, *April 19, 1905.*

THE past week has been a fairly busy one with regard to chartering, although EASTERN business is still on the "retired list"—which, remembering the all-pervadingness of the gentle ally, and the lately-engendered timidity of the underwriter, collectively, is not to be wondered at. Another example of how the slip-initialler makes, or mars, trade?

WESTWARD, business has been moderately good, with rates much on a par with last week's. PLATE freights continue around the 7s. 3d. to 7s. 6d. mark, with LAS PALMAS option MADEIRA at 6s.

FOR the MEDITERRANEAN, an average amount of tonnage has been taken up, at a slight improvement in price, with GENOA ranging between 6s. 9d. and 7s.; and for others, see list, below.

For the BAY, BALTIC and COASTING—well, are not they, too, in the list? Of course they are, and whether the hurry-up is in view of the holidays, or from whatever other reason, the current week has shown a decent amount of tonnage fixed up. Rates, too, all 'round, are about as good as they have been of late; and if this is nothing to brag of, still, the shipowner has a lot to be thankful for, seeing that, in all directions, they have been much lower than at the moment.

BUT viewed from any standpoint you care to adopt, "shipowning isn't what it was, sirs!" All the same, some of its exponents continue at the ten-per-cent. dividend game, even as others may be depended on to chalk up losses against their long-suffering shareholders. So the chartering world wags.

Week Ending, (Wednesday), April 19, 1905

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Singapore, *Loch Tay,* 8s. 6d.
Bombay, *Dido,* 6,300 tons, 8s.

WESTWARD, Etc.

Cape Verdes, Steamer, 4,200 tons, 6s. 6d.
River Plate, *Marie Suzanne,* 3,700/4,100 tons, 7s. 6d.
Steamer, 5,500 tons, 7s. 6d.
Edith, 3,900 tons, 7s. 3d.
Agnes, 3,800 tons, 7s. 3d.
Ethelburga, 2,500 tons, 7s. 6d.
Whitehall, 3,200 tons, 7s. 3d.
Buenos Ayres, Steamer, 4,500 tons, 7s. 3d. 250 1s. ppt. (N).
Steamer, 7s. 2d. 250 dely. 8d.
Las Palmas, *Lena,* 3,000 tons, 6s. option **Madeira.**
Moorgate, 3,500 tons, 6s. option **Cape Verdes** 6s. 6d.
Teneriffe, *Lord Antrim,* 5,500 tons, 5s. 9d.
Campana, Steamer, 4,000 tons, 7s. 3d. 200 1s. May. option **Villa Constitucion/or Rosario.**
Rio de Janeiro, Steamer, 4,700 tons, 8s. 9d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Genoa, *Nymphaea,* 2,400 tons, 7s.
Greatham, 3,000 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Steamer, 6s. 9d.
Powis, 2,500 tons, 7s. option **Savona.**
Eftikhia, 5,400 tons, 6s. 9d. (P.T.)
Sardinia, 3,700 tons, 6s. 9d. option **Savona,** (N).
Hieronymi, 3,650 tons, 6s. 9d.
Lorenzo, 3,000 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Steamer, 4,000 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Algiers, *Collivaud,* 1,700 tons, 7·50 francs.
Crimea, 2,200 tons, 7·50 francs.
Castleventry, 3,600 tons, 7·25 fcs., option **Marseilles.**
Alexandria, *Wooda,* 5,700 tons, 6s. 3d.
Straits of Menai, 3,800 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Smyrna, *Roumania,* 3,300 tons, 6s. 9d. (N).
Tunis, *Ashby,* 2,300 tons, 9·25 fcs. (N).
Nice, *Cheapside,* 1,500 tons, 7s. 9d. coal, 8s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Naples, Steamer, 3,600 tons, 6s. 3d.
Girgenti, 2,600 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Palermo, Steamer, 1,900 tons, 7s. ppt.
Barcelona, Steamer, 2,400 tons, 7s.
Mary Horton, 1,450 tons, 7s. 9d. ppt. (s).
Brindisi, *Caledonie,* 3,700 tons, 6s. 6d. 1,000 dely. ppt.
Venice, Steamer, 5,600 tons, 7s. 3d.
Steamer, 3,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Steamer, 4,200 tons, 7s. 6d.
Karachi, Steamer, 5,000 tons, 9s. 3d. rails.
Lisbon, *Glenpark,* 1,200 tons, 4s. 9d. (N).
Radnor, 1,600 tons, 4s. 9d.
Earl of Dumfries, 2,200 tons, 4s. 6d.
Malta, *Eaton Hall,* 5,500 tons, 5s 3d
Camperdown, 3,800 tons, 5s. 9d.
Torrington, 8,000 tons, 4s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Scarsdale, 3,000 tons, 4s. 9d. ppt. (Admiralty).
Bilbao, *Botnia,* 1,400 tons, 3s. 9d. (N).
Bona, *Guldborg,* 2,000 tons, 8 francs.
Torre, *Dagmar,* 3,000 tons, 6s. 6d.
Huelva, Steamer, 1,600 tons, 4s. 9d.
Marseilles, *William Broadley,* 4,400 tons, 8 fcs.
Salerno, 2,200 tons, 8·25 francs.
Tiber, 1,350 tons, 8·25 francs.
Alicante, *Thyra,* 850 tons, 7s. 6d.
Trieste, *Adriatico,* 5,500 tons, 7s.
Zea, *Llanishen,* 5,700 tons, 6s.
Barletta, *Shakespeare,* 2,400 tons, 7s. 10½d. coal, 8s. 7½d. fuel, (s).
Arzew, *Glenmore,* 2,200 tons, 8·50 fcs. coal, 9·50 fcs. fuel, (s).
Civita Vecchia, *Emilie,* 1,900 tons, 7s. 6d. coal, 8s. 3d. fuel, option **Leghorn,** (s).
Marmarice, *Rowtor,* 2,800 tons, 6s. spot.
Constantinople, *Penpol,* 2,400 tons, 6s. 6d. coal, 7s. 3d. fuel, option **Piraeus.**
Beyrout, Steamer, 2,400 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Trapani, *Hekla,* 700 tons, 7s. 4½d. (N).
Philippeville, *Iolo Morganwg,* 1,550 tons, 8·50 fcs. coal, 9·50 fcs. fuel. (s).

BAY, Etc.

La Rochelle, *Carina,* 1,900 tons, 4 fcs.
St. Nazaire, *Castleford,* 2,400 tons, 4·25 francs. spot.
Nantes, *Izaro,* 2,300 tons, 4·50 fcs, spot.
Bordeaux, *Belgica,* 2,800 tons, 4·37½ francs.
San Miguel, 2,700 tons, 3·95 francs, spot.

BALTIC, Etc.

Aarhuus, *Rap,* 800 tons, 4s. 3d.
Stettin, *J. D. S. Adolph,* 2,100 tons, 4s. 7½d.
Alfred Menzell. 1,600 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).

COASTING, Etc.

Belfast, *Frontier Town,* 310 tons, 3s. 3d. (s).
Caen, *Flandria,* 500 tons, 4s.
Longwood, 650 tons, 4s.
Seagull, 700 tons, 4s. option **Honfleur.**
St. Malo, *Maywood,* 1,550 tons, 3s. 9d.
Raloo, 1,350 tons, 3s. 9d. (s).
Whimbrel, 600 tons, 4s.
Circe, 1,500 tons, 3s. 9d.
Glengariff, *Sagenite,* 800 tons, 3s. 9d.
Brest, *Sando,* 1,100 tons, 3s. 10½d.
Havre, *Speedwell,* 1,300 tons, 3s. 10½d. (s).
Alice M. Craig, 1,170 tons, 3s. 9d. (s).
Cherbourg, *Progress,* 450 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Rouen, *Queen's Channel,* 380 tons, 5s.
G. Player, 750 tons, 5s. (s).
Steamer, 700 tons, 4s. 10½d. (s).
Portland, *Gransha,* 1,500 tons; *Maywood,* 1,500 tons; *Tyne,* 1,500 tons; *Throstlegarth,* 2,000 tons; *Glynn,* 1,500 tons; all 2s. 7½d. (Admiralty.)
Tourmaline, 1,000 tons, 2s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Plymouth, *Guardian,* 4s. 1½d.
Dieppe, *Cederic,* 1,400 tons, 3s. 7½d.
Bremen, *Tjalve,* 650 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
London, *Monkwood,* 1,600 tons, 3s. 6d.
Hamburg, *Ino,* 1,600 tons, 4s. 3d.
Malmo, *Saxon Briton,* 1,650 tons, 4s.
Sheerness *Tourmaline,* 1,000 tons, 3s. 6d. (Admiralty).
Portsmouth, *Hazelmere,* 1,400 tons, 2s. 7½d. ,,
Dublin, *Bombardier,* 240 tons, 3s. 9d. (s).
Marans, *Grane,* 1,400 tons, 5·50 francs, (s).
Devonport, *Curran,* 1,400 tons, 2s. 4½d. (Admiralty).

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Newport, Steamer, 4s. 1½d. ore.
,, ,, ,, Steamer, 2,800 tons, 4s. 1½d. ppt. ore
,, ,, **Cardiff,** *Crimdon,* 2,200 tons; *Jane,* 1,650 tons; *Hasland,* 2,200 tons; Steamer, 2,100 tons; 4s. ore.
Decido to Cardiff, *Devonia,* 1,750 tons, 4s. 3d. ppt.

MARITIME AND OTHER MONEY MATTERS.

COMMENCING our tale with ships, we are in receipt of the accounts of the Eaton Hall Steamship Company, Limited, and gather therefrom, that the gross earnings for 75 days, amount to £8,323, while the working expenses over the same period are £2,540, leaving £783 to the good, and a dividend of about 10 per cent. has been handed to the fortunate shareholders. In the present "tight" times, this is extremely good business, and it doesn't really matter whether it is because of a smart manager, an exceptionally good steamer, striking the market at its best—or merely a combination of all three traits. We have, on several occasions, reverted to the Cardiff Hall Line, and the undoubtedly good investment which it forms; succeeding voyages give us no reason to reconsider our good opinion, for to-day, there are mighty few steamers returning anything like the dividends earned by this new, but distinctly prosperous concern. We cannot command success; we may deserve it—when it will probably materialise. Verb. sat sap.!

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"HOW do the holidays affect the Money Market?" There is a question for you, and it comes from a source where more wisdom than is exemplified by the question, should prevail. Naturally, those holidays affect the Market adversely. Fancy any sane man thinking about Rhodesians, when Rhoda has the greatest piece of his mind; or of Grand Trunks, when the little trunk which is going to tide him (and Rhoda, aforesaid) over the Thursday-to-Tuesday touch looms tall in his mind's eye! Is the same individual likely to be troubling himself about the "copper position," when most of his energies are concentrated on corraling the gold for the "touch" referred to? Well, he isn't, and that is how the holidays affect the Money Market.

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AS a matter of fact, there is no Money Market, and quite a number of the people who ought to know, are almost convinced that there never was any such thing. They are suggesting now, that what, in the dear old past, was described by the title set out, was merely a spasmodic effort on the part of so-called "financiers," to make a honest living without work. And after mature consideration, we are not altogether sure that those good folk are very far wrong. Anyhow, it is useless talking about a market, when those who have the money will see a would-be seller jiggered before they will buy. And that is the blessed situation, at present.

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FOR the merry punter who schemes a living out of the financially unwary, our hearts are sore. He has fallen on evil times, and has much solid reason to doubt the words of one Thomas Carlyle; words which were calculated to assure him that the inhabitants of this free and happy country of ours (and yours) were mostly fools. Indeed, that same old Sage is indirectly responsible, for much of the misery which is coruscating around the domestic hearths, of they who do (more or less) business in stocks and shares—for the public. These days, there are not nearly so many fools in the breech, as the words of Carlyle would suggest, and the bucket-shop youth is beginning to assimilate the fact.

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THUS it comes about, that we have "stagnant markets." Principally for the reason that the erstwhile juggins who made those markets "buoyant," has cut his eye-teeth, and thanks to the blessings of free education, is beginning to differentiate between mutton and goat, so to speak. When you have educated your one-time jays up to the notch that will qualify them for the position of brokers and dealers—to say nothing of running a nicely-conducted feather-fetching establishment, which is a nicer expression than bucket-shop, even if it means the same thing—it is useless for you to expect to get any nibbles, unless you have a sufficiency of brains to enable you to work up an altogether new style of bait.

NOW, in the bucket-shops of commerce, brains are nearly as scarce as money, and so it transpires that the necessary bait is conspicuous by its absence, and "stagnant markets" are the natural corollary. There is, in reality, nothing wrong with the Money Market; with the public who patronises it; nor with the actual results which reputable financiers are still able to command. The reason of "stagnant markets" being so much in evidence, is that there are so many stagnant financiers; fellows who endeavour to work the-thimble-and-the-pea dodge under another—but woefully transparent—guise. Those fellows, being more or less erudite, have attached too much importance to the words of Carlyle already referred to, and that is where they fail to shine.

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INDEED, we have a nodding acquaintance wtth quite a few of those would-be financial giants, who would be better engaged in engineering a religious revival; nature fitted them—bountifully—for the job; but forgot to lend them the little piece of common-sense that should help them to assimilate the truth of the situation. Under the circumstances, therefore, and being cognizant of the fact that their's is a pleading nature, they plead for shekels (direct), when they should plead for souls (and shekels, indirect). It is all very simple, when you give the matter that consideration which is its due? How can you hope to have other than a "stagnant market," when a number of its supporters imagine that the only necessaries for a good time in this direction, is a shaky typewriter, and a pay-by-the-week duplicating machine?

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CONSOLS are lower. Under the conditions which we have referred to, no other state is possible. But they haven't gone down so much because the Irrepressible One is snooking around on a Mediterranean tour, as because the gentlemen who endeavour to negotiate their sales ought to have gone. Then, foreign stocks are dull. How is it possible for them to be bright, when there is nothing left with which to polish them. Home rails are inactive—in the offices where the pessimistic bucket-shop man lingers out a precarious existence; otherwise, they are "looking up," and will be looking upper for the next week or ten days. Aye, and after that, for Home Rails are a good investment.

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THEN, Americans are lower. Of course, they are. This is just the time of year to expect such an occurrence! This is the betwixt-and-between season. The weather is bright enough to keep American Rails from flopping-out altogether; but not so bright that they may be boosted up into the "feverish" state. You have to possess yourselves, patiently, for a touch more of sun, ere you may hope for anything of the feverish idea in Americans, or any other sort of rails. Leaving rails, consider the tailoring trade. The time of the year when new clothes is a desideratum approaches, and some local gentlemen are preparing therefor. West End Tailors (Cardiff) Limited, is among the latest preparation.

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WITH a capital of £10,000 in £1 shares, the foregoing intends to do the whole gamut in the business for which they are catering. The qualification for the directorate is one share, and although the gentlemen couldn't well hold less than that, and still be shareholders, each of the three already appointed are eminently suited for the business. Two of them are tailors; the other is a jeweller and pawnbroker. There is no initial public issue, but that is no reason why the new concern should not succeed, and be an ornament to Cardiff—and other towns "in the United Kingdom and elsewhere." There is money in tailoring, don't forget, for men (and women) must be clothed; it's a universal weakness with suffering humanity, even if it doesn't all patronise the same tailor's shop.

SHIPBUILDING.

THE returns compiled by Lloyd's Register of Shipping, state, that, excluding warships, there were 474 vessels of 1,251,343 tons gross, under construction in the United Kingdom, at the close of the quarter ended 31st March, 1905. The vessels in question are made up as follows:

Description	No.	Gross Tonnage.
STEAM.		
Steel	440	1,241,651
Iron	—	—
Wood and Composite	1	220
Total	441	1,241,871
SAIL.		
Steel	16	7,821
Iron	—	—
Wood and Composite	17	1,651
Total	33	9,472
Total Steam and Sail	474	1,251,343

The tonnage under construction is now nearly 202,000 tons more than at the end of December, 1904. Compared, however, with the total reached in September, 1901, which is the highest on record, the present figures show a reduction of about 161,000 tons.

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THE following table gives the total figures for vessels (warships excluded) now building in the principal ship-building districts of the country, as compared with those for the same period last year. Each district includes places in the neighbourhood of the port after which it is named:—

District.	Description.	March 31st, 1905. No.	March 31st, 1905. Gross Tonnage.	March 31st, 1904. No.	March 31st, 1904. Gross Tonnage.
Belfast	(Steam) ...	22	192,425	20	193,633
,,	(Sail) ...	—	—	—	—
	Total	22	192,425	20	193,633
Barrow, Maryport and Workington	(Steam) ...	7	3,330	12	32,820
	(Sail) ...	3	5,200	4	600
	Total	10	8,530	16	33,420
Glasgow	(Steam) ...	85	233,480	70	187,540
,, ...	(Sail) ...	8	2,010	16	5,330
	Total	93	235,490	86	192,870
Greenock ...	(Steam) ...	57	181,641	39	95,034
,, ...	(Sail) ...	—	—	2	6,200
	Total	57	181,641	41	101,234
Hartlepool and Whitby ...	(Steam) ...	20	69,500	18	58,520
	(Sail) ...	—	—	—	—
	Total	20	69,500	18	58,520
Middlesbrough and Stockton	(Steam) ...	25	76,713	24	69,455
	(Sail) ...	—	—	—	—
	Total	25	76,713	24	69,455
Newcastle ...	(Steam) ...	75	255,730	72	186,006
,, ...	(Sail) ...	—	—	—	—
	Total	75	255,730	72	186,006
Sunderland ...	(Steam) ...	59	190,241	39	121,676
,, ...	(Sail) ...	—	—	1	260
	Tota	59	190,241	40	121,936

The above figures show clearly that shipbuilders have got back to a situation of activity, the result of the boom in January and early February, a boom, which we stated at the time to be absolutely unwarranted. Freights do not improve and there is nothing in the outlook that promises prosperity for the shipping trade. There is, just now, a very marked dearth of new orders, and likely to be for some time to come, as many owners anticipate that later on, there will be a large number of new boats offering for sale, and they will be able to secure them at low prices. There is no doubt that a good many of the steamers at present under construction, are merely speculative, and will be offering on the market, for sale, shortly, and this is bound to have an influence on the inquiry market and on shipping values.

+ + +

The warships at present under construction, in the United Kingdom, number 43, of 262,670 tons displacement. Of these, 38 are British and 5 foreign. The former include 3 first-class battleships, and 5 first-class armoured cruisers, building in the Royal Dockyards, and in private yards, 7 first-class armoured cruisers, 5 scouts, 11 topedo boat destroyers, and 7 submarines. The foreign orders include 2 battleships, 2 torpedo boat destroyers, and 1 torpedo boat.

MESSRS. WATTS, WATTS & Co., London, are the purchasers of the steamers *Powhatan*, *Pocahontas*, *Pocasset*, *Pawnee* and *Picqua*, reported sold in our last issue by Messrs. Phelps Brothers, of Liverpool, and it is now reported that they have sold the *Peconic* to foreign buyers at about £6,500. This steamer, the last of their fleet, was built by Messrs. Royden & Sons, Liverpool, in 1881. Dimensions 277ft. 5in. x 34ft. 6in. x 22ft. 8in.; 1,795 tons gross; with engines 21½in., 53in. x 39in. stroke, by Messrs. Fawcett, Preston & Co., of Liverpool. She had new main boilers in 1897.

+ + +

MESSRS. J. B. WESTRAY & Co., London, have sold their steel screw steamer *Duke of Portland*, to Messrs. H. & W. Nelson, Ltd., Liverpool. She was built and engined by Messrs. Hawthorn, Leslie & Co., Ltd., Newcastle, in 1890. Dimensions 350ft. 5in. x 47ft. 7in. x 24ft.; 3,822 tons gross; with engines 27in., 44in., 71in. x 48in. stroke. She is fitted with refrigerating machinery, and will be employed by the new owners in carrying frozen meat from the River Plate. She was specially built for, and has always been employed in carrying frozen meat from New Zealand. We understand the price paid is about £17,000.

+ + +

MESSRS. NEALE & WEST, Cardiff, have purchased three steam trawlers from the Pelham Steam Fishing Co,, Ltd., Grimsby. The *Brisk*, built by Messrs. Edwards Brothers, North Shields, 1898. Dimensions 105ft. 4in. x 20ft. 9in. x 10ft. 9in. The *Federal*, built by Messrs. Cochrane & Cooper, Ltd., Beverley, in 1898. Dimensions 12ft. 6in. x 21ft. x 11ft. 6in., and the *Active*, reported in our last issue.

+ + +

THE iron screw steamer *Amity*, lately owned by Messrs. G. Haig & Co., Sunderland, has been sold, and we understand the price paid is about £6,000. She was built by Messrs. J. Laing & Co., Sunderland, in 1883. Dimensions 240ft. x 36ft. 3in. x 15ft. 7in.; 1,378 tons gross; with engines 29½in., 55in. x 36in. stroke, by Messrs. George Clark & Co., Sunderland.

+ + +

THE steel screw steamer *Loch Etive*, is reported sold by Messrs. A. Leitch & Co., Dundee, for about £8,500. She was built and engined by Messrs. Gourlay Bros. & Co., Dundee, in 1886. Dimensions 294ft. x 37ft. 3in. x 23ft. 8in.; 2,148 tons gross; with engines 21½in., 34in., 56in. x 42in. stroke.

+ + +

AT an extraordinary meeting of the shareholders of the Glen Urquhart Steamship Company, Limited, Dundee, it was resolved unanimously to empower the manager to make the necessary arrangements for offering the Company's steamer *Torbay*, for sale by public auction, at a reserve price of £7,500.

PATENTS.

27,883/04 TRAYLOR—*Improvements in and relating to rotary screens for minerals and other substances.*

This invention relates to a rotary screen having a central spindle with radial arms between which the screen members are arranged, and on to which the material is fed at the centre, the discharge being effected centrifugally at the edge. The improvement consists in superposing on the rotary motion of the screens a vertical vibrating motion. This motion is obtained by mounting a crown ratchet or cam-wheel on the spindle which engages with a similar wheel secured against rotation. The spindle is depressed against the force of a spring and on the recoil of the spindle its motion is arrested by impact against an adjustible screw.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on April 6, 1905, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

3,708/04—CLIFFORD—*A new or improved endless chain paddle for propelling boats and for other purposes.*

This invention relates to a substitute for a paddle wheel for propelling boats. It consists of a pair of endless chains connected together by spindles at intervals the links of the chains carrying paddles which stand perpendicular to their length. The chains run over sprocket wheels mounted on two spindles one at each end of a casing at the stern of the vessel the casing being open at the end and at the bottom. The ends of the chain-spindles are fitted with rollers which run in grooves on the inside of the casing for the purpose of guiding and supporting the chains. The apparatus is also adapted to act as a motor for obtaining power from running water.

5,923/04—THOMPSON—*Improvements in or appertaining to navigable vessels.*

This invention relates to vessels which are adapted, when going at high speeds, to skim over the surface of the water by means of inclined planes. The invention consists in the employment of screw propellers for propelling the vessel on starting, and after the speed has increased sufficiently to raise the vessel on the inclined planes and lift the propellers out of the water, propulsion is continued by means of paddle-wheels which are adapted to be lifted to suit the varying depth of immersion of the vessel.

7,237/04—BALKE—*Coal kerving and slitting machines with hand gear.*

This is a machine for cutting a slot along the face of a coal seam. An endless cutting chain is mounted in a frame of which one end is conveyed along a horizontal guide by the face of the coal seam the other end traversing a guide at right angles to the face. In the latter guide a spindle is mounted with means for its rotation. By means of bevel-wheels, a feather key and long key way on the spindle the cutting chain is operated whilst the frame in which it is carried is caused to traverse the guides by pinions and racks.

9,325/04—CARTAS—*Improvements in the bottoms and submerged parts of ships.*

This invention consists in rendering vessels unsinkable by making the submerged portions of cellular construction, each individual cell being small and independent.

11,052/04—TANNETT-WALKER—*Improvements in apparatus for lifting and loading coal and other materials.*

This invention relates to raising the counterweights of the platform of coal tips and other hoists by hydraulic rams as well as the platforms themselves. The rams of the counter-weights are so arranged that when the load is light one of them is opened to pressure instead of to exhaust so as to force its water back into the main and economize same.

11,142/04—CARRON COMPANY AND RODGERSON—*Improvements in steering gear for ships.*

This invention relates to hand steering gear for ships and its object is to hold the steering gear in the position set and prevent the blows of the sea on the rudder from being transmitted through the steering-wheel to the steersman. On the spindle to which the steering-wheel is secured is mounted a sleeve to which the chain-barrel is fastened or geared. Connecting the spindle and sleeve and a rachet-wheel mounted on the sleeve is a one-way clutch the teeth of the ratchet wheel being so inclined that its pawl rides over the teeth when the spindle drives the sleeve by means of the clutch. A tendency to reverse by an effort applied to the sleeve is opposed by the ratchet-teeth and pawl. A pair of clutch and ratchet-wheel devices is provided, the second one of the pair being adapted to effect the same result in the reverse direction.

12,421/04—JONES—*Improved wheel for colliery trams or corves.*

This improvement consists in forming the space between two of the spokes of a corve into a well for receiving the lubricant. This space communicates with the axle through a hole in the hub. In the complete specification two such spaces arranged opposite each other are shown.

27,198/04—THE SIMPLEX CONCRETE PILING COY.—*Improvements in the construction of concrete piles, and in preparatory piles to be used therefor.*

This invention relates to a hollow pile having a point composed of a number of pivotted plates. When this pile is being driven into the ground the edges of the pivotted plates meet and form a closed pointed end to the hollow pile after which the concrete is fed into its hollow interior. During the filling the preparatory pile is gradually withdrawn, the plates forming the point opening to permit of this.

27,300/04—WESSIMANN—*Improvements in sieves or screens.*

This invention relates to means for imparting a vibrating movement to a screen in addition to the usual reciprocating movement. This is effected by arranging longitudinal spring bars secured beneath the transverse bars of the inclined screen frame, so that the lower ends of these spring bars rest on the upper edge of a cross bar mounted in the frame of the machine and their upper ends which are fitted with shoes on the peripheries of wheels having multiple cam surfaces and mounted on a horizontal transverse shaft.

These applications for patents are, until May 22, 1905, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

The following applications for the registration of Trade Marks relating to the shipping and coal trades were advertised on April 12, and are open to opposition by interested parties within the period ending May 12.

CLASS 4—*Including coal.*

No. 270,750—6th March, 1905—'MONSMEG' NAVIGATION STEAM COAL—for: Coal. The Tilbury Contracting & Dredging Co., Ltd., 50, Mark Lane, London, Lightermen, Coal Merchants, & Dredging Contractors.

No. 271,274—20th March, 1905—The device of a girl carrying a basket and flowers, accompanied by a wolf. for: Raw or partly prepared vegetable, animal, and mineral substances used in manufactures not included in other classes. Johann Heinrich August Brügmann and Johannes Heinrich Otto Brügmann, trading as J. H. A. Brügmann, Vogelreth, Hamburg, Germany, Manufacturers.

CLASS 8—*Including nautical instruments.*

No. 270,294—20th February, 1905—ZONAC—for: Telescopes, binoculars and glasses of a like kind (included in class 8). James Aitchison, 14, Newgate St., London, E.C.

No. 270,498—25th February, 1905—EIDELER—for: All goods included in class 8. R. & J. Beck, Ltd., 68, Cornhill, London, Manufacturing Opticians and Photographic Dealers.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

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CARDIFF.

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CORY Bros. & Co., Ltd., Cardiff and London. Depôts at all the principal Coaling Stations in the World.
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INSOLE, George & Son, Cardiff. Sole Shippers of Gymmer Steam Coal, Windsor Steam Coal, and Insoles No. 2 Rhondda Coal.
Telegrams: "Insoles, Cardiff."

LEWIS Merthyr Consolidated Collieries, Ltd., Proprietors and Shippers of "Lewis Merthyr" Navigation Steam Coal.
Telegrams: "Lewis Merthyr, Cardiff"; "Lewis Merthyr, London."

MARQUESS of Bute Collieries, Aberdare, Hirwain, and Rhondda Valley. Shipping ports:—Bute Docks, Cardiff: Penarth Dock: Swansea: Briton Ferry; and Newport (Mon.)
Telegrams: "Sema, Cardiff."

OCEAN (Merthyr) Coal Co., Ltd., 11, Bute Crescent, Cardiff, proprietors of Ocean (Merthyr) Steam Coal.

UNIVERSAL Steam Coal Co., Ltd., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Proprietors of "Universal Steam Coal."
Telegrams: "Versatile, Cardiff."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

VIVIAN, H. C. & Co., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole European Agents for "The Puritan Coal Mining Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A."
Telegrams: "Vivian, Cardiff."

WATTS, Watts & Co., Cardiff and London. Contractors for the supply of Coals at all Depôts abroad.
Telegrams: "Watts, Cardiff."

Dock Owners.

THE Cardiff Railway Company, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Ship Repairers.

SHEARMAN, John & Co., Ltd., Cardiff, and at Barry Dock.

THE Bute Shipbuilding, Engineering, and Dry Dock Company, Limited, Roath Basin, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Caisson, Cardiff."

THE Cardiff Channel Dry Docks and Pontoon Co., Ltd., Cardiff and Barry Dock.
Telegrams: "Entrance, Cardiff." "Channel, Barry."

THE Mercantile Pontoon Co., Ltd., Roath Dock, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Mercantile, Cardiff."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

Miscellaneous.

LEWIS & Tylor, Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole patentees and manufacturers of "Gripoly," a patent woven belting; and "Burals," a semi-metallic packing.
Telegrams: "Belting Cardiff." Telephone, Nat. 231.

Steamship Owners.

DAN. JENKINS & Co., Steamship Owners and Brokers, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Stonewall, Cardiff."
Nat. Telephone: 1318.

BARRY.

Dock Owners.

THE Barry Railway Co., Barry.

Ship Repairers.

BARRY Graving Dock & Engineering Co., Ltd.
Telegrams: "Bardock, Barry."
National Telephone No. 7. Post Office Telephone No. 7.

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Merchant Service Kiddy: "Please father, won't you carry me, some? I'm tired to death."

"legal costs" that are considerably in excess of the wages in dispute; and the whole fabrication is worked up under section this, that, or the other, Merchant Shipping Act, of some prehistoric (probably) date. Day after day, you are treated to these exhibitions; and just as frequently, you shrug you shoulders—indifferently.

A Case in point, was offered by a West Hartlepool steamer, a few days ago. The crew had shipped at Newport, for a voyage to Naples, Nicolaieff, Hamburg and Fowey. Arriving at the latter port, five of the crew elected to consider that the voyage had terminated—seeing that Fowey constituted the "final port of discharge, etc." as provided by Articles of Disagreement—commonly supposed to be the "Articles of Agreement." But the master argued otherwise, and on the assumption that the vessel merely took in a cargo at Fowey, and had to go to Port Talbot for bunkers, then, said the master, the final port of discharge must be Port Talbot. The reasoning in this case was certainly peculiar, and personally, we side with the men—as the "Articles of Agreement" are framed. But the main point is: Would any other civilised nation submit to all this straw-splitting, in a simple everyday matter of engaging a crew—any other civilised nation but Britain, that is? We doubt it—exceedingly. In the result, there were a handful of lawyers on the men's side, and another handful on the owners' side, and between them, it was decided that a port of discharge was that, and bunker-ports were that, also.

In other words, the decision of the superintendent of the Mercantile Marine office, who had already sided with the men, was upheld by the magistrates—and rightly, too, for after all, it is highly probable that in the majority of instances, the superintendent is far better posted on the intricacies of the Merchant Shipping Acts, than can a man be, who is of the nature of a general practitioner of law in bulk? Anyhow, it was considered so, in the dispute under discussion; but doesn't it strike you as particularly ridiculous, in a country with a Mercantile Marine the size of Britain's, that in every paltry dispute, legal costs out of all proportion to the benefits accruing, must be run up before satisfaction can be given one way, or the other? Surely, it is possible to draw up an agreement for employment, in such terms that both sides can understand exactly what they are bound by? If time really is money, then, there should be a simmering down of the tommy-rot, which encumbers the Statute Book under the guise of Merchant Shipping Acts. In the interests of the country, a new set of laws should be drafted, agreed on, and accepted as a modern rendering of what is wanted; after which, the nonsense to which we have to bend, as yet, should be burned. As a progressive nation, it is time we conducted our legal, as our other undertakings, on business lines?

Another caricature of olden-day methods has been completed! The new *Exmouth* training-ship has been launched, to take the place of the prime old dodger which, at some time in the vistas of the past, carried the flag of Admiral Seymour, in the Baltic, when last we were at hand-grips with Russia. Here we are, in 1905; with a dearth of sailormen absolutely resultant from obsolete methods of training; and yet, the sentimentalists will actually lay themselves out to build a replica of an old-timer—at enormous cost—and solely for the purpose of satisfying, a number of otherwise highly estimable persons, who should have been relieved of their duties, long ago. Can you fathom the colossal brains, which deem it expedient to build some 300ft. of steel-and-iron two-decker, for the purpose of "training" a few lads for the problematical position of modern sailormen? In the days that are gone, when a paternal Government either gave, or sold cheaply, an obsolete wooden ship for training purposes, it was all very well to accept the present, and set about the training, even as it seemed good for the requirements that existed at that time.

But in the present year of grace, to be guilty of the same trick—Great Scott! What is the world coming to? The new *Exmouth* is to have three masts, one of which will be full-rigged; she has a double-tier of gun-ports, "historical figurehead, square stern," etc. And all for what? Heaven knows, and that is about the only place where the knowledge is likely to be! Double-tier of gun-ports, forsooth! Is this in the happy belief, that when the "boys" have finished their training, they will be able to go from the *Exmouth*, right into Naval or Mercantile vessels, "where the surroundings will be the same, sirs?" The new *Exmouth* is actually going to have the boys' lavatories under the forecastle-head. Yes! So that one of the lads—for meritorious conduct—will be in a position to strut his little day on the ship, as Captain of the Head. Good sakes! And somewhere in the bowels of this hotch-potch of ancient-and-modern, there is to be an electric light installation! Why? Admiral Seymour had no such quiff as that? If we are to have the "days-of-old" flung around in this ridiculous manner, let us have the thing proper. No improvements on Admiral Seymour's time, please!

And all this farrago is launched, and contributions will be earnestly sought from a long-suffering public, when the Government—who, at least, pretend to be striving for the real McKoy—is all in favour of discarding training-ships as useless, expensive, and a solecism! Yet, in private—or semi-private—deals, the errors of the past have to be continued, indefinitely. It is no matter that the efforts to-date, for securing sailormen, have been proved as woefully inefficient; it is supposed to be the fashion—among those whose knowledge of ships and shipmen have been of the scantiest—to plead for a sufficiency of money from the public, for training-ship effort, and so the game continues. The mere fact that the Mercantile Marine is gradually becoming foreignered to death, is matter for no surprise; training ships ought to fill the bill—and if they do not, then, it is not the fault of those estimable people who put all their faith, at least, in the venture. You see, it is essential to make the future sailormen resourceful, and obviously, the better plan for attaining this end, is to keep them for a couple of years, or more, cooped up in a "full-sized replica of the old *Exmouth*"—among other dodges!

But, bless you, the dear old fossils might just as well put their time, and the charitably disposed's money, into training ships, as into homes for friendless and diseased pussy-cats? The one object is quite as good as the other, and if, meanwhile, you have to go to the Continent for a sufficiency of hands wherewith to sail the *Pretty Pimple*, of what odds is it? Even if you throw up this fooling-away-of-good-effort-on-training-ships; go in for shore colleges; and spend twice as much money on the business; you will still continue to cull your merchant sailors from the Continent. You will, indeed! And, mainly for the reason that the British lad will have none of it. Personally, we do not blame that lad; not a bit! If he has made but ordinary use of the education with which a patriarchal Government has seen fit to cram him, for nothing, then, he'll see us all in Jericho, before he will attempt to waste it in the forecastles of the latter-day tramp steamer. He'll prosper,

considerably more, in hawking newspapers and wax-vestas! No matter what road your "training" of sailor-lads takes, you will still be as badly off as ever, and mainly for the reason, that neither a "trained" lad nor the other sort, will stay at sea, for a minute longer than is necessary for each individual to sample, the utter wretchedness of the life.

If these alleged philanthropists are really earnest in their efforts to recruit for the two services—especially for the Mercantile Marine: it is but necessary to awaken public opinion in the desired direction, when the "sweating," and "white slavery" which is rampant at present, will become a thing of the past. Once remove the disabilities which gravitate around those who wish to follow the sea for a living, and the recruiting will go up, with a bound. As we have told you on many occasions, in the past; have told you from personal knowledge: there is no scarcity of sailor-lads; no difficulty in securing them: the scarcity is all in the direction of sailor*men*: the difficulty, in keeping those lads after you have caught them. They simply will not consent to hustle around the world in a dog's-house; at starvation rates of wages: with precarious employment as their share of work—no matter how strenuously-inclined they might be: and the cold-shoulder, at somewhere around forty, "because they are too old to withstand the hardships that will naturally be their lot." Pay up, dear people. Pay up! That is all that is necessary. Give the sailor a fair wage, and leave the training of him to those who have attended thereto for countless ages—the shipmaster. Of course, you won't. You'll continue at the "sweating" game, until the nation is ruined?

Eh? What's this? The Czar of all the Roosias recognising merit in a British shipmaster! Almost too good to be true—although it is true. We read that Captain Batt, of Exeter—is this Captain H. Batt, of Topsham, we wonder?—when in command of the *Ajax*, of Liverpool, rendered valuable services to Russian officers and men wounded in the battle of Chemulpo. As a result, the Czar of Russia has presented the worthy shipmaster with a gold cigarette case, which bears the Imperial arms in diamonds, and the whole being contained within another case bearing the Russian Imperial arms in gold. The Mayor of Exeter, has been asked to attend to the presentation—mainly, we imagine, because poor old Topsham has no such dignitary concealed about the place?—so we presume there will be an interesting function there, directly (if it hasn't already been held). This is another instance of where the British shipmaster attends to the cause of human nature, without any thought of acknowledgment, or reward. Indeed, were it not that the different Governments are invariably grateful, the world would know nothing of these little sidelights on contemporary history. A 'longshoreman saves an old lady, and the "dailies" reek with it—until another sensation is toward: a sailor saves a thousand, and you know nothing about it. Queer world, isn't it?

Lordy us! But there is a terrible lot happening on the water, after all! Furthermore, *Daily Mail* generally gets hold of it—or as much of it as is calculated to make sensational reading! Here have we a case of a number of imprisoned sailors, and the dread tidings come all the way from Port Louis—where they keep hurricanes on tap. It appears that the German steamer *Juliette*—frivolous name!—is one of the many merry contrabandistas which are freely following the fortune's of the Freak Fleet, and she has arrived at Mauritius. Her crew—at least, the British and American portion thereof—are saying things up against the hard-hearted skipper who has been imprisoning them, "for forty-eight hours in a single room on shore." That was bad enough, but the most sensational part of the proceedings lays in the fact, that although the poor sailormen were engaged at Southampton, where—like her impudence—"the vessel was flying the British flag, on February 11," she yet "left the same day for Antwerp, and (please note this carefully) during the night, the German flag replaced the British"! Eh? What? Can't you see the gol-dern wickedness displayed right here? The sneaky, underhanded, and night-covered deed of darkness?

Of course, you can! Those consummate sinnèrs couldn't take down the dear old British flag at sunset, and then hoist the German sample—like honest men—at eight bells, next morning! No, sirs, they had to wait for the shades of evening to gather over them; for the night, in point of fact; and then—well, what happened? According to *Daily Mail*—and it knows a bit about shipping quiffs—"and during the night the German flag replaced the British"; but every soul was saved! Yes! Is it any wonder that the German Consul at Antwerp, gave the complaining seaman no satisfaction? Never a bit, for when an abandoned skipper man will leave the British flag out over night, in any such reckless manner that is suggested here, we consider that it is a meritorous act to replace it with one of the German kind. If there is to be any "running" in the colours, then, let Germany attend to it. But you'll be glad to hear that the imprisoned seamen have been released from their durance vile, and although we are sorry that we cannot tell you anything more about the flag, that was replaced during the night, you may take our assurance, that the whole contraption doesn't amount to much.

Personally, we have too high an opinion of a German skipper, to believe that he would risk his bunting by flaunting it at night (when nobody could see it, you know); furthermore, you might be glad to know that "the ensign" is hauled down at sunset—at latest. But never mind, in holiday time, it is tough work—filling up a column; and our enterprising contemporary might just as well fill the said column with one kind of nautical poppycock, as with another. It is highly probable that the gentle reader did not concern himself unduly, as to whether those seamen were confined in a single room, or in a married one? One thing is worthy of attention: As far as we can see, old (or middle-aged) Rozh-etc. is booked for a long stay at Kamranh Bay; at least, *Daily Mail* says so, and, in consequence, we may reasonably expect trouble, directly. If the Freak Fleet continues there until one seadog, who is a beggar Togo, gets in the vicinity of Kamranh Bay, then, there will be considerably more trouble. Anyhow, *Juliette* had to report to the Russian Rover at Kamranh, and it takes a little while—even for a skittish German *Juliette*—Togo from Mauritius to the other place? Here, let us leave them, for the mere fact that the Freak Fleet has left Kamranh Bay, is as nothing—to sensationalists.

Well, sirs, the Klado Komicalities have been published—both in Russian and English—and while the self-advertising gentleman has made a bold bid for the awakening of his misguided countrymen, he has rather spoiled his well-meant efforts, by "slinging mud" at perfidious Albion. The worthy captain, while admitting that his country's vessels are manned by a sort of nondescript gathering of what we should term hoboes, is equally willing to declare that Togo's crews are practised seamen. Getting away from facts which cannot be denied, our newest nautical writer gets off on to fiction, which cannot be substantiated For instance, we learn that the Dogger Bank victims—or

what was left of them—were bribed to lie, indiscriminately; and that if Russian ships had been torpedoed while crossing the North Sea, Great Britain would have chuckled up her capacious sleeve. Funny man, is Klado? One would imagine, by this time, that this newest author would realise that if Britain were spoiling for a chance to burst up the hope of Russia, the opportunity was given by Captain Klado, and other panic-striken sailormen, on the memorable occasion referred to? But there, it is useless to expect other than a snarl from the under dog; it is outside the bounds of earthly possibility.

Concerning the declaration, that the people of this country would like to see old Rozh-etc., bang-up the Japanese warships, as then they would need repairing in Britain; Klado is more komical than komplimentary! The gentleman appears to realise that his late respected chief hasn't *nous* enough to sink the Japanese ships—when they would need no further attention from anybody? All the same, it is distinctly rude to write such impressions in a book: and if there isn't a bit of Siberia hanging on to this little literary effort; then, we shall be surprised. There certainly will be, if Rozh-etc. succeeds in working the humanly impossible! The sinking of Admiral Togo's fine assortment of fighting units. On the other hand, it is highly probable that Klado realises the inwardness of the situation; feels that this is another case of "the ship that never returned;" so, perfect safety lays in this attempt at belittling the efforts, of the Father of the Freak Fleet. Come to think the matter over, dispassionately, one is hardly inclined to wonder that Klado was degraded, "and ordered to the nebulous command of river steamboats in Manchuria?" Some such fate is meet for any such a man?

We are glad to note that *Engineering* is sounding a note of warning in connection with the scarcity of British seamen. Our contemporary remarks, that "In the past fifty years, the tonnage of our Mercantile Marine has trebled, while the number of British seamen has decreased by 25 per cent., and the number of British boys by 85 per cent." Yet in face of this, the nation will sit quietly down to its breakfast-and-a-ha'porth; will hunt out the nicest bits of light literature which that ha'porth contains; and will dismiss any qualms of uneasiness which might eventuate, with the half-formed thought of "Oh, its none of my business." If it were possible to make the country, at large, realise the terrible danger which is included in the decrease alluded to, then, would there be some hope for Britain; but as long as the "popular educators" pursue the line of least resistance; drift along with the stream; pretend that all is well with the nation, because the nation wishes to be assured of that bit of humbug; just so long will Britain drift into the position which will, eventually, mean extinction. Here is a bit which we have repeated, dozens of times, "Whether we lose or win our first Naval engagement, success must ultimately depend upon the facility with which we can recuperate our fighting line."

As things are at present, this is exactly what we cannot do. There is absolutely no chance of our being able to "recuperate our fighting line," once it has been thinned out by the enemy's shot and shell. Worse than that, the "fighting line" as it exists to-day, is that, merely in name. The lately issued yearly report of Naval progress is glossed over, as is usual with the document; and the man in the street is under the impression, that all is well with the "fighting line;" but we, who have been there, realise, only too surely, that instead of being well, it is altogether the reverse. In fact, the whole situation depends on the course usually adopted by Britain; that is, she will muddle through, by heaven's grace and tall speaking. At present, we have no fleet reserves; all the warships are "in commission," and are manned by "nucleus crews." The worst of it is, that those which are supposed to be "Ready, aye, ready!" are, in most instances, no better off. That is, at the best, they may only be considered as manned with rather a full nucleus crew. That lovely little bit in the Annual Naval yarn, which tells you of how ratings other than those of stokers, have been invited to "swop" over into cinder worriers, is a sweetly seductive attempt to lull you into further lethargy.

The Navy is—and ever has been—undermanned in this respect; and so far, all the efforts of the powers that be, have been unavailing in obtaining a full head of steam-raisers. Then, the Mercantile Marine is utterly useless as a recruiting ground; and for the reason that native-born firemen (or stokers, as the Senior Service elects to style them), are gradually becoming about as extinct as the dodo. Under the circumstances, therefore, how is the nation going to "recuperate our fighting line?" You give it up? So do we, even as we rank the scarcity of seamen, along with the boiler-trouble. The destroyers which have to use nothing but filtered water—plain, and good fresh water, being too risky for these touchy bits of mechanism. These are a few of the wrinkles which the world's greatest sea Power is depending on; and yet we all join in the chorus of "Rule Britannia," with as much unction as if we believe that she will go on ruling, once she has been put to a severe test. In small everyday "scraps," Britain will doubtless come out on top; whether she will, if tested severely, is altogether another question. Most certainly, she will not, if her sailor-boys are allowed to go on decreasing at the present alarming rate.

Antwerp is still making more bids for trade supremacy. The long-drawn-out negotiations for that *grand coupure* thing is settled at last, and jubilations are about, in consequence. The scheme alluded to, provides for cutting a channel of some five miles in length through the bend in the Scheldt, just north of the city; and this channel would form the approach to Antwerp, instead of as, at present, using the "bendy" Scheldt. Moreover, this new cut will be supplied with a group of docks and quays, so that the resultant accommodation, will be a quadrupling of that already exising. There can be no gainsaying the fact, that when these improvements are affected, Antwerp will be the largest and best-equipped port in the world. Whether the great expense will be justified, remains to be seen, for Antwerp, after all, is not the centre—nor even on the skirt—of a manufacturing district; and £12,000,000—the estimated cost of the new works, and the forts, which will be needed to protect them—sterling, is a pile of money to hypothecate on the favour of other people? As an entrepôt, Antwerp is already well to the 'fore; but commercial jealousy might well be counted on, to do all that is possible in wresting her position from her. Of course, the new facilities might reasonably be hoped to bring manufacturers that way; but we shall see.

The West Indian mail contract, to which we referred in our last week's issue, has been officially confirmed, and now we are wondering what those "troo bohn Barbedians" are going to do, next? Will they decide not to send any more letters to this wicked old country, which is callous enough to forget all the water that has gone past the

wheel—er, we mean, all the years of arduous service which has been rendered by the Royal Mail? Anyhow, there is trouble in Jamaica—as well as in Barbadoes; for, somehow or other, the good people thereaway, cannot quite see who it is that is doing them good. They appear to "have it in" for the Elder Dempster Line. In fact, the population of Kingston is dref'fly excited about the subject, and their organs are suggesting that the Legislature should refuse to vote the Colony's share in the subsidy! Eh? That is the manner in which your little bantlings talk, once you elect to do as you should have done from the first—save them from themselves! The most indulgent chronicler can hardly say that, in the past, the West Indies have been famous for a strenuous life. On the contrary, for they have—collectively—been almost as badly off as another distressful isle which we could name. However, they'll get over it, in all probability.

ANYBODY ever heard of "Pelorus Jack"? No? Then, you've missed one of the chances of your life, and we hasten to inform you—on the word of *Daily Express*—that the gentleman in question is a dolphin, although a number of people appear to believe that he is a white whale! It's like this. Some forty years ago, there was an old sailor's tale—no a sailor's old tale!—to the effect that a school of dolphin had grounded on the shores of Cook Strait, out of which little lot, only one escaped to sea. The mermaids, out there, christened him "Pelorus Jack," and in compliment to their wishes on the subject, the New Zealand Legislature has passed a special Act for the protection of P.J. If anybody is caught hitting that dolphin with a broom, or other offensive weapon, the hitter will straightway be fined £100, supposing he hasn't got a penny, and is in debt for the broom. Why is this, you might reasonably ask? Well, although it is known that P.J. is at least forty years of age, he is by no means "played out," for he "acts as a most effective pilot, escorting all kinds of vessels in and out of the French Pass, Cook Strait, always keeping to deep water."

ANYBODY harbouring doubts about P.J.'s identity, need not be unduly alarmed; need never fear to touch another dolphin, and think it might be P.J. The dolphin of which we are telling you, cannot be mistaken for any common old fish, for according to another "old sailor's tale," he has the name "Pelorus Jack," embroidered on to his port fin! All other claimants to the title are rank swindlers, and there is no special—or other—Act to protect such masqueraders. To stand on the bridge at midnight, and hear P.J. shout "Starboard, a bit, cap'en," is to hear a treat; and if you don't believe us, in this matter, just you ask *Daily Express'* nautical expert. Judging by his tale concerning this dolphin, the gentleman referred to must be a "fair cinch," on anything appertaining to the sea and fish. Yes! Furthermore, "as he is never absent from his duties, the proclamation has been received with keen satisfaction throughout Australasia, by sailors who have to use the French—ahem! —Pass" See that, now. You don't have to burn two blue-lights, to summon P.J. to your aid. You don't! But, after this, shall you be surprised at any kind of absolute drivel, with which a "daily" might feel inclined to stuff you? Nautical drivel, we mean?

AMERICA'S "Johnny" Gates has come a cropper in his wheat "corner"—at least, in his attempted wheat corner. Not only come a cropper, but himself and associates are said to have "dropped" nearly £1,000,000 in their speculative manipulations. If the report is true, it is, for once, exactly as it should be. Every one of these "cornering" folk, when engaged upon the raising of the price of every-day commodities, should be croppered, every time; at least, that is what we think of the matter. Of course, the Beef Trust people are just as much in need of a shock, and there are quite a number of us who would like to see it eventuate. Why don't those financial giants turn their attention to "cornering" the universal world, by which tactics they would include the fleet of merchant ships for which their souls are said to hunger? It's a funny thing, though; Quite ninety-five per cent. of these attempted corners fall through, and yet there are, ostensibly sane business men, who are prepared to "go Nap," on being one of the odd five! We can understand a man who has nothing to lose, going into these wild-cat undertakings; but when it comes down to men having millions which they are prepared to risk—well, as we said, 'way back, it's a queer world, so it is!

THE go-to-sea-for-shelter port of Poti is by way of becoming civilised, as we understand it, to-day! Poti, that monument of Russian official ineptitude, is to be brought in line with modern ideas. No more will the patient shipmaster need to dodge around his steamer's decks, after night-fall, examining those coir "fasts" for which his owner has to pay fabulous prices! The old entrance to Poti is being closed, and in future, in-coming vessels must use the new entrance, which is to the northward of the port. We are indebted to the Merchant Service Guild, for the information, and they, again, have received it from one of their members, Captain R. Routledge, of the steamer *Amana*. The pilot for Poti harbour, will board inward-bounders, from a small boat, at the entrance alluded to; and if any ship undertakes to get into the port without a pilot, a fine of 25 roubles will be imposed—without appeal. By this it will be seen, that mediæval Russia can still give points to Britain, in the matter of looking after her own? The present depth in Poti harbour, is 26ft., and it is suggested that ships may be safely loaded, up to 24ft. Other times, other manners; and in this instance, they haven't arrived a minute too soon?

GRATITUDE, on the part of an underwriter, is not altogether a lost quantity. It is still in existence, and when the time is ripe therefor, may be depended on to make its appearance. We argue thusly, in consequence of a consideration to the happenings of the four-masted barque, *Swanhilda*, which was seriously battered and damaged by the gales that prevailed, during the latter end of January, of this year; and which drove the vessel as far north as Greenland, with damaged steering-gear, and compasses lost, or rendered useless. However, the master—Captain McDonald—succeeded in winning victory from defeat, and brought *Swanhilda* safely to the Clyde. As a pleasant aftermath to all the hardships and miseries encountered, the Committee of Lloyd's have conveyed to the Scottish Shipmasters' and Officers Association—of which society, Captain McDonald is a member—their appreciation of the high qualities of seamanship and resource, exhibited on the occasion referred to. This is as it should be—with, perhaps the addition of a little cheque, in settlement of the overtime which was put in for the purpose of winning through, and thereby, saving a total loss; and these little expressions of gratitude, go far toward keeping a man's endeavour up to concert pitch.

THERE are numberless occasions where, in the face of dire peril, the Old Man sticks to his ship and brings her out

of the tangle, when, were he so disposed, he could "Leave the poor old stranded wreck, and pull for the shore." In some of these instances, too, we regret to say, the owner's "book" would be better served, if the pulling notion were persevered in. A casual study of the alleged Police Court proceedings which are, occasionally, to the 'fore, will go far to convince most of us that, in the opinion of the presiding Solon, the unfortunate shipmaster is ever a scoundrel; that, he has wantonly got his ship hashed up; and as a consequence, nothing but "off with his head," will meet the case. In the old feudal days—when most of the sense on earth, could be placed on the inside edge of a groat—this was good enough. Seeing that everybody was more or less ignorant; nobody was unduly hurted by the "justice" which obtained, then. To-day, however, the country has been educated up to that pitch, when ceremonial, and the tommy-rot which yet lingers in our law courts, is merely a piece of second-rate buffoonery; an exhibition which can be beaten, easily, in any provincial "empire of varieties."

THUS it comes about, that the country is in sad need of a series of marine courts—one for each seaport. To our mind, the public have no right to be mulcted in heavy costs, merely for the settlement of a matter of opinion—for that is all that a stranding, or an overloading case; a collision, or what-not, of a nautical character, amounts to. We hear a tremendous amount of old clack concerning the inviolable right of a Briton to be tried by his peers; and in substantiation of the claim, find a shipmaster's livelihood often depend, on the peerless knowledge of shipping subjects displayed, by a number of farmers, or horse-dealers. We know that we have passed the remark before; but this is a great country. So great, that it is enabled to fuss along under conditions, that would totally wreck a land whose inhabitants were less great. The settlement of, practically, every nautical dispute is merely a matter of opinion; and its satisfactory settlement can only be arrived at, as the result of placing it before a tribunal composed of nautical men. That this is half admitted, in legal circles, is proved by the fact that a few of our learned judges take up nautical work as a speciality.

THEY are, undoubtedly, good men, and "know the ropes;" but then, there are but half-a-dozen of them, to attend to the dissensions whice arise among the operators of say, 10,000,000 tons of shipping. Under the circumstances, therefore, a provincial man with a grievance, has to tote all his witnesses, his legal advisers, his plans, documents, etc., to London, where he will have to await the "law's delays," as they might eventuate; and all for what? Frequently, for settling whether he did, or did not charter a certain vessel; and if so, under what conditions! Or, it might be for the purpose of getting it settled whether Captain Blank really did port his helm, that time, out in the Bay of Fundy; or whether, as it is contended, Captain Dash (of the other steamer) improperly starboarded his helm, on the same occasion. In either instance, the shipping men will have to pay all expenses, and this being so, why haven't they, as payers of the piper, the right to say where the music shall be ground out? As already stated, in the feudal days, this piece of imposition passed unheeded; to-day, however, the shipping man recognises that he is being unfairly treated; hence his cry for a local Marine Court—which will have to come; and which would have been here, long ago, had the shipping man but the backbone of a small, and weakly cockroach!

As showing the rapid development in bulk cargo carrying, the recent launch of a turret steamer from the yard of Messrs. Wm. Doxford and Co., may be cited. The vessel in question—the *Queda*—which has been built to the order of the British India Steam Navigation Company, Limited, London, constitutes, we believe, a world's record in single-deck steamers, for this modern leviathan will have a dead-weight carrying capacity of 12,000 tons; and a single-decker! There can be no gainsaying the fact that the great facilities which are obtainable in the loading, stowing, and discharging of cargo in single-decked steamers, are being rapidly realised; and the increasing demand for this class of vessel, is centreing great attention to the particular type for which Messrs. Doxford's are specialists. In the case of the *Queda*, we find that she has a length of 480ft., with breadth and depth, 58ft. and 33ft. respectively. As already stated, her d.w. capacity will be 12,000 tons; while her gross registered tonnage is represented by the figures 7,700, and net register, 4,900. The vessel has a cargo space of no less than 690,000 cubic feet, and is fitted to carry 4,000 tons of water ballast.

HER tri-compound engines—by the same builders—have cylinders of 27½in., 45½in., and 75in., by 54in. stroke; her three boilers will be fitted with Howdon's system of forced draught, and will work at a pressure of 180lbs. to the square inch. The cargo gear on the *Queda*, is of the type which is frequently adopted by Messrs. Doxford—and adopted with signal success; that is, the style here, is of the twin side-posts and side-derricks order. For the rapid operation of these facilities, a large number of steam winches have been supplied, and when *Queda* is "fairly in it," it may be taken as a foregone conclusion that she will, in one full working-day—shift "an awful pile of stuff!" This "shifting," is exactly what the enterprising owner of to-day is after; being so, he knows where to get it; knowing, he has gone; and thus it comes about that the British Corporation have given their highest class, and have entered on their books, the name of the largest single-decked steamer afloat. *Queda* was built under the superintendence of the B.I.S.N. Company's surveyors—Captain Hodgkinson, Mr. John Clark, and the resident surveyor, Mr. Peter Barr. And now—seeing that this is an enterprising age—who is inclined to go "one better" than the B.I.S.N.?

SOMEHOW or other, the cannie lad up North, is smarter, on occasion, than his friend farther south. Consider him, in the matter of rounding-up those "poor foreigners," who make a fairly-decent living through the illegal supply of seamen. Come to think of it, these pirate shipping officers are generally patriots, who have left their countries for their countries' good; even as they come along to free and happy Britain, where they take blood-money from Jacks of all kind, and straightway invest it in real estate, in the land of their adoption. At South Shields Police Court, a few days ago, a gentle Gaul, by name, Henri Yats, was fined £1 and costs, on each of two charges, for supplying seamen without being in possession of a B.T. certificate, qualifying him for the job—as provided by one of the many sections of one of our numerous Merchant Shipping Acts. Not only did the gentle Gaul supply those seamen illegally, but he also had the impertinence to ask and obtain remuneration for his work! Five shillings a job is the price, my dears—if you cannot "knock 'em," for more. But what did the Beak imagine that Henri was practicing for? Love? Or for the sole purpose of proving of service to the hard-worked shipmaster?

AND, anyhow, 5s. is by no means, a big payment, when you come to consider the quantity of seeking, persuading,

marshalling, and interpreting that is essential, before your nimble crown is safely earned. It appears that Yats was in the habit of ascertaining from shipmasters, how many good sailormen they needed; on being told, he hustled around: gathered up the boys: sent them on board—with or without his compliments; and, in the end, was satisfied with a mere 5s. out of the departing seaboy's advance note. To our mind, this Frenchman was a decent man, and should have been let off with a mere caution. For here, in Cardiff, we have foreign adventurers who would scorn to supply seamen at 5s. per head. They ply their nefarious trade in the broad light of day; with the full cognizance of everybody concerned; take their dupes to their own particular sheenyman, who will give them the value of anything up to one-quarter of the advance note's face value, dividing the remainder between sheeny and shark; and it's all done in the dear old way that has obtained for ages. Nobody takes any notice of the wickedness—not even B.T. people; and mainly because you have to personally go to the expense of gathering the necessary evidence that shall convict, before the B.T. will move in the matter.

Being busy people, and rightly fancying that you pay your share of taxes, so that the Board of Trade may be in a position to attend to this matter themselves; you cannot spare the time to collect that evidence—although it is as easy to get, as it is for most of us to fall off a log. And this is where the nice foreign gentleman comes in; where he accumulates the real estate referred to: where he puts on "side" to the busy shipmaster: and tells him, unequivocally, that unless he "patterronises, meneselluf," then, "you don't vause no sailors get dis trip, ma tear." And, it is even so! Boards of Trade, Shipping Federations, Continuous Discharges, etc., *ad lib.*, mightn't be altogether modern institutions; but they are whole teams for supporting the nice foreign shentlemans, who supply seamen in contravention to the Merchant Shipping Acts; who give their dupes, a hook-pot, plate and pannikin: one packet of matches: one bar of soap: a bottle of chemical whisky; and—if Jack sticks out for it—a "donkey's breakfast," for the amount expressed on that advance note. Which is anything up to £3 10s., in fine Eenglisch moneysh.

Lordy us! Dear old "Mabon" is interviewed when in a dramatic mood! It's dref'ful, look you! Can you imagine our "Mabon" guilty of brusqueness and sternness? You can't? Not even if he were sitting down counting up the chances of paying that probable £75,000, for moral and material damages to the outraged coalowners? Anyhow, and first of all, the hardy warrior declared that the decision was the end of it! that there is nothing further to say. All the same, the wily interviewer "drew him out!" Marvellous, ain't it? Can you imagine a mere newspaper scribe being astute enough to "draw" "Mabon"—when that gentleman didn't wish to be drawn? Never mind. It happened. And a *Western Mail* man did it—indeed! However, "Mabon" takes to himself the credit (or blame, whichever it should happen to be) of advising the stop-day, in the first instance, and he did it "Because prices were going down, and I may tell you this, that the stop-day was the means of arresting the low prices, and thereby benefitting the employers." You may tell us that, "Mabon," dear: but we shan't believe it; neither will the employers. The Welsh coal-trade is a "touchy" affair; but it isn't that touchy. One stop-day will put the employers into a serious working-loss; but it won't affect the trade, a cent.

Another contemplated railway trust in America, and as far as we can see, John D. Rockefeller is having nothing to do with it—publicly. This time, it is a western man who is wire-puller-in-chief, and if—that nasty little word—the deal "comes off," the new arrangement will boss the whole railway enterprise in the northern part of the United States; yes, sirs, right along from the Atlantic to the Pacific. As things go to-day (in America), the capital of the new concern won't amount to much; merely £400,000,000; and for this nice little sum, it is hoped to amalgamate the New York Central, the Chicago and North Western, and the Union Pacific railways; to bring 'em all in a row! Of course, it won't "come off," but we might as well consider the thing—especially as it has been sprung upon us, out of season, so to speak. If it had been held over for a month or so longer, we should have passed it by. Then, is the silly season. However, this greatest-trust-on-earth (if it existed) would own 36,244 miles of track, to say nothing of quite a number of lovely cars and things. Makes one's mouth water, doesn't it? Couldn't one make a splosh with the flotation of such a trust. Let it go, please, although as a dream, it would take an awful pile of lobster-salad at bed-time before you could beat it.

We note that the Board of Trade has been writing the various shipmasters' societies, for their ideas concerning the advisability of maing kcompulsory, the carrying of a second white mast-head light. As things are, at present, this—if we may term it—after mast-head light, is almost universally carried, and there can be no getting away from the fact that it is a distinct aid to navigation; especially in these days of high-speed, and good lights. Indeed, one is inclined to wonder why the idea was not forthcoming, ages ago! It is very certain that a white light has a greater range of visibility than a coloured one—all things being equal. It is also certain that the movements of an approaching—or receding—steamer may be noted far more readily, by watching the "opening" or "closing" of two white lights that are far apart; than will be possible in the case of two coloured lights that are, comparatively speaking, close together. In fact, and in these days of trigonometrical endeavour, there would appear to be no necessity for arguing the point, to any extent. The second mast-head light is an acquisition; tends toward the safening of navigation: and as such, should be compulsory in every instance. The more so, that in this particular instance, the matter of cost is of very little weight.

The Germans-in-the-South-Seas trouble continues. The Caroline and Marshall Islands are still the bone of contention, and the latest wrinkle in connection with the subject, is a discussion as to the different subsidies which are being paid, by the parties interested. Really, though, those subsidies have little to do with the situation, which is, no matter what may be said to the contrary, merely a demonstration of where Protection has the everlasting pull over Free Trade. The exponents of the latter doctrine, when faced by their opponents, have nothing to offer save a quantity of will-you, won't-you? Naturally enough, the Protection man says he won't, and there the matter has to end. A little newspaper talk might result; but then, that is by no means calculated to bring back the lost prestige—or shekels. On the other hand, if Protection were met with the same conditions, all that would be necessary, would be, "Look here, you fellows. If you wish to warn us off this little two-cent. spot then, by gosh, we'll chase you away from the big markets at home." Such a threat would "fetch them," every time, sirs! Modern nations do not go to war over trifles. The risks are altogether too big, and it takes an awful pile of "working," ere either side gets sufficiently "up to scratch."

FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1905.

COMFORT *v.* CONSERVATIVISM.

IF the intelligent foreigner were in search of a convincing proof of the eternal conservativism of the Briton, he need go no farther in his quest, than to the nearest British steamship—of any kind. Having found one of the genus, it is but necessary to consider her upper bridge, when the conservativism will be apparent—also the crass stupidity which decrees, that the men on whom the safety of the whole structure depends, shall be as uncomfortable, as possible, while on duty; and also handicapped in every conceivable manner, in their efforts toward keeping the life and property which is entrusted to them, out of danger. Right down the ages, it has been looked upon as a nautical crime, to make the navigating officer comfortable, during his watch on deck. Even as obtained in the "good old days," when he stalked the weather side of the poop with a pair of sennet-made sea-boots (because leather was useless for keeping out constant applications of sea-water); so it is to-day, when he mounts that portion of a steamer which has been grandiloquently styled the upper- (and sometimes, the navigating-) bridge. For the comfort of passengers, every detail which modern skill and forethought can suggest, is provided. At no matter what cost; luxurious fittings; heat; light; lifts for obviating the alleged fatigue of stair-mounting; high-class and costly engines—in fact, everything that can be secured in this connection, is placed on the latter-day "travelling hotel." But for the use of the men on whose efforts the safety, or otherwise, of this expensive fabric rests, the same old miseries which obtained a hundred years ago, are considered quite good enough to-day—in British shipping. And in British shipping, alone—hence the conservativism to which we have already alluded. Indeed, it would appear that both shipbuilder and shipowner, have become imbued with the idea that, if their navigators are made comfortable, then, a calamity will be the natural outcome of the situation. Consider the ordinary "bridge" on the tramp of commerce, and what do you find? Just a few planks hoisted up on stanchions, and exposed to every kind of weather that may happen along. With just sufficient width, for the officer-in-charge to struggle across from side to side thereof; with half-a-dozen square feet of space, on which is trigged a compass and steering-wheel; with—nine times out of ten—iron railings as a fence around the sacred place; and—sometimes—a canvas weather-cloth on the weather side of those railings, to form the only shelter which the officer and helmsman may depend on—the former, for four hours on stretch; the latter, for two hours. The vessel, carrying this apology for a navigating platform, might be worth £100,000; but even so, the "bridge" is good enough. The officer might struggle back and across its concentrated bleakness; might stay there, until the marrow in his bones is as near frozen as makes no odds; yet, he is supposed to have all his energies at concert-pitch; to be prepared, at a second's notice, for what might well be the crisis of his life; and, if he makes a muddle of the outcome, he stands a chance of losing that £100,000 steamer—and the lives of all on board; if he succeeds in winning through—as the outcome of a miracle—he meets the "off with his head," which is also another token of the conservativism of the Briton. The mere fact, that everything is against the navigator, does not count, in the least. That his life-blood has been chilled until there is absolutely no energy in him, is a matter of sublime indifference—to the stay-at-home who "tries" the case: that stinging sprays continually deluged his coign of vantage; made him as good as blind; filled his eyes with salt; and his body with the tortures of the damned—all are as nothing, to the geniuses who sit and adjudicate on the results thereof, in a comfortable board-room, or court-house. It is useless for the unfortunate officer to plead the conditions of his late position; to animadvert on the conduct which, under the circumstances, marked him as a hero; he has made a mistake; has had the impertinence to come out of it with his life; fate has been kind enough to spare his body; the 'longshore tribunal which, never in its favoured existence, had more than a nodding acquaintance with the miseries that brought about the catastrophe whose results they are "trying," have but one remedy—and "off with his head," is the verdict. The officer is not fit to take charge of a watch—at £6 per month—because in the midst of blinding spray; on a hopelessly dark night; with the wind shrieking and howling around his ears, and numbing every one of his faculties; with the platform on which he is attempting to stand, rolling, plunging, and wobbling about so that his remaining energies are needed to keep himself right-end-up; under these conditions, something happened, so—off with his head, sirs; there are plenty more to face the same music, next voyage! Conservative Briton, did you remark? Idiotic Briton, would be better! The wonder is, that the travelling public—that are generally so particular anent their safety—do not interest themselves in this very necessary particular; do not satisfy themselves that, ere going below for a comfortable night's rest, the man or men who will be responsible for their safety, have at least a sporting chance of being sufficiently comfortable, to admit of their attending to their work in a moderately efficient manner. But no! The traveller is a Briton; is usually a selfish one; and thus it comes about, that he is a selfishly-conservative (though hopelessly misguided) Briton. The wonder is, that the very selfishness which makes the traveller go in for the best in most instances, doesn't also prompt him to see that his servant is of the best, and has the best chances of winning through the dangers of the night. That your average traveller does nothing at all of the kind, the navigating sailor knows, only too well. And thus it comes about, that when the inevitable happens, the traveller is about the first to condemn the particular line on which he was travelling; draws comparisons (which are as effective and true as one has a right to expect, remembering their source) between the British liner and the foreign sample; but in the midst of it all, he omits to state what his impressions are, concerning the conditions which, in all probability, were solely responsible for the catastrophe which he is deploring; the impossibility of an efficient watch being kept, by the officers deputed for the business. Even in the ranks of the shipmaster, it is fairly easy to find those who will assure you, most emphatically, that if you make the officer of the watch "comfortable," he will be certain to go to sleep, on watch! Indeed, we have sailed with this sample of skipper; and the one point which struck us most, in connection with these old sea-dogs, was the vast amount of coddling that was essential, on the very rare occasions when, in their opinion, it was necessary for them to face the rigours of a winter's gale, from "the upper bridge!" That is, it would be impossible to find enough canvas on board, with which to exclude the alleged "draughts" that were wandering around the bridge, when the don't-you-make-the-mate-comfortable Old Man was about! That it is quite time for this essential matter to receive careful attention, goes without saying; and on the assumption that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, it is ridiculous to have high-class steamers, machinery, and every detail in connection therewith, if the man who is responsible for the safety thereof, is placed in

a position where it is physically impossible for him to attend to that safety? Contrast the methods obtaining with the American steamer, and what do you find? Well, you find the comparison all in favour of the American. With a snug pilot-house for officer and helmsman; a house that is generally placed right forward—where the attention is needed—and in a position which commands an all-round view: there is nothing left out of the conditions, which should be there. We remember, on one occasion, going from New York to Providence, R.I., in a "Yankee paddle-wheeler." Being nautically-inclined, we were allowed to "see how things were done," in this particular vessel. There was a pilot-house forward, and inside was a skipper, a pilot, a mate and a helmsman. For navigating instruments, the pilot-house contained a chronometer, an engine counter, compass, telegraphs and telephones. Starting from the East River Wharf at 9 p.m., the night was about as "ugly," as was necessary, for most people. Fog, rain, sleet, and heaven-knows-what-beside; but through it all, the boat had to go; she was scheduled to arrive at Providence at a given hour, and—she got there! But then, the navigating folk, here, were carrying out their work on business lines. The outside weather was bad, but in the pilot-house, everything was warm and comfortable. Anxiety, yes; but physical fitness was everywhere. Being a paddle-wheeler, one revolution meant so many feet—hence the engine-counter; so many feet in so many seconds (or minutes) meant so many miles—hence the chronometer. The journey was made from buoy to buoy. A given buoy should be on the port bow, at a given time; stop her, and use the genuine binoculars (three of them, and three pairs of eyes to peer through them); "There's the buoy Cap'en!" "Right! Easy ahead, again!" And so the game continued—in comfort, and in safety. Needless to say, we got down to Providence as arranged at the outset, and being of the nautical persuasion, we gave the Old Man a harder hand-grip, perhaps, than the circumstances altogether called for. But, we are of opinion that he understood—and respected our reticence, in passing any kind of eulogistic remarks. He knew that the Briton is a conservative animal; we were British; what more need be said. To-day, we are wondering what would happen to an East River boat, if a crowd of British navigators were put in charge thereof? Something terrible! Why? Because, as things are to-day, the average British navigator would feel out-of-place in that comfortable pilot-house; would feel choked, so—well, he would want to hook on to one of the many buoys, until the mists had rolled away; that's all! It isn't even humiliating to admit all this, and for the simple reason that the Briton (even as with the American), is exactly what his circumstances and conditions have made him; and will go on making him. Here, on this side of the Atlantic, you have the finest raw material which the world produces. What are you doing with it? Simply stultifying it, until in the end, you will be out-classed by every nation under the sun. The comfort that is denied the British officer, is merely one of the phases of that stultification; and if the nation would but remember, that any tradesman is merely as good as his surroundings will admit of, there would be no need for us to be continually pointing the moral in this direction. You build river boats, say, for London river; but what are they like? Are they in any wise befitting the age in which you live? Certainly not, for to the nautical mind, they are but once removed from old-time cattle ships. You offer all manner of reasons for their gaunt discomfort; tell us that it is more sanitary to have rough benches to sit on, as there, the gentle microbe can find no abiding place. Fudge! Is Briton the only place on earth, where the microbe meanders around; can't you find him on the Continent, or in the United States? Of course you can! But do you think the festive German, or the pleasure-loving American would patronise your river-boats as usually met with? You know that neither of them would consider your "high-class" passenger craft, as fitting for more than the cattle trade; and all excuses to the contrary are unavailing. You keep to the old style, for much the same reason that you take most of your pleasures sadly—because you are too conservative to do otherwise; and because, hitherto, you have been too insular to go abroad for the purpose of seeing, what other nations are doing in this direction. If you would only recognise that ordinary comfort to the worker, by no means implies inefficiency in his efforts, you will be surprised as to what a nice world this is—to comfort-seeking people.

CONCERNING COASTAL LIGHTS.

WE gather, from the quarterly report of the Mercantile Marine Service Association, that the lights on the Smalls, and Bardsey Island, have again come in for a well-merited attention. That the lights referred to, are of anything but the character which one has a right to expect in these days of high-power lights (and, in view of the very large surplus which remains, from the "light-dues" which the shipowning fraternity are mulcted in, yearly), will not be denied by anybody having a knowledge of the subject. But whether any betterment will be worked up, merely as the result of asking therefor, is altogether another matter. The mere fact that the swiftest passenger traffic in the world has to be guided by those 'lights, is as nothing, when compared with the fact that the Treasury is the recipient of the overplus dues which accumulate. Trinity House, is one of those prime old crusted arrangements, which might reasonably be expected to go on "considering" the advisability of establishing better lights, on both Smalls and Bardsey; aye, right on to the crack of doom; but if it is expected that the better lights will ultimately materialise, something stronger than the arguments which have been to the fore, so far, will have to be thought up. The M. M. S. A. has rightly pointed out, that in the case of the English Channel, the coast lights—both in power and distinctive character—are about all that may be desired. Quite so! But then, the English Channel is the natural cruising ground of the nation's vessels, and of course, they must have everything of the best—even if the shipowner is taxed for the purpose of finding the wherewithal. Great Scott! Think of what would happen, if a fleet of warships were to become entangled in the wiles of St. Catherine, and no better light were in evidence, than the figurative purser's-dip which, more or less, shines, from Bardsey Island! Eh? What? Wouldn't there be a shout about the wickednesses of the powers that be; wouldn't we have tales concerning the parsimonious cheese-paring which was guilty of risking a valuable warship, and all her Handy Men? Rather! But when you come down to the risking of a hundred valuable liners, each of which might have a thousand, or more, souls on board—well, the thing is preposterous; the expense suggested is worse; and the whole contraption which dared to hint at such reckless expenditure, ought to—ought to—well, ought to be shot, with a ball of mud from a leather gun, at least! Again, is it of any use to state that some of the coast lights in the St. George's Channel, date their establishment from the earlier years of the last century? Certainly not! It is for that very reason, that the things have been hallowed by time—like the Trinity House. Beside, those lights, obviously, were good enough in the earlier part of the last century, so they should be equally good in the earlier years of this? Personally, we are surprised that our good friends of the M. M. S. A. should have been so far left to themselves, as to offer age, as a reason for removal—or renovation. Why, Land's End was there, quite five hundred years ago; it is there now; and bar accidents, it will be there five hundred years hence. So with Trinity House—exactly? But, coax the Admiralty to send on warships, and—well, you'll soon see new lights established!

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *April 26, 1905.*

IF we were to pretend that, since our last time of writing, there had been an abundance of business in the local coal market, the gaunt and hungry columns below, would belie our words. Under the circumstances, therefore, we shall pretend nothing at all of the sort. Shall be willing to admit that holidays, in the present unsatisfactory times, play the very deuce with the business man's opportunities of making both ends meet; and that if he isn't disgusted with the whole paraphernalia, then, he ought to be.

BUT it wasn't always thus! Time was, that the advent of the holiday season was hailed with joy; its glories were descanted upon; and tall tales were spun as to what was going to result—"after the holidays." That was in the "good old days"—of a year or two ago! Then, when holiday talk was in the air, the gentle coal dealer put on "side;" declared that he couldn't oblige you, or fill your wants, at any price. Put you off with the shibboleth of "The holidays are too near, my dear sir, and although I should like to—well, it's so ab-so-lewt-ly impossible." And it was even so.

THE buyer, too, in a painfully weak manner, endeavoured to make a virtue of necessity, by suggesting that he would like to buy that little parcel of So-and-so's "best," but that as the holidays were so near, and that as shipment was so extremely problematical—well, he thought it would be best for him to wait, until "after the holidays!" If the bait took, so to speak; if the coal seller allowed himself to be bounced in this amateurish manner—well and good. In either case, the holidays served their purpose, and nobody, much, was hurted by the war of wits.

ALL this, however, is in the goneness of the past, as a lady friend of ours—with leanings for the speech that is in favour ayont the Tweed is in the habit of putting it; and now, both buyer and seller are fain to mingle their tears, even as they say things anent the degenerate days upon which both have fallen. Personally, we should be sorry for both of them—if we didn't happen to know that the shipments increase, even as of yore; and that all the commisseration is part and parcel of the gentle bluff that eventuates, around the paths of those who do business in coal.

FOR, viewed in any light you care to adopt—electric, acetylene, plain gas, or ordinary daylight!—the coal trade people are keen in assuring you, that things are not what they were; that the trade is gone to pot or other ephemeral place; and that it is altogether a miracle to themselves—if not to everybody else—that their office doors continue to swing gaily in the breeze; that, they still are in a position to meet their proper calls; and goodness-only-knows what else, in the same line of thought. Poor folk! If it weren't for the weekly lists of steamers which use the docks, locally, we should almost be inclined to believe them all!

HOWEVER, the business during the past week, at any rate, has not been of a startling character—as doubtless, you have supposed. When the community begins to search out its holiday togs on a Friday; gets well into them by Saturday; takes a rest, for the purpose of admiring them, on Sunday; and on Monday, starts off again, as fresh as paint; well, you don't expect much dealings in BEST CARDIFF ADMIRALTYS, or even SMALLS—do you, now? Especially if those "holiday togs" have grown so beautiful in the eyes of the crowd, that on Tuesday morning, there is a fresh demand for boot polish, and things; and that in spite of the down-pour of rain, the local Races must be attended, and discussed. That is how it is, friends, and for what transactions have really materialised, the prices are scheduled, below. As you will observe, our own especial expert has had the pluck to mark them, in the majority of instances, as "only nominal," or something to that effect.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	13s. od., 13s. 3d.	HOLIDAY.	QUOTATIONS ONLY NOMINAL.	HOLIDAY.	QUOTATIONS ONLY NOMINAL.	13s. 3d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.					12s. 3d., 12s. 9d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	11s. 6d., 12s. od.					11s. 6d., 12s. od.
Drys ,, ...	12s. od.					11s. 9d., 12s. od.
Best Newport ,, ...	11s. 4½d.					11s. 6d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	11s. 3d.					11s. od., 11s. 3d.
Seconds ,, ...	10s. 6d.					10s. 3d., 10s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	16s. 3d.					16s. 3d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	13s. 9d., 14s. od.					13s. 9d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	10s. od.					9s. 10½d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.					11s. 6d.
,, 2 ,, ...	8s. 9d.					9s. od.
Smalls:						
Best Cardiff ...	8s. 6d.					8s. 6d.
Seconds ...	7s. 9d.					7s. 9d.
Ordinaries ...	7s. 6d.					7s. 6d.
Best Newport ...	7s. 6d.					7s. 6d.
Seconds ...	7s. od.					6s. 9d., 7s. od.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	7s. 6d.					7s. 6d.
,, No. 3 ...	10s. od.					9s. 9d., 10s. od.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	21s. od.					21s. od.
Ordinary ...	17s. 9d.					17s. 6d., 18s. od.
Furnace Coke ...	15s. 9d.					15s. 6d.
Patent Fuel ...	13s. od.					12s. 9d., 13s. od.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	16s. od., 17s. od.					17s od.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *April 26, 1905.*

MOST of the remarks which we have passed on Cardiff's account, are quite as appropriate for Swansea. Perhaps, a little more so, and mainly, for the reason that our good friends thereaway, are prone to take their pleasures a little more sadly, than does the average Cardiffian—owing to the climatic difference (and that of the blend affected) of course.

ANYHOW, the Swansea exponent of the art of coal dealing, is girding up his loins for a keener struggle with adverse fortune; the results thereof, will be duly appended here, in our next week's issue. Meanwhile, the alleged prices, are exactly as we are giving them below. No more, and no less. In fact, we have it on good authority that, at the moment, there are more thick tongues down Swansea-way, than there are thick pocket-books!

BELOW, we give the average prices for the week:—

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:		HOLIDAY.	QUOTATIONS ONLY NOMINAL.	HOLIDAY.	QUOTATIONS ONLY NOMINAL.	
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	18s. 6d.					18s. od., 18s. 6d.
Seconds do. ...	17s. 3d.					17s. od., 17s. 3d.
Big Vein Large ...	11s. 3d.					11s. od., 11s. 3d.
Red ,, ,, ...	10s. 3d.					10s. od., 10s. 3d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	16s. od.					16s. od., 16s. 3d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	16s. od., 16s. 6d.					16s. 3d.
,, ,, Peas ...	10s. 9d.					10s. 6d., 11s. od.
Rubbly Culm ...	5s. 6d.					5s. 3d.
Duff ...	3s. od., 3s. 6d.					3s. 3d.
Patent Fuel:—	11s. 9d.					11s. 6d., 12s. od.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	13s. od.					12s. 9d., 13s. od.
Seconds ,, ...	12s. od.					11s. 9d.
Bunker ,, ...	10s. 9d.					10s. 9d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	8s. 9d., 9s. od.					9s. od.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

CARDIFF, *April 26, 1905.*

THIS is another instance of where the holidays play Old Harry with the chances of the commercial man—both of the coalowning and shipowning varieties. If there are no ships at hand, there can be no carrying of coal cargoes; and when holidays are about, there is usually a terrible dearth of prompt tonnage. Shipowner is as keen as possible, in his efforts to get his steamer away from the Continental port, so that she may be in time for loading at Cardiff, "before the holidays:" but it is wonderful, the amount of delay which materialises—at this precise period.

THIS being so, a large influx of tonnage arrives, just at the last moment before the word "Holiday," is in force. True, those vessels are all handy, and in position, for the rush which is due after those holidays. But that same "rush" doesn't always come off! The collier, like his man-and-brother, elsewhere, is just as reluctant to resume delving, and thus there is a "hung up" condition of things, all 'round. A tense sort of waiting for the old order, and business, in galore.

THE fun commenced on Thursday, last, which was a "semi-holiday." Most of the chartering lads were thinking of where they should take her, on the morrow, and at times such as those, chartering—outside of hansom cabs—is distinctly "off." But, there was a little done on Thursday. Not much, as chartering goes, these days. Still, there was enough to save us from having to omit a freight and fixture yarn altogether!

ON Wednesday, some of the "boys" made a heroic effort to straighten out the tangled threads, although in the result, one has to take the will for the deed. Anyhow, there was little done, and to-day, to the time of writing, one can hardly pretend that business is booming.

THERE is but little need for us to particularise, in any direction, this week, for the actual fixtures are so few, that you will be able to spot them all, first try. Indeed, it is but from force of habit, that we write this particular column, at all; and not from an all-consuming desire to make you believe that holidays do not affect chartering. It does: terribly!

HOWEVER, what has been done, is exemplified by the following:

Week Ending, (Wednesday), April 26, 1905

N denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, P. T. Port Talbot, loading.

WESTWARD, Etc.

Las Palmas, etc. *Lord Roberts*, 5s. 9d. one, 5s. 10½d. two ports.
Campana, *Ariadne Alexandra*, 7s. 3d. May option Villa Constitucion or Rosario.
Rio de Janeiro, *Thorndale*, 3,600 tons, 8s. 9d., option Santos, 10s. 6d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Cheltonian*, 3,600 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Genoa, *Molchesia*, 4,000 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Barcelona, Steamer, 1,750 tons, 7s. 3d. (s).
Tangiers, *Lady Mostyn*, 900 tons, 7s. 6d. coal, 8s. 3d. fuel.
Algiers, *Charing Cross*, 3,400 tons, 7·25 francs, spot
Steamer, 1,850 tons, 7·25 francs
Marseilles, *Mireille*, 2,400 tons, 8 fcs. ppt.
Malta, Steamer, 6,200 tons, 5s. 9d.
Gibraltar, *Ruabon*, 2,450 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Peru, 5s. 4½d.
Ergasteria, *Drayton*, 7s. 4½d. d.w.
Smyrna, *Kirkwall*, 3,200 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Vigo, *Hawthorn*, 1,300 tons, 5s.
Seville, *Radyr*, 1,200 tons, 6s.

BALTIC, Etc.

Cronstadt, Steamer, 1,800 tons, 4s. 9d.

BAY, Etc.

Chantenay, *General Gordon*, 1,700 tons, 4·75 francs.
Camille, 1,400 tons, 4·62½ francs. (s).
La Pallice, *Talabot*, 1,400 tons, 4·25 francs.
St. Nazaire, Steamer, 3,000 tons, 4·15 francs
Nantes, *Coventry*, 2,200 tons, 4·62½ fcs., spot. (N).
Sables, *Vlug*, 1,700 tons, 4·37½ francs (s.)

COASTING, Etc.

Devonport, *Raloo*, 1,450 tons, 2s. 4½d. (Admiralty).
Elemore, 1,200 tons, 2s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Portsmouth, *Rochefort*e, 1,100 tons, 2s. 7½d. ,,
Rouen, *Ossian*, 700 tons, 5s. (s).
Alice M. Craig, 1,200 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
The Emperor, 700 tons, 4s. 10½d. (s).
St. Kevin, 700 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Dieppe, *Mersey*, 550 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
St. Patrick, 700 tons, 4s. 3d., option Rouen, 4s. 10½d. (s.)
Cherbourg, *Bay Fisher*, 4s. 5d. coal, 4s. 11d. fuel, (s).
Burton, 800 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Burnock, 460 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Trouville, *India*, 420 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Havre, *Clonlee*, 1,300 tons, 3s. 9d.
St. Malo, *Skeldon*, 1,750 tons, 3s. 9d.
Sando, 1,100 tons, 3s. 9d. (s.)
Honfleur, Steamer, 1,200 tons, 4s.
Drogheda, *Adam Smith*, 250 tons, 3s. 6d. (s)

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Newport, *Pomaron*, 2,000 tons, 4s. 1½d. ppt., ore.
,, ,, **Cardiff,** Steamer, 2,400 tons, 4s. ppt., ore.
Tredegar, 2,000 tons, 4s. ppt. ,,
Almeria Harbour to Cardiff, Steamer, 3,800 tons 5s.
Tunis to Swansea, Steamer, 1,900 tons, 6s. 9d.

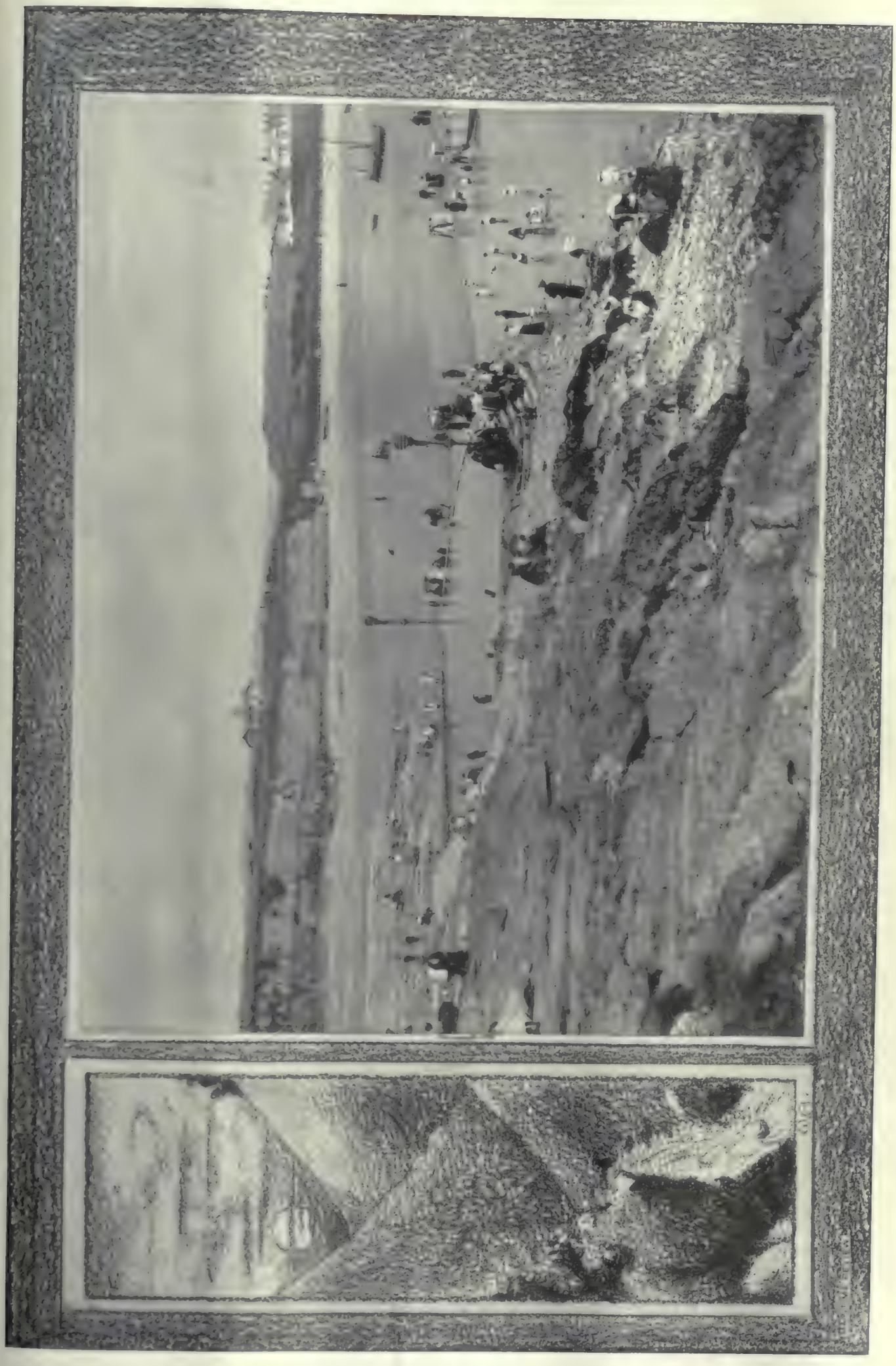
ON the 3rd instant, at London, the inquiry into the loss of the steamer *Alba*, was concluded, and the Court, consisting of Mr. R. H. B. Marsham, magistrate, and Captains Cosens and B. Du Santoy Austis, as nautical assessors, suspended the Master's certificate, for three months. At the time of the accident, the vessel was in pilotage waters, and the directions of the pilot—which appeared to the Captain as perfectly reasonable and seamanlike—had been carefully followed. The Merchant Service Guild (and every other navigation, for that matter) hold it to be an injustice to suspend a Shipmaster's certificate in such a case, and as it involves an important point of principle affecting all mercantile navigators, they have now instructed their solicitors to proceed with an appeal in the High Court of Justice. Needless to say, the result of this appeal, will be awaited with considerable interest, by mariners.

Look out, next week, for the advent of one of the daintiest magazines published—"In and around Cardiff." It will probably surprise you! In style, general get up, and price (two-pence)—well, buy it, and judge for yourself? Publishers, The Maritime Review, Ltd., Docks, Cardiff.

BUSINESS—

[J. Osborne Long, Cardiff.

Photograph by]



AND PLEASURE AT BARRY.

SHIPBUILDING.

THE most distinctive feature of the shipbuilding trade at present, is the dearth of new orders, shipowners, no doubt, seeing nothing in the freight outlook to justify building more tonnage. Builders report that the enquiry has practically ceased, so far as the ordinary tramp steamers are concerned, and it is only for vessels of special type, and for particular trades that enquiries are being made. In the meantime, they have a fair amount of work on hand, and employment over the summer is assured.

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THE arrival of the Allan Line turbine *Virginian*, at Halifax, in the record time of 6 days and 18 hours on her first voyage, should finally settle the question as to whether this form of propulsion has come to stay. It is said that even in the roughest seas, she behaved admirably, and that there was an entire absence of vibration. There can be no longer any question of the success of the turbine ocean liner, and they will seriously rival the old form of reciprocating engines.

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WE understand that Messrs. Bucknall Brothers, London, have sold their steel screw steamer *Matoppo*, to the Union Steamship Company, of New Zealand, Ltd., at about £50,000. She was built by Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., Ltd., Newcastle, in 1904. Dimensions 360ft. x 47ft. 5in. x 26ft. 7in.; 3,942 tons gross; with engines 25in., 41in., 68in. x 48in. stroke, by the Wallsend Slipway Co., Ltd.

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IT is reported that the steel screw steamer *Westminster Bridge*, owned by Messrs. Moore, Innes & Co., London, has been sold, together with her cargo of coal, to Russia, for delivery in the Far East. She was built by Messrs. Wm. Gray & Co., Ltd., West Hartlepool, in 1902. Dimensions 331ft. 5in. x 47ft. 2in. x 24ft. 7in.; 3,427 tons gross; with engines 25in., 40in., 65in. x 42in. stroke, by the Central Marine Engine Works.

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A NEW steel screw cargo steamer building on the Wear, is reported sold at about £28,000. Dimensions 313ft. x 45ft. x 23ft.; carries about 4,800 tons deadweight on about 20ft. draft; with engines 23in., 38in., 61in. x 39in. stroke; two single ended boilers 14ft. 9in. x 10ft., working at 180 lbs. pressure. The steamer is about ready for launching.

+ + +

THE steel screw steamer *Kolpino*, lately owned by Messrs. Thomas Wilson, Sons & Co., Ltd., Hull, has been sold to Japanese buyers, at about £8,000. She was built and engined by Messrs. R. Stephenson & Co., Ltd., Newcastle, in 1889. Dimensions 295ft. x 39ft. x 19ft. 3in.; 2,352 tons gross; with engines 22in., 35in., 59in. x 39in. stroke.

+ + +

THE iron screw steamer *Ganute*, lately owned by Mr. J. A. Hodge, Newcastle, has been sold to Messrs. J. J. King and Sons, Ltd., Garston, at about £2,500 for breaking-up purposes. She was built by Messrs. A. Leslie and Co., Newcastle, in 1871. Dimensions, 225ft. 5in. x 30ft. 6in. x 17ft. 4in.; 1,103 tons gross, with engines 26in., 52in. x 30in. stroke, by Messrs. R. & W. Hawthorn.

+ + +

THE iron screw steamer *Lemnos*, recently purchased by Messrs. R. Jobson & Co., West Hartlepool, has been resold to Swedish buyers, at about £6,250. She was built by Messrs. Short Brothers, Sunderland, in 1880. Dimensions, 270ft. 3in. x 34ft. x 18ft. 7in.; 1,530 tons gross, with engines 30in., 60in. x 39in. stroke, by Messrs. George Clark, Ltd.

A NEW steel screw cargo steamer built by Messrs. Connell & Co., Ltd., Glasgow, for Liverpool owners, is reported sold to Germans, at about £50,000. Her dimensions are: 376ft. 9in. x 49ft. 5in. x 26ft. 3in.; carries about 7,000 tons deadweight; with engines 24in., 41in., 68in. x 45in. stroke, by Messrs. Dunsmuir & Jackson, Ltd.

+ + +

THE iron screw steamer *Goldcliffe*, lately owned by Messrs. Morel Ltd., Cardiff, has been sold to French buyers. She was built and engined by the Palmers Company, Newcastle, in 1881. Dimensions 240ft. 5in. x 33ft. 2in. x 16ft. 4in.; 1,224 tons gross; with engines 28in., 54in. x 36in. stroke.

+ + +

THE iron screw steamer *Peckile*, lately owned by the Indo China Steam Navigation Company, Ltd., has been sold to Russians. She was built by Messrs. W. Hamilton and Co., Port Glasgow, in 1874. Dimensions, 239ft. 2in. x 33ft. x 19ft. 5in.; 1,160 tons gross, with engines 28in., 54in. x 33in. stroke.

+ + +

THE iron screw steamer *Athenian*, owned by the Ellerman Lines, Ltd., is reported sold at about £3,250. She was built by Messrs. T. Royden and Son, Liverpool, in 1875. Dimensions, 301ft. 6in. x 31ft. 2in. x 23ft. 3in.; 1,621 tons gross, with engines 22½in., 60in. x 36in. stroke.

+ + +

THE steel steam trawler *Aboyne*, lately owned by Messrs. Young & Jameson, Aberdeen, has been sold to a Bordeaux firm. She was built by Messrs. J. Duthie, Sons & Co., Aberdeen, in 1901.

+ + +

THE iron steam trawler *Prince*, lately owned by Mr. W. S. Letten, of Grimsby, has been sold to Spanish buyers. She was built by Messrs. Cochrane & Cooper, Beverley, in 1896.

+ + +

THE Cardiff steamer *Thor*, owned by Messrs. Peter Rowe & Sons, is to be offered for sale by public auction, in London, on the 9th May.

+ + +

THE steel screw steamer *Portaferry*, 236 tons gross, lately owned by Mr. E. Betson, of London, has been sold to Mr. George Couper, of Helmsdale, and renamed *Ivy*.

+ + +

THE ferry steamer *Sunflower*, has been sold by the Wallasey District Council to Messrs. J. J. King & Sons, Garston, for breaking up purposes.

+ + +

THE steamer *Georgios P. Bouboulis*, recently purchased by Mr. Joseph Hoult, of Liverpool, has been renamed *Benam*.

+ + +

THE iron screw steamer *Alblasserdam*, 929 tons gross built in 1883, has been sold to a Gothenburg firm for £4,000.

+ + +

IT is reported that Messrs. Robert Stephenson & Co., Ltd., Hebburn-on-Tyne, have received orders for two cargo boats of small size from Cardiff owners.

+ + +

MR. C. J. BANK, of Helsingborg, Sweden, is the purchaser of the steamer *Guildhall*, recently reported sold. She has been renamed *Banco*.

+ + +

MESSRS. J. D'HAENE & CO., of Antwerp, are the purchasers of the steamer *B. T. Robinson*, recently reported sold. She has been renamed *Antigoon*.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on April 13, 1905, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

9,758 04 CRAWFORD *An improved ship's propeller.*

This invention relates to ships' screw propellers and consists in constructing same with their blades inclined aft from root to tip, and curved circumferentially, so that the tip of one blade overhangs the root of the next following blade.

11,559 04 WILLIAMS—*Improvements in or connected with colliery trams.*

This invention relates to a device of the ratchet wheel and pawl type for preventing colliery trams from running backwards down an incline and is adapted to be used as a substitute for a sprag. According thereto a bracket is secured to one side of the vehicle so as to overhang one of the wheels. This bracket extends downwards to just below the wheel axis where it is bifurcated. On each bifurcation, at each side of the wheel axis, a pawl is mounted fast on a spindle, mounted to turn horizontally in bearings, on the side of the bracket nearest the wheel. Each pawl, by means of a handle, fast to the end of its spindle, is adapted to be turned downwards so that its nose projects into the path of the spokes of the wheel and is also adapted to be held when turned up out of the path of the spokes, by means of bolts on the bracket, which can be projected by hand to engage over the above mentioned handles. According to the direction of travel of the vehicle the (for the time being) rear pawl is released and turned down into the path of the spokes of the wheel. On progression of the vehicle the pawl is lifted by each spoke and falls by gravity. Should, however, the vehicle start to run back, a spoke will engage over the pawl which is prevented from turning backwards below the horizontal plane by means of a tail formed thereon butting against a recess in the bottom edge of the bracket, and the vehicle will be arrested. On reversal of the direction of travel of the vehicle, the other pawl, being then the rear one, will be turned down into the operative position and the pawl previously in action turned up and secured by its bolt.

11,634 04—BULLIVANT & SELBY—*Improvements in or connected with torpedo nets.*

This invention relates to providing torpedo nets with shielding plates, whereby they are protected from being cut by cutters etc. attached to torpedoes. These plates are of rectangular shape and are provided at their upper ends with two lugs bent at right angles thereto, whereby they are adapted to be secured to and suspended from two adjacent grummets, by the grummets being passed through holes in their lugs. The plates when assembled overlap at their edges so as to leave no portion of the net exposed, and may be stiffened by corrugations.

11,877/04—PLUNKETT—*Improvements in or connected with extension conveyors.*

This invention relates to improvements in the construction of extension belt conveyors of the type having a telescopic extending frame, and its object is to enable the discharge of the material being conveyed, to be effected directly over the end of the extending frame at all degrees of extension thereof, instead of laterally as heretofore. Provision is made for supporting the extra length of operative belt on the extension of the frame by means of supporting rollers mounted so as to slide with their pedestals along the main frame and separate, on the extension of the sliding frame. The belt is kept taut by passing in a zig-zag direction over leading rollers mounted at each end of both frames. A further feature of the invention consists in the provision of closely adjacent supporting rollers beneath the belt at the point at which the material is fed on to same, and also in the employment of troughing rollers adapted to yield against the influence of springs to compensate for lumps or inequalities in the load passing over them.

25,608 04—HULSMEYER—*Improvement in Hertzian-wave projecting and receiving apparatus for locating the position of distant metal objects.*

This invention is an improvement on the Hertzian-wave projecting and receiving apparatus described in Patent No. 13,170/04. In this former patent was described a method of locating a distant metallic object such as a ship, wreck, submarine, etc., by means of rays projected in all directions from an apparatus located on a vessel and reflected back by the metallic object to a receiving apparatus arranged on the same vessel, so as to be screened from the direct action of the rays. This former apparatus only indicated the direction of the metallic reflecting object, and the improvement which forms the present invention consists in enabling the distance to be estimated as well as the direction. According thereto, the waves or rays are emitted from a transmitting apparatus in a compact cylindrical bundle or beam, and the transmitting apparatus is pivotted so as to be adapted to be moved through an angle in the vertical plane. The distance is estimated from the angle of the transmitting apparatus. An alternative method is to deflect the rays by a series of lenses and estimate the distance from the angle at which the lenses are set.

28,168 04 HICKEY—*Improvements in boats.*

This invention relates to shaping the hull of a vessel so that it has a sharp bow or forward portion extending a substantial portion of its length, and a gradually increasing swell or overhang extending to the stern. This overhang extends gradually upwards from the keel from its point of inception towards the stern, till it becomes the load water line. The keel is inclined downwards aft from the bows where it commences at the load water line.

These applications for patents are, until May 29, 1905, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

The following applications for the registration of Trade Marks relating to the shipping and coal trades were advertised on April 19, and are open to opposition by interested parties within the period ending May 19.

CLASS 4—*Including coal.*

No. 271,238—18th March, 1905—RONGALITE.

No. 271,240—18th March, 1905—CORVAN.

For all goods included in class 4.

The Badische Anilin & Soda Fabrik, Friesenheimerstrasse, Ludwigshafen-on-Rhine, Germany, Manufacturers.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

OUR MARITIME DIRECTORY.

CARDIFF.

Colliery Proprietors.

CORY BROS. & CO., LTD., Cardiff and London. Depôts at all the principal Coaling Stations in the World.
Telegrams: "CORY, CARDIFF"; "CORY, LONDON."

INSOLE, GEORGE & SON, Cardiff. Sole Shippers of Cymmer Steam Coal, Windsor Steam Coal, and Insoles No. 2 Rhondda Coal.
Telegrams: "INSOLES, CARDIFF."

LEWIS MERTHYR CONSOLIDATED COLLIERIES, LTD., Proprietors and Shippers of "Lewis Merthyr" Navigation Steam Coal.
Telegrams: "LEWIS MERTHYR, CARDIFF"; "LEWIS MERTHYR, LONDON."

MARQUESS OF BUTE COLLIERIES, Aberdare, Hirwain, and Rhondda Valley. Shipping ports:—Bute Docks, Cardiff; Penarth Dock; Swansea; Briton Ferry; and Newport (Mon.)
Telegrams: "SEMA, CARDIFF."

OCEAN (MERTHYR) COAL CO., LTD., 11, Bute Crescent, Cardiff, proprietors of Ocean (Merthyr) Steam Coal.

UNIVERSAL STEAM COAL CO., LTD., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Proprietors of "Universal Steam Coal."
Telegrams: "VERSATILE, CARDIFF."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

VIVIAN, H. C. & CO., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole European Agents for "The Puritan Coal Mining Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A."
Telegrams: "VIVIAN, CARDIFF."

WATTS, WATTS & CO., Cardiff and London. Contractors for the supply of Coals at all Depôts abroad.
Telegrams: "WATTS, CARDIFF."

Dock Owners.

THE CARDIFF RAILWAY COMPANY, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Ship Repairers.

SHEARMAN, JOHN & CO., LTD., Cardiff, and at Barry Dock.

THE BUTE SHIPBUILDING, ENGINEERING, AND DRY DOCK COMPANY, LIMITED, Roath Basin, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "CAISSON, CARDIFF."

THE CARDIFF CHANNEL DRY DOCKS AND PONTOON CO., LTD., Cardiff and Barry Dock.
Telegrams: "Entrance, Cardiff." "Channel, Barry."

THE MERCANTILE PONTOON CO., LTD., Roath Dock, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "MERCANTILE, CARDIFF."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

Miscellaneous.

LEWIS & TYLOR, Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole patentees and manufacturers of "Gripoly," a patent woven belting; and "Burals," a semi-metallic packing.
Telegrams: "BELTING CARDIFF." Telephone, Nat. 231.

Steamship Owners.

DAN. JENKINS & CO., Steamship Owners and Brokers, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Stonewall, Cardiff."
Nat. Telephone: 1318.

BARRY.

Dock Owners.

THE BARRY RAILWAY CO., Barry.

Ship Repairers.

BARRY GRAVING DOCK & ENGINEERING CO., LTD.
Telegrams: "BARDOCK, BARRY."
National Telephone No. 7. Post Office Telephone No. 7.

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Vol. V.—No. 64. FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1905. Threepence.

JOHN BULL: "These fellows are amusing! *Why* won't they remember that this is 1905."

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MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS. CARDIFF.

Thursday Afternoon.

BEING enterprising ourselves, we can appreciate and admire, the same trait in others. Moreover, our feelings in this connection, do not stop at simple appreciation and admiration; we wish to help; and thus it comes about, that we want to call your attention to one of the chances of your life, which, were we hard-hearted, you would, possibly, miss. It's like this. You have probably heard of the Imperial Direct West India Mail Service Company, Limited; know that the managers thereof, are Messrs. Elder, Dempster and Co., 6, Water Street, Liverpool; and might be of opinion that the concern is about as enterprising, as 'tis possible to be, in these days of trusts and things? Very well, then. What you might not know, is that an illustrated souvenir of the somewhat-extended company quoted above, including a history of this "famous Line of Steamers, and giving full particulars and interesting details of the Island of Jamaica," is about to be issued. You might not know, and again, you might not care a cheap and over-the-waters swear-word; while, yet again, you might be interested, and care a care, about as big as one of the steamers of the "famous Line." You see, we are not only appreciative and admiring; we are anxious to side in with you—no matter what your religion, or shade of politics. So far, so good.

To quote, once more, we learn that "Sir Alfred L. Jones, K.C.M.G., has agreed to take 3,000 copies of this book (the souvenir, you understand), and a large number will be placed in conspicuous positions (does this mean precisely under the worthy knight's photograph, in the grand saloon?) on all Elder, Dempster's steamers, whilst the proprietors of the"—but that doesn't matter a bit. What are mere newspaper proprietors, alongside of shipping knights, and owners of conspicuous positions in the Imperial Direct West India Mail Line steamers? Not much, do you think? Be that as it may, and admitting that our remarks are merely of the nature of a matter of opinion, we next find that, "The printing and production of the book (that is, the souvenir, you know) have been entrusted to Messrs. Spottiswoode and Co., Ltd., of London and Liverpool," by which token, the work will be well done. So far, the matter is clear enough, and reading farther, we note that "A limited number of Advertisements will be inserted (in the souvenir, see?), for which full particulars are given on page 3,"—of the touting circular. That page 3, informs us that for a one-page ad., you will have to pay twelve guineas; for a half-page ditto, £7.

THE price is reasonable enough, and even if one wonders what the exact meaning of "a few special positions (not "conspicuous positions," this time) by arrangement" is—well, the wonder is, after all, but natural. But what you have to remember most of all, is that "early application for space is necessary"—presumably for the reason, that quite a number of folk are anxious to share, in the cost of these periodical advertisements of the great Elder, Dempster undertakings? Personally, we have but little faith in the necessity for any early application, and we should like to know just exactly what is meant by the expression "A limited number of Advertisements will be inserted." You see, in a job like this, the limit might easily fall on four pages, or it might spread to a hundred—if the "early applications" justified that amount of superfine paper, and other things which need not be enlarged upon. But if the limit is really fixed at a hundred pages, then for our part, we are not going to believe that any "early application" is necessary. However, this is more matter of opinion, and coming down to matter of fact, we note that a circular letter accompanies the touting circular already discussed.

FURTHERMORE, the said circular letter is on the business paper of the I.D.W.I.M.S. Co., Ltd.; is dated somewhere close to the back-end of April; is printed in "typewriter type;" and, most impressive of all, is signed with what looks like the autograph (but probably is merely a specimen of lithographic skill) of, no less a person than, Sir Alfred, himself. Anyhow, the signature reads "Alfred L. Jones," and as far as we know, there is but one of that ilk, who signs letters for the Elder, Dempster Company. This, of course, is merely a detail, and the letter is far more interesting. It commences in the usual manner, and then goes on; "With reference to the enclosed prospectus of our new Illustrated Souvenir of the Imperial Direct West India Mail Service and the Island of Jamaica, we should be glad if you would give same your best attention. It will be a splendid book, and we have arranged to have it well distributed."

Somewhat dictatorial—not to say "bossy"—don't you think? Not quite the style one would care to have slung at one, supposing the little wheels of one's life ran clear of anything appertaining to Elder, Dempster and Co.? That "we should be glad if you would give same your best attention," is just a leetle bit too commanding—especially when on the hunt for twelve guineas a page, don't you think?

Now, if we were running a dry dock, for instance, where, once in a way, an I.D. etc. Company boat might come along for a repair job—well, we might cuss a bit, at what we should style the impertinence of the demand, even as we paid up, and looked as big and expectant, as possible. Again, if we were in the habit of supplying a quantity of coal to the same steamers, we might anté up as commanded, for under either of the conditions suggested, it is good business to throw a sprat to catch a mackerel? Under any other set of conditions, though, we should think first; and having thought—should begin to think up other items. *Par exemple*, our thoughts might easily stray to a *Times* letter from the same commanding personage; a letter which breathed sadness and misery, right through its length and breadth, because of losses sustained, through carrying a number of "boy sailors." Having dwelled sufficiently long on that letter, we might go off into equations, for the purpose of deciding on the possible saving which might have been effected, if the respected head of the Elder, Dempster line of steamers, would stick to his last, so to speak. Aye, even as he left the simple advertisement of his banana boats and the island from whence the bananas come, to the fostering care of the printers of, what is going to be, on his own knightly assurances, "a splendid book."

Still, as we said above, we can appreciate and admire all enterprising effort; and when a man shows that he has sufficient skill to successfully handle his many ramifications, nothing need be said about it? A man might easily be a splendid advertisement canvasser, and yet not be worth shucks in dealing with a "boy sailor" dodge—or *vice versa*. But when the head of a shipping company—or group of shipping companies—admits that he cannot do as well as, for instance, Mr. Walter Runciman, and who is the head of another shipping company; well, in our opinion, it would be far more conducive to the ultimate good of the concern involved, if the first "head" left off poaching on the preserves of a legitimate advertisement agent; and put his back into the work of evolving order out of chaos which appears to be fastened around the Elder, Dempster "boy sailors." To an advertisement man, the "limited quantity" of business announcements that will ultimately appear in the souvenir to which we have given some help, is of prime importance; while the financial aspects of "boy sailor" carrying in the same line, should be of magnificent indifference. To the head man of the line of steamers, the placing of his "boy sailors" on a workable basis, should be of incalculably more importance, than the mere attempt to work out his own advertisements at a profit—thanks to the advertisements emanating from any number of his business protegés? At least, that is how we view it, and we know something of both advertisement men, and of "boy sailors." Yes!

But, after all, enterprise is somewhat rife, these days, in nearly every walk of life, and in most of the countries in which that life is to be found. Take Newfoundland as a further example. Time was, and that not so long ago, when, outside a hymn of our childhood which dealt with Greenland's icy mountains, that part of the world had no other importance in men's sight—or understandings. Later on, came its value as a "dry fish" emporium. Yet through the whole gamut of apparently insignificant changes which were materialising, enterprise was around in quite big chunks. Newfoundland's Mr. Reid—or should it be Mr. Reid's Newfoundland?—was busy, in a quietly unobtrusive manner, and that his busyness was of an enterprising character, may be gleaned from the fact that, since 1901, the gentleman has sold his materialisations to the Colony, for quite respectable sums of money. Some of the moneys passing from the Colony to Mr. Reid, are: £200,000 for his proprietary share in the railway; £170,000 for "relinquishing lands"—whatever that might mean; £170,800 for his improvements to the railways aforesaid; and £300,000 for the "abrogation of telegraph franchises." Altogether, a snug little sum of £840,800!

In a country which was, most wrongly, scheduled under the name of "the place where 'dry fish' comes from," a sum of well on toward a million sterling in about four years, is no sae bad—off one bat—is it? Moreover, this little amount but represents a portion of the same gentleman's enterprising accretiveness. You see, when a whole community—bar one man—puts all its eggs in one basket; well, it is generally a good thing for the one man—providing he is of the enterprising brand? Here have we seen the gentle Newfoundland persons, metaphorically, eating each other up in a struggle to get the tongues, sounds, and "the fish" which erstwhile carried them; even while their land was carrying in its bosom, commodities that were worth many fish! Mr. Reid was enterprising enough, to see the opportunities which were being wasted, in that mad struggle for fish; to-day, the remainder of his compatriots recognise those opportunities. Not only do they recognise them, but they find they must buy them—or they won't be happy until they do! Thus it comes about, that a large proportion of the money which was earned by the crowd, and mainly out of fish, has now to be handed over to one man—in lumps—because he was wise enough to have but little to do with fish, in any shape.

This might be a modern rendering of that old saw which told about the Cornishman's luck—wet trousers and no fish; we don't know. But in Newfoundland, there would appear to be the same fatality hanging around the exponents of cod? 'Way back, the colonist caught the fish, which he parted with for money; now, he has to part with the money, that he may be in possession of the blessings which should have been his from the start. In other words, it would seem that, to-day, the Newfoundlander has no fish and no money—merely proprietary interests, relinquished lands, and telegraph franchises. And there is more of it to come, for Mr. Reid has still the whip-hand of enterprise. The Bond Cabinet—this being the particular affair which "cooks the fish," out there—having shown a disposition to leave Mr. Reid alone with his enterprises, that gentleman has offered to sell his eight steamers, and a 46 years' railroad operators' lease to the Colony, for a lump sum running into some £600,000. This sum includes the other claims which the new Colossus has against the Colony; but it must not be thought that the money will dispose of the enterprising person, or that he will have nothing further to sell, thereaway.

On the contrary, rather, for this King of Enterprise intends to hang on to his dry dock, other chunks of land, and electric concessions; but we do not believe that there is any truth in the sweeping assertion that the gentleman has been trying to dispose of his mortgage on the Newfoundland sun, and the seven principal stars—mainly,

because we happen to know that he has no such mortgage. We have no positive information as to whether an "option" was sought thereon; but we do know there is no mortgage, toward; so the Colonist may be easy in mind, as to the continuance of free sunshine, for fish-drying purposes—which is a good thing? But in connection with the offer to sell those steamers and the leasehold rights, Mr. Reid is disinclined to give the Newfoundland Government an undue amount of time for consideration. Return of post, is the enterprising method to be adopted—as far as we can see. True, the Government has asked for indulgence, in the way of extended time to admit of considering Mr. Reid's proposal. Probably, the Government would like to assure itself as to how much of that £600,000 is eight-coaster's-value, and how much of it is railroad-operator's-leasehold worth. All the same, the thing is enterprising, and we are proud of such men.

Of course, the eight coasting-steamers might represent a goodly slice of that £600,000, while again, they might be included in the agreement as a sort of "lucky penny;" an earnest that something of actual worth had changed hands. We have no precise data as to the worth of those coasting-steamers, mind you; but, in our experience of the country, it should be possible to get a fairly decent sort of vessel for £10,000 a time. However, if we mark those boats down at £25,000 each—the eight as a job lot for £200,000—we still have a little matter of £400,000 for the railroad-operator's-leasehold bit of stuff? Perhaps, under the circumstances, Mr. Reid's ultimatum in the matter of receiving a reply to his offer, is not the least of the enterprising talent which has placed this gentleman so much to the fore? In making an offer to sell stuff for £600,000, it is usual to give the possible purchaser an opportunity of sizing-up the value of what is offered. Everybody realises that the face value of a sovereign is twenty shillings—all over the Empire, and to any unit thereof. But to a railway-operator's-leasehold, there is no such face-value attached.

A sanguine seller might put the price at a million, while a pessimistic buyer might be inclined to think it dear at four-and-t'pence? Between the limits, is fixed a wide gulf? Yes, and thus it comes about, that some careful consideration is essential. In the interests of the Newfoundlanders, generally, it is to be hoped that the Government will insist on a sufficiency of time being allowed, before they agree to hand over the sum mentioned; for £600,000—out Newfoundland way—takes a quantity of gathering together. However, in view of the trend of affairs, as exemplified to-date, it is highly probable that the Colony will buy up the steamers, etc., and then King Enterprise will have an opportunity of thinking-up more sales. There will still be the dry dock, the lands, and the electric concessions, you know. With such a quantity of valuable assets to dispose of—and viewed in the light of past transactions—the poor unfortunate Newfoundlander might have opportunities of antéing up another million or so; at least, before the enterprising Mr. Reid considers that he has received sufficient guerdon, for showing the native that there are things on earth, more profitable than fish. But enough of enterprise. Turn we now, to something else.

Dear, dear! We cannot get rid of the enterprising aspect of things, this week, no matter where we turn. In fact, and as far as we can see, at the moment, this issue of The Maritime Review, is foredoomed to be an enterprising one—right through! You'll remember that West Indian mail contract, concerning which we have told you things, for the past week or two? Well, there appears to have been more enterprise—considerably more—in the engineering of that same contract, than meets the eye, at the first casual glance. There does, indeed! Anyhow, one of the directors of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company throws a somewhat lurid light on the whole contraption, and if the gentleman is altogether correct—and we see no reason to doubt his words—under-cutting *a la* soup-and-bouilli-can-tinkery, is by no means confined to the sun-kissed shores of the Bristol Channel! Eh, but there was a fall, somebody-or-other! Sir Joseph Savory—the director in question—has been writing to a London contemporary, and among other items, remarks: "The Postmaster-General in July, 1904, by public advertisement, invited tenders for a new contract. In reply to this public invitation, the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company was the only one who responded."

So far, you have it exactly like the usual public invitation (given in a semi-private manner), to tinker up the *Flat Aback*. There is also another similarity, in this instance, for, "In January, 1905, the offer, of this company was made public in the West Indies, and transmitted to this country." See? Somebody in the know—exactly as is continually happening in dry dock land—gave the show away, and hey, presto, the "favourite" (being of an enterprising turn of mind?) is able to shape out a winning tender, without having the trouble of going into the value of the job, worth a cent! Man, dear, it's awful. We never imagined that Imperial business was conducted on these lines; thought it was all kept for the "tin sheds" of commerce! We did, really! However, let's get on with the soul-harrowing tale as spread out by Sir Joseph. Here is another bit: "The Postmaster-General stated at the interview (of which we have already written), . . . that subsequent to the publication of this company's (R.M.S.P.Co.) tender, he received a 'private offer' on very favourable terms, and said that he would have been justified in accepting this private offer."

The idea of a "private offer" in this connection is good, and is, of course, a mere coincidence, after all? We take back the suggestion that somebody in the know, gave the show away. It wasn't that, obviously? There was no need for any such trick, was there? When a bit of Home Imperial business has to get to England's taxpayers, viâ the West Indies—well, things are really not what they seem, even if there are no visions about? But this is a bit of stuff worthy of careful attention—especially to the fair-play-loving Briton: "It should be borne in mind that the firm who made the 'private offer,' had an opportunity equally with this company (R.M.S.P.) of sending in a tender last autumn, but they did not do so, and only made a 'private offer' when they discovered at what price this company was prepared to do the work." Hang it all! It is a series of conflicting feelings that one has to undergo, in considering this bit of seeming back-stairs work. One minute, one has to magnanimously mark the whole thing down as a coincidence; the next, one is inclined to think up the tales of sharp practice which one has heard of, in connection with other shipping deals?

In any case, Sir Joseph Savory puts the matter plainly enough? The "private offerer" certainly did have an opportunity of tendering, at the same time as the Royal Mail Company; the opportunity was just as surely neglected: it seems clear enough that the "private offer" was made, after a full knowledge of the Royal Mail terms had been made public (viâ the West Indies); so, as business

men, what do you think of the whole caboodle? Personally, we should imagine that the makers of the "private offer" were in much the same position with reference to the Government, as are some dry dock concerns which we could mention, with sundry specification-for-repairs gentlemen that are known to us; that is, on terms of pleasing intimacy. Being our personal opinion, you may take it as such. Continuing with the West Indian mail contract, and the worthy Baronet who has lately discussed it, we find that, in his own words: "The Postmaster-General stated that in fairness to this company he decided, in March last, to call for fresh tenders, but, as this company's tender had been made public, is it not obvious that justice demanded that the "private offer" should also have been disclosed?" Most certainly it is! What right has a Government Department to accept, and treat as "confidential," any offer which calls for the expenditure of public money? "Private offer" be bothered.

As a matter of fact, there appears to be altogether too much of the hole-and-corner tactics in this West Indian mail business. Does it strike you that way? It is surely all bunkum to pretend, that the sum total in the so-called "private offer," can be "kept dark," indefinitely? It will have to appear in the national balance-sheet, at the end of the financial year, won't it? And there is no suggestion that the figures will be lumped in with something else, so that neither the name of the "private offerer," nor the amount of the "private offer" will be recognisable to the man in the street? Here is the Royal Mail, with more than half-a-century's experience on which to gauge their price for doing certain work (and we have no concern as to how that work was done, for it might, perhaps have been done better, and yet again, it might have been done considerably worse; and anyhow, it satisfied the country, and those interested over the period referred to?); they trot out a price, and a "private offer" is made (after the Royal Mail's tender is public property) under-cutting it. As we have already remarked, in dry dock work—unfortunately—this is permissible: in Government undertakings, it certainly should not be.

To our mind, it doesn't matter twopence whether the Royal Mail is "conservative" in its methods; whether the word "conservative" can be defined in a hundred different ways, and every one of them derogatory—or otherwise—to the company interested; but there is no getting away from the fact that the "private offer" was, at the best, merely based upon assumption. We mean, that the firm making that offer had no data of its own upon which to base its calculations, seeing that, for many years now, the business had been solely attended to by the Royal Mail. If, as stated by the Postmaster-General, that "private offer" was "on very favourable terms," and that "he would have been justified in accepting this private offer," why not let us know the amount? The firm which made that private offer is by no means the only raisin in the duff; there are others; and some of them might have forgotten more about running a mail service, than the private and confidential concern will ever know? They might have, you understand. Moreover, we much doubt if, under any circumstances, a public official is "justified" in even considering a private offer for work belonging to the nation, and which has been advertised publicly?

When Government officials pass out such very poor arguments, is it any wonder that a poor limited company should follow suit, in going through the farce of advertising for a manager, say, when the man who is needed, has been already ear-marked, and told to report for duty on a given date? Enterprise is all very well—you'll remember that, 'way back, we started in to discuss enterprise?—but when it partakes of the nature of a bucket-shop style of floating a tinkery, or something after the same style, well, the resultant spectacle is anything but edifying? We have run on in this vein, because the "private offer" idea has awakened a train of thought in our mind, which we had come to regard as buried in the oblivion of past years. By and bye, we might be persuaded to trot out a sample of the train of thought alluded to, and then—well, you might be surprised! Meanwhile, it would be well if the pocket-borough twistings of mail service contracts, were given a little of the broad daylight which they would appear to be in sad need of; for the year 1905 is no epoch in which to re-introduce the tactics, which might have been allowed to pass muster, say, in 1795.

This will have to be stopped! There is a wicked "Broker" person, who has been and gone and wrote an equally wicked letter to the press, for the purpose of stating that the English Bar is composed of very obliging men; says that he has known, at least, one case, in which an eminent K.C. gave two opinions, one on each side, in exact opposition to each other. Good heavens! We shouldn't be surprised, after that, if "Broker" were to break out in a fresh place; would go to the whole extent of assuring us, that there are such things as flying-fish and pickled walnuts! However, "Broker" isn't getting it all his own way, for "A Past President of the Law Society"—jeerush! what a *nom de guerre*!—is up ag'in him, in fine style. The P.P.L.S. is of opinion that "Broker" is very unfair to the English Bar. So he is; also to the Long Bar, the Mahogany Bar, and several other equally interesting bars. But the discussion arose over the vexed question of marine insurance, and vessels captured in war as connected therewith. According to P.P.L.S., the editor of "Arnould" says capture is *prima facie* a total loss, but if the ship is restored, the loss will be the actual damage suffered, so we might leave that phase of the discussion, with safety?

But reverting to the original contention of "Broker," and the denials put forward by the champion of down-trodden men—that is "A Past President of the Law Society"—we find that the latter gentleman is convinced that, "In an experience (not small) extending over forty years, I have never seen an opinion not honestly based on the facts stated." That is alright, and as far as we can see, "Broker" never suggested anything of the kind? "Broker's" contention was, that he, himself, had known a case where an eminent K.C., had, so to speak, worked the legal equivalent of the thimble-and-the-pea—and anyhow, "Broker" has as much right to his opinion, as P.P.L.S.? When all is said, council is exactly like any other tradesman, or professional man. He carries on "law" for a living; and opinions, be they on either side of the hedge, is merely in the day's work? If the "opinion" is worth shucks—council is known as a "rising man," and can command much ooftish as a result; if his opinions are merely piffley—well, he doesn't get an undue amount of work, although his customer is the only one who loses in the deal? To our mind, some of these legal friends appear to be somewhat out of drawing in the universal picture. Rather forget that superstition and ignorance is not nearly so prevalent as it was; and that, to-day, a legal luminary, is merely a man who is out for cash, and should be classed as such.

The arguments put forward by some of our "daily" friends, are amusing, in the extreme! *Daily Chronicle* has

been discussing—at least, we presume the stuff is considered as discussion—the lately issued Blue Book, which deals with Chinese labour, in the Rand. If those sapient scribes knew the first—or any other—thing about the subject, there wouldn't be so much old twankey scattered broadcast through the land. As things are, the "daily" young man sizes up every subject that is brought before his gaze, from the point of view of a law-abiding British subject, and under no circumstances, can you make the gentle ink-slinger understand—or believe—that there are things in heaven and earth, undreamed of in his philosophy. It's a pity, we know; and pity 'tis, 'tis true. You see, in handling the Celestial gentleman who have been imported to the South African mines, treatment somewhat different to that which would be useful to the Briton, under the same circumstances, has to be meted out, and *D.C.* is soppily sarcastic in consequence. Tells its own particular circle of admirers, that not even General Trepoff or M. Pobiedonostseffi would send men to prison for "simply refusing to work."

WHAT would *Daily Chronicle* have? Would it suggest the advisability of giving the Chinamen a double dose of opium, every time they felt like breaking their agreement? Papers of the kind referred to, make us tired, and, moreover, do a fearful quantity of harm in their time and generation. Instead of sending their young men out to learn something of the circumstances; something real and valuable, that is; they prefer to accept any old twankey, providing it is coloured vividly enough with the particular (or not particular) shade of politics—save the name—on which its alleged "policy" is run. Screeds of the kind to which we have referred, ever remind us of an old Blue Nose shipowner, for whom we once had the felicity of working. We'll give you the yarn, and perhaps *D.C.* might benefit by the moral—who knows? Quite a number of the gentle "daily" scribe has already benefitted by many of our little morals; we have their plagiarised screeds at our elbow, even as we write; and although they are palpable chunks of plagiarism, we do not mind; mainly, for the reason that, eventually, the "daily" will learn something of ships and shipping, after which, the nation's merchant fleet will be the gainer.

BUT coming back to that Blue Nose man, we happened to be second mate on one of his old wagons, and after leaving New York, on one occasion, the crew, all Paddy Westers, were a shade worse than usual—which is admitting a lot. The wagon in question carried sky-sails—and other canvas—and perhaps the *olla podrida* with which Paddy had supplied us, were not treated as if they were youthful communicants, or the pet boys of a Band of Hope. You see, those "sailors" didn't believe in going aloft—unless they were forced to; and as sky-sails (and other canvas) cannot well be brought on deck for manipulation, we are sorry to say, that "force" was (once in a way) in evidence. It was alright, really; and nobody need have bothered unduly over the affair; but the owner person was some sort of relation to the kind of writer chiels that practice for the *Daily Chronicle*. Was ready to throw his contemporaneous Russian despot at you, without a second's warning. Alright! The boys did a quiet growl, on arrival home, and Blue Nose interviewed the second mate. We are not going to pretend that the interview was altogether in the nature of a prayer meeting—because it wasn't. All the same, it was no worse than heaps of other interviews which had transpired, on the deck of the same old crock.

OWNER considered that it was highly indecorous, for any self-respecting second mate to lay himself out, to chip pieces off the craniums of a number of Paddy West's pet hoboes—and, perhaps, the consideration was near the mark? Anyhow, the dear old fossil suggested that log-books were instituted expressly for recalcitrant seamen: and that any officer—and, eh, didn't he lay an accent on the word "officer"?—who neglected the use of the said book, was a "real bad man," and anything but a credit to his ship. We remember smiling, and mainly because we knew that our late employer was arguing, exactly as did the *Daily Chronicle* man, a day or two ago; that is, he was talking of subjects about which he knew nothing. As a matter of fact, we suggested some such thing. Went on to say, that if we were idiotic enough to bring three log-books to the after hatch of the ship; wrote six pages of complaint in it concerning a number of Yahoos whose only "crime" was "refusing to work:" well, we knew that something terrible would happen, meanwhile, to the sky-sails (and other canvas) aforesaid. But, that if we were to accidentally cause one belaying-pin to wobble around on the after deck, then, we opined, that Mr. Owner would be surprised at the celerity with which those sky-sails—and things—would be rolled up on their respective yards.

AFTER a few impressive assurances after the foregoing, Mr. Owner, although he saw that he had been arguing on a wrong premise—exactly as did the *D.C.* on the occasion referred to—stuck to his guns, and played parrot—again, as did the *D.C.* Taking the matter in a broad light, we are fain to believe that nothing much would happen, if all of the *D.C.'s* staff were to go in on "refusing to work." Nothing outside of the *Chronicle* office, that is. Of course, such a "crime" would necessitate the hanging-up of the paper alluded to; but, we are by no means sure that such a condition would be anything "much?" When a "daily" goes out of its way to disseminate poppycock, well, you wouldn't unduly miss it, if its publication were suspended, indefinitely? And in our opinlon, the whole lot of the fantod which we have been considering, is of the fanniest sort. Blue Books are all very well in their way; but the readers thereof, are supposed to exercise a little discrimination in applying the necessary moral. In dealing with Chinamen who are willing to leave their country, it may safely be considered, that they leave that country for the country's good. Treatment that is good enough for the stay-at-home Briton, would be of precious little use to any such patriots.

SOMETIMES, you know, we are almost inclined to pity the Board of Trade. Taken collectively, they are for ever "putting their foot in it!" Here is the Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders, in Scotland, having a tilt at the dear old souls who go to the making of the Board, because they appear to be convinced that a four year's training in a fitting shop, is ample for the making of a marine engineer. Well, isn't it? Cannot a young man, of ordinary intelligence, learn enough in four years, to enable him to creditably run an engine, that other brains have thought out, and other hands have made? We know that to those interested, such a statement will appear as rank heresy; but all the same, and in the interests of truth—based on many years of personal observation—we are bound to record the opinion that, if four years, as suggested, is insufficient, then, a hundred, will not be too much. It is all very well to go into fustian in this connection; but facts are stubborn things; and the average sea-going engineer doesn't usually commence to learn his business, until he is shipped as junior engineer on a steamer. Up to the time of his leaving the fitting shop, he is merely a fitter, and in nine cases out of ten, has never seen a marine engine at work—until he is shipped to take a watch with his elders.

This being so—and it is—why keep the kid chained down to a vice bench, when all his hopes and aspirations are toward keeping some old coffee-mill in going order? You might say that herein lays the crux of the Institution's pleading; and, that if different tactics were adopted, there would be less coffee-mills about? Fudge, dear sirs; don't believe any such thing. If your young hopeful is shipped to run a coffee-mill, all the talent in the world—*at sea*—will fail in turning that old box-of-hammers into anything different. This training idea, is all wrong, and if the Board of Trade were to do the right thing, they would see to it that the marine engineer apprentice were "bound" to a steamer, even as the would-be navigating youngster is "bound"—in his youth. In the making of a really efficient marine engineer, of what use is it to fill his head with a number of the notions which he picks up at the vice-bench in a fitting shop? To-date, this very apprenticeship has been the cause of half the degeneration, which has gone on in the ranks of sea-going engineers. The Mercantile Marine is badly in need of marine engineers—not of embryo Brunels. To attempt to fill a youngster up with ideas which are never used, is just a waste of good material.

Of course, if you merely teach the lad to look upon the marine engineering profession, as an episode in the struggle toward the super's job, that he is going to get—someday; well, the Institution is about right in its reasoning. As things have been in the past, marine engineering is simply a sham, for every one of its exponents, at some time or another, has been "in the running" for that high falutin' shore job, that is going to make him wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice. As a result, the marine engineering profession has been practically at a standstill, for the past decade, or so. There certainly isn't much sense in giving a lad a smattering of all manner of engineering problems which he will never use—as a marine engineer; and, allowing him to neglect most of the little "points" which will prove of incalculable benefit to him—again, as a marine engineer. To our mind, it has always appeared as utterly foolish to allow a young sea-going mechanic, to look upon his profession as simply a stepping-stone, if we may put it thus, to some other branch of engineering. If marine engineering is a serious undertaking—and it certainly should be—let us have lads trained for the profession, alone. The time when a Jack of all trades is likely to be an ornament to his profession, is gone.

Moreover, it cannot be gainsaid, that, at sea, there is mighty little opportunity for shining as a great repair-job specialist. This being so, of what use is it, to pretend that the fitting-shop training is going to be of any utility? Were an embryo sea-mechanic to start his career as a lad, afloat: then, by the time he came to man's estate, he would know something of practical marine engineering, instead of, as at present, being then about to commence to learn the business for which he is cast. The most worthy sample of engineer, is he who understands the intricacies of the machinery with which he is entrusted; who knows, from long association, the methods which are to be adopted with the firemen under his control: and the mere abstract knowledge of knowing how to do a job of fitting—in a 'long-shore fitting shop—will avail but little, when a breakdown occurs at sea, and the only tools available, are a few chisels, a hammer or two, and a bulkhead door as material. As things are at present, the factory bell is the determining factor of efficiency on a steamer. Fitting-shop notions are to the 'fore, and the resultant conditions are so bad, that any ambitious young man will do anything—rather than continue at sea, after he has secured that "chief's ticket." Fairy tales are all very well—in their place; but the sea has long since given up everything appertaining thereto. *Verb. sat sap.*, you geniuses of the Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders in Scotland.

That submarine express idea is again around. It is a hardy annual, for about once a year, it crops up with refreshing regularity. True, it exponents are usually of a different group, on each occasion, and whether this is because each particular group, after enjoying its bit of brief notoriety, is convinced that it is chasing a chimera, or otherwise, we shouldn't like to say. But the subject is a fascinating one—especially since the late Jules Verne gave us the yarn concerning Captain Nemo of the good ship *Nautilus*. As far as we can see, Professor Lewis, M.A., is the latest exponent of the art of sailing along, so many fathoms below the surface of the sea; and, if the scheme as shadowed forth by the worthy gentleman, is a little more opiumy than usual; it still possesses potentialities. For instance, what can be more sublimely delightful than this: "As our land countries are developed by the building of railroads, and new colonies spring up along the line of route, so it may come to pass that, with the establishment of a submarine service, will come into existence a submarine suburbia, consisting of little houses and villas built on the bottom of the sea." Yea lor'! It may, but—fortunately for us, who are not amphibian—it won't, Professor Lewis.

And it is rather a good thing that nature has put a limit to man's ingenuity—or, one of these days, the whole fabric of the universe would be going floating away, in the same shape which it adopted before cohesion brought a world into being; that is, the world would resolve itself back into its initial atomic state! There may be a quantity of fascination in this submarine suburbian idea, but, eh, it is calculated to make one creepy—if one considers it seriously, which of course, is practically impossible. If there is anything in this Lewisonian contention, future generations of men and maidens will naturally do their courting at the bottom of the sea—and morality will gain much in consequence? The gentle shark might take a hand in the game; might run off with the girlies' best submarine toque—and other things; but it would be an idyllic life, no doubt. Really, these would-be scientific gentlemen are, at times, a terrible cross to the remainder of us poor mortals! "'Run down with me to my ocean-villa in the South Pacific for the week end,' we can imagine the blasé Stock Exchange magnate saying to his *fidus Achates*," and we can believe it all; for a newspaper (the *Warder*) in the possession of a young man who can think up such tommy rot, may be depended on to "imagine" anything.

We told you, last week, about "Johnny" Gates and his wheat crash? Well, it was alright! The crash has really materialised, and pots of money have been sequestered by the other side of the combination which objected to wheat "corners." Of course, all manner of "reasons" are given, for the dreadful hash up of things which has materialised, around the house of Gates and Co.; reasons which might easily appeal to you—while again, they might not. There is the usual vague insinuation anent the exhaustion of several "pools;" of banks throwing out their loans, and forcing sales of stock holdings; markets going to pieces in consequence; and all the little odds-and-ends which apologists have in hand for these occasions. But so far, we have not seen the opinion set forth, that "Johnny" Gates and Company came to grief, for the simple reason that—like other, and possibly smarter men—they have bitten off more than they could chew, in thus trying to corral the world's west-

Barry Dock—Outside.

ern wheat supply. After all, it will not unduly bother any of us as to why the "corner" caved in, will it? What we are most interested in, is the knowledge that it did; that for yet another occasion, the few, are not in a position to starve the many. And—well, most of us are heartily glad.

The question of "crimping in America" has got out as far as Australia, for the Navigation Commission, out there, has been considering that phase of nautical life. As far as we can see, but little good is likely to result from these periodical and academical discussions on a painful subject. It is useless to simply sit down and talk; to admit that "crimping" is as rife to-day, as it was fifty years ago; and yet in face of the knowledge, to allow the gentle "crimp" to pursue the battening tenour of his way, without let or hindrance. It is of little use to sooth one's soul with the remark that crimping is bad in America, as well as in New South Wales; in Foo-che-foo, as well as in Cardiff? What is wanted, is to put the power of the "crimp" away for all time, and this might easily be done, if the laws concerning "blood suckers," were administered as they should be. In Australia, there has been a quantity of discussion on the subject, but the same old game continues. Here, in Britain, there is a scratching at the evil, when a wholesale carving is necessary. Make a holy example of some of the well-known "crimps" who walk about, here, in the blessed sunlight, and you'll soon get away with the evil.

The good people in Newcastle, N.S.W. are as enterprising as most other units of the British family. This is evidenced by their works, in connection with the break-water on the northern side of the Newcastle Harbour, and which runs out over the well-known Oyster Bank—that bourne from which many a fine vessel has failed to return! Indeed, it is in connection with those same vessels, that the enterprise referred to, comes in. The old time vessels which inclined toward a rest on Oyster Bank, gradually drew to themselves a quantity of silt and sand, and thus provided the nucleus of a fine breakwater. To this, the Newcastle friends have added much stability, in the matter of huge blocks of stone, until to-day, there is a continuous breakwater where, erstwhile, an apology therefore stood—or aid, as the case might be. This is, distinctly, a case of seizing the opportunities which come your way, and as such, may be well-followed by the inhabitants of certain other ports which we could mention where, although the wrecks materialise, nothing is done to make use of them. Viewed all 'round, the Australian is fairly smart, don't you think—even if he does make a hash of some of his best chances in life; which might seem a paradox, but is in reality, a mere bit of cussedness!

That rate war, between the Hansa line and sundry British dittoes, to which we referred, some weeks ago, is gradually materialising, and indications are all in favour of a "bitter struggle." Whether this will be another phase of nautical flapdoodle on the part of the German friend, remains to be seen. But the gentleman certainly is a restless kritter; restless and amusing. He comes across to Britain; floods the British press and scenery, generally, with his advertisement of counter-attractions; while, if the Briton were to attempt the same thing in Germany, he would soon find himself in Queer Street. Not satisfied with those gorgeous advertisements, the Teutonic benefactor next inaugurates a rate-cutting campaign, and if, in the end, he is euchred—well, his paternal Government will smooth away the financial difficulties; while, if he wins, well, the same old Government will come in, just as extensively. Meanwhile, the step-fatherly British Government, does but little for its own brand of shipping, outside of hazing it almost out of existence. One thing about this latest phase of German competition is: The British contingent is considerably bigger than that of the Fatherland. Generally, the bigger concern wins!

Desertion, because of discontent, is pretty rife in the American Navy, just now, and experts are setting themselves the task to find the why and wherefore. Numerous reasons are assigned. One authority puts it all down to the everlasting "grub" question—the American Handy Man not receiving as much to eat, as he considers he should have; another authority—a surgeon—says it is all along of lack of exercise, as the "boys" are allowed to laze around too much; yet another decision is, that the "unreasonable demands of the officers, and the unfairness of their treatment of their men" has had much to do with the trouble. Each of the foregoing might reasonably be supposed to have a little to do with the subject—a very little. But in our opinion, the journals which are claiming that the root of the evil lays in the fact that, in times of peace, the service is the reverse of popular with the deserting seaboys, touches the spot. We have consistently claimed that this unpopularity is the cause of the American lack of shipping—in both services. Moreover, we have suggested that, when the American realised the facts for himself, he would quickly do something to remedy the evil; and indications point that way, at the moment.

In America, no man is idiotic enough to waste his life in a vain search for glory—of the pinchbeck sort, because there is no money in it. What sensible man would consen to put in a life-time at sea, just for the pleasure of satisfying a number of estimable folk who are "piling up the dollars," on shore? This is exactly what is happening on the other side of the Pond. The 'longshoreman is able to annex quite a goodly quantity of ooftish—if he is smart; the sailorman merely ekes out a precarious living. The moral is—and will be for years to come—that no sensible man will consent to waste his opportunities on the water. He "runs," "deserts," "takes the beach"—express it as you please, as long as you realise that sailors will have none of it, under existing conditions. On this side of the Atlantic, however, there is no possibility of realising home truths. Times have changed, but the majority of folk have changed only in part, with them. Thus it comes about, that when British Jack elects to give up the sea, the 'longshoreman, instead of realising that his whole existence depends on the efforts of the seaman—well, that 'longshoreman simply goes off and sulks! Meanwhile, the state of the Mercantile Marine, goes from bad to worse.

The Merchant Service Guild have lately placed themselves in communication with the Prime Minister, the Home Secretary, and certain other members of the House of Commons, in regard to the Aliens Bill. Though not entertaining any objections to the principle of the Bill, the Guild say they view several of its provisions with some alarm, and that it seeks to impose duties and responsibilities on the Shipmaster which do not really come within his province. They urge that the safety of his ship and the lives on board, must be his first consideration, and that anything which tends to interfere with him in this, cannot be too strongly condemned. It is pointed out that if the Aliens Bill becomes law, his anxiety will be greatly increased, owing to the strict supervision which will be required to be exercised over passengers, and to the pains and penalties to which he would be liable for infractions of the law. Further, those on board the ship who deal with the passengers are, it is said, appointed by the Owners, though under the Bill, the responsibility falls on the Captain. Illustrating the difficult position in which a shipmaster will be placed, the Guild refer to the fact of passengers usually arriving at the last moment before sailing, and that the Master must needs concentrate his whole mind on negotiating in safety, a passage across a much frequented track of shipping, and probably amid the dangers of fog or bad weather.

Subsequent to his arrival, he might find that an undesirable alien had slipped through as a passenger, with the result that he would be liable to a fine of £100, and if the "undesirable" had been passed by the immigration officer, he would yet be liable for the expenses of returning him, under an expulsion order. The Guild say, their grievance is accentuated by the fact, that no matter what their quality or character, it is open to aliens to serve in British ships, and to compete with British subjects. Also, foreigners may command and officer British ships, and it was felt that it was in this direction where reform was most required. The Guild trusted that their representations would result in the provisions of the Aliens Bill being so modified as to relieve, as far as possible, British shipmasters from a further unjustifiable burden. In the course of a very kind and sympathic letter, Mr. Charles MacArthur, M.P. deals with one or two points where, in justice to shipmasters, this Bill might be altered. He states however, that the responsibility cannot very well be taken away from the Master, as it would not do to have divided control. The Guild in replying to Mr. MacArthur, stated that they are sure shipmasters do not wish to avoid their responsibilities to the State, but they feel that the State on its part, should extend to them proper assistance, and consideration in carrying out their difficult duties.

On Tuesday last, at the Baltic Mercantile and Shipping Exchange, London, Messrs. Kellock offered for sale, by auction, the iron screw steamer, *Balmuir*. Built at Dundee, in 1879; carries 2,050 tons deadweight. Dimensions 258ft. x 32ft. x 20ft. 2in.; with engines, 32in., 56in., x 36in. stroke. There was a very poor attendance, and as there was no bid for the steamer, she was withdrawn.

During April, six vessels, of 20.905 tons gross, were launched by shipbuilders on the Wear, as compared with four vessels, of 12.689 tons in April, last year. For the four months of the year now closed, there have been launched on the Wear, 27 vessels, of 85,779 tons; this being a substantial increase over the 21 vessels, of 66,069 tons, for the same period of last year.

But this is awful! "Mabon" is of opinion that the colliers must close their ranks, and do everything possible to avoid the rupture which he sees staring them in the face! Rupture is good—especially if it brings back sliding-scale? Possibly, this is what is feared, and then good-bye to the "expenses" from Conciliation Meetings. Eh? What?

Barry Dock—Inside.

FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1905.

THE WELSH COAL TRADE.

THERE is no getting away from the fact, that the Welsh coal trade is passing through a time of severe stress, and that the latest demand from the coalowners, to the effect that they are entitled to a 7½ per cent. reduction on the wages paid, is a just one. All the same, it is extremely problematical as to whether that reduction will be allowed, and there are many local experts who are of opinion, that, while it is good policy to ask for much, with the hope that something may be gained ("wrung out," they style it); it would be far better to revert to the sliding-scale, when these humiliating "demands," and their constantly-recurring refusals, would be altogether obviated. Those same experts are about right, too. It goes without saying, that it is but human nature for a workman to resent, by every means in his power, any attempt to lower his wages—once they have been raised into what may, in reality, be a fictitious phase. That the colliers' wages have been raised to a fictitious level—in view of wages current for other grades of labour—is certain. Moreover, when the general good of the community is aimed at, then, those good people who have had the advantages of a better education, should see to it that human nature is confined into legitimate channels. In view of past exhibitions of conduct, it is useless to expect any kind of treatment from the so-called "brawn" of the land, other than that which gives it the lion's share of the blessings, and regardless of what may be the share of the "brains." One may not justly blame the men for getting all they can—on whatever lines are easiest. Indeed, if we were colliers, we should probably adopt the very same tactics which they are adopting; should adopt them, and should stick to them, to the last ditch: if, after that, we got bested, we should accept, with what grace remained, the conditions which resulted. But then, again, if we were coalowners, we should remember the inherent weaknesses of the practically unreasoning portion of the community, and should act accordingly. In other words, if as coalowners, we were to find that our just demands were over-ruled—never mind from whatsoever cause—then, we should straightway set ourselves the task, of instituting some set of conditions that would give us, at least, some little show of justice. In the days of the sliding-scale, there were none of these alleged "coalowners' demands;" neither were there any refusals to abide by a just set of conditions. Quietly, unobtrusively, relentlessly (if you like), the sliding-scale did its work; wages were adjusted automatically; the coalowner had a sufficiency of time given him to hunt around for new markets, where, to-day, he has to concentrate most of his energies, in combating the unjust demands—the encroachments, say- of labour against capital. As already stated, it is useless to blame the colliers. They do but act after the manner of their kind, and according to the very limited amount of light which, in the majority of instances, has been vouchsafed to them. The employer, having been given more light, must accept more responsibility, and to him is the blame, of most of the chaos which is gradually entering into the industry, on which a very great number of persons depend, for a livelihood. As a matter of fact, the turnings and twistings of present day "negotiations" are most pitiable, and they are, furthermore, altogether unbecoming to the business men who are submitting thereto. With regard to the accusations of underselling, these, of course, are merely a phase of the plan of campaign which is usually in evidence. It is a good plan, too, for everybody knows, that if it is possible to start an opponent off on a false trail, the real issues of the case will be disregarded. What possible concern can the collier have, with the existence of under-selling, or otherwise—outside of the fictitious claim that his wages are affected by the selling price? On the men's own admission, selling price has nothing to do with the business: that was a wicked sliding-scale arrangement?. In the happier days of conciliation, selling price is but a very secondary consideration? Talkee-talkee has been introduced in its place, and this being so, why not remember that the allegations, concerning under-selling, is merely of the nature of that talkee-talkee? But no! The coalowner listens to the specious tale set out by the men—through their alleged leaders; and seeing that his time is taken up, almost exclusively, with strivings after a way out of the impassé into which his business has been rushed, the colliery proprietor isn't quite sure whether under-selling is in evidence, or not. This is exactly what the astute "leader" referred to, has been aiming at. He knows that if coalowner is kept busy at some imaginary idea, the real facts will be forgotten. As a matter of fact, under-selling is quite as much a bogey—as far as the men are concerned—as is that old tale of universal foreign competition, on the part of some of the masters. Foreign competition is a very real danger, we admit; but, to-date, it has not gone to the extent that some of its exponents would wish to insinuate. Moreover, foreign competition—in much or little—is dependent more on better methods of working in foreign countries, than on the possibility of foreign coal excelling the Welsh product. In an industry the size of the Welsh coal trade, there are, doubtless, a few misguided individuals who are not above underselling a rival; but whether such conduct is under-selling, as implied by the miners' leaders, is altogether another matter. And anyhow, what facilities have the workmen or their leaders, for arriving at a decision that under-selling is rife? At the best, their *ipse dixit* is nothing better than a matter of opinion, for it is fairly certain that, in the main, their knowledge of the coal trade as regards its selling side, is of the most rudimentary character? Coalowners, no more than other business men, are hardly likely to take either their workmen, or their workmen's leaders into their confidences? We know that there are a number of weak-kneed ones among the cult; but we are disinclined to believe that they are sufficiently weak to trot all their business connections out, for the examination of men who have no right to question them. Furthermore, we have our own ideas as to the ability of those workmen, or workmen's leaders, to understand much about the business, supposing the whole gamut of transactions were spread out as suggested. It is impossible to learn the intricacies of a big industry, through the help of a merely cursory glance at one set of conditions. Under the circumstances, therefore, it would appear to be safe to dismiss this claim to under-selling, as outside the question. With regard to the middleman, it has ever been a safe game to blame him, for all the shortcomings in the business. Whether this is because the average "labour leader" has become imbued with the idea, that the coalowner has a standing grudge against the middleman, and that, in consequence, he is "fair game," we should not care to say. All the same, we have our own opinions on the matter. But in all seriousness, the middleman is the coalowners'—and therefore the community's—best friend. Were it not for the middleman, and his enterprising methods of opening up new markets, the Welsh coal trade would never have spread itself out to its present colossal proportions. This is absolutely certain. For in the ranks of collierydom, there are men who couldn't sell a ton of coal, if their lives depended on the deed. They are fine fellows to sit in an

office, and from the calm seclusion thereof, send out their own particular "man Friday" who will see that everything is going along, according to the book. There is but little smartness needed, to sit down and dictate a few letters in reply to orders for coal which have come to hand by the morning's mail; but there is a bit of smartness in hustling around to persuade the foreign consumer to send those letters which contain the orders alluded to; and that is exactly what the middleman is continually doing. In short, the middleman, is the very best friend which the collier possesses. Without that enterprising personage, the Welsh coal trade would be eminently respectable, no doubt; but it would be a severely restricted affair—of that, the collier might be very sure. And coming back to what has been designated as the "sensational demands" of the coalowners; the simple statement that if the men do not agree to accept wages which are more in accordance with the commercial value of their work, there will be gaunt hunger and want in the district for quite a large number of men; of what use is it to express surprise thereat? Everybody realised that, at the last time of asking—at the time when a 5 per cent. reduction was asked for—the demand was a just one; that the interests of the community demanded it. By the usual turning and twisting, the evil day (to the collier) was put off; now, to level the matter up, a 7½ per cent. reduction is called for. ('Tis a pity that compromise is impossible, otherwise they might split the difference? Thus the merry game continues, and yet—if the masters would simply act up to their responsibilities: would do the thinking for those whom nature has intended for other niches in the world's economy; trade would have "bucked up," long ago. Instead of this, look where you will, you find stagnation and uncertainty—the former being the outcome of the latter. We see that it is stated, that the Docksmen are not surprised at the latest demand from coalownerdom. Why should they be? They knew it was essential, many months ago. In fact, their surprise was most intense, that the reduction was not allowed at the last time of asking. "Not allowed!" Isn't it a dignified manner in which to carry on a trade? Doesn't it make you feel proud of your countrymen? When you see them playing with an explosive that will ultimately blow them off the earth—playing with it, instead of firmly but gently placing it outside the possibility of harm: don't you feel disappointed? Thanks to petty jealousies, and internecine warfare, generally, a tried and trusted methed of settling disputes was rejected, abandoned, thrown overboard: even as a portion of its conditions was used, though the essential portion was discarded: and now, as a just measure of retribution, those same people have to go, metaphorically, cap in hand, to plead for the justice which they should be in a position to claim as a right. We quite realise that muscle has rights and privileges; but then, capital and brains have rights and privileges, also. A country was never built solely on brawn; never was, and never will be; for in every phase of business—save the coal trade, perhaps!—brains must always claim the premier position. We have heard it said, that even in the coal trade the same inevitable condition applies; that brains are ruling the roost. If so, then must the commodity be all on the side of the colliers, and that is a condition which should not be allowed to exist! If the colliers really have the most of the brains, they have no right to be kept as colliers; for in that business, they do but waste a precious heritage. "It has been felt for the last three or four months, if not longer, that selling prices would justify the owners in asking for this concession, and unless it is obtained it is feared that quite a number of pits will have to be closed." Ye Gods! "Concession" from the brawn, so that brains may be allowed to continue a little longer in evidence. These days, it is a concession, to be allowed to run your business your own way! We are a great country—thanks to the Tammany-like propensities of the political situation! A few weeks ago, a "prominent shipowner" told us, that he was disinclined to say a word against a crowd of workmen, because he was chairman of some two-cent workman's club, and that as the General Election was so near—well, it would prejudice his political pull, if he came forward to speak the truth. But that is another matter, and will come along at another time. We merely mention it here, for the purpose of showing how the workmen have managed to get the nose of some of the employers, between their 'orny finger and thumb! Anyhow, don't forget that "selling prices justify the owners in asking for this concession." It's one way of putting it, don't you think?

"THE ANTI-ALIEN SPIRIT."

UNDER this heading, there is a terrible quantity of nonsense going the rounds at the moment. Numberless would-be specialists at the business, are undertaking to give the country at large, a wholesome training in, what they would probably term, the spirit of "bear and forbear;" giving it from out the profound depths of their ignorance; a training that is based, absolutely, on a merely academical consideration; and, it is highly probable, that not one per cent. of these intending regenerators-of-mankind, ever met a genuine alien, anywhere save in the pages of a story-book! A fair sample of the rubbish which is offered to the patient public, appeared, a few days ago, in a London daily contemporary, which is more or less noted for its finnicky purism (on its own showing, you understand); also for its home-made claim to being "London's best"—which, under the circumstances, is somewhat of a funereal joke! Anyhow, the "daily" in question gave publicity to a letter, which was obviously from the pen of a man who is not overburdened with a knowledge of his subject—the anti-alien spirit; at least, it appears so, to us. Here is a quotation from that heaven-sent counsellor: "We are asked to send back unfortunate Jews to be plundered by Russian Procurator-Generals. How then can we complain if the workmen of other countries refuse to let our workmen share the chances of livelihood with them, and send back our workmen to take the chances of our workhouses, which are, after all, more humane than anything which is open to the Russian Jews?" Funny, isn't it? Also exceedingly wide of the mark? The writer whose lucubration we have quoted, doesn't seem to have a very robust grasp of the subject, does he? He cannot understand that it is just that loading up of the rates in this country, that it is hoped to obviate. Everybody is willing to admit that British workhouses are better than anything which is open to the poor Russian Jews; but then, those workhouses were not instituted for the use of the paupers of all countries. The Briton finds it quite hard enough, to support the poor of his own race and country, without giving a free stem to anything that is in need—much as he may deplore that need. Moreover, is it not a bit of moonshiney, to preach after the manner of "how then can we complain if the workmen of other countries refuse to let our workmen share the chances of livelihood, with them?" There is no question of the Briton sharing a foreigner's livelihood, and mainly for the reason that the foreigner has no livelihood to share. If he had such a thing, he would not want to come to Britain as a pauper, would he? If the writer whose screed caught our eye on the occasion referred to, knew anything of his subject, he would understand that it doesn't matter a toss, as to how many aliens you admit into Britain, for under no circumstances will the foreigner reciprocate by admitting the Briton to his land— even if that Briton should seek admittance; which he doesn't. So far in the merry game, the Briton is giving all, and getting nothing—save a quantity of abuse from those of his countrymen who can see good in all the world, outside of the British Islands. It's a quiet country, that will nourish such traitors; it's a queerer "daily" that will "stick up" for such tommy rot? Indeed, it is this free dumping of the alien, which has made such journals possible, isn't it?

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *May 3, 1905.*

DURING the past week, business in the local staple trade, has undergone but little change. As a matter of fact, there has been but very little doing, in any of its varied branches, although indications, at the time of writing, are of rather a more pleasing character. That is to say, there is somewhat of a more reassuring feeling in the air—although, after all, that might easily be the result of the balmy Spring weather, and the Mayey feeling which the "annual show" brings with it! As a race, we are such a "nervy" lot, that it takes but very little, either one way or the other, to affect us!

STILL, there is a bit of steadiness about, and possibly it is attributable to the restriction of output consequent on the late holidays, and also to the fact that stems are fairly full for the same reason. All the same, it cannot be truthfully stated that the market is being favoured with an undue amount of new business, even if, during the past day or so, there is an improved enquiry in evidence. But, as we have remarked, ere this, enquiries do not enable the coalowner to pay his men—and his own incidentals. He needs considerably more than enquiry, if he would steer clear of those portals of which we all wot?

As already suggested, tonnage supplies have been of a fairly good order, and collieries, generally, are likely to be busy for the next week or so. Being so, their quotations are being maintained rather better, than in the immediate past—especially for anything of a prompt nature, and where despatch is the ruling order. But with it all, it is but a hand-to-mouth condition, and if prices are being adhered to for anything required ahead, it is more for the reason that there is but precious little of that kind doing, than that there is any undue hardness in the market. Indeed, it would take but very little active business, to materially discount the so-called firm prices of the moment.

YOU know, it is comparatively easy to be firm, when away from temptation? Eh? 'Tis when the dogs of war—as exemplified by the willing, if chary, buyer—are about, that the firmness is good; if adhered to. Viewed dispassionately, you cannot blame either side of the combination—the seller for affecting a disinclination to sell, and the buyer to buy. There is something doing—all the time, and if the Italian Railways contract isn't everything, well, it's a bit; a drop in the bucket: a sobering down of the hour of discontent! Of course, some people would growl, if you were to buy up all their stuff at 30s. per ton, net, and if you insisted on payment before delivery—with an additional "new hat" for every youth in the office.

BUT placed in figures, the Italian contract works out to 295,000 tons—chiefly of Newport qualities—and it has been split up among the local merchants at the prices following:

Genoa Savona/Spezzia ...	170,000	tons, at	18s. 2d., c.i.f.
Brindisi	50,000	,, ,,	17s. 10d. ,,
Torre Annunziata	60,000	,, ,,	18s. 3d. ,,
Reggio	30,000	,, ,,	18s. 7d. ,,
Civita Vecchia	30,000	,, ,,	18s. 4½d. ,,

all on a guarantee of 5 per cent. ash, and not more than 20 per cent. small, on arrival in the Sunny South. If this is not discounting, then, tell us about it. Moreover, we are of opinion that both coals, and freight, have shared in the process. Coming to Large of the

BEST CARDIFF ADMIRALTY denomination, we find that here, as in practically every other grade, the change is infinitesimal since our last time of writing. That is to say, 13s. 3d. is the demanded figure for the top branches. Others, for "something prompt, sirs," are disposed to give way to the merry buyer, to the extent of the humble though necessary threepenny piece per ton; but sellers, generally, are inclined to be firm at these figures—until the advent of an overwhelming temptation! It cannot be said that there is any improvement in the actual demand; nibblings, here and there, yes; but actual business, no. However, stems, here, are sufficiently good to help maintain prices (at least) for the time being; but as already stated, the hand-to-mouth is in evidence here, as elsewhere. Personally, we are of opinion that a firm buyer—aye, even if he were not unduly blessed with the powers of persuasion—could improve on the "firm quotation" of the moment. Let him come along and try. He'd see things.

SECONDS, quotably, are at from 12s. 3d. to 12s. 9d.—according to quality, and the date which buyer can give for shipment. The better-class Seconds, having fairly good engagements that are sufficient to keep them comfortably going, and out of the wiles of the buying person, are sticking out for the 9d.; but the position of the collieries, hereaway, is not altogether a satisfactory one. Some are well-stemmed; others the reverse; thus it comes about, even as we have already told you, that Seconds are obtainable at as low down as 12s. 3d.—with an absence of undue firmness, at that! Lack of appreciation, slackness of new accumulations—name it what you will, and yet the conditions as set out, remain.

ORDINARIES, have maintained their late figures—11s. 6d. to 12s.—and are steadier than they were. Thanks to the recent holidays, supplies were restricted, so that sellers were favoured with an improvement in the demand. Naturally, then, stems filled up, and for this week, there is not such an abundance of coal about, as has obtained with Seconds, for some time past. On the other hand, don't imagine that these conditions have enabled sellers to "get outside themselves," so to speak. They haven't, so that the named sorts command nothing more than 11s. 9d. to 12s., with others at 11s. 6d. Furthermore, there is but little that is new in this section, and enquiries for future business are by no means numerous, or common.

DRYS, too, have not been blessed—or otherwise—with any improved demand, and stems, in this direction, continue in a state of slackness. Naturally then, prices are yet as weak as when last we had the pleasure of addressing you. Supplies exceed the demand, and while BESTS may safely be quoted at 12s., they can be had at a trifle lower—if your boat is in the right position! INFERIORS, are at from 11s. 6d. to 11s. 9d.

MONMOUTHSHIRE COALS have shown a steady tone throughout. For anything approaching prompt shipment, stems are well-filled, so that requirements for this position, find the quotations firm. Indeed, in one or two instances, an advance on late rates has been negotiated. Generally considered, however, the getting of them is "up another street!" There has been a little more enquiry for shipment ahead—but nothing to become excited over. BLACK VEINS are on offer at between 11s. 6d. to 11s. 9d., although they are really worth nothing above the former quotation; and there isn't a lot passing in them, even at that.

ORDINARIES may be summed up as being maintained at 11s. 3d. At any rate, that is the quotation of the seller, who is well-stemmed, immediately. But here, even as in other qualities, there is not a quantity doing, and though stems are good enough to keep prices at present levels—for the time—the tendency is toward easiness, rather than otherwise.

SECONDS are somewhat firmer, at from 10s. 3d. to 10s. 6d., and the latter figures represent the ideas of the seller, generally. There has been a better demand, and a fairly good number of bookings are recorded. Thus it comes about, that collieries, having little to spare, are somewhat inclined to puff themselves a bit. But, bless you, the feeling won't last. Nothing does, in this very indifferent world. We have it on the word of a poet—and that is a

brand of human nature that generally knows, you know?

RHONDDA No. 3's are a steady department. For prompt requirements, prices continue firm at 13s. 9d. to 14s. Stems are remarkably well-filled, so that sellers can easily ship the lip that is styled stiff. Forward accumulations are being quoted at 13s. 9d., and taken altogether, things are booming a bit, in Rhondda No. 3's. Truth, however, compels us to state, that for forward business, there is not much doing. The buyer is doing the wooden act; is sitting on the fence!

RHONDDA No. 2's, are ruling easy, at about 10s. Business, here, is the reverse of brisk, so that the "half-a-thick-'un" takes it, fairly easy. Moreover, supplies are in excess of the demand, and you know what that implies, anywhere.

SMALLS, on the other hand, have continued along in their highly respectable state as of old! Supplies continue to be of the limited order, and, once more, you know what that means. Then, there is the item of good stems to be reckoned with, so that taken altogether, if "swelled head" is not the feature most in evidence in this market—then, put it lower down, an' it pleases you! Anyhow, BESTS have been negotiated at from 8s. 3d. to 8s. 6d.—other sorts in proportion.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od., 13s. 3d.	13s. od.	13s. od.	13s. od., 13s. 3d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 7½d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d., 12s. 9d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	12s. od., 12s. 3d.	12s. od.	11s. 9d., 12s. od.	12s. od.	11s. 9d., 12s. od.	11s. 6d., 12s. od.
Drys ,, ...	12s. od.	12s. od.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d., 12s. od.	12s. od.
Best Newport ,, ...	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. od., 11s. 3d.	11s. 1½d.	11s. 1½d.	11s. 3d.
Seconds ,, ...	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od., 16s. 3d.	16s. od.	16s. od.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	14s. od.	14s. od.	13s. 10½d.	13s. 9d., 14s. od.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	10s. od., 10s. 3d.	10s. 1½d.	10s. 1½d.	10s. od.	10s. od.	9s. 9d., 10s. od.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	11s. 9d., 12s. od.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 12s. od.	11s. 9d., 12s. od.	11s. 9d.
,, 2 ,, ...	9s. od.	9s. od.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	9s. od.	9s. od.
Smalls:						
Best Cardiff ...	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 3d., 8s. 6d.	8s. 4½d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d.
Seconds ...	7s. 9d., 8s. od.	8s. od.	8s. od.	7s. 10½d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.
Ordinaries ...	7s. 3d., 7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 3d., 7s. 6d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.
Best Newport ...	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. od., 7s. 6d.	7s. od., 7s. 6d.
Seconds ...	7s. od., 7s. 3d.	7s. od.	7s. od.	6s. 9d., 7s. od.	6s. 9d.	6s. 9d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	7s. od., 7s. 6d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. od.	7s. od.	6s. 9d., 7s. 3d.
,, No. 3 ...	9s. 9d., 10s. od.	10s. od.	9s. od.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d., 10s. od.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	21s. 6d.	21s. od.	21s. od.	21s. 3d.	21s. 3d.	21s. od., 21s. 6d.
Ordinary ...	18s. od.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	18s. od.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.	17s. 6d., 17s. 9d.
Furnace Coke ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. 3d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.
Patent Fuel ...	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 9d., 13s. 3d.	13s. od., 13s. 3d.	13s. od.	12s. 9d.
Pitwood ex ship ...	17s. od.	17s. od.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. od.	17s. od.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *May 3, 1905.*

WHILE it cannot be stated that business, at Swansea, has been active, there is yet a steadiness noticeable in the coal market. Prices, generally, have not changed materially, since our last report, and there is certainly insufficient passing to warrant any improvement in values, at the moment.

ANTHRACITE COALS are about steady, but nothing more, as, while stems, with a few—more especially the better class coals—are good, the demand is nothing great, and for anything required promptly, buyers are able to obtain some qualities, at a reduction on the figures quoted below. Business generally, is slack, and prices are being maintained only on account of the present engagements of the collieries. Best Malting Sorts, range from 18s. to 18s. 6d., and it is possible to improve upon these figures—if your business is in the right quarter. Big Veins are at about 11s. to 11s. 3d., and are by no means firm. Red Veins are being offered at 10s.—a little higher or lower as the position determines.

DUFF, keeps steady. For prompt shipment the demanded figure is 3s. 3d., and firm at that—for the Best Sorts.

CULM continues satisfactory, inasmuch as recent figures have obtained. There has been fair enquiry, and this, coupled with the present good state of stems, enables sellers to maintain figures, which are from 5s. to 5s. 6d., according to quality.

MACHINE MADE COALS remain in an easy position throughout. There has not been a quantity of business passing, and supplies are free.

STEAMS are showing no movement, and there is still a quietness in trade, in this department. In fact, there is but little that is new to record in the position hereaway, which is, by no means, a good one, for sellers are not meeting with any increased enquiry. As a consequence, stems, generally, are slack, and prices are ruling easy. Bests are, on an average, 13s., and notwithstanding the paucity of demand, this is being firmly maintained. Seconds are also holding out for the 12s. Local Bunker Sorts are an easy section.

PATENT FUELS are being quoted at 11s. 9d. to 12s., but the former figure is representative value, which is about steady.

BELOW, we give the average prices for the week:—

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	18s. od., 19s. od.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.
Seconds do. ...	16s. 6d., 17s. 6d.	17s. od.	17s. od.	16s. 9d	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. od.
Big Vein Large ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 6d.	11s. od., 11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.	11s. od., 11s. 3d.
Red ,, ,, ...	10s. od.	10s. od.	9s. 9d., 10s. od.	9s. 9d.	10s. od.	10s. od., 10s. 3d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	16s. od., 10s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 6d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	16s. 3d	16s. od., 16s. 3d.	16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. 3d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.
,, ,, Peas ...	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d., 10s. 9d.	10s. 7½d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
Rubbly Culm ...	5s. od., 5s. 6d.	5s. 3d.	5s. 3d.	5s. od., 5s. 6d.	5s. 3d.	5s. od., 5s. 6d.
Duff ...	3s. od., 3s. 6d.	3s. 3d.	3s. od.	3s. od.	3s. od., 3s. 6d.	3s. 3d.
Patent Fuel:—	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 12s. od.	11s. 9d., 12s. od.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.
Steam:						
Best Large ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od., 13s. 3d.	13s. od.	13s. od.	13s. 1½d.
Seconds ,, ...	12s. 3d.	12s. 1½d.	12s. 1½d.	12s. od., 12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.
Bunker ,, ...	10s. 6d., 10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d., 11s. od.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	8s. 9d., 9s. od.	9s. od.	9s. od.	8s. 9d., 9s. 3d.	9s. od., 9s. 3d.	9s. od.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

CARDIFF, *May 3, 1905.*

THE holidays are over! Let there be no mistake about that! If anybody has a haunting doubt on the subject, a casual glance at the appended list will rapidly dispel it?

GENERALLY speaking, rates are unchanged. Especially for the Mediterranean portion of the merry whirl, which—as usual—has taken most of the stuff which has been offered. For EASTERN or WESTERN business—well, in spite of the rumours which are about to the contrary, there is but little doing in either direction. The Russian friend might be on the look-out for all manner of handy tonnage—in fact, he is; but so far, the look-out act is all that has eventuated.

FOR the BALTIC? Yes! There is a movement—and that is all. For the bay, there is nothing startling, either in volume or price; and neither outward nor homeward. We shall not particularise, for you'll find 'em all in the list.

COASTWISE, business has been as good as the average, with prices at the precise and disappointing notch which has obtained (apparently!) for ever.

ANYHOW, a quiet glance over the following fixtures, will put you in touch with practically all that is worthy of attention, in this phase of the shipping entity:

Week Ending, (Wednesday), May 3, 1905

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Perim, *Baron Eldon,* 2,800 tons, 7s. 10½d.
Colombo, *Imani,* 8s. 3d.
Ameer, 8s. 3d. June.
Mauritius, Steamer, 6,000 tons, 10s. 6d.

WESTWARD, Etc.

Madeira, *Rothsay,* 2,500 tons, 6s. 6d.
Blaenavon, 2,500 tons, 6s. 6d.
Vera Cruz, *Asuncion de Larrinaga,* 5,600 tons, 7s. 6d.
British Trader, 7s. 6d.
Patras, *Andreas,* 2,800 tons, 7s. coal, 7s. 9d. fuel. (s).
Rio de Janeiro, Steamer, 3,300 tons, 8s. 9d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Huron,* 4,000 tons, 6s. 6d.
Khalif, 6s. 3d.
Etonian, 5,500 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Llandrindod, 5,500 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Millicent Knight, 4,800 tons, 6s. 3d.
Frederick Knight, 4,900 tons, 6s. 3d.
Steamer, 6,500 tons, 6s. 2d.
Steamer, 3,700 tons, 6s. 3d.
Genoa, Steamer, 2,800 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Barry, 3,000 tons, 6s. 7½d.
George M. Embericos, 5,700 tons, 6s. 7½d.
J. M. de Pinillos, 6s. 7½d. option **Savona/Spezzia.**
Attila, 4,500 tons, 6s. 8d.
Steamer, 4,000 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Luigino, 2,400 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Constantinople, *Aberporth,* 2,400 tons, 6s. 6d. spot.
Red Jacket, 2,400 tons, 6s. 6d.
Alexandria, *Ramleh,* 3,200 tons, 7s.
Bellerby, 4,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Miles Coverdale, 3,400 tons, 6s. 7½d. spot.
Wingrove, 6,000 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Columba, 5,200 tons, 6s. 3d.
Italiana, 3,600 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Syra, *Haseldene,* 2,800 tons, 6s. 7½d. option **Piræus.**
Barcelona, *Diligent,* 2,500 tons, 7s. ppt.
Earnwood, 2,100 tons, 7s.
Alemania, 2,700 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Tunis, *John Marychurch,* 1,800 tons, 8·50 fcs. coal, 9·50 francs, fuel.
Clymene, 1,650 tons, 8·75 francs.
Naples, *Minterne,* 4,200 tons, 6s. 3d. (N).
Valencia, *Cymrian,* 1,200 tons, 7s. coal, 7s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Haugesund, 800 tons, 7s. (N).
Venice, Steamer, 2,800 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Arciduchessa Marie Teresa, 4,000 tons, 7s. 9d.
Anthony Radcliffe, 3,500 tons, 8s. 3d. coal, 9s. fuel, (s).
Steamer, 3,400 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Nordkyn, 4,500 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Barlby, 3,000 tons, 8s. 4½d. (s).
Leghorn, *Coranian,* 1,500 tons, 6s. 10½d. (s).
Torre, Steamer, 3,600 tons, 7s. option **Civita Vecchia/or Leghorn.**
Algiers, *Altamira,* 2,200 tons, 7·25 francs. ppt. (N).
Lisbon, *Rocio,* 1,750 tons, 4s. 7½d.
Marima, 2,100 tons, 4s. 6d.
Messina, Steamer, 3,000 tons, 6s. 9d. 500 10d.
Ragusa, 1,800 tons, 6s. 9d. (N).
Ortona, *Llanberis,* 2,800 tons, 8s. (s).
Marseilles, *Jane Radcliffe,* 2,200 tons, 8 fcs.
Mont Blanc, 3,200 tons, 7·75 francs.
Steamer, 4,000 tons, 7·75 francs.
Steamer, 5,000 tons, 7·25 francs.
Monaco, *Silurian* or *Canganian,* 1,200 tons, 8s.
Reggio, Steamer, 3,600 tons, 7s. 3d.
Huelva, *Rudolf Retzlaff,* 1,550 tons, 4s. 10½d. (N).
Activo, 1,550 tons, 4s. 9d. (N).
Cassia, 1,300 tons, 5s. 3d.
Malta, Steamer, 3,000 tons, 5s. 9d.
Pencalenick, 2,200 tons, 5s. 9d. (N).
Pauillac, *Thomas Coates,* 1,300 tons, 4·15 francs. (N).
Spezzia, Steamer, 1,900 tons, 6s. 10½d. coal, 7s. 7½d. fuel, (s).
Salamis, *Trevose,* 4,300 tons, 6s. 9d.
Oran, *Cadoxton,* 2,200 tons, 7·50 fcs. coal, 8·50 fcs. fuel, (s).
Valin, 2,000 tons, 7·25 francs. (N).
Pasages, *Luise,* 1,900 tons, 4s. 1½d. (N).
Corrag, 5s.
Oporto, *Irwin,* 1,150 tons, 4s. 9d. (N).
Skald, 1,450 tons, 4s. 10½d.
Piræus, Steamer, 2,800 tons, 6s. 6d.
Gibraltar, *Muriel,* 2,400 tons, 3s. 9d.

BALTIC, Etc.

Cronstadt, *Altair,* 1,200 tons, 4s. 9d.
Paul Horn, 2,000 tons, 4s. 9d.
Copenhagen, *Lars Kruse,* 2,100 tons, 4s. 3d.
Helsingfors, *Axpe,* 1,600 tons, 4s. 9d.

BAY, Etc.

Arcachon, *Abertay,* 1,200 tons, 5·87½ francs.
Chantenay, *Trafalgar,* 2,100 tons, 4·55 francs.
Camargo, 2,400 tons, 4·50 francs.
Nantes, *Adour,* 1,400 tons, 4·87½ fcs., option **Chantenay.**
La Rochelle, *Sharon,* 1,800 tons, 4·25 fcs. option **Rochefort,** 4·50 francs. (s).

COASTING, Etc.

Newry, *Bombardier,* 220 tons, 3s. 6d. (s).
Hamburg, Steamer, 700 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Steamer, 2,200 tons, 4s.
Rouen, *Queen,* 600 tons, 4s. 10½d. (s).
Alice M. Craig, 1,200 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Curran, 1,450 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Maywood, 1,550 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
St. Kevin, 550 tons, 5s. (s).
Boulogne, *Dolphin,* 450 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
St. Brieuc, Steamer, 480 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Steamer, 570 tons, 5s. (s).
Havre, *Raloo,* 1,350 tons, 3s. 10½d. (s).
Gransha, 1,350 tons, 3s. 9d.
Sando, 1,000 tons, 3s. 10½d.
St. Malo, *Clonlee,* 1,350 tons, 3s. 9d.
Hawlbowline, *Bass Rock,* 800 tons, 3s. (Admiralty).
Devonport, *Greenhill,* 2,500 tons, 2s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Speedwell, 1,200 tons, 2s. 3d. ,,
Belfast, *Volney,* 280 tons, 3s. 3d. (s).
Caen, *St. Kevin,* 550 tons, 4s. (s).
Fecamp, *Staghound,* 500 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Portland, *Elemore,* 1,100 tons, 2s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Sheerness *Alice M. Craig,* 1,150 tons, 3s. 3d. (Admiralty)
Dieppe, *Speedwell,* 1,200 tons, 3s. 9d.
London, Steamer, 700/1,000 tons, 3s. 9d., option **Rochester,** 3s. 10½d. (s).
Brest, Steamer, 580 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Limhamn, Steamer, 1,000 tons, 5s. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Cardiff, *Arriluze,* 3,000 tons, 4s. ppt. ore.
,, ,, *Elmville,* 2,500 tons, 4s.
,, ,, *Trewellard,* 3,200 tons, 4s.
,, ,, *Gena,* 4,000 tons, 3s. 9d.
Almeria Harbour to Cardiff, Steamer, 3,300 tons 4s. 10½d. f.d.
Port Vendres to Cardiff, Steamer, 2,500 tons, 4s. 7½d. f.d.
Bordeaux ,, ,, *Bavaria,* 4s. 9d.
,, ,, **Cardiff/Barry,** *Melrose Abbey,* 1,400 tons, 4s. 9d.
Villagarcia to Cardiff/Barry/or Newport, *Juno,* 6s. 9d.
Bilbao to Newport, *Thomas Coates,* 1,400 tons, 4s. 1½d. ppt., ore.
Pasages ,, ,, Steamer, 1,650 tons, 4s. 1½d. ppt.
,, ,, ,, *Luise,* 1,900 tons, 4s. 1½d.

MARITIME AND OTHER MONEY MATTERS.

MATTERS in the financial world might easily be worse, you know, and—well, for that matter, they might be better. In either case, there are bound to be dissentients, for the present is the vogue of that class of individual. We heard a man bewailing the hard lot of the local investor, and after questioning him a little, we found that he claimed to have some kind of interest in the Penarth Promenade and Landing Pier, Limited; also, that the partially alliterative concern was not doing so well as it might be doing—if it were only doing better! For our part, we are not surprised that the dear little concern is "sinking it." When folk engineer an alliteration, it should be perfect, or nothing.

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NOW, if the pretty little affair to which we are referring, had been known to the world as Penarth Promenade and Pier-landing, Limited, you can see, at once, that there is ever so much more euphonism in the thing, than exists at present? It's all very well for would-be Sages to remark, "What's in a name?" But, really, there is an awful lot in it. If our problematical Penarth Promenade and Pier-landing, Limited, were paying a dividend of 10 per cent. per annum; and the Penarth Promenade and Landing Pier, Limited, showed, for the same period, a loss of £20 15s. 2d.—especially the tuppence—as it has done over the past year's working; well, there would be a considerable difference in the name, wouldn't there?

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ANYHOW, the latter amount and tale, was what Mr. John Cory (Messrs. Cory and Sons), as chairman of the twelfth annual meeting, had to tell; and we can quite understand, that he might have felt disappointed. Of course, the gentleman might have been glad, for even on that showing, the little concern had done better than it had managed to, over the year immediately preceding. As a matter of fact, in the previous year, the loss was £71 8s. 10d. (tuppence short of the level 9s.) so it is merely necessary to work out a "simple proportion" to find when, at the present rate of "increase," the ultimate dividends will approximate into the 10 per cent. row.

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HOWEVER, the twelfth annual meeting has been held; the loss was shown to be £20 15s. 2d.; and the credit balance to be carried forward, amounted to—take a breath, here, please—£1 14s. (all but a penny). We believe that the report was adopted without discussion. If so, this is another sign of economical working, isn't it? The good people didn't waste any breath, and absence of waste is true economy? Still, there should be a better showing over the next year, for with two lines of boats running—eh, things are looking up, generally, and the Penarth Promenade and Landing Pier, Limited, should share in the general prosperity. We sincerely hope so, anyhow. So do some of the shareholders.

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BUT, please don't run away with the idea that all piers are money-losing concerns. They aren't. There are good and bad among pier companies, even as there are also indifferent ones. There is the Hastings Pier Company, for instance. It certainly did better than its competitor—if we may put it thus—at Penarth. The Hastings affair paid up to the extent of 3½ per cent., and added another £500 to its alterations account. Moreover, it carried forward exactly one gross of sovereigns—£144. Taken altogether, Hastings would appear to have the bulge on Penarth; but even so, pier concerns do not strike one as being hilariously remunerative enterprises there is so much of the caprice-of-the-community in connection with them?

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TIME and again, we have told you things about "bucket shops." Haven't we, now? Yes? Well, our esteemed contemporary, the *Daily Mail*, with its colossal circulation, is engaged on the same business. In its May-day issue, we note the following:

"The 'bucket shops' are busy with their invitations to the public to gamble. It may be as well to state that any circulars received from, and any advertisements by, professed stockbrokers, are not those of members of the London or most other leading Exchanges. And it seems a pity that the public should go outside these responsible bodies to transact business. As regards mere gambling, whether upon a '£10 strict limit,' as advised by—(supply what name best suits you), who ask the public to write for their booklet (*How to Grow Wealthy*, say), the person possessed of small savings may remain absolutely convinced that, if he indulges in these operations, or indeed, in any form of market gambling, he will lose his money."

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THERE you are! After this, don't pretend that you haven't been warned. Not only in the Golden City, does the "bucket shop" person prosper, in a manner in direct ratio to his unscrupulousness. There are places other than in London, where Mr. Buckets preys upon the unwary, and poses as a blot on the legitimate stockbroker's fair escutcheon. Of course, the stockbroker is partly to blame, in that he doesn't sweep the reproach from his midst. He could, an' he would, you know. And don't forget that in many instances, the suave and semi-religious "bucket shop" man is most to be dreaded in this connection. He is so "soapy," that the uninitiated could not, for the life of them, believe one apparently unkind word about him. This is exactly where the gentleman "comes in," and where the investor-through-his-help goes out! So, 'ware Buckets!

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WE have also told you, times out of number, that it takes some pretty keen struggling to make a dry dock pay. You see, there are just as many metaphorical "bucket shops" in the dry dock world, as there are in stockbroking—perhaps, more! Anyhow, even as the stockbroking bucket-shop keeper's expenses are practically nil; so is it with he of the ship repairing fraternity. Thus it comes about, that when a dry dock concern manages to pay a bit on its year's working, there is actual reason for congratulation to those concerned. When business is flourishing everywhere, it doesn't take an undue amount of pushfulness to bring in a dividend; but, when business is exactly the reverse, well, if the pushfulness is not in evidence, you can be absolutely sure that the dividend will not be.

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IN this connection, we might as well give you an excerpt from the report and balance sheet of the Bute Shipbuilding, Engineering and Dry Dock Company, Limited. "The balance to the credit of profit and loss account for the year, after allowing for depreciation, etc., amounts to £4,270 12s. 8d. To this amount is added the £24,718 3s. 9d., brought forward from last account, making a total of £28,988 16s. 5d. The directors recommend the payment of a dividend of 2½ per cent., free of Income Tax, which will amount to £4,375, leaving £24,613 16s. 5d. to be carried forward to next account." In addition to this, we note that ample depreciation has been allowed off the year's working—over £5,000, in point of fact—so that the dividend has not been "wrung out" at the expense of the property. More power to your elbow, over there. May you double it, during the next year's working.

SHIPBUILDING.

During March, Scottish shipbuilding figures show that the launches numbered 36, and the vessels measured 38,490 tons, making a total for the first four months of the year, of 153,206 tons. This is less in number of vessels than last year by 11, but larger in measurement by 11,393 tons. To the month's total, the Clyde contributed 25 vessels of 32,745 tons, the Forth, 6 vessels of 4,840 tons, the Tay, 1 vessel of 520 tons, and the Dee and Moray Firth, 4 vessels of 385 tons. The contracts reported for the month, make a total of only about 15,800 tons, which will not by any means fill the berths vacated by the launches of the new boats, and what, with the promise of labour troubles, and the dull trade which must follow the present slackness in the placing of orders, the tonnage produced during 1905, by Scotch builders is not likely to be above the average.

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For some time past, the once famous yard of Messrs. R. Napier & Son, Govan, has been in the market for sale, but as yet, without a purchaser, the upset price of £110,000 being apparently too high. The last vessel to be launched from the yard, was a spec. boat of 4,200 tons gross, which is still without a purchaser. This vessel was laid down simply to keep the men going for some time, when business was being transferred to Messrs. Beardmore's new yard at Dalmuir, a more commodious yard, and one where the difficulty of launching large vessels would not be felt. The immense undertakings of this firm, made the removal a matter of absolute necessity, and means that the history of Napiers' comes to an end. Mr. Robert Napier who founded the original firm in 1841, executed about 400 separate contracts, including orders for machinery and warships from the French, Russian, Dutch, Danish, Turkish, and of course, the British Governments. The business was taken over by Messrs. Beardmore & Co., about four years ago.

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Another of the Nord Steam Shipping Company's steamers which have been laid up in the Tyne since the amalgamation of that Company with the Finland Steam Shipping Company, has just been sold. The *Nord II.* was sold a few weeks ago, to the Great Central Railway Company, to run between Grimsby and Antwerp. The *Nord I.* has now been sold to Mr. M. Jebsen, of Hamburg, and the price paid is said to be about £22,500. The *Nord III.* is still lying in the Tyne for sale. The *Nord I.* was built by Messrs. Sir Raylton Dixon & Co., Ltd., Middlesbrough, in 1902. Dimensions, 239ft. 7in. x 35ft. 3in. x 20ft. 7in.; with engines, 22in., 35in., 59in. x 39in. stroke, by Messrs. Richardson, Westgarth & Co., Ltd. She is of superior type, with passenger accommodation, and was specially built for the regular provision and emigrant service between Finland and the Tyne, and the Humber.

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The steel screw steamer *Veronique*, at present lying at Panama, is reported sold to South American buyers at about £30,000. She was formerly the Union-Castle liner *Harlech Castle*, purchased a few months ago by the Earl Fitzwilliam, D.S.O., to take a party of treasure hunters to the Cocos Island. It will, no doubt, be remembered that the expedition was abandoned, owing to an accident to the party during blasting operations on the Island. She was built and engined by Messrs. Barclay, Curle & Co., Ltd., Glasgow, in 1894. Dimensions 350ft. x 42ft. 5in. x 28ft. 6in.; 3,264 tons gross; with engines 26½in., 44in., 70in. x 45in. stroke.

+ + +

Messrs. Robert Stephenson & Co., of Hebburn-on-Tyne, have secured the order of the Cardiff Railway Company, for two large hoppers, which are to have an exceptional beam of 40 feet, and will be fitted with powerful compound engines, by the Shields Engineering and Dry Dock Company. The builders have guaranteed delivery of the first hopper in twelve weeks from the date of receiving the signed order, and the second, in fifteen weeks, very quick work, which serves to illustrate the resources of the Hebburn yard.

+ + +

It is reported that the iron screw steamer *Castlefield*, owned by the Field Steam Shipping Company, Limited, Stockton, has been sold to a Glasgow firm at about £9,500. She was built by Messrs. Richardson, Duck & Co., Stockton, in 1890. Dimensions 277ft. x 37ft. 5in. x 21ft. 9in.; 2,254 tons gross; carries about 3,200 tons deadweight; with engines 21in., 35in., 57in. x 39in. stroke, by Messrs. Blair & Co., Ltd.

+ + +

The iron screw steamer *Robina*, lately owned by the Stag Line, Ltd., North Shields, has been sold to Messrs. Bozzo & Co., of Genoa, at about £6,500. She was built by the Tyne Iron Shipbuilding Company, Ltd., in 1884. Dimensions: 287ft. x 37ft. x 22ft. 2,058 tons gross; with engines 30in., 63in. x 39in. stroke, by the North Eastern Marine Engine Company.

+ + +

The steel screw steamer *Inverclyde*, has been sold to the Hamburg American Line, at about £50,000. She was built this year by Messrs. C. Connell & Co., Ltd., Glasgow, for Messrs. Royden & Wilson, of Liverpool. Dimensions 376ft. 9in. x 49ft. 5in. x 26ft. 3in.; 4,150 tons gross, with engines 24in., 41in., 68in. x 45in. stroke, by Messrs. Dunsmuir & Jackson.

+ + +

The iron screw steamer *Tremayne*, lately owned by Messrs. E. Hain & Sons, St. Ives, is reported sold to Norwegian buyers at about £8,000. She was built and engined by Messrs. J. Readhead & Co., South Shields, in 1886. Dimensions, 259ft. x 36ft. x 17ft. 9in. 1,578 tons gross; with engines 30in., 58in. x 36in. stroke.

+ + +

The Great Eastern Railway Company's iron twin screw steamer *Norwich*, has been sold for £3,075. She was built and engined by the Earle's Company, Limited, Hull, in 1883. Dimensions 260ft. x 31ft. 4in. x 15ft.; 1,117 tons gross; with two sets of engines, each 30in., 57in. x 36in. stroke.

+ + +

A new steamer of about 5,500 tons deadweight, now building by Messrs. Swan, Hunter & Wigham Richardson, Ltd., Wallsend, has been sold to Messrs. Adam Brothers, of Newcastle. She is nearly ready for launching, and the price paid is said to be about £35,000.

+ + +

Messrs. Gray & Co., Ltd., have received orders from a Hartlepool firm, for the construction of two single deck cargo steamers, each of about 6,000 tons, deadweight capacity.

+ + +

The Argo Steam Navigation Company, Bremen, are the purchasers of the steamer *Lestris*, recently reported sold. She has been renamed *Condor*.

+ + +

Messrs. G. Nencioli & Co., of Leghorn, are the purchasers of the steamer *Boyne*, recently reported sold. She has been renamed *Giovanni*.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on April 20, 1905, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

8,174/04—FORD—*Improvements in safety apparatus for pit cages.*

This invention relates to a safety device for gradually arresting the descent of a pit cage on fracture of the winding rope. This is effected by providing the actuating levers of the device for gripping the guide ropes, with leaf springs which on fracture of the rope are pressed by pins mounted on the side of the cage and gradually depress the levers. The levers and grips are mounted on a plate which has a limited relative motion with regard to the cage so that when the safety device is called into action the cage in falling in advance of the plate brings the pins into contact with the springs and eventually with the ends of the levers.

9,032 04—SIEMENS BROS. & CO., LTD.—*Improvements relating to cableways for use in conveying material over large areas.*

This invention relates to cableways for use when excavating a dock or canal and its object is to reduce the number of cables employed. Hitherto such cableways consisted of a number of cables suspended from two moveable towers arranged to run on rails one each side of the canal &c. According to the present invention by the use of an electric telpher taking its current from a trolley wire and adapted to automatically lower and raise its bucket or provided with a cage for an operator, only one cable is required the operating cables by this means being dispensed with.

11,445/04—THE BRITISH THOMSON-HOUSTON CO., LTD.—*Improvements in hoisting systems.*

This invention relates to the electric hoisting of anchors. Its object is to overcome the defect of the blowing of the fuses or burning out of the motor when the motor becomes stalled by an overload on the motor when the resistance of the anchor to hoisting becomes too great. This object is effected by employing a generator of less current supplying capacity than the capacity of the motor.

11,943/04—REES—*Improvements in electric miners' safety lamps.*

This invention relates to a miners' electric lamp in which the circuit is held closed by a flexible diaphragm arranged at the bottom of the glass lamp bell and displaced by a fluid forced under pressure inside the bell. A special feature being the use of a spring pressed flap valve for preventing the escape of the fluid.

12,143/04—PINKERTON—*Improvements in portable tramways or railways.*

This invention relates to a portable railway track. The rails are formed of angle iron secured by one flange to sleepers. The vertical flanges at one end of each section are bent slightly out of alignment and formed into horizontal spikes. At the other ends they are bent inwards at right angles and provided each with a hole into which the spikes on another section fit.

12,212/04—LALANNE—*Improvements in sound signalling apparatus.*

This is a sound signalling apparatus for use in foggy weather etc. It consists of the combination of a sound emitting apparatus, an air reservoir, and a triple hand pump.

12,366/04—STOVE—*Improvements in and connected with fastenings for water-tight doors manholes and the like.*

This invention relates to a device for tightly closing a bulkhead door &c. A plate having an inclined surface is mounted near the edge of the door. A spindle fitted with a handle at each end passes through a tube lined hole in the bulkhead. The end of the tubular liner is provided with a washer. On the door being closed the handle at that side is turned over and riding on the inclined surface, forced the door tight against the jamb and simultaneously moves its spindle endwise so that the boss of the handle on the other end of the spindle is forced tight against the washer.

12,604/04—WOOD—*Improvements in machinery for washing coal, coke and other materials.*

This invention relates to machinery for washing coal &c. in which the coal is washed by jets of water directed against the coal ascending on an endless belt. The invention relates to means for altering the inclination of the belt. This is effected by pivotting the end portion of the belt supporting frame and raising same by chains passing around a winch drum.

24,682/04— WHITEHEAD—*Improvements in or relating to points and crossings for mine railways.*

This invention relates to fixed switches and frogs such as are employed with horse haulage. The invention consists in forming the base plates of the switches &c. with a raised portion terminated by inclines, so on the car wheels passing the switches &c. the flanges mount the inclines and so obviate the wheel treads bumping at the interruptions in the continuity of the rails.

27,476/04—POLLARD—*Improvements in weighing machines*

This invention relates to means for enabling a platform lever weighing machine to be used for either of two standards of weights such as the metric and the British. The two different systems are marked on a scale on each side of the weighing arm. Each side of the arm is provided with notches corresponding to the respective scale. The main sliding weight is fitted with two handles and spring stops one for each series of notches and on each side with the usual small sliding weight of which the one not in use remains always in the zero position.

3,554/05—RENDER—*Improvements in detonator fuses for electric blasting.*

This invention relates to the insertion of a charge of gun cotton, or other readily ignitable material between the perforated disc which protects the detonator charge, and the firing composition in the fuse head.

These applications for patents are, until June 5, 1905, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Patent Office or through the under-named.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

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CARDIFF—*Continued.*

VIVIAN, H. C. & CO., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole European Agents for "The Puritan Coal Mining Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A."
Telegrams: "VIVIAN, CARDIFF."

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Telegrams: "WATTS, CARDIFF."

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Ship Repairers.

SHEARMAN, JOHN & CO., LTD., Cardiff, and at Barry Dock.

THE BUTE SHIPBUILDING, ENGINEERING, AND DRY DOCK COMPANY, LIMITED, Roath Basin, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "CAISSON, CARDIFF."

THE CARDIFF CHANNEL DRY DOCKS AND PONTOON CO., LTD., Cardiff and Barry Dock.
Telegrams: "Entrance, Cardiff." "Channel, Barry."

THE MERCANTILE PONTOON CO., LTD., Roath Dock, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "MERCANTILE, CARDIFF."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

Miscellaneous.

LEWIS & TYLOR, Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole patentees and manufacturers of "Gripoly," a patent woven belting: and "Burals," a semi-metallic packing.
Telegrams: "BELTING CARDIFF." Telephone, Nat. 231.

Steamship Owners.

DAN. JENKINS & CO., Steamship Owners and Brokers, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Stonewall, Cardiff."
Nat. Telephone: 1318.

BARRY.

Dock Owners.

THE BARRY RAILWAY CO., Barry.

Ship Repairers.

BARRY GRAVING DOCK & ENGINEERING CO., LTD.
Telegrams: "BARDOCK, BARRY."
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AT LAST!

Von Schiepenhopper (especially hopper!): "Vas is das, Fritz? I don't skould be read—gome on!"

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MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS. CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

THAT West Indian Mail contract continues to occupy the public attention, and the latest phase of the subject is, that the West Indians, having decided to have nothing to do with the Postmaster-General's metaphorical "curly-haired boy," in future, the weighty correspondence intended for the Islands, will wander thither through the help of the common or garden tramp. Same old thing, friends! A nautical axiom, to-day, is: "When in doubt, get a tramp steamer!" Time was, that, under the conditions suggested, you had to ask a policeman; but times, change—so do manners; and we are bound to intimate that the change in the latter, is not always for the good of the cause of civilisation. As we have already remarked, there appears to be too much of the "back stairs" element, in this latest deal of mail contracts. The Elder, Dempster boats might be all that is beautiful and bountiful, from a Governmental point of view; they might easily be the reverse, from the standpoint taken by the Colonies. And after all, it is the Colonies that are to be served in the matter of mail carrying? There can be no getting away from the fact that, in the West Indies, as well as in more favoured places, petty jealousies are rife.

THAT is to say, one portion of the West Indian colonial entity is jealous of the other; is ever to the 'fore in saying things up against it; and mainly for the reason that Jamaica is in that blessed position, which will safely enable it to kick against any sort of mail contract. Jamaica is so well served with mail facilities, other than those which might be supplied by the Home Government, that it needn't really care a dump which way the contracting cat might jump. But that does not alter the fact that the Colonies, as a whole, have been held up, so to speak; have been told to "take it or leave it"; and this, notwithstanding the fact that they have to put up a fair share of the expenses. In the year 1905, it can scarcely be considered as good business to tell a dependency, that it has to take So-and-so's soap, or remain unwashed—for that is what the West Indian mail contract has practically amounted to. It is all very well to say that the West Indies are Crown Colonies, and that as such, they have no responsible government; that as a result, it is bad business to allow them to commit commercial suicide, without as much as a word in gentle rebuke. For that is what has really happened. You take So-and-so's stuff, or develop the dirt disease!

EVEN because the West Indies are Crown Colonies, and are therefore a portion of the Imperial family, they should be protected against themselves; saved from their own sins, so to speak. They wouldn't have the "curly-haired boy," so they should have been allowed to state their reasons for having a predilection for another sort of boy. In the end, it wouldn't matter a dime to the Home Government—especially as the price quoted by the old-time contractors, might have been levelled down to modern requirements, if the business had been handled in a fair-and-square manner. One may not get away from the fact that the Royal Mail was the only concern which tendered, when tenders were invited; it is equally clear that the Elder, Dempster firm did not tender, until after the Royal Mail's offer was public property; it is also fairly obvious that, when new tenders were asked for, the Elder, Dempster "private offer" remained as such; that it was not given out to the world, so that the piper-payer might be allowed to see, exactly how many notes were to be included in the new music. Writing as nautical folk, we say that if the Elder, Dempster concern could tender at a lower price than what was asked by the Royal Mail—and tender with hope to "come out of it," on the right side; then, under the same conditions, the Royal Mail, with over half-a-century's experience in the same field, could have done likewise.

As things are at present, no one seems to have any idea as to what the Elder boats were open to do. So far, the country has merely been told that the offer was lower than that sent in by the only company which had grit enough to answer the advertisement. How much lower? And were the conditions offered, exactly as those which were accepted by the Royal Mail? In view of the fact that competition in the shipping trade is about as keen, to-day, as it is possible to be at any time, it would appear rather strange that out of all the British Mercantile Marine, but one company was prepared to answer the original advertisement; and that as soon as the terms of its tender were made known, only one more had grit enough to make a "private offer." If everything is fair and above board in

this little connection, then, the boasted "maritime supremacy" of Britain cannot amount to a very great deal? If a Government has to advertise for a tender; to receive it; to divulge it; and then wishes to accept a "private offer" of which the taxpayer knows nothing, but which is probably based on the public offer: the "supremacy" referred to cannot be worth a lot, can it? As things are to-day, the West Indies are by no means the most loyal portion of the British Empire. With a continuation of latter-day tactics, they will be less so, as time goes on.

COMING back to the soapy simile, if the West Indies were not a part of the Empire, it wouldn't matter considerably, whether they allowed themselves to become dirty, or otherwise—of course, in a metaphorical sense. But seeing that those islands are a portion of the Imperial family group which is known to the world as the British Empire, any lapse from strict commercial morality on their part, is bound to affect the remainder of the family—in time. If the West Indies develop, say, commercial typhoid, other colonies will be infected in the course of years? This being so, it should be the aim of a highly-placed Government official, to see that perfect cleanliness existed in all the many branches of the one big family. The present is no time to say to a colony, "If you won't have this, you'll have nothing." It is far more business-like to say, "Well, if you don't like Stingo's soap, there must be a reason. What is it? Is there too much free alkali in the commodity? And does the presence thereof, hurt your sunbathed complexions? If it does, we'll see if we cannot get you another kind—for, under any circumstances, we must keep you clean, you know."

WHAT would happen, under the conditions suggested? Why, in nine cases out of ten, those Colonies would say, "Alright! Perhaps we are a bit prejudiced against Stingo's stuff. The blotches which we suffered when last we used it, might have been from some other cause, although we said 'twas all because of Stingo. We'll give it another trial—as you seem so solicitous on our behalf." And there would have been peace, and partial satisfaction—which is as much as we dare hope for, in these very peculiar days. As things are, there is no peace; nothing but seething discontent, in a climate which is naturally prone to such conditions; and why? Simply because the autocratic act has been indulged in: the "You have to take this, or nothing." Will it matter, a hundred years hence, whether the Royal Mail was allowed to have a sight of that "private offer," so that its new terms might, possibly, approximate into the regions of the possible: or whether the "high and mighty" rôle were adopted, by a department that can always depend on getting its letters delivered by the quickest methods known to modern science? It won't. But the outcome of such ridiculous treatment might matter considerably, in less than the suggested hundred years.

COMPARE the cheese-paring in the matter of the West Indian mails, with the prodigal methods in vogue with those of the trans-Atlantic variety. With the sailing of the *Baltic*, this week, commenced a new departure that is going to cost the Government—for a start—some £6,000 per annum. A special staff of sorters has been created—fourteen men in all; two for each steamer implicated. The conditions, here, are "attractive," and there was a grand rush for the vacancies. The lucky individuals selected, will receive, in addition to their ordinary wages as Post Office servants, rations and free quarters on the ship; they will be rated as "officers"; an additional £6 for the round trip, and 10s. 6d. for each day's demurrage at New York will be paid them; and taken altogether, they are in for a good time—particularly as their "free quarters" will be of the "saloon accommodation" variety. Under the circumstances, you are not a bit surprised to learn, that there was a big rush from the Liverpool Post Office; that the applicants for the vacancies were far in excess of the required number? As a matter of fact, some 40 per cent. of the Liverpudlian sorting brigade applied, and in all probability, the unsuccessful ones are breathless with wonder, at such magnanimity from the Department!

VIEWING the two phases of Post Office administration, and one has to admit that it is better to be a home bird, than a colonial—sometimes. If a little of the same prodigality were meted out to our far distant colonies, the links in Britain's "earth girdle," would be ever so much more calculated to stand the possible strains of any future lack of diplomacy? It is an old saying at sea, that "the Lord sends grub, and the devil sends cooks." It would appear that the same axiom is about due in shore-going businesses—in matters that are merely indirectly connected with "grub?" Britain—because some "guardian angels" sang the strain of Rule Britannia—has been allowed to assume the rôle of Mistress of the Seas. Instead of laying themselves out to justify the "angels' strain," some of our puissant administrators appear to be labouring under the delusion, that Rule Britannia is a heaven-sent condition, and has nothing in common with mere human consideration. It is all very well for Mr. Carnegie to playfully remark that some of our Mighty Ones are out of place, when pushed into the responsible positions of the Empire; but there is a quantity of truth underlying the playful suggestion. Round men in square holes, may only be counted on to do the spinning act; they are too round, to be able to get a grip on the corners, so to speak.

THE "Principles of Naval Administration" continue to occupy the attention of those who are calculated to know something about the subject. Admiral Sir Cyprian A. G. Bridge, for instance, has been having a word of a sort, in the columns of the *Times*, and in drawing his deductions against the present Jack-of-all-trades methods which are being introduced into the Navy, says: "If in the eighteenth century, when the provision of the material appliances for carrying on naval war was comparatively a simple and almost a stereotyped affair, it was found essential to separate it from the conduct of hostilities, how much more urgent must it be to do so now, when . . . 'we have passed from stereotyped simplicity to ever-varying and steadily increasing complexity'?" That's it! In the old days, the fighters were that, and nothing else. So it happened that the country has had a Hawke, an Anson, a Rodney, a Hood—and in like measure, Howe, Duncan, St. Vincent, and last—but by no means least—a Nelson. Neither of those warriors found war such a picnic, that they could afford to be burdened with attending to the provender therefor. To-day, however, and in distinct opposition to the tenets obtaining among the cult which has made the maritime supremacy of which we are so prone to boast, the Naval authorities imagine, that safety lays in the Jack-of-all-trades idea.

IN the Mercantile Marine, the shipmaster has gradually become relieved of every duty, outside of navigating. True, these tricks were engineered more for the purpose of crystallising commissions to the vicinity of the office, than for any kindly feeling toward the Old Man. All the same, the Mercantile Marine has gone up, by leaps and bounds, and to-day, there is quite a respectable following getting a living out of our mercantile shipping, outside of those who

are mainly responsible for its being. We have no intention of discussing the matter as regards the Mercantile Marine, at least, on this occasion; and merely touch on the subject, *en passant*; but that the Royal Navy has gradually become a by-word to the navigators of the world, is an incontrovertible fact. Furthermore, it has come about, solely, because the Administrators (save the name) will insist on their misguided attempts to make silk purses out of sow's ears! As the Navy is to-day, it takes a man all his days to learn something about the handling of the complicated machinery with which his country trusts him; and he has absolutely no time to waste on these so-called "first principles."

If a would-be Solon were to suggest, that before a man dared venture on reading a newspaper, he should first pass an examination for the purpose of proving his knowledge of the mechanism of the type-setting machine which, in the main, produced it—well, you'd smile at the gentleman, wouldn't you? Would suggest all manner of unkind things anent vacant chairs at Hanwell, or other asylum for the mentally afflicted? So, if a lady friend, fired with a holy desire to be less of a butterfly, and more of a woman, should undertake to purchase a sewing-machine, you would be tickled most to death if the seller of that machine, insisted on being given a full succinct account of its manufacture, before parting with it? Or, again, if your legal adviser, when citing some alleged precedent or other that helped you to "get off," should first have to explain to the Judge, in a perfectly lucid manner, how the particular book which has been used, was manufactured—wouldn't you think (and rightly, too) that the world was considerably more awry than the circumstances warrant? Of course, you would, and the instances could be given indefinitely, where the same arguments would apply. You could think up a hundred for yourselves, and without turning a hair over the business?

But when it comes down to the maritime world and its procedure—methods on which the country depends, absolutely—this old "first principle" bogie is thrown around, in a highly entertaining (if somewhat damaging) manner. You have a handful of budding Nelsons; they need training: what shall we do with reference thereto? Instead of asking the advice of a number of seamen who have been trained, and as a consequence, know something of the business, what do you decide on? Why, you simply ask the opinions of a number of otherwise estimable old frumps, who, from actual practice, couldn't tell you which end of a ship goes first. They tell you. You act on their advice. But what happens? Well, directly a fleet of warships are moved from their anchors, it is all Lombard Street to a China orange but that a big per centage thereof will run amuck at the very first opportunity. Aye, even if that opportunity has to be made—right on the spot! Administration! Maladministration would be a better term, as far as we can see. Take up your morning paper—of whatever brand, or shade, you prefer—and it is a queer day when a "mishap" of some kind or another, isn't scheduled as having happened to a warship.

If it isn't a torpedo boat destroyer, it's a cruiser; failing that, it's a battleship. In any case, you will not have an undue amount of difficulty in searching for a sample of unskilled navigation. To come back to Admiral Bridge's contentions, alluded to, 'way back, we learn that in that seaman's opinion, "It follows as a matter of course, that a mind engrossed in the study of material appliances cannot be so well fitted to deal with the tremendous problems of warfare as one that has been occupied in studying those problems." Certainly it does! As if it is essential for us to know who made our Kelvin compass, and how, before we can set a course by it, that will keep our vessel clear of the Dog Rock, if we happen to be making a number of herring-bone tricks which are nick-named "night evolutions"! Is not the whole contention ridiculous? Think of the thousands of shipmasters who, year in, year out, are for ever making genuine "night evolutions," in their successful attemps to bring you the wherewithal to live; having thought, say how few mishaps occur among them. Having said, tell us your opinion of the few addle-pated cranks who are for ever prattling of the necessity of "first principles." First principles be hanged. The country is in need of navigators; practical navigators: men who can be depended on to take their vessels about the world, without tobogganning into every mortal thing afloat, or partly submerged.

How many times have you seen a communication after the following: "We are informed by the Admiralty that a telegram has been received from the rear-admiral commanding" such-and-such a flotilla, and which goes on to tell you that, for instance, "During night exercises of torpedo craft inside Berehaven, destroyer *Flip Flap*, in endeavouring (mark the word) to enter harbour," ran ashore somewhere? These are among the "stereotyped" bits of Naval procedure of the present-day. The *Flip Flap* might be a little crock approximating the 300 tons displacement stage; she might have a speed of 25 knots, and a crew of about 60 hands -but she could get no more forward in her "night exercises," than is implied by the fact that "she is badly ashore as far aft as foremost torpedo tube." But "no one of crew injured," ends up the fateful message, so it is alright. It is easier to get more ships than sailormen to man them, so—muddle along with your 'longshore sailor tactics! You know that this is a great nation—if only because we have told you so, before! The foregoing might be reported on May 3; you might follow the matter along until May 6; if so, you will drop the *Flip Flap*, for the newest sensation—the cruiser, *Burned Cakes*, if you like.

In the latter instance, you might be told that the cruiser in question, "having completed to full numbers (praise de lor') at Chatham, yesterday morning, and afterwards left for the Mediterranean," so everything is alright? But hold on a bit. Leaving for the Mediterranean, and getting there—without "mishap"—is altogether another matter. *Burned Cakes* left alright; passed through Sheerness Harbour without stopping—a feat to be duly chronicled and gloated over; but—alas the word—"Later in the afternoon, information was received at Sheerness, that she had stranded on the edge of Shoeburyness Sands." See, she nearly got away! Merely touched the edge of the Sand in question, so matters were not nearly so bad as might have been, if she had gone far enough to plump into the middle of that Sand? Of course, the Commander-in-Chief at the Nore "took prompt means to render assistance"—even going so far as to visit the stranded warship, "during the evening." You will be glad to know that "every precaution was taken *after the accident* (our italics) by the commanding officer of the *Burned Cakes* for the safety of his ship"—ye gods!—"which is ashore forward for nearly half her length." By the foregoing, you will understand that warships are queer kritters?

However, although the cruiser was ashore for "nearly half her length," forward, you'll note, at dead low water (why is low water usually said to be dead?) "the bow of the vessel was from 8ft. to 10ft. out of the water (we should smile!) and she had settled down considerably at the stern." What? Still, dockyard tugs, lighters, chains,

and things came on, and as her timbers yet were sound, it was supposed that she might float again! As a matter of fact, she did, for two days after her little rest on the Shoeburyness Sand. "A Court of inquiry" was held on board the *Burned Cakes*, and later on, she left the Nore for the Mediterranean. Do you think there was any "off with his head," because of that stranding? G'arn! Don't be cruel. Why, there might have been somebody on board, who wanted another chaste salute from the girl he left behind him, and so prayed for that stranding. When a man prays for a thing—if he prays hard enough, you understand—you never know what might happen. The stranding might have had nothing to do with the problematical prayer; nor with any girl that was left behind, for that matter; it might have been solely the outcome of a "new ship, and new crew." But if so, it is high time that these little vicissitudes were guarded against.

To salve that stranded cruiser, took some good public money. How much, of course, is an official secret—because this is the Senior Service—heaven bless it. All the same, it would be a good thing to know just exactly what the little episode cost; what happened at that "Court of inquiry;" whether there was any liquid refreshment and smokes thereat; or what really did transpire? If the thing had happened on a merchant ship, you wouldn't have any difficulty in sizing up the job—would you? Just "off with his head." See that such an idiot is never again trusted with a valuable crock; put him back as mate; or send him to the dogs—according to the liver action of the Solon who tries the case—heaven forgive us for libelling a man who does really "try" a case. Is it any wonder that such public-spirited men as Admiral Bridge come to the front, with a word in season? Never a wonder! We have been telling you the same tale for ages, now. Others have used our words—for which we don't blame them, seeing that those words are good; and one of these days, if you are spared for long enough, you might be tempted to fuss around, to alter all this mismanagement. Might go out of your way, say, to see that all your money is safeguarded, a bit: is put in the hands of sailormen who take to the business in earnest, and not because their fathers are too poor to keep them in idleness, on shore.

Our congratulations to the Simpson Steamship Company, Limited, in getting that £1,000 from the Premier Underwriting Association, Limited. This is an echo from the loss of the *Scaw Fell*, which happened on April 27, 1904, and may be taken as a very fair illustration of the laws' delays, don't you think? Without going into the *minutiae* of the affair, we will merely quote from the judgment delivered by Mr. Justice Bigham, who disposed of the matter in favour of the steamer company. The insurance-club refused to pay the claim, on the ground that there had been a breach of warranty as provided by the policy, before the loss occurred. Here is that warranty: "Warranted not to proceed east of Singapore except to Java and Australasia." It will be remembered that the *Scaw Fell* was bound to Kiao-chau, from Cardiff, and that as a matter of fact, she merely got as far as Tunis—where she stayed on, indefinitely. But the club people contended that as soon as the steamer left Cardiff, and started on her ill-fated voyage, she was "proceeding east of Singapore," and therefore breaking her warranty. Mr. Justice Bigham held differently; so will most people. The latter might easily hold that such straw-splittings will not be in the interests of a club, that is already blessed with a fairly decent amount of keen competition.

How it can be held that a steamer is "proceeding east of Singapore" before she has arrived at that port, is somewhat difficult—under the circumstances—to determine. In the words of his Lordship, "I am clearly of opinion that this contention is wrong," and so say most of us. "There was, at most, merely an intention to proceed east of Singapore, and an intention to commit a breach, of course, does not itself constitute a breach." One would naturally suppose that the Premier Underwriting Association, Ltd., would realise such an obvious fact as this, without using up its shareholders' money to get a legal definition in its disfavour. 'Tis surprising how very particular folk will be, on occasion. Give them a concrete example, of something after the following: "Smith threatened to hit Brown in the neck, but before he could carry out his threat, a thunder-bolt hit Brown all over. Is Brown guilty of assault and battery, or what?" and a smile is all you'll get! Yet if a steamer is "covered," up to Singapore but not beyond, still if she hopes eventually to get "beyond," but fails in getting to Singapore—geewhiz! Is it worth pursuing? We should distinctly say, "No, sirs." What we should like to know, is how much money the Premier affair paid out, to admit of its assimilating an apparently simple truth?

What's this? "Shipowners trading with Far Eastern ports are beginning to turn their attention to the risks of loss through the floating mines which are constantly being reported." Thus the "own correspondent" of a London contemporary which affects a "marine insurance" column. To say the least, the contention is unkind? Especially in view of the fact that the mere shipping journal has been prattling of the same idea, for quite a twelvemonth past. Indeed, shipowners generally, have been grumbling all manner of grumbles, concerning the wicked and abandoned manner in which the Russian monster has been distributing his alleged mines, broadcast over the summer seas—out East. However, "our correspondent" already quoted, further remarks that, "A full policy including war risks would, of course, include the risks of mines," so, presumably that is alright? But we should strongly advise the young man referred to, not to pin too much of his trusting faith on the "of course" part of the business. As explained in the preceding paragraph, underwriting people take all manner of fads in hand, at times. So much so, that it is not altogether unknown for a claim to be disputed, where the actual words "mines" has been "taken as read."

Continuing, we find this: "But where vessels are insured under marine policies, free of capture, seizure, etc., it might be very difficult to establish the liability of underwriters for losses due to the careless use of mines by belligerents." It might be! Exceptionally difficult! Particularly if the ship which monkeyed with the mine were blown to Hades, and her lamented crew meandered along on the same path—instead of coming home to formulate claims for wages due, since leaving the poor old mine-struck conglomeration of scrap-iron and other things. Still there would be hope, even in that event? If the ship and all hands were blown up, it's twenty to one if the late owners didn't get their money on a total loss episode, eh? All the same, "own correspondents" will be "own correspondents," and if they didn't fill the aching void which is allotted to them in "ours," well something unpleasant would happen—of that you may be sure. Meanwhile, shipowners to-day, even as they have been doing for a year or more, are turning their attention to the risks—no, to the hopes—of loss, through those floating mines. Come to think of it, it is wonderful what a terrible quantity of crocky steamers have been sent out China way, of late. Did it ever strike you?

If we had the necessary time, we would search up the

files of THE MARITIME REVIEW, for the purpose of showing you how many of Britain's old dug-outs have been sent out East, in the sad and sloppy hope of a joyful resurrection at the hands (or cheques) of the generous underwriter. If we were to put those steamers in a nicely tabulated manner, you would surely ejaculate: "Well, I'm jiggered." Again, supposing you were not one of the owners who had indulged thusly, you might be right in assuming that you had been jiggered—considerably. One of the latest and most approved methods, in certain well-known, and easily defined quarters, of disposing of tonnage that has outlived its usefulness as exponents of British shipping, is to send it out East. After sending it thusly, you merely sit down and reckon up the exact present you are going to give her—when you have received the fateful telegram. Eh? Tell us not in mournful numbers, shipping is a played-out theme, for there's heaps of chances left you, for the hat that is "a dream!" And it's good to know that "insurances are being effected covering loss from floating mines (and captive ones? You have to specify, particularly these days, you know) and stray explosives or torpedoes"—but what is the difference? Give it up? So do we!

GOOD hevvings, and this is the shipping company which those misguided Bermudians said things up against, in their silly old mail contract controversy! Here are the hotels and restaurants of London getting their blessed onions for nothing, through the William Whiteley-like propensities of the Elder, Dempster line of steamer people. It is like this. The Bermuda Board of Agriculture, is keen to spread the virtues of their own particular brand of onions, in contradistinction to the speaking sort which come from France—and other places, nearer home; want those tubers (say, are onion tubers, or merely bulbs?) to be "recognised and appreciated in England as thoroughly as they have been in America." See? If you are walking down the Strand, and "catch a whiff," the Board of Agriculture wish you to be in a position to diagnose the thing at once; to be able to say, "Ahem, yes. That was *ess. Bermudiae*. Sure of it, dear boy! No mistaking the waft, when it wefts across your starboard bow." Anyhow, "Messrs. Elder, Dempster & Co., have therefore arranged, on behalf of the Board of Agriculture of Bermuda, to distribute a large consignment of these onions throughout London, by way of experiment."

THIS is imperialistic conduct, and is certainly worthy of future elevation on the part of its kindly originator. The present is a practical age, and an escutcheon containing two bananas saltire, with a pair of Bermudian onions argent—geerush, it makes one's eyes water; the onions, we mean; not the escutcheon! Anyhow, it is "stated by the importers that the Bermuda onion, apart from its general superiority over other onions (of the common or unknightly brand), has been found especially beneficial in cases of consumption." We shouldn't like to say that this is because the reek is too strong for the gentle bacillus, or merely that, in these days of higher education, the microbe of tuberculosis is more particular as to his flavouring; and would rather leave his situation, than lower himself by eating lungs which have been flavoured with Bermudian onion. But one cannot get away from the claims of the importer man. Can one, now? You wouldn't expect the importer of onions to pretend that his stock-in-trade was sort of squiffy, would you? Why, even the poor onion lad from Britanny, is keen on assuring you that his stock is "sheep, und vera goot, meesus." So you cannot reasonably expect less from the "importer" in this instance? All the same, it is a bit rough that only Londoners are coming in for the free gifts of onions. What's wrong with the Bristolian? Can't he manage Bermuda onions? He took the bananas?

DEAR us! Destroyers in collision; gunboat *Thistle* anchored off Cape Finisterre badly damaged. Pile it up, sirs! Let us have the full list—and all from the early days of the merry month of May! At the moment, it appears that most of the national vessels which are engaged in a nautical career, may get into port, and they may not. Why doesn't some genius come along, with a code of rules that shall be of sufficient utility, to enable Naval commanders to pick up their moorings, without jabbing into the internal economy of another warship which never did them any harm? Failing that, why not elect to keep all the nation's warships in a snug, and safe place, until the nation has managed to secure some few navigators who can carry these costly playthings about, without for ever necessitating a big repair job? Or, as an alternative, if these collisions and things must eventuate, why not send some of the necessary repairs around to the Bristol Channel, so that the local dry docks may get an opportunity of earning a bit of Income Tax, for the country's good and benefit? As things are now, those dry docks merely pursue the even tenour of their way, piling up Income Tax for other more-favoured ship repairing centres to get the benefit of it all! It isn't fair—to say the least.

A FORTNIGHT ago, we commented on one phase of the "Articles of Agreement" that is supposed to be the binder between captain and sailor—at least, between the captain, and the remainder of the crew. Really speaking, you know, the shipmaster is not a portion of the crew; he is a sort of supernumerary, and if his Boss comes to grief during the Old Man's absence, then, the latter ranks in as a common creditor. In other words, and under the conditions suggested, the Old Man gets nothing, for when the Boss comes to grief, he usually does so *a la* "Johnny" Ruthin (takes away the remainder of the movables in a grip sack), or has passed most of the available capital over to the loving care of an accommodating friend. In either case, there is nothing for the Old Man? This by the way. But reverting to the "Articles of Agreement" notion, there is ever an instance before the public, which goes to prove that those Articles are nothing at all of the kind; are merely a bluff, and a delusion. The latest, is in connection with the *Scarsdale*, and where a fireman sued the master for balance of wages alleged to be due. An up-town contemporary labels the whole fit-out as an "important decision in a local shipping case;" but where the importance comes in, heaven and (perhaps) that contemporary knows.

As a matter of fact, there is absolutely no importance in the whole miserable affair, and in our opinion, there should be another sueing for wasting the shareholders' money in such a manner. Invariably, these alleged shipping cases are given against the ship, and rightly, too. A sailorman signs on to bring his ship back to a final port of discharge in the United Kingdom or Continent. In the latter event, there is usually another clause which provides that, "if required," he shall also bring the ship from a Continental port of discharge, to a loading port in the U. K. As far as we can remember, we never—in some twenty years of it—knew of a case where the final port of discharge in the U. K. was supplemented by the provision to bring the ship to an ultimate loading port. Furthermore, we are of opinion, that such a proviso would be disallowed by the superintendent who attended to the signature business, as being against the law. One need not be a terribly smart man to understand that a voyage must necessarily end, at a "final port of discharge." That when the vessel leaves

there, she is either about to begin a new voyage by starting for a loading port, or is going off on a seeking, or laying-up undertaking. Very well, then.

In any case, a "final port of discharge" cannot, by any possibility, be turned into a voyage-commencing loading port? If it were possible, the sailorman would never know where he is being shanghaed to? However, in the case to which we are referring, the contention was brought before Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane, as a special case, which had been stated by the Southampton magistrates. Naturally, there was a "principle" at stake here, and possibly that accounts for the legal talent that was appointed to look after the varied interests. The complaining sailorman—or fireman, if you would rather put it that way—had Mr. Robson, K.C., and Mr. Emmanuel, to show that a discharging port was not necessarily a loading port; while the master of the *Scarsdale*, thanks to what we consider the mistaken kindness of the Shipping Federation, Limited, had Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., and Mr. Lamport, whose business was to show that the "final port of discharge in the U.K." was the place where the vessel had to merely load for her outward, and following voyage. In addition to the foregoing, the Solicitor-General (Sir E. Carson, K.C., M.P.) and Mr. Sutton looked after the business for the Board of Trade.

We told you above, that in this instance there was a "principle" at stake, so please don't suggest that the whole caboodle reminds you of the man who took a topmaul with which to kill a cockroach. It would be rude of you to suggest any such thing; moreover, it wouldn't be a good simile, and it would be rough on the cockroach killer. Still the Judge's decision is worth attention. Here it is: "The Act of 1729 did not in terms define the end of a voyage"—silence, please, gentlemen. 'Tis unseemly to laugh in any such a manner. We wrote the figures 1729, so did the chap from whom we are quoting, and anyhow, 1729 is as good as any other date, in a job like this. Right, then. "But the place of final delivery of cargo should be deemed to be the final port of discharge"—eh? What? No ribaldry, sirs, or we shall have to clear the court, and that would be dref'ful? To continue, "that as the final port of discharge, so far as he (his Lordship) could judge, was intended to be a correlative term with the home port where the adventure of the ship was absolutely at an end." In other words, the final port of discharge was just that, and nothing else? The final port of discharge wasn't Gib., where she might have bunkered: nor Falmouth, where she might have called for orders: it wasn't even Cardiff, where she might have loaded up, on her last trip?

No, to each count. The "final port of discharge," was, in this instance, the port of Southampton—where the steamer "finally discharged" her homeward cargo. And yet all the forensic knowledge aforementioned was necessary, before Shipping Federation would believe it! Indeed, we are not quite sure whether the concern believes it now, for leave to appeal was granted—we should smile—and we shouldn't be at all surprised, if the Upper House were not ultimately called upon to say whether, in its opinion, the outward loading port, last voyage, is the final port of discharge, on this, and if not, why, in thunder, it isn't? 'Tis hard to treat these little matters seriously. Especially when you have more than a nodding acquaintance therewith. If we could conscientiously believe that these little legal outings were productive of finality; would settle, once for all, a question which in our opinion, never needed any settlement—well and good. But if you wait a week or so, some other person will ring up the law; will waste his shareholders' money, in an attempt to prove the impossible And yet there are owners who allege that these are hard times! Fudge, we don't believe it. When hard times really eventuate, business men do not throw away the sum of money represented by the "retaining" of the gentlemen whose names have already been given you?

That hard times are really here, is exemplified by the monthly meeting, and the outcome thereof, which the Swansea Harbour Trust held on Monday last. The minutes of the finance committee, showed the month's revenue as £12,627—a by no means startling amount? And even this, was nearly £2,000 less than for the corresponding month, last year, which in exact figures was £14,594. On the expenditure side of the account, the favour was for this year. For the same period in last year, the expenditure was £13,093; this year, £12,579. That is, on this particular occasion there was a profit of £47, while in last year, and for the same period, the profit was some £1,500. We note that Mr. Price stated that the trade of the month had not been so satisfactory as in last year—which, in view of the figures, is a somewhat superfluous statement? Placed in actual tonnage, the falling off for the month, was 23,000 tons—three decent-sized steamers, as boats go today? But Swansea may hold her end up, after all. Not only at Abertawe, is the year 1905 likely to be anathematised by most business men. 'Tis the "same old nip," broadly considered, wherever you look. Of course, a corn on your foot, won't ease the corn on ours; but it is human to gloat over the fact that you are not suffering alone, for all that?

Come to think of it, there is a terrible pile of ambiguity in the matter of tonnage handled at a given port! Here is Hong Kong coming out—thanks to the present war in the East—as a rival to London, no less! In the past, Hong Kong has become known as the "third shipping port" in the world, although why, we cannot say. The same persons who talk thusly, too, are blissfully ignorant of a little place on the Taff. Cardiff to wit. *Daily Chronicle* gravely informs us that "The official returns of vessels entered at the five greatest ports in 1903" are:

London	10,958,739 tons.
Hong Kong	10,783,502 ,,
New York	9,371,545 ,,
Antwerp	9,039,313 ,,
Hamburg (excluding Cuxhaven)	8,244,660 ,,

We suppose it is alright? Especially when you remember that the Port of Cardiff, during the same period, had registered tonnage cleared to the extent of 10,414,103 tons; while in the matter of tons actually handled, Cardiff is responsible for an amount that is 2,000,000 tons in excess of London's and Hong Kong's added together! As a matter of fact, Cardiff's "little lot," is figured out as 23,867,626 tons. But prejudices are hard to kill!

With further reference to that West Indian mail contract fiasco, we are of opinion that the Parliamentary paper which was issued on Tuesday night, and which contained the text of the dispatch dealing with the situation, adds but little to the elucidation of the mystery. Practically, everybody will be willing to admit that as the Imperial Government paid some two-thirds of the subsidy, it should have the "predominant voice" in the settlement. That was not the bone of contention, by any manner of means. The two dissentient Colonies jibbed, because they had not been properly consulted in the matter; had had a metaphorical pistol pointed at them, with the words "Take this, or nothing," as a concomitant. Neither does the reason of the Government's flirtation with that "private offer," appear to be overmuch in evidence. It is all very pretty to remark that the Imperial Government had no desire to thrust upon the Colonies a contract which, "however advantageous, was, apparently, distasteful." As a matter of fact, the Colonies do not know as yet, whether the offer was "advantageous," although they have made no bones

about the distasteful part of the undertaking—which distastefulness was considerably more than "apparent?" Don't you think so?

However, those Colonies will understand, in future, that they cannot, by any possibility, know what is best for them. They might be Colonies: might be the ones with most interest as to how they shall get their letters, and dispose of any surplus stock of native product; might even be the reason of existence for a mail service, and that if there were no Colonies there would be need for no such thing as a Colonial mail contract. All that doesn't matter, in the least. Mr. Lyttelton, and his "permanent" friends know best; their united words may be taken as final; and if they develop a predilection for one particular line of steamers—no matter how that predilection is worked up—well, wise colonising persons will be well-advised if, in future, they accept the diction of the "man in power," come what will. As things are, and because those foolish Colonists attempted to have their business run on lines that would, in their opinion, best suit their requirements, they have no business left! Are without a mail service!—and at a time when a hardening-up of the colonies, generally, is absolutely essential for the mutual protection of the whole Empire. To the Home Government, the mail contract is a small affair—to the Colonies, however, it is possibly the greatest factor in their lives. The pity is, that Government officials cannot assimilate these truths which are obvious to the remainder of the community.

Based on the address which Lord Ellenborough delivered, on Tuesday, at the Royal United Service Institution, the *Daily Mail*, on Wednesday morning, gave attention to what it described as "The Peril of the 'Week-End,'" and thereby deserved the thanks of every Briton who has the welfare of his country at heart. If more of the country's "popular educators" would follow suit; would undertake to remove the scales from the eyes of the public; would write the truth without any nonsensical varnishing; then, the "week-end peril" would soon be a thing of the past. Unfortunately, it has become the custom for most of the journals which affect to deal with these subjects, to do so merely from the point of view of their own particular set of "supporters." By this means, "class journalism" is rampant, and in far too many instances, its "class" is merely told that which it desires to know. The truth is either disregarded, altogether, or is so modified, that as an expression of opinion on a given subject, it is utterly worthless. For our part, we have ever claimed that it is in the public interest, for all newspapers to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and without political or religious bias, or favour.

Moreover, we are honest enough to admit, that where the readers of a class publication amount to thousands, the readers of such journals as *Daily Mail* will tot into millions. For the latter reason, we are glad to know that the "daily" in question, has had pluck enough to give its multitude of readers, "the straight tip." Has shown it how the country is running to ultimate ruin, because its rulers are "off duty," from Friday to Monday; that if a war should eventuate, say, on a given Saturday night, there would be nobody in attendance, at Headquarters—even as was the case, in the North Sea Outrage. Also, that if war begins, our probable enemy has already provided himself with a number of skilled pilots—thanks to the idiotic conduct of those of our rulers, who should know better; and several other points, which were sadly in need of publication. We have touched on the circumstances, here, more for the purpose of expressing our thanks to *Daily Mail*, for thus breaking a lance in favour of the sailormen of all ranks, and whose cause, in season and out, we have ever upheld. With Lord Ellenborough's address, we are dealing more fully, in another column.

Come to think of it, *Naval Warrant Officers' Journal* is well able to touch the spot, on occasion. In a recent issue thereof, we read that "Nothing can be more ridiculous, than for the different ranks, on the lower deck, to expend in quarrelling, the energy which should rightly be used, in a common fight against the prejudices, the ignorance, and the customs of the service, which hold back the whole of the Naval rankers as a body." There you are, and if that doesn't touch the spot, we should like to hear about it. Furthermore, it exactly re-echoes the teaching which we have sought to inculcate, ever since The Maritime Review dawned in all its beauty, on your admiring gaze! In effect, the "rankers" allow themselves to be played off, the one grade against the other, so that those in authority, by "divine" or other right (?), may continue there. If those "rankers" would let it be seen that the day of "play-off" was relegated to the limbo of boarding-pikes and nettings—then, we should soon see the better man in the better place. It is customary to mark the present era as a democratic age. This is all bosh. It isn't a bit democratic. It is simply educated, and as a consequence, realises all there is to know, concerning a survival of the fittest.

To be truly democratic, an age has to be governed by a horde of people, who have nothing to back them up, save "mouth." A horde, in which brains is terribly conspicuous by its absence. That the present is no such epoch as is here suggested, goes without saying, for look where you will, and you have examples of the fittest surviving—which is just as it should be. What sense—or reason—is there, in allowing a smart man to achieve "warrant" rank, if he is then to be "closured" because his pa is unknown to fame: and that as a "warrant," he must act as wet-nurse to some other man, whose only claim to the nursing is that his father was so known? If a sailor-boy is considered worthy of promotion from nothing to warrant officer, is it going to be pretended that on attaining the warrant rank, all his erstwhile sense and perseverance is bound to leave him? That as a result, he must never hope to receive a commission? Tommy rot! It is only when the warrant stage is reached, that the man in question is beginning to be of use to his country. Why put the brake on, then? Simply because it "was," in the "good old days;" and so far, those with most interest have allowed themselves to be played off, one against the other, as suggested by *Naval Warrant Officers. Journal.* That is all.

'Tis somewhat amusing, to watch the turnings and twistings of some of our daily contemporaries, when circumstances compel them to touch on Governmental topics. *Pall Mall Gazette*, some few days ago, thought fit to touch on the subject of "Naval Officers in the Dockyard"—that ideal which Sir John Fisher is so keen on bringing about. *P.M.G.* remarks that Sir John's idea "is that a year or two of dockyard duty would be a welcome alternative to service afloat; that efficiency would be heightened and expenses decreased, filling more dockyard posts from the active list of the Navy. On this matter, a good deal might be said both ways." Of course it might! Indeed, this is exactly the trouble. There is so much that can be said "both ways," that neither way gets much of a show? Here is another sample of the "two-wayed tap," "But reform here, must begin at Whitehall; for it is usually the Admiralty who are responsible for the blundering that costs the public so much every year (and which the suggested dockyard training would obviate?). Sometimes, however, the unbusinesslike methods of the dockyards, are the cause of big sums being wasted." There you are, sirs! You pay your money, and you take your choice. If you are an Admiralty man, you put it on the dockyardee. If a dockyardee, shove it on the Admiralty. In either case you will be a winner, for *P.M.G.* is with you—and that should be good enough?

SHIPBUILDING.

There is still a very marked dearth of new orders in the shipbuilding trade, and builders cannot look into the future with any degree of confidence. Opinions will, no doubt, differ as to the future, but we are inclined to agree with many people in the shipping trade who hold that the worst of the depression, both for owners and builders, is yet to come, and that the end of the present year will see things even worse than they are at present. Builders are certainly living on past orders, and as the freight markets continue very disappointing, the dearth of new enquiries is not to be wondered at. Not for many years past, has there been so many boats, under course of construction, offering in the market for sale as at the present time, and some of them are being offered at prices, which mean a heavy loss to their owners.

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An attempt is to be made to revive the shipbuilding industry on the Mersey. The Liverpool City Council, last week, agreed to the recommendation of the Estate Committee, that the Town Clerk, the City Engineer, and the Corporation Surveyor be instructed to prepare a report on the practicability of providing shipbuilding accommodation on the Mersey within the city boundaries, which will tend to create employment for the working classes, and thereby enhance the value of the Corporation freehold estate, which is under the management of the Estate Committee.

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On Tuesday last, at the Baltic Mercantile and Shipping Exchange, London, Messrs. C. W. Kellock & Co. offered for sale, by auction, the iron screw steamer *Thor*. Built by Messrs. M. Pearse & Co., Stockton, in 1882; dimensions 255ft. x 35ft. x 18ft.; carries 2,150 tons deadweight, on 18ft. 3in. draft; with engines 29in., 60in. x 39in. stroke, by Messrs. Blair & Co. Bidding commenced at £4,500 and was taken to £5,450, at which the steamer was withdrawn, the reserve price not being reached. Messrs. Peter Rowe & Sons, Cardiff, are the owners of the boat.

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Messrs. Orders & Handford, Newport, have purchased a new steamer, now under course of construction by Messrs. Robert Thompson & Sons, Sunderland. Dimensions 313ft. x 45ft. x 23ft. moulded; single deck type with cargo poop, bridge and forecastle; about 4,400 tons deadweight on 19ft. 9in. draft. The machinery will be supplied by Messrs. George Clark, Ltd., Sunderland; with engines 23in., 38in., 61in. x 39in. stroke; and two single ended boilers 14ft. 9in. x 10ft. working pressure 180lbs. It is reported that the price paid is about £28,000.

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It is reported that the steel screw steamer *Londesborough*, owned by Messrs. G. R. Sanderson & Co., Hull, has been sold at about £22,500. She was built by Messrs. W. Gray & Co., Ltd., West Hartlepool, in 1898. 3,071 tons gross; dimensions 324ft. x 47ft. x 24ft. 10in.; carries about 5,100 tons deadweight: with engines 24in., 38in., 64in. x 42in. stroke, by the Central Marine Engine Works.

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The General Steam Navigation Company, Limited, London, have sold the steel paddle steamer *Halcyon* to the South of England Steamboat Company, Ltd. She was built by Messrs. J. Scott & Co., Kinghorn, in 1887. Dimensions 209ft. 2in. x 26ft. 2in. x 9ft.; 458 tons gross; with engines 33½in., 61in. x 60in. stroke by Messrs. J. Scott & Co., Kirkcaldy.

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On Tuesday last, at Dundee, the iron screw steamer *Torbay*, was sold by auction at £7,500. She was built by Messrs. J. Blumer & Co., Sunderland, in 1883, and had new main and donkey boilers fitted in 1901. Dimensions 243ft. 6in. x 33ft. 8in. x 17ft. 2in.; carries 1,880 tons deadweight, on 17ft. 3in. draft. She was bought by the Shipping Agency Ltd., London, for foreign clients of theirs.

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The iron screw steamer *Hellenes*, lately owned by Messrs. Donald & Taylor, Glasgow, has been sold to Mr. Thomas L. Weiss, of Newcastle. She was built by Messrs. W. Pickersgill & Son, Sunderland, in 1884. Dimensions 270ft. x 40ft. x 18ft. 7in.; 1,983 tons gross; with engines 30in., 62in. x 42in. stroke, by Messrs. G. Clark, Ltd. The price paid is said to be about £7,500.

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The steel screw steamer *Enriqueta*, lately owned by the Coast Transit Company, Ltd., Falkirk, has been sold to Mr. R. Kay, of Glasgow. She was built by Messrs. R. Williamson & Son, Workington, in 1895. Dimensions 153ft. 2in. x 23ft. 6in. x 11ft. 3in.; 382 tons gross; with engines 19in., 38in. x 27in. stroke, by Messrs. Dunsmuir & Jackson.

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We understand that Messrs. Peter Rowe & Sons, Cardiff, have sold their iron screw steamer *Jane*, to Swedish buyers, at about £6,000. She was built by Messrs. T. Turnbull & Son, Whitby, in 1879. Dimensions 240ft. 2in. x 34ft. x 17ft. 7in.; 1,384 tons gross; with engines 30in., 57in. x 33in. stroke by Messrs. T. Richardson & Sons.

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Messrs. Ismay, Imrie & Co., Liverpool, have sold the steel screw steamer *Gaelic*, to the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, Liverpool, for £19,000. She was built and engined by Messrs. Harland & Wolff, Ltd., Belfast, in 1885. Dimensions 420ft. 3in. x 42ft. 4in. x 29ft. 6in.; 4,206 tons gross; with engines 43in. x 86in. x 60in. stroke.

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The steel screw tug *Mashona*, owned by Mr. W. Watkins, of London, is reported sold to a Bombay firm at about £6,200. She was built by the Irvine Shipbuilding Co., Ltd., Irvine, in 1902. Dimensions 100ft. 5in. x 20ft. x 11ft. 3in.; with engines 13in., 22in., 35in. x 27in. stroke, by Messrs. J. Stewart & Son, Ltd., London.

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The steel screw tug *Harold*, lately owned by Mr. J. G. Hammond, of London, has been sold to foreigners at about £5,300. She was built and engined by Messrs. Lobnitz & Co., Renfrew, in 1898. Dimensions 100ft. 4in. x 20ft. x 11ft. 3in.; with engines 13in., 22in., 35in. x 27in. stroke.

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Messrs. Ferguson Brothers, Port Glasgow, have secured an order from the Clyde Trust, for the construction of a dredger.

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It is stated that the P. and O. Company will shortly be in the market for four new steamers. It is probable the orders will be divided between the Clyde and the Tyne.

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The steamer *Kate B. Jones*, owned by Messrs. F. W. & A. J. Hutchins, Cardiff, is to be renamed *Erminie*.

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Mr. G. Sjoberg, of Malmo, Sweden, is the purchaser of the steamer *Falka*, recently reported sold.

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Messrs. W. S. Miller & Co., Glasgow, are the purchasers of the steamer *Castlefield*, reported sold in our last issue.

THE MARITIME REVIEW.
An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

FRIDAY. MAY 12. 1905.

A NEW FREIGHT MARKET?—MANITOBA-ON-THE-SEA!

(FIRST ARTICLE).

AT the present moment, when the relative merits of rival Canadian waterways are looming big in the public eye, it will not be amiss if we discuss, generally, the varied points in connection with the idea which many Canadians have named, a Manitoba-on-the-Sea. Especially as a little calm consideration will show, conclusively, that such a scheme is by no means the impossibility which the favourers of rival enterprises would pretend. From time to time, we have given much attention to this phase of maritime expansion, so are of opinion that no apology is necessary, if we give the views as held by an ever-increasing number of Manitobans. It must be admitted, seeing that it possesses an area greater than that of the United States and a population less than that of London, that Canada has a magnificent future before it. Furthermore, it is obvious that, to-date, nothing more than a mere nibbling at Canadian trade has been indulged in, either in the country, itself, or in the lands which make a great pretence of being in possession of most of the "maritime supremacy" that is about. Canada is, in deed and truth, a wonderful country, and it is plainly apparent, if one gives but a cursory glance at the volume of her trade, at present, and compares the same, with that which obtained but a few years ago. In its early days, when the so-called "Red River Cart" was the principal means of transport; when railways and canals were unknown; and when the Indian disputed the right of the white man at every turn; the land of Our Lady of the Snows was never thought to possess that importance, which, in later years, has fallen to her lot. Neither must it be forgotten, that it is solely due to the ocean liner, that Canada has been enabled to take her present position of importance and rank, among the peoples of the earth. Somehow or other, those with most at stake, are apt to forget the metaphorical bridge over which that Western Land has stepped to prominence; and thus it comes about, that with practically each succeeding Government, the long-talked-of "Canadian Fast Line," is as far off as ever—far off, that is, as a Canadian enterprise. The same old lines which have done such yeoman service in the past, are still at it; but every step forward on their part, is grudgingly acceded to, by those whose very national existence depends thereon. In all probability, there is fault on both sides, and principally because until very lately, neither side of the interested parties had more than a nodding acquaintance with each other. As a matter of fact, and although part and parcel of our glorious Empire, Canada has a national individuality of her own; a possession which some of us, on this side of the waters, are prone to overlook. That individuality is distinct from that of the United States of America (with which, we are assured, Canada is ever coquetting!)—is, in short, distinct from all other portions of the Empire; and one of the most pleasing signs of the times, lays in the fact that the individuality referred to, is rapidly becoming known to the people in the Mother Land. In the ordinary course of events, and when the fusion of races among the immigrants which are for ever coming, has eliminated the yet existing portions of the foreign tongue that may still be heard in parts of the Dominion; when the rising generations have been educated in Canadian schools; when the inevitable chaos which surrounds a "new land," has been brought into orderliness, and mixed up with the patriotism belonging to such a state; then is the time to look for the expansion of Canadian trade; the progress which, as yet, has merely touched on the fringe of the possible. With the materialisation of the present somewhat nebulous feeling of greatness, will come natural pride of country, which will hold by mutual ties, the descendants of practically every European country—and not a few from what is still known as the "New World." The ever-varying changes of climate which must necessarily exist, in such a colossal expanse of territory as goes to make up the Dominion Colony, creates many interesting conditions. These, to a very great extent, are important to navigation—without which, all attempts at trade expansion are foredoomed to failure; and are also of great influence on the future internal development of the Canadian race. Even in the deadest of dead winters, one is confronted with the fact, that although the Ice King has locked up all nature with his iron grip; that, from boundary to boundary—except in some favoured spots where the "Chinook winds" temper the otherwise severe cold—trade is, to all intents and purposes, "held up"; yet in the midst of it all, the immigrant is pouring in, in his thousands; continuously and from all parts of Europe; in the hope of finding his *el Dorado* in the free grant—and other lands—of Manitoba and the Great North West. At Winnipeg, thousands halt for a needed rest—and to enquire, in the case of those who have been unable to satisfy themselves, beforehand, where they can locate, with hope to justify their thousands of miles of weary travel. In the Eastern portion of the country—known as the Maritime Provinces—the land has been developed in a marvellous manner. Yet millions of acres of land to the north, are yet untouched by civilised feet—unsurveyed, not even explored! In that portion of the Eastern Provinces adjacent to the American border, manufacturing claims the attention of thousands, and affords them a good means of livelihood. Yet, of great towns, Canada possesses but few. Of these, Winnipeg holds third place, being surpassed only by Montreal and Toronto. The Prairie City, known as recently as 1870 as Fort Garry, possessed, at that time, but a few hundreds of inhabitants—215, to be exact. From a small, but important trading station, the city has grown until to-day, it has a community running into some 70,000, and taking as a standard, its increase for the past few years, its population should, in another decade, approximate into the 200,000 stage. In view of the fact that there are hundreds of thousands of immigrants being landed at Montreal and Quebec, and the ocean ports in Canada and the United States—the latter of which find their way into the Dominion over the southern boundary—it occurs to us to ask what influence they have, on the commerce of the world, or, more particularly, on British and European trade? The answer is simple enough! One occupation stands out in solitary pre-eminence in Canada. The farmer is the back-bone of the country. He adds millions of acres, annually, to the area under cultivation, and thus it comes about, that grain, of many varieties and grades, becomes an article of value; the one consideration on which the prosperity of the Dominion depends. Manitoba No. 1 hard—as the best wheat is named—is the equivalent for bullion, providing it can find an Eastern market. Naturally, live stock of all kinds, claims a share of the farmer's attention, and adds a value to the trade of the Colony, for which its exponents are ever seeking a new outlet, and in the meantime, increased storage and transit accommodation. That is, the millions of bushels of golden grain, the thousands of herds of horned beasts—are all useless to the Canadian farmer, unless he can get them to the sea, and by its aid to the markets of the world. Thus it comes about, that in surveying the prospects, one has to give careful attention

to the railway and canal facilities: first, for the conveyance of all this produce to the sea board; and then, to the steamer of commerce that will bear it along to the mint that will turn the stuff into golden sovereigns—or other coins of equivalent value. In the past, the farmer has been too busy, putting his house in order, that he may get as much as possible from his land, to give much attention to transport questions; the remainder of the community have been too deeply immersed in "politics," to admit of their gaining any success in the same direction. As is usually the case in new lands, "politics" have ever claimed the most attention in Canada. Party interests have been placed far ahead of the general welfare, and time alone, could be depended on to alter all this. With the effluxion of that time, the Canadian has been given an opportunity of realising that politics, as generally understood, is merely a pastime for the brainless and indolent; that to succeed, a country needs more genuine workers than a "political boss" will ever prove himself. Moreover, signs abound, that the day of the Canadian "wire puller" is about over; and that with his passing, will synchronise a healthier state of trade. Indeed, the actual progress of Canadian trade is in actual ratio with the decrease of the number of political parasites which, erstwhile, reaped a golden harvest, in return for their creation of cliques, and for the masterly manner in which they worked one off against the other. This progress, too, is a steady factor, for as the new home-seekers break the virgin prairie and add their quota to the general improvement, so do the figures which tell of national advance proclaim the fact, that slowly, perhaps, but surely, the food supplies of the Empire are constantly being brought within the "ring fence" of that Empire's might. This is as it should be, and as most of our strenuous workers have endeavoured to make it, for quite a number of years. Coming to the St. Lawrence, and to the Atlantic Ports, the question of winter transport affects, most vitally, the development of the interior. Obviously, the seaboard towns are of little use as trading centres, unless they possess trading facilities. Of themselves, they can make nothing toward the advancement of the Colony. In fact, their one reason of existence, is that they shall pose as the jumping-off place, so to speak, for everything that is intended for other lands; and the jumping-on place for everything that is intended for the Dominion. Failing in either particular, then, Canada might just as well have no seaboard whatever. And it must be remembered that it is not the Maritime Provinces which suffer most acutely from a lack of winter transport.

(To be continued).

ON MARITIME SUPREMACY.

JUDGING by recent examples of the business, an attempt to maintain a fairly-comprehensive chunk of maritime supremacy, is a tough job? For years past, Britain has been taking all manner of niggling Protection fom her business rivals; has been giving them unlimited Free Trade when they cared to dump their shoddy stuff on the British markets; from a mistaken sense of magnanimity, has been taking quite a number of commercial snubs "laying down;" but in spite of all, the "feeling" against the poor old land, as far as sections of the foreigner is concerned, is anything but Christianlike. The fact of the matter is, Britain has been engaged in a task of emulation. Has been trying to work out her destiny on the lines adopted by the proverbial old man who started out from home, in company with a boy and a donkey. You'll remember the ancient joke? How the poor old father rode the moke, and earned opprobrium for making his "poor little boy" walk; how, in an endeavour to mend his ways, he placed the boy on donkey-back, did the walking himself, and was blamed for being in possession of a selfish son; how, as a last resource, he carried the donkey because he had been dubbed cruel for attempting to mount both himself and boy on the long-suffering animal; how he was written down as "fool," for his last endeavour; and how, in the end, the old man elected to please himself in the matter of handling his own jackass? Well, that is how Britain has been acting for quite a while. As a result, Germany has gone out of its way, to pile up all manner of petty obstacles in Britain's path; has wired wires to Britain's enemies; has made pilgrimages that were intended to capsize the equanimity of Britain's friends; has done her best to engineer a rupture between Britain and her Eastern Ally, by doing the "man Friday" act to Russia, of which, erstwhile, she was mortally afraid; in fact, has thought up every possible style of placing Britain in the position of the man and the moke alluded to. Filled with a feeling of conscious power, the majority of Britons have smiled indulgently on these "made in Germany" paper bullets, even as they have pursued the even tenour of their way; although every one of us understood the trend of affairs, in connection with the land which is, more or less, loyal to Willie the Wanderer. Now, as a sort of set off to the whole pantomime, a British admiral, in his capacity as an ordinary British subject, has pluck enough to translate the "writing on the wall;" to translate it in the fashion which was already understood, only too well, by both sides of the dissentient parties; and, as a result, poor Germany is "up in arms!" Come to think of it, to get Germany into a ranting mood, has been a simple occupation for years past. Unexpected—and undeserved—prosperity, has made the dear land awfully touchy. That is, prosperity has been made at the expense of Britain, who has done all in her power to advance the interests of the Fatherland—even to the extent of passing a law which made it essential to advertise all Fatherlandish goods as "made in Germany;" and, at last, the Teutonic entity has come to believe that its progress is due to the inherent smartness of its people, rather than to the indulgence of its chief rival. As far as we can see, Admiral Fitzgerald has written no word that was not already believed by both Briton and German; has made no suggestion but what will eventuate, if the same tactics are persevered with: and the wonder really is, that any feeling could possibly be worked up, over such a trivial affair. To our mind, Germany is posing as would a burglar caught in the act; is making an awful fuss of wounded dignity, for the purpose of deceiving the policeman who has caught her red-handed. Of course, such tricks are of the vain order, these days, for in view of such little tricky dodges as, for instance, the Marshall Islands incident, no one is going to believe that the Teuton is filled with an overweening desire to act on the square with any other nation; or to be unduly keen on rendering unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's? When William wanders, we wot that his wanderings are not for the pleasure of making a simple yachting tour; he's "out for business," every time and always; and William's business, is to starve the commercial appetites of other nations. Really, when the trick is exposed, the Teuton, should possess himself in patience, even as he thinks up some other quiff to win a bloodless victory. For bloodless victories are the vogue with the German gentleman. However, Admiral Fitzgerald is credited with helping the German Navy League in a most solid manner; the great organisation will now be able to get the warships for which its soul—and its possible enemies—hanker; so why all this pother? As far as we can see, that naughty admiral man, instead of being blamed, should be decorated with the inanimate eagle thing? He deserves well of every right-thinking German person—for without his sterling help, those ships which are to work up Germany's future on the sea, would never have materialised. They might not, even now; while, again, they might. 'Tis a touchy age—this, in which we live; and you cannot carry on a maritime supremacy on love, after all, although sections of continental crammers are for ever pretending that such is their ambition!

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF. *May 10, 1905.*

IN giving a consideration to the Coal Market during the past week, there is certainly little of a startling character to write about; nothing of the new and strange in connection with the prevailing conditions; in fact, there is no appreciable difference in the various grades, size it up as you may. Speaking in a general sense, it is true that prices have shown a fairly steady maintenance of recent figures; but this is not because there is a real hardness in the manipulation of Cardiff (and other) coal; on the contrary indeed, for it is the result of an absence of any inducement, for either a raising or lowering of prices.

WHEN a would-be buyer "cocks his eye" across the scene; gives it as his straight opinion that he doesn't care two-pence, whether he eventuates into an actual buyer, or otherwise; when he casually asks the price of a problematical quantity, and then strolls off with the remark that he'll think about it—sometime in the future; well, you wouldn't be so far left to yourself, as to pretend that things were humming, then? Would you, now? Of course, not! And if, in the middle of an alleged deal in coal, the apparently intending purchaser should wander off into a discussion on French neutrality, or Russian duplicity; if, when you, firmly, but gently, endeavoured to wean him back to the subject which laid nearest your heart—or its substitute; if, then, under any or all of the conditions suggested, that buyer man merely winked and walked—well, what would you?

THE foregoing is a faithful description of several little episodes which came our way, in the days which we have set ourselves to review. Naturally, there has been something doing. There always is! The world would stop altogether, if there were not. But you may take it from us, that the something which has been done in coal, is merely for the immediate requirements of the purchaser; and even then, he has not been unduly pleased at recollection of the fact that he had to, you know. So far, we have been dealing altogether with the kind of business which our own particular one styles, "new accumulations." What is exactly meant by the term, doesn't really matter a bit. It's a coally combination; our o.p. is coally; his business, too, is coal—so there you are!

A FRIEND looked in this morning, just as we were wrestling with the notes which are eventually planted out to make this page. Being in the coal vein—metaphorically, you know—we asked him his opinion of the coal trade. Said he: "Well, it is beyond the bounds of possibility to expect any rise in values, as long as the demand keeps in its present limited state; while new business is non-existent as it is at present, and there is no getting away from the fact that outputs are greater than the call for them, at present." There! That was his yarn, word for word, for we jotted it down, warm from his lips, on to the wrapper of a bumming circular to hand from a local bucket-shop keeper. What did he mean? Great Cæsar, don't ask us. We have given you his words. That ought to be good enough—if you remember that language was given us to hide our thoughts!

ANYHOW, you will now understand that BEST CARDIFF ADMIRALTY'S are no firmer than they were last week. A cursory glance at our scheduled rates will show, at once, that they are "up" at 13s.—there or thereabout. Still, this section is fairly steady—subject to the conditions already given, and for the reason that the colliery stems are good, if stale. In one or two instances, this is likely to continue right on to the end of the month. Quotations have ranged up to the 13s. 3d. mark, but the level figures have taken the major portion of what there is about—although the named sorts, are somewhat disinclined to accept anything below the quotation, again for the reasons already set out. On the other hand, there are they who are not so comfortably circumstanced. Here, it is possible to improve upon the shining figure; at least, it would be, if somebody would but come along with a *bona fide* purchase up his sleeve, or elsewhere concealed about his person. In fact, it may be said, with truth, that Bests are just about as groggy as their fellows, for outside of present commitments, there is little or no demand.

SECONDS, too, are certainly inclined to the easy side of the fence, so to speak, and the price at which it is possible to secure these qualities, depends altogether upon the state of the particular colliery affected. The position of the top sorts, approximate that of the premier—which doesn't mean a lot; and in plain language, it is written that stems here, being good, outputs are being satisfactorily dealt with, and undue anxiety is not in their direction for a while. For this variety, 12s. 9d. is being adhered to, with praiseworthy perseverance. The average Seconds, however, are by no means firm, for supplies in them, are certainly in excess of the demand. When this transpires, you needn't be a prophet to determine the ultimate result? As a matter of fact, the buyer has no difficulty in booking up as much as he needs, at 12s. 3d., and if that buyer is in a position to relieve the seller of a quantity, at an early date, he can be depended on to knock another 1½d. off from that. Such is the wagging of it, in Seconds.

ORDINARIES show no appreciable alteration in values, which are those of our last time of writing—11s. 6d. to 12s. At least, this is the indication, and although sellers endeavour to assume side; want to put on a bit of their particular idea; sort of wobble as they walk in sight of the would-be buyer—even as the gentle and masculine turkey does in presence of the she-bird which he wishes to impress; the—er—the inactivity of the demand, does not always enable them to command their quoted figures. It doesn't really, for that is how our o.p.—already alluded to—has it in his notes! Yes! At times like the present—indeed in the present times—quotations do not amount to much. But we believe we told you that before. Never mind, it is the truth, so let us leave these common or garden—no, no, these Ordinaries, for this occasion.

DRYS—good old Drys. What are they? Just that. Drys, in deed and truth. That is to say, business therein is dry. Very! In this section, there is practically nothing passing. Stems slack; demand non-existent; values consequently weak, and based solely on the date of shipment. For prompt delivery—which is the necessary condition—Bests are worth nothing more than 11s. 9d., and in several instances, this could be materially improved upon. Let us pass onward.

MONMOUTHSHIRE COALS continue to manifest a steady tone, more especially in the BLACK VEIN variety, which are being offered at 11s. 6d. Stems keep good, and with satisfactory tonnage supplies at hand, collieries are keeping on the active list. In view of all these felicitous terms, sellers are firm at the demanded figure, as they see no reason to modify their notions at the moment. Probably, their time will come. Scuttle will be the action, and there you go! Even as things are, it is possible to discount the figures quoted, to the extent of the gentle threepenny piece, for even in Monmouthshire coals, all that glitters is not actual business. For business ahead, there is practically no demand, and it is somewhat difficult to say when there will be.

ORDINARIES, as we suggested last week, have eased off to the extent of 3d. per ton, and for prompt shipment, they can be had in abundance, at 11s., for stems are easier, and there is anything but a great demand in evidence. Enquiries for future business too, are scarce, so that the present prospect is, that Ordinaries will not assimilate any great degree of firmness, for a time."

Seconds, in the main, are unchanged, with values remaining at about 10s. 6d. A fair amount of bookings has resulted between the 3d. and the 6d., according to the quality sought, and the condition of individual stems. Yes, this department is steady, with an average demand in evidence, for bunkering and other purposes.

Rhondda Number 3's continue as steady as ever, on the basis of 13s. 9d., the seller, generally, being sufficiently well-placed to enable him to keep values ruling at this level. Indeed, stems all 'round, are good, and the worthy—as well as the unworthy, if such there be—exponent of Rhondda Number 3's is in the mind that the world isn't such a bad place, after all. More power to him.

Rhondda No. 2's can be negotiated at 10s., and sellers find a difficulty in raising things a bit above the figures. You see, supplies are as plentiful as make no odds—and when supplies are thick, you can be sure that prices will not be, unless demand is on a par, or in excess thereof. And that is exactly what demand is not, in the matter of Rhondda No. 2's. As a matter of fact, the less said about demand here, the better.

Smalls! Eh? Are they good? Yes, but considerably easier, on improved supplies and a falling off in the demand. More particularly for this week's shipment, and as a result, prices have declined to the extent of 3d. per ton—in some instances, yes, to 6d. For next week's shipment, however, there is good enquiry, so that it is not expected that there will be any very great slump in Smalls—especially in view of the present state of the Large market. But don't forget that there is no accounting for the vagaries of coals, these—or any other—days. Anyhow, bests are obtainable at 8s.—in some cases, lower than that. Seconds range along from 7s. 9d.—which is the price asked by the full-up brigade—down to 7s. 3d. Ordinaries have been passing at around 7s., with Newport Smalls 'round about the same figures.

Approximate Figures for the Week, are as follow:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

Quality.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	13s. od., 13s. 3d.	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 9d., 13s. 3d.	13s. od.	12s. 9d., 13s. 3d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d., 12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d., 12s. 9d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	11s 6d., 12s. od.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	12s. od.	12s. od.	11s. 9d.
Drys ,, ...	11s od., 12s. od	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 9d., 12s. od.	12s. od.
Best Newport ,, ...	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ..	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. od.	11s. od.	11s. 1½d.	11s. 1½d.
Seconds ,, ...	10s. 6d	10s. 6d.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,,	10s 3d.	16s. od.	15s. od., 16s. od.	15s. 6d., 16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. od.
No. 3 Rhondda ,,	13s. 9d., 14s. od.	14s. od.	14s. od.	13s. 9d., 14s. od.	13s. 10½d.	13s. 9d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,,	10s od.	9s. 9d., 10s. 3d.	10s. od.	10s. od.	10s. 1½d.	10s. od., 10s. 3d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro."	12s od	12s. od.	11s. 10½d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d., 12s. od.	11s. 9d.
,, 2 ,,	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d., 9s. od.	9s. od.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6s., 9s. od.
Smalls:						
Best Cardiff	8s 3d	8s. od., 8s. 3d.	8s. 1½d.	8s. od.	8s. od.	7s. 9d., 8s. 3d.
Seconds	7s 6d., 7s. 9d	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 7½d.	7s. 7½d.	7s. 6d., 7s. 9d.
Ordinaries	7s. 3d., 7s. 6d.	7s. 4½d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. od., 7s. 6d.	7s. 3d.
Best Newport	7s. 6d	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. od., 7s. 6d.	7s. 3d.	7s. od., 7s. 6d.
Seconds	7s od	7s. od.	6s. 9d., 7s. od.	6s. 10½d.	6s. 10½d.	6s. 9d.
Rhondda No. 2	7s 6d	7s. 6d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. od., 7s. 3d.	7s. od., 7s. 6d.
,, No. 3	9s. 9d., 10s od.	10s. od.	10s. od.	9s. 9d., 10s. od.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.
Foundry Coke:						
Special	20s od., 21s. od.	20s. od.	20s. od.	19s. 6d., 20s. od.	19s. 9d.	19s. od., 20s. od.
Ordinary	17s od., 18s. od.	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.	17s. 6d., 17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.
Furnace Coke	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 4½d	16s. 4½d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od., 16s. 3d.
Patent Fuel	13s. od	13s. od.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 7½d.
Pitwood ex ship	17s od., 17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. od., 17s. 3d.	17s. od.	17s. od.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

Swansea, *May 10, 1905.*

The Coal Market at Swansea, has continued throughout, in a dull state. If anything, there has been an improvement in the enquiry, but enquiries do not fatten the seller, you'll have noted? Anyhow, there is insufficient doing to enable us to record any material improvement hereaway, since our last. For prompt shipment, prices certainly rule weak, and all in favour of buyers; but in view of the limited amount of new business coming on, there has been but little advantage taken of the ruling prices.

Anthracite Coals are somewhat quiet, though values are quotably unaltered. They can scarcely be said to be steady, and there is little prospect of any immediate improvement. Best Anthracite—malting sorts—maintained itself on account of the collieries' present commitments: but nothing more, and prices are subject to a discount, if the merry buyer is enabled to suit the stem of the colliery implicated. Inferior sorts are plentiful for early shipment, and the absence of any demand, is keeping prices weak. For the respective figures, we refer you to the list, below.

Cobbles and Nuts, too, are ruling easy, and prices show a decline on those of the previous week. For early delivery, concessions are freely obtainable, as supplies are greatly in excess of what demand there is.

Rubbly Culm, on the other hand, continues firm, and prices show no change, being easily maintained. A good demand has resulted, and this, combined with present stems and limited outputs, keep prices steady at from 5s. to 5s. 6d.

Duff is not in brisk request, and quotations are lower, at about 3s. 3d.

Steams are much in the same position as at our last. That is to say, business quiet, stems easy, and values governed more by the actual position, than by the merit of the coal. Those who are able to comply with "the necessary," are easily sure of securing a reduction. Bests are at 13s.; Seconds, at 12s.; Bunker Large, at about 10s. 9d.

Patent Fuels, are steady at about 11s. 9d.

Below, we give the average prices for the week:—

Quality.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.
Anthracite:						
Best Hand Picked						
Malting Large	18s. od., 18s. od	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od.	18s. od.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.
Seconds do.	17s od., 17s od	17s. 3d.	17s 3d.	17s. od., 17s. 6d	17s. 3d.	17s. od., 17s. 6d.
Big Vein Large	11s. od., 11s. 6d	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 6d.	11s. od.	11s. od., 11s. 6d.
Red ,, ,,	9s. 9d., 10s. od.	10s. od.	10s. od.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	10s. od.
Machine Made Cobbles	16s. 9d., 17s. od.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 4½d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.
,, ,, Nuts	16s 9d	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. od., 16s. 3d.	16s. od.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.
,, ,, Peas	11s od	11s. od.	10s. od	10s. 9d.	11s. od.	10s. 6d., 11s. od.
Rubbly Culm	5s. 3d., 5s 9d.	5s. od.	5s. 6d.	5s. 3d.	5s. 3d.	5s. od., 5s. 6d.
Duff	3s 3d	3s. 3d.	3s. od., 3s. 6d.	3s. od., 3s. 3d.	3s. 1½d.	3s. 3d.
Patent Fuel:—	11s. 9d	11s. 9d.	12s. od.	12s. od.	11s. 9d., 12s. od.	11s. 9d., 12s. 3d.
Steam:—						
Best Large	13s. od., 13s. 3d.	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 9d., 13s. 3d.	12s. 9d., 13s. od.	13s. od.
Seconds ,,	12s od	12s. od.	11s. 9d., 12s. od.	11s. 10½d.	12s. od.	12s. od.
Bunker ,,	10s. 6d., 11s. od.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	11s. od.	11s. od.	10s. 9d.
Thro' and Thro'	8s 9d., 9s od.	9s. od.	9s. od.	8s. 10½d.	8s. 10½d.	8s. 9d., 9s. od.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

CARDIFF, *May 10, 1905.*

EVEN as we are getting all sorts of weather in a week, so are we getting all kinds of fluctuations in the Freight Market. Spasmodic, is the most appropriate word that we can find to fit. In the earlier days of the week, there was something of a rush, and Mediterranean business, generally, had the premier position—as will be seen from our weekly list.

FOR the FAR EAST, there is just a little doing, and at a little rate! Someday, perhaps, this phase of chartering will declare itself, and then, we shall be busy. Meanwhile, you will find about all that has passed since our last time of writing, and for this part of the world, farther down the page.

As already stated, the bulk of the business has been for Mediterranean account—as usual—with the best for GENOA at 6s. 7½d. VENICE appears to have gone "nap" on the 7s. 7½d. rate, and ALEXANDRIA, at 6s. 3d. MALTA, is "no sae bad"—as times are—at 6s. 6d.: while CONSTANTINOPLE, at 6s. 6d.—well, what will you?

IN connection with the RIVER PLATE section, there is no apparent reason for the intending charterer to be acrobatic. He may still take his time, and get no better rate than would result, if he were in a hurry. For, after all, there is nothing to gloat over in a 7s. 3d. touch thereaway, is there?

DURING the past two or three days, chartering has been quiet, in all sections, although some of our friends are keen to convince us that there is a fair enquiry, and that rates are beautifully steady. This may be so, but enquiry doesn't amount to a very great deal? If the nimble youth whose business lays in "fixing," can get no farther ahead than is implied by a book filled with enquiries—well, he won't pose as a curly-haired boy, for long?

IN the Coasting Trade, there is a fair average doing, and at late rates—generally. For the actual fixtures, we must refer you to the schedule:

Week Ending, (Wednesday), May 10, 1905.

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

St. Vincent, *Pilar de Larrinaga,* 5,600 tons, 6s. 9d.
Hong Kong, *Khalif,* 5,100 tons, 13s. 6d. spot, (Adm'lty).
Newby Hall, 6,000 tons, 13s. 6d. ,,
Aden, Steamer, 7s. 9d. June.
Seychelles, *Longwood,* 500 tons, 13s. 6d.

WESTWARD, Etc.

Madeira, *Constance,* 2,500 tons, 6s. 6d.
Monte Video, *Astarloa,* 3,000 tons, 7s. 3d. option **Buenos Ayres/La Plata.**
Buenos Ayres, Steamer, 5,000 tons, 7s. 3d. ppt. (N).
Porto Praya, *Thomas Wayman,* 2,600 tons, 7s.
Las Palmas, *Lord Charlemont,* 6s.
Frutera, 800 tons, 6s.
La Plata, Steamer, 6s. 10½d. 250 8d., (N).

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Coniscliffe,* 5,800 tons, 6s. 3d.
Mary Ada Short, 6s. 3d.
Tre——, 4,500 tons, 6s.
Tre——, 6s.
Windsor, 5,300 tons, 6s.
Groeswen, 5,000 tons, 6s. 1½d.
Palestrina, 4,900 tons, 6s.
Beethoven, 5,300 tons, 6s.
Genoa, *Murci* 3,400 tons, 6s. 7½d. option **Savona or Spezzia.**
Caspian, 5,000 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Steamer, 4,000 tons, 6s. 6d.
Josef Agost Foherczeg, 4,000 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Elorrio, 3,400 tons, 6s. 7½d. option **Savona/Spezzia/or Leghorn.**
Naples, *Thistledhu,* 5,800 tons, 6s. 3d. option **Leghorn.**
Whinfield, 3,300 tons, 7s. coal, 7s. 9d. (s).
Marsala, 2,300 tons, 6s. 6d.
Alexandria, *Trewilley,* 4,400 tons, 6s. 3d.
Ruperra, 5,800 tons, 6s. 3d.
Trevider, 4,700 tons, 6s. 3d.
Venice, *Alisawald,* 3,800 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Celtic Prince, 7s. 9d.
Steamer, 4,500 tons, 400 7s. 9d.; 500 7s. 7½d. (N).
Steamer, 4,800 tons, 7s. 7½d. (N).
Balaton, 2,800 tons, 7s. 7½d. (N).
Bracondale, 2,800 tons, 8s. 3d. coal, 9s. fuel, option **Ancona,** (s).
Eolo, 5,200 tons, 7s. 6d.
Valencia, *Canganian,* 1,200 tons, 7s. coal, 7s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Marseilles, *Lee,* 2,500 tons, 7·75 fcs.
Barcelona, *Dora Retzloff,* 1,750 tons, 7s. coal, 7s. 9d. fuel.
Steamer, 900 tons, 6s. 10½d. (part cargo).
Gibraltar, *Mountpark,* 1,350 tons, 5s. 6d.
Jeanie, 2,200 tons, 4s. (Admiralty).
Greenhill, 2,750 tons, 4s. ,,
Cairnross, 2,200 tons, 4s. (Admiralty)
Lisbon, *Holderness,* 2,000 tons, 4s. 6d.
Forest, 2,000 tons, 4s. 6d.
Malta, *Afonwen,* 4,500 tons, 5s. 5d.
Cadiz, Steamer, 1,000 tons, 5s. 6d.
Almeria, *Jersey,* 2,000 tons, 6s.
Algiers, *Bachi,* 2,700 tons, 7 francs.
Saltwick, 2,000 tons, 7·25 francs.
Gwendoline, 1,800 tons, 7·25 francs.
Beyrout, Steamer, 3,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Ferrol, *Ragusa,* 1,700 tons, 4s. 4½d.
Tunis, Steamer, 1,250 tons, 9 fcs. coal, 10 fcs. fuel, (s).
Escaut, 1,200 tons, 9 fcs. coal, 10 fcs. fuel, (s).
Barletta, Steamer, 2,500 tons, 8s. coal, 8s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Bari, *Ethel Radcliffe,* 3,500 tons, 7s. 3d.
Constantinople, Steamer, 2,800 tons, 6s. 6d. option **Haida Pasha.**
Messina, *Maria Vittoria,* 3,000 tons, 6s. 9d. option **Catania,** (c. or N.)
Catania, *Nellie,* 2,200 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Haida Pasha, Steamer, 2,700 tons, 6s. 4½d. option **Piræus.**
Vigo, *Lionel,* 1,400 tons, 5s. (N).
Seville, *Rapid,* 1,200 tons, 5s. 7½d. (N).

BALTIC, Etc.

Stettin, *Normandiet,* 1,600 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).

BAY, Etc.

Rocheforte, *Helene Lohden,* 1,800 tons, 4·25 francs.
La Rochelle, *Clieveden,* 2,100 tons, 4 fcs.
Cairo, 2,300 tons, 4·25 francs. (s).
Nantes, *Gwenllian Thomas,* 1,400 tons, 4·87½ fcs., (P.T.)
Santurce, 1,650 tons, 4·62½ francs.
Charente, *Ingoldsby,* 1,450 tons, 4·50 francs.
Chantenay, *Clarence,* 1,400 tons, 4·75 francs. (P.T.).

COASTING, Etc.

St. Malo, *Glynn,* 1,350 tons, 3s. 9d.
Ennerdale, 1,500 tons, 3s. 10½d.
Havre, *Raloo,* 1,300 tons, 3s. 10½d.
Clonlee, 1,350 tons, 3s. 10d.
Rouen, *Senga,* 500 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Curran, 1,450 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Steamer, 650 tons, 4s. 6d.
Staghound, 550 tons, 5s. (s).
Yorkshire, 2,000 tons, about 4s. 4½d. (s).
G. Player, 700 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Brest, *Cairo,* 2,000 tons, 3s. 8d.
Iron King, 580 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Boulogne, *Gransha,* 1,550 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
Caen, *Sando,* 1,000 tons, 4s.
Honfluer, *St. Kevin,* 720 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
Thistle, 560 tons, 5s. 3d.
Belfast, *Udale,* 420 tons, 3s. 3d.
Tayeraig, 250 tons, 3s. 3d.
Glassford, 350 tons, 3s. 3d.
Brookside, 300 tons, 3s. 3d. (s).
Lady Belle, 320 tons, 3s. 1½d. (s).
Waterford, *Fred,* 300 tons, 3s. 6d.
Queensferry, *Skeldon,* 1,750 tons, 4s. 6d. (Admiralty)
Throstlegarth, 2,000 tons, 4s. 6d. ,,
Tyne, 1,500 tons, 4s. 6d. ,,
Argus, 1,450 tons, 4s. 6d. ,,
Hatfield, 2,200 tons, 4s. 6d. ,,
Portland, *Dunmail,* 1,200 tons, 2s. 2½d. (? 2s. 4½d.) (Adm'lty)
Fecamp, *Emperor,* 700 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
Guernsey, *Clifton Grove,* 270 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Fiddown, *Radium,* 180 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
Sheerness, *Rochefort,* 1,100 tons, 3s. 1½d. (Admiralty)
Bordeaux, *Abertawe,* 1,600 tons, 4·75 francs.
Dieppe, *Monarch* or sub, 700 tons, 4s. 1½d. (s).
Monarch or sub, 650 tons, 4s. option **Caen.** (s).

HOMEWARD.

Villagarcia to Cardiff/Barry/or Newport, Steamer, 700 tons, 6s. 9d.; *Irwin,* 598 tons, 6s. 9d.
Pasages to Newport, *Rosella,* 1,800 tons, 4s. 1½d.
Castro ,, ,, *Abertawe,* 1,800 tons, 4s. 3d.

MARITIME AND OTHER MONEY MATTERS.

SOMETIMES—not often, perhaps—a man is given the credit that is his due while yet he is with us. Generally speaking, however, the credit is kept until he has gone to join the angels—of whatever colour his actions warranted, while earning that credit. In the latter instance, there is a job for the sculptor, and the worker in brass; in the first-mentioned circumstances, the job falls to the lot of the newspaper man—that's us! Why do we moralise thusly? Is it on account of the weather? No, sirs! Living in a place like Cardiff, one has to moralise on occasion—mainly for the reason that the atmosphere here, is conducive therefor. Moreover, revivalism and moralising go together; at least, they follow in sequence, if you'd rather have it that way.

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IN the past, you have had the revivalism. It's about dead, at present. Has made room for "first nightingale" screeds; tales of early gooseberries; and by-and-bye, the sea serpent. Out goes revivalism; in comes moralising; so when one hears of a dry dock meeting at which the manager receives his due need of appreciation—well, things are even as set out in the paragraph above? That brings us down to the particular occasion of which we mean to write—presently. There is no necessity for asking if you know the Cardiff Channel Dry Dock and Pontoon Company, Limited, because we are fairly sure that you do. You might not know the all-embracing title which will belong to it in the near future. Neither do we. All the same, we shall not be surprised if, eventually, the title will be about as comprehensive as the work which it is engaged upon.

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IT is like this. On Tuesday last, the company which we have been discussing, had an extraordinary general meeting at its offices, and Mr. John Cory (Messrs. Cory and Sons) was chairman. Roughly speaking, the chairman was at the head of a meeting which represented some £75,000, and they had congregated for the purpose of confirming the purchase of the Severn Dry Docks, Limited—leaving out that oft-quoted piece of land at Sully. The Board have long felt that if they could purchase a desirable property like this, it would be to their interests so to do. That the Severn concern was "desirable," may be accepted from the fact that it is said to have cost, originally, some £170,000, while "the Channel" has purchased it for £65,000—as we remarked, some weeks ago.

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VERY well. "The Channel" bought "the Severn," and the meeting referred to had to busy itself in raising the necessary capital. In the words of the chairman, "we have had the property over a month, and Mr. William Jones, the manager, in his usual way, had kept it, as well as their other works, in full swing." This is the portion of the business which started us off on the moralising line. Personally, we knew that Mr. William Jones had done all this; but it is ever so much nicer to hear, that the chairman of his directors could also recognise it, and give words to the recognition, in public. That the same results will continue, there need be no matter of doubt.

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OF course, there was another reason for the meeting that we have been discussing, in addition to the confirmation of purchase. This was to grant power for the borrowing of £100,000 to pay for the new property and for other purposes. That the directors are of opinion that they have in hand "a good thing," is exemplified by the fact that the resolution granting the borrowing powers, was carried unanimously. Mr. Henry Radcliffe, in seconding the resolution referred to, remarked that he was entirely in sympathy with the directors in the matter of purchasing the new property, and that as the purchase price included about £8,000 worth of stores—well, the actual cost of the venture would only amount to £57,000.

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MR. J. HERBERT CORY reminded the meeting that the cost of the property was net, and that there was no charge for commission, of any kind. Taken altogether, it would appear that "the Channel" has fallen on to a remarkably good thing, and we are of opinion that there will be no difficulty in raising the new capital. For there is no getting away from the fact that Mr. William Jones is a popular manager, and has the happy knack of putting folk at ease with themselves—and with himself; which is more to the point in these days of keen business rivalry? We could point a little more moral, here, an' we would; someday, we might be inclined to do it. Meanwhile, we wish "the Channel" a continued share of the success which has surrounded it, since "W. J." undertook to dig it out of the slough of ages. That he has succeeded, the lately held meeting is amply sufficient to demonstrate? So does the balance sheet which we will give, next week.

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WE have a dry docky sort of feeling about us to-day, so turn we now, to a passing consideration of the Newport Dry Dock Company. Really speaking, that is merely a portion of its title, for to the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, the undertaking is known as the Newport Dry Dock, Wood and Iron Shipbuilding, and Ship-repairing Company, Limited, and if that isn't a long enough name to satisfy most people's hopes for ephemeral fame—then, it ought to be? However, the company in question does not carry on quite the business which is implied by its title, for not to any very great extent does it shipbuild, or dry dock. Indeed, its dry dock is rented to a local concern, at the fixed rent of £2,000 per annum. All the same, the company has paid a 4½ per cent. per annum dividend, and that is something to be proud of, in these days of cut-and-come-again? Some of these quiet little affairs, succeed in romping in the shekels?

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"THE company has hitherto paid 10 per cent. per annum since the first year, 1890"! In this case, it is the Barry Graving Dock and Engineering Company, Limited, and the quotation with which we commence this par, is from a local sheet, that possesses a "financial editor"—yes! If the Barry Graving Dock Company has, since 1890, paid back, in dividends, some £140 for each £100 of its capital—and sundry little bonuses on which it is unnecessary to dwell—well, there will not be any bitterness of heart, over the fact that its present divvy. Is "only" 8 per cent. on the ordinary shares? Good wine needs no bush—you can see the point, can't you? Still, it is well—in view of the depression that is general, and the superhuman efforts that have been made, in some quarters, to pay "something"—to remember that the Barry Graving Dock Company has paid 8 per cent. this year. Who is next best, in the Channel?

Words of Warning.

WHEN a retired Naval commander gives the subject of the possible invasion of England his careful attention, and without fear or favour, speaks the plain unvarnished truth as it appears to him, the country is likely to receive an explanation of matters Naval, that is worthy of attention? Such an explanation was given, on Tuesday, at the Royal United Service Institution, by Lord Ellenborough, who is a retired Naval commander, with some twenty years of active service to his credit.

As pointing the moral, his Lordship remarked that Admiral Togo's attacks on Port Arthur, furnished a vivid lesson to Britain's Naval depôts, for if war should come to-day, there would probably be about as much notice of the enemy's intentions, as was in evidence with the Japanese on the occasion referred to. That is to say, the notice would be a negligible quantity. And that, although thrice-armed is he who has his quarrel just, the best man's he who gets his blow in "fust!" Viewed in the light of modern expediencies, there can be no getting away from the truth of these remarks, which are placed out, according to our own ideas of the fitness of things.

As a matter of fact, the burden of Lord Ellenborough's discussion, was to the effect that Britain is simply muddling along in a manner that is a direct challenge to any foreign power, that is possessed of ambitions toward annexing our trade and colonies—to say nothing of a lion's share of the spare capital, which might go toward making up a war indemnity, so-called. For instance, the Government offices are a sort of lock-up shop, at week-ends. The heads of Departments are more careful of their records, say, as golfers, than as successful politicians; and as a natural result, Friday afternoon sees them wending an anxious way to the links, utterly regardless of the links which are left behind; and which, by the time an attempted resumption of duty is toward, might be irrevocably broken, for all time.

OBVIOUSLY, the country cannot afford to go on in this fools' paradise. Britain is too big an undertaking, to admit of its responsible heads doing the three-quarter-time act? Indeed, the situation generally, calls for a night and a day shift, and if office-seekers are antagonistic to putting their time in as necessity demands, then, other office-holders should be given the job? When the Russian undertook to blow a British fishing fleet to Hades, there was no responsible Government Chief comeatable—because it happened on a Saturday! Then, the country was in a dire crisis; to-morrow, there might be another; and one of these days there will surely be one, that will ring down the curtain on Britain's efforts.

OF course, there are those whose "leisure hour" is in jeopardy, who will assure you that the subject has been very much over-painted; that exaggeration is too much in evidence; and that, generally considered, the would-be invader would find that he had bitten off more than he could chew—were he to attempt a descent on Britain's shores. But the facts point altogether to a different conclusion; and, after all, facts are what the nation has most to do with. If a possible enemy would really give our Government, a month's notice of an attempt to break it up—well and good. The fools' paradise wouldn't be nearly so much in evidence.

As things are, however, we may, all of us, depend, that when the dust-up does begin, there will be no notice, of any kind whatsoever. In the words of Lord Ellenborough—and don't forget that he is no novice at the business: "If simultaneous attempts to sink our battleships, the positions of which were shown on charts that could be bought for a few pence (and which the enemy already knows without the expenditure of a few pence!), and to block our harbours were successful (and under existing conditions they might easily be successful), the enemy might then be able to protect his transports from torpedo attacks, and so reinforce an invading army."

THERE you are! Exactly as we have argued, for ages. Have told you the same truths, in season and out, until we have been rather of opinion that nobody would take the matter up, with hope to organise a better state of affairs. Obviously, we were not shouting in the wilderness; on the contrary, rather, for our shouting has been carried out in good company. And now, you are getting corroboration from a nautical man, whose sea time is about equal to our own. Of course, we are perfectly aware that, in our case, we should have secured more encouragement, if we had seen fit to spin you the tale you wished to hear. We have been more honest, and later on, when you have realised that honesty, you will give us more of your attention.

HERE is another quotation: "We are in far greater danger of attack when all our fleets are assembled at Spithead for a naval review, than on any other occasion." You, who have followed our arguments for the past sixteen months, will recognise the quotation as an old friend? Will admit that we have told you exactly the same thing, repeatedly. Now, Lord Ellenborough corroborates our contentions, and we are glad. Let us give you another quotation; one that will be equally familiar to you as a reader of THE MARITIME REVIEW:

"THE gravest of all (dangers) is the risk arising from the fact that fifty-nine foreign pilots are employed on our coasts," a quotation from the reply made to Lord Ellenborough, by Admiral Sir N. Bowden-Smith. The latter gentleman also remarked that another grave danger existed, in the fact that the country is supporting 40,000 foreign seamen in its Mercantile Marine—to say nothing of the many thousands of foreign waiters who are in position, and ready, at a moment's notice, to act as spies. Altogether, you have a fairly good intimation of what awaits you, providing you are willing to allow things, to pursue the present very uneven tenour of their several ways?

HALF the week, nobody in authority at Headquarters; your coast-line secrets in the hands of your enemies; your merchant fleet—the natural recruiting ground for your First Line of Defence—manned by foreigners; your country honey-combed by a high-class system of espionage—so that the psychological moment may be "spotted" with ease; and your warships in the hands of a number of amateurs who cannot safely navigate them in times of peace, so heaven knows what they would do in war. It isn't at all a nice picture, is it? And you will be doing yourself more justice, if you refrain from dismissing this as a mere scare; a seeking after sensationalism. It is nothing at all of the sort, for, worse luck, it is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The mere fact that you have been lulled into a false security, will not help you when the dogs of war are barking around your doors. You might ask what you can do, to remedy the matter? You can do everything. Public opinion "runs" this great Empire. Doing so, it is easy for you to alter all the disadvantages which, at present, exist. Have a couple of field-days, and all will be well; go on as you are going, and it won't.

THE matter is clear enough. See that you have responsible officials continually in charge of the Government Departments—this is not 1705, when the world took its time; this is 1905, when everything goes with a rush. Withdraw pilot licences from the foreign holders thereof—and thus play fair to your own men. Be a bit severe in handling your aliens- and again give your own a chance to live, so that they may fight for you. Cleanse the Mercantile Marine—that you may have a reserve to fall back on in time of stress. See that your Navy is handled by the best men which the country possesses—for you cannot afford to take the chances which your fathers took. These are the most urgently-needed reforms.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on April 27, 1905, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

7,862/04—HUBBARD— *Improvements in optical apparatus for submarines and for other purposes.*

This invention relates to an apparatus for observing objects above the water level, whilst the submarine itself is submerged. It consists of two vertical tubes arranged side by side in the fore and aft line of the vessel. Both tubes are provided at their upper ends with concave lenses fitted in elbows, the elbow and lens of the front tube being permanently directed forward for steering, and that of the rear tube normally rearward but the latter is adapted to be revolved to observe all points of the horizon not covered by the front tube. The tubes are fitted with reflecting prisms and eye pieces also with magnifying lenses mounted in sleeves so as to be adjustable for focussing and magnifying purposes. The rear tube is also constructed so as to be telescopically extensible.

11,547/04—SIVEWRIGHT—*Improvements in ship's steering apparatus.*

This invention relates to a method of constructing a ship's steering gear whereby the rudder actuating shaft may be connected directly to either the steam power gear or to the hand steering wheel respectively. For this purpose the hand-wheel is mounted fast on a separate shaft in alignment with the rudder actuating shaft, or loose on a prolongation thereof and is fitted with a clutch portion whereby it can be connected to the rudder actuating shaft. The rudder actuating shaft passes between and below the inverted cylinders of the steering engine at which situation a loose worm wheel connected by a worm with the engine crank shaft is mounted thereon. This worm wheel is likewise fitted with a clutch portion whereby it can be connected to the said shaft. Located beneath the shaft is a right and left handed screwed spindle along which travel the nuts which are connected by levers with the sleeve portions of the clutches of the hand-wheel and power worm-wheel clutches.

11,721/04—THORNLEY—*Improvements in means to be employed in sinking mine shafts and the like.*

This invention relates to means for guiding buckets in mine shafts, whilst same are in course of construction. It comprises an annular frame adapted to be secured a small distance above what is temporarily the bottom of the shaft. This annular frame is provided with parallel cross ties or beams from which extend upwards guide ropes. On these guide ropes, skeleton cages for containing the buckets are adapted to move up and down. These cages have no bottoms and the hoisting ropes of the buckets pass through holes in their tops. To each hoisting rope a collar is secured at such a distance above the bucket that it makes contact with the top of the cage when the bucket arrives within the cage after which bucket and cage ascend together.

12,029/04—LEWIS—*Improved safety coupling for vehicles or other purposes.*

This invention relates to a shackle and pin coupling. The pin is provided with a collar which fits in a recess in the outside of one of the arms of the shackle when the pin is in the closed position. The collar has a flat formed on it, whereby it is enabled to enter its recess when the flat is in alignment with the edge of the base plate of a bracket secured to the side of the shackle, which plate covers a slight portion of the periphery of the recess. A portion of the pin outside the collar is guided in an eye in this bracket and is provided with a slot in which is pivotted a narrow bar so as to turn in the direction opposite to that of the flat. To this bar in turn a bow shaped handle is pivotted so as also to be able to be turned down only in one direction. This bar and handle are adapted to be turned inwards towards the shackle and secured over a small hook on the bracket, for the purpose of preventing the shackle pin turning and its flat coming into the release position. The outer portion of the bracket is so proportioned that the collar on the pin on butting against same will prevent the pin completely leaving the shackle.

23,470/04—WIMAN—*Paddle wheel.*

This invention relates to a feathering paddle wheel. The paddles are pivotted at the ends of the arms of two spiders secured to a rotatable shaft. The feathering is effected by securing to the spindle of each paddle a short lever on the ends of which anti-friction rollers are mounted. These rollers run in eccentric grooves formed in the interior surface of the paddle wheel casing.

27,272/04—MAYO—*Improvements in life boats.*

This invention relates to a life-boat comprising one cylindrical shell situated within another, the inner resting on the outer through the medium of rollers and races. The inner cylinder contains the crew and a motor, and is connected at each end to a keel which extends beneath the external cylinder. A propeller is mounted on the keel and is driven by the motor through bevel-wheels and appropriate shafting. This construction permits the outer cylinder to rotate whilst the inner does not. Access is effected by openings formed in the ends.

2,409/05—WIGZELL—*Navigational sounding instruments.*

This instrument consists of a glass tube sealed at the upper end and closed by a cap at the lower. This lower cap is provided with a small hole which communicates with a narrower tube open at both ends extending upwards from the cap inside and almost to the top of the outer tube. In taking a cast the water will compress the included air and pass up the inner tube and overflow into the annular space between the two tubes. The depth is indicated on a suitable scale by the height of water in the tube. A feature of the invention consists in providing the surface of the inner tube with coloring matter or depositing coloring matter in the space. This will color the included water and facilitate the reading of the scale.

These applications for patents are, until June 12, 1905, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Patent Office or through the under-named.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

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CARDIFF—*Continued.*

Miscellaneous.

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MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF.

Thursday Afternoon.

IN all probability, the action of the Government in connection with the licensing of foreigners, as pilots in British waters, forms about as strong a commentary on the neglect, to which the interests of the Mercantile Marine, and through it, the country generally, is submitted, as it is possible to obtain. For ages, now, the little time which successive Governments could spare from party questions, has been devoted to the Navy and Army. Quiffs for the alleged betterment of either Service are for ever to the 'fore, and these little notions have become so complicated and mixed up, that it is very doubtful if any of the "quiffists" know anything more about the subject, than is embraced within the exceedingly narrow limits of each particular atom's work. In other words, the administration of the nation's defences, is carried on—in some fashion—by a disintegrated mass of units. There is no cohesion among them, and if either one is faced with a possible decision, then, you may be sure that it will be backed off, on to somebody else. If the whole business is not carried out in the suggested manner, then, the results warrant the belief. And returning to the licensing of foreigners as pilots in our home waters, is anybody going to pretend that such a licensing is essential?

EVEN if one takes that old bug-bear of successive Governments—foreign susceptibilities—into account, there is still no room for argument. What right has any foreigner to agitate his susceptibilities, because another nation objects to lay its port navigation open, to the knowledge of a possible enemy? Moreover, if the said foreigner is idiotic enough to get his back up in the manner described—well, let him, and bless him therefor. While he is developing suscepticitis on this head, he will be giving some other undertaking an opportunity. But it doesn't matter how you place the subject before the various Government departments, they are all in accord that as it has been, so it must be, for evermore. You might point out that, to date, merely some fifty-odd foreigners have availed themselves of the opportunity to become London pilots; that the said fifty-odd men are drawn from, practically, all nationalities; and that therefore, the amount of "susceptibility" that will be evoked, wouldn't unduly worry a tame rabbit; but 'tis all the same. The law admitted it, in the past; *ergo*, it must in the future. As things are, the Government is too busy in deciding on the kind of hat that shall adorn—or otherwise—the head of Thomas Atkins.

YOU might go to the extent of pointing out, that as there is no actual "run" on British pilotage licences; that seeing there is but comparatively few who go in for the business, it cannot be for the purpose of gaining a livelihood that the gentlemanly foreigner "sits" for an examination; then, there must be some ulterior object, in view. You might even go to the extent of declaring, from your own personal knowledge, that far too many of these holders of pilotage certificates, are also holders of commissions in foreign navies—but, again, 'tis all the same. The President of the Board of Trade—who is, probably, as fit for that job, as for any other that has to do with nautical affairs—will patiently listen to all you have to say; will incline, gracefully, his learned head; will assume an attitude of armed neutrality, providing you are ill advised enough to press your subject too closely; and in the end, will dismiss you with his blessing, and the remark that as long as the law remains as it is, the Board of Trade is bound to grant pilotage certificates to aliens. See? As long as the law remains as it is, you will still have the felicity of seeing your home waters laid bare, to the wicked invader.

IT is just possible, that you might be inclined to argue the matter out—Commander Lawley did, one day last week; wanted to persuade the President of the Board of Trade that, at present, the law on the subject reads that the Department "may" grant those certificates. But that Commander was more or less frizzled up, with the declaration that the law says "shall;" and although there is a vast difference between the words "shall" and "must," Lord Salisbury, "did not propose to enter upon a discussion." Eh? Isn't that altogether according to precedent? Of course it is! The susceptibilities of a foreigner are at stake, here, so "shall" is given the attributes of "must." Were it the other way about; were the British sailorman

attempting to gain the benefit of a doubt: you could depend on the reading of the particular law involved, being turned to his disadvantage. Naturally, it is utterly impossible for our sapient rulers to rise to the occasion; to realise that a law which obtained currency at a time when the waters of our coasts were a sort of Pandora's puzzle-box, is of mighty little use to-day; that as a consequence, it should be repealed; the old-time certificates cancelled; and a sufficient alteration made in coastal navigation, to obviate the successful use of the knowledge gained, by the present foreign holders of British pilotage certificates.

To expect any such thing, is wicked in the extreme. Fancy asking a self-respecting Government to quit fooling for five minutes, so that a thirty word Act might be passed, to annul all previous Acts on the subject, and to debar any foreigner from posing as a British pilot! Why, it's utterly ridiculous! Governments are not expected to act that way. Their business is to squander millions of good money in the alleged preparations for meeting a hostile force, when it has landed on these shores. If the foreigner were debarred from gaining a knowledge of the navigation of our home waters, he would never be able to line his torpedo craft and cruisers up against our dock gates; and if he cannot get his war machines across, of what use is it for Britain to be straining every nerve in an endeavour to find something that will burst up those war machines? There is no sense, in some people. Here is the Admiralty playing funny-somethings with a boom at Portsmouth. A boom which is to be laid across the Harbour—after war is declared? If the declaration doesn't eventuate until after the war is half over—well, the enemy will find the boom handy, for keeping in the British prizes which they have caught, through the help of those of their subjects, who learned the intricacies of British waters, in peace time?

That boom, too, is a fearsome and expensive item. Gives splendid opportunities for the expansion of the inventive brains of Governmental servants! In fact, it is making a serious attempt to turn the hands of the clock back: to bring us to those good old days, when a chain across a port, was a sufficient protection to the good souls who were inside! It never seems to strike those inventive souls, that Providence has placed a splendid boom outside the same waterway, in the shape of shoals and sands; nice little rocky points: and everything that is humanly necessary for the "hooking up" of the plating of the possibly vindictive torpedo-boat from other lands! Oh, dear, no! And for the simple reason that the said inventors realise, only too well, that they have given away their birthright; have allowed any scheming foreigners to become acquainted with home navigation: and by virtue of the knowledge thus stolen, to gain preferment in the warships of their own nations. Realising all this, booms have to be made: fearsomely: at great cost: and at greater inconvenience. The boom is a success! It can be cleared away in one hour—even supposing it takes a week to prepare: and by-and-bye, you will find a few foreigners being initiated into the secrets of the "movable centre" thereof!

Meanwhile, you—all of you—can go on putting up your money in various ways; can go on scull-dragging at your work to find the wherewithal: and if you dare say a word about the neglect of natural—and cheap—defences; if you declare that you are, nearly, too surprised for words——! Of what use is it to go on? The present is the cult of the "has been." The nation is being run on the water that has gone past the wheel: is being fooled with the belief that "like father, like son" is bound to eventuate for ever and ever, amen. The mere fact that the country will have to pay dear for its experimenting, later on—well, that is for later on to decide. At the moment, there is just as much experimenting in officialdom, as there is in the workshops of the country. In fact, look where you will, and the whole fit-out is being carried on, on experimental lines. If the colossal brains which have been pitchforked into high places, really turn out as colossal—well and good. If, on the other hand, they are proved to be of the amateur variety; if chaos eventuates, instead of the order which, remembering the cost, one has a right to expect; Britain will muddle through.

She always has done; always will! The mere notion that, in olden times, there was not a great amount of science about, has nothing to do with the case. British pluck was rampant: the Briton was as good as any other three nationalities; Rule Britannia: and Britons never shall be slaves—to anything but their own foolishness. It is highly probable that you could train a monkey to fire a machine gun, after it had been "laid" by electricity; but British pluck will always tell! True, that British pluck might be as "sick as a dog" for the first few days at sea: and the Naval war might be decided in one hour: but even so, there's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft, to keep watch o'er the life of the Briton! Time was, and we were taught that the Lord helped those who helped themselves. That time is passed, and the new rôle is never mind yourselves; help the poor foreigner. Heaven didn't see fit to give him the blessings of a big Navy; of bigger "booms;" of wire-wound guns that "develop a split;" of undermanned ships; and unmanned merchant vessels. In fact, providence was altogether unkind to the poor foreigner, so Britain must carry through, that which providence neglected.

One of her methods of so doing, is to give a free stem to every foreigner that flatters us enough, by wishing to know the navigation of our coastal waters. Let him come! Give him a "branch," so that, by-and-bye, he'll have the whole tree! The mere fact, that our countrymen have to serve irksome years to make themselves proficient, has nothing to do with the case. The other fellow was a stranger, and we took him in. Soon, he will be in a position to "take in" a choice sample of his brother squareheads; will take them in to every dock-gate in the country, when, with one little charge of dynamite, or other then-fashionable "ite," he will dislocate the whole fighting machinery of the country. Then, they'll put the boom across the harbour at Portsmouth; the local band will strike up, "Rule Britannia"—and if everybody isn't happy, and jovial, well, then they ought to be. The Government worked it out on those lines, so it should gravitate around according to Cocker—and the President of the takes-a-lot-of-killing Board of Trade! We write strongly on this subject, for the reason that we have gained our experience at sea: not on an office stool, where the prevailing methods is for the partially blind to lead the totally so.

That experience has taught us that, the foreigner acts, as if he considered that his pilots were essential to the welfare of his country; and that any alien daring to say a word about the business, would be firmly, but peremptorily escorted out of temptation. Try to enter a Russian port without a pilot; make an endeavour thereafter in Germany; if not fatigued with the attempt, give your attention to France, Spain, anywhere, outside of Britain; and what is likely to be the result? Well, it will not be conducive for your comfort in either of those countries, if you happen to be a Briton. Of course, we are aware that the officers in the British Navy are encouraged to become "pilots," for the waters which lave the shores of the various countries

of the earth. As a matter of fact, if occasion serves, they will gladly vouchsafe the information that, for such-a-place they hold a pilot's certificate! Yea, lor! And it's a wonderful thing to hold—come to think of it! It is nearly as wonderful, if you don't. Here is a bit of personal knowledge: gleaned at sea. The Sea of Marmora, to be exact, and in the lovely month of August, when day-light was superabundant.

TIME, 5.30 a.m. Hora, abeam, and Gallipoli just where it ought to be—practically ahead. Old Man steering; mate and three hands washing down, ready for the usual homeward-bound paint-ship séance. On the bridge with the Old Man, sundry Naval officers *en route* for Besika Bay, and the saving of their bacon. A toss up whether the old crock does it in time, or whether the worthy gentlemen will be cashiered as leave-breakers. Conversation, at first—between the Old Man and his guests—somewhat desultory; both wondering if this is to be a short passage, or merely the commencement of a longer one—for home, in both instances. Old Man keeping her "dead on," so as to save a brother sailor from difficulties, and the Chief giving her an extra prick up in the packs, for the reason that Engineer-Lieutenants were among the guests. Soon, conversation becomes general; passed the Dohan Aslan l.v., so that the chances are becoming roseate-hued! Naval officer intimates that he is a Mormora pilot, and expresses wonder that the Old Man doesn't indulge in cross bearings; declares that the beach, right along behind Dohan Aslan, is chock-full of rocky-heads, and shoals, generally.

OLD MAN, as he gives another spoke of starboard helm Gallipoli l.h. a bit too much ahead!—merely grunts; Naval gentleman becomes emphatic; assures Old Man that he speaks the truth. Latter merely looks at him—and squares her up, again, with a touch of port helm. Naval person wishes to know how Old Man can tell about those shoals, and the *Festive Fanny's* clearance thereof, if cross bearings are not taken? Thinks the whole proceeding disgraceful, and admits that it is a marvel—"How you merchant seamen get your ships about." What ho! But still harping on the Mormora pilotage, the presence of rocks and shoals, the wickedness of only one man on deck and he "the skippah!"—and the continued absence of cross-bearings, that Naval man finally gets on the Old Man's nerves. So much so, that he remarks, "Mister, I don't doubt your word in the least. A considerable number of voyages up this way, has convinced me that there are rocks and shoals along the beach, there. That's mainly why I am keeping the *Festive Fanny* out here, in deep water. Mister, this vessel isn't worth shakes at travelling over shoals and rocky heads: she wants deep water—to be a commercial success.

"You mightn't think it, perhaps, but so far in her life, she has been a commercial success, and, as long as I'm here, and keep her in not less than 22 feet of water, she is likely to continue at the game. I don't wish to appear rude to a guest; but I'm not paid to look for rocky-heads and shoals; my Boss pays me for my knowledge of deep water. Past voyages have taught me to believe that I know about all there is of that class of water between here and Cardiff dock gates, say; and I should prefer to leave the rock-dodging to you gentlemen—who are working for a big and influential firm." And then he starboarded a bit, to keep her out from butting into Gallipoli l.h. Fact! The Naval gentleman muttered something rude about compasses that were merely scrap-heaps, and by the time Nagara Point was reached, the Old Man had it all to himself, on that bridge. Mind you, those Naval gentlemen were landed, in time to save the cashiering; they were awfully nice fellows, too, socially considered; from a nautical standpoint, however, they left much to be desired; although they were merely victims of a system: a system which, to-day, is manufacturing pilots for foreign warships, as fast as they can possibly need them. Rule Britannia! It's a good song, and we might as well indulge in it, while it holds good—or bad?

To live up to the teachings of the words "Ocean Empire," is a tough job. Most of us have grown into the belief that the words "territorial waters" mean, anywhere within the three-mile-limit. Apparently, this is wrong, and territorial waters to a Briton, mean anywhere within the wide, wide world. We are constrained to the foregoing, by a consideration of the *Racine* affair. It will be remembered, that the steamer in question ran into a sailing vessel, name unknown, when about nine miles off the Foreland. *Racine* was put back to Barry, and the Receiver of Wreck put in a claim that he was entitled to the captain's personal evidence on the matter, seeing that the vessel had been in distress, "on" the coasts of the United Kingdom. The Shipmaster thought differently—as would most other people, under the circumstances—and declined to appear before a power which, obviously—at least, we should so consider it—had no jurisdiction. Well, the case was "fought out" at Barry Police Court, one day last week, and two worthy members of the Great Unpaid, rushed in where real nautical men might have feared to tread. Territorial Waters Jurisdiction Acts are nothing, when 'longshore Solons are entrusted with a sea-going case?

THE Acts referred to, provide that territorial waters shall extend to a limit of three miles from dry land—but presumably, that is only in the case of foreign fishermen intent on poaching? Anyhow, it doesn't apply at Barry Police Court, for the captain of the *Racine* was fined—exactly for what, doesn't appear—to the extent of £1, and costs. Judging by the smallness of the fine, one should be justified in believing that the Bench, of the occasion, had some doubts as to their position; but that seeing a shipmaster had come to grief, then, "something salutary" was necessary? 'Tis ever thus, and so the farce continues! Naturally, leave to appeal was given; you may always appeal from the decisions of persons who do not appear to be blessed with very extensive reasons to act as translators of the law, as connected with shipping affairs. Time and again, we have commented on the necessity for the establishment of a Marine Court at Cardiff; this is another instance where the need of such an arrangement is strongly emphasised. To our mind, the law is clear enough on this point. If you come to grief within territorial waters, you must act as in manner provided; if you come to grief outside of territorial waters, you may please yourself; and territorial waters are, by Act of Parliament, to extend seaward, for three miles. Yet Solons fail to grasp such simple translations—when the modern Ishmael is at hand. Needless to say, Ishmael, here, is the shipmaster!

FURTHERMORE, it doesn't appear to matter a great lot, whether the shipmaster is a Briton, or subject to a foreign flag, as in this instance. Of course, the smallness of the fine, might have been because the shipmaster was a "poor foreigner." One never knows, in undertakings of this kind. Again, the doubt which probably existed in the minds of the sapient judges, might have been induced by the Board of Trade's solicitor, who, in opening the case, remarked that it was one of very considerable importance,

the point being a very interesting and simple one. See? When a man is somewhat doubtful of his ground, you may easily conceive the possibility of "putting him off his eggs," as the phrase goes, by intimating that he is to be trusted with the decision in a case of "considerable importance;" one that is "very interesting," but is "simple," withal. See how nicely the B.T. man managed to work his cards! The "considerable importance" was calculated to put the fear of the Unseen, into the hearts of the magistrates: the "very interesting" was bound to smooth out the ruffles of dignity super-imposed by the importance; and then, the simplicity of the whole caboodle, was sure to get a verdict for the prosecuting persons? Anyhow, it worked out thusly, and we are wondering what the next move will be? If a ship toboggans into another, down at Otaheite, will that be considered as territorial waters, too?

THE question of alien pilots, and to which we have already given some extended consideration, is, at length, claiming consideration from all sections of the press. This is a good sign, and in the near future, perhaps, public opinion will have become too strong for the present idiotic conditions to continue. That the present state of affairs in this connection is idiotic, or childish, goes without saying, and most of us are in a state of wonderment, that a mere calling of attention to the affair, hasn't received prompt, and efficacious handling. The *Law Times*, even, is having a gird at the subject, and in a recent issue, says: "Englishmen are not allowed to obtain pilotage certificates in foreign ports, but are compelled to take pilots on all occasions, while at the present time there are no less than fifty-nine aliens who hold pilot certificates for the London district and approaches to the Rivers Thames and Medway, alone. The danger of such a state of things is apparent." It isn't! The danger is obvious—not apparent. All the same, it is a passing good thing, when even the law journals can find time to go into this grave national danger. When a few more of them have sounded the warning note, perhaps, the powers that be, will find enough time, to give some little attention to the matter.

THE wrangle in connection with trade in the Marshall Islands, and to which we have frequently referred, would appear to be by way of settlement. The wicked company which has been playing such high jinks in that quarter, will have its agreement—which is held from the German Government—terminated, as from March 31, 1906. The Germans have been inclined to act fairly in this matter, and have recorded the opinion that it was hardly worth while to disagree with the British Government, "in connection with a matter of such trifling importance." Therefore, the Jaluit Company will have its Pacific wings cut, as suggested. Concerning that *Isabel*, to which we referred away back, it would now appear that the reason she was refused a supply of water, was that the Islands were suffering from the same complaint, and so the vessel could but receive enough "boiler water" to enable her to proceed elsewhere in search of the life-giving fluid. M'yes. It's alright? When engaged in condensing water, it is fairly easy to go until enough fresh water is obtained? However, we shall watch this special corner of the earth, with interest. When our good friends the Germans, are in the mind of promising us something good, they can generally be depended on to keep their word?

OUR good friends of the *Straits Budget* have been letting themselves go, in style, over "the Baltickers—one Rozhetc.'s fleet of freak-ships! Here, what's the matter with this, as a sample of how they can do it, out Singapore way? Read: "Never in her history, has Singapore witnessed a spectacle of such impressive splendour, as the passage of the Baltic Fleet, on Saturday afternoon, and never—according to all the chances of war, and precedents of history—will she ever witness it again." Obviously, the foregoing is meant for us to understand that the lovely fleet, is composed of ships that will never return? For "Since the Duke of Medina Sidonia took the Invincible Armada out of Lisbon, some three centuries ago, the world has seen no naval pageant (bit rough on that big review of Britain's, 'way back?) of such vast magnificence: but though the seemingly irresistible aggregation of sea power that steamed through in the afternoon sun, appeared to be the most overwhelming fleet that man could possibly bring together, its value as a fighting body was small, and any fair-sized squadron of the enemy that encountered it, might reasonably expect to obliterate the entire array of palpitant glory between the rising and setting of one sun."

MAKES you weep, does it not? You start looking around for a sheet, or other goodly-proportioned piece of linen, cambric, or something? That's how we felt, anyhow. Here is a spectacle of impressive splendour; one that knocks all former spectacles of a like nature, into the proverbial cocked hat; but with it all, poor old Rozh-etc., providing he falls in with a "fair-sized squadron" from Japan, is going to lose all his "palpitant glory," and in double quick time, too. Yea, lor'! But things are rough on Rozzy? Of what use is it to hump a scene of impressive splendour all the way to Singapore—and further—if its "palpitant glory" (say, we like that combination, and are wondering where our contemporary fell across it?) is going to be obliterated, "between the rising and the setting of one sun?" "Out of the forty-four great ships that sailed so proudly by, but sixteen were proper fighting ships." And yet our friend enthuses about it all! Singapore is a fine place, and contains many fine things. Its pineapples used to be good enough, once on a time! But its whiskey wasn't much of it. Sort of chemically concocted. And of course, the stuff might be of the same kind, now. Poor old Rozzy. He is evidently sailing away with a funeral!

THE coal-trimming confloption still pursues its merry way, and although we are told that the shipowners interested, are pressing for a settlement, we, who know, are constrained to smile. There is but precious little "pressing," or a settlement would have been reached, some months ago. Instead of pressing on to the goal which should make the trimming charges average out to £20 per boat, where from £40 to £60 obtains, at present, the shipowners are filled with a holy desire to convince each other, that each one has the easiest-trimmed boat on earth. One of these odd afternoons, we shall give the true inwardness of the trimming question—and it will form interesting matter; of that, you may be sure. We shall explain to you how Mr. Trunk is convinced that his boat is best, while Mr. Turret is equally certain that coal will slide around the sweep formed by a turret ship's structure, better than it will pass the right-angle formed by the trunk. Again, we shall explain how Mr. Shelter-deck is convinced that his boat is better than either trunk or turret; while the double-decked owner is charry of passing any kind of remark, and mainly because he is chairman of a working-man's club, and that the General Election is near. You bide a wee! The coal-trimming fiasco has nearly reached the limit of our patience, and we do but watch the course of events—if the motions, here, are worthy the name.

EH, but this is awful! At least, it would be awful, if we hadn't considered the same thing, for quite a while. What

is it? Why, that bit of straight talk which Mr. Stephen Jacobs has been giving some people, up at Pontlottyn. Mr. Jacobs has been telling the crowd that "Mabon," and the other miners' leaders, are to blame for the attitude which the miners have adopted, with reference to the Federation. Exactly as we conclude. "The leaders assumed a power which was not given them, and the rank and file of the Federation are resenting it." Small blame to them, too? As far as we can see, these so-called labour leaders usually do "assume a power which is not given them." We are never going to believe that any sane number of brother-citizens, will be idiotic enough to empower a number of their fellows to haze them, after the manner in which the hazing is carried on by the Federation bosses. To stop men who are in arrears, and on the public highway, with a sort of "money or your life" demand—well the picture is not at all pleasant, or reassuring, is it? Parliamentary levies are all very well, as long as a man agrees to its being levied; but when that money is bounced out of one on a claim that one doesn't agree with, it is altogether up another street? Mr. Jacobs is also of the opinion, that there is not more than 2s. per head in the funds of the Federation!

Of course, it should be fairly easy to disprove Mr. Jacobs' opinion, in this connection. A presentation of the Federation's balance sheet, audited to-date, would obviate all these nasty suggestions which are about, and we are surprised that a statement of accounts has not, ere this, been trotted out in the columns of our up-town contemporary, which assumes an inward knowledge of the workings of the colossal brain of the labour leader. Anyhow, it certainly lends colour to the assumption that the Federation is in a moribund condition, when its shekels have to be hawked for, on the King's highway? Don't you think so? When a concern is in a flourishing condition, it usually elects to collect its dues in a dignified manner—at least, in as dignified a manner as it can assume. Of course, it is just possible that this hawking on the highway is all the dignity which the Federation bosses understand? They might know, from past experience, that "to catch 'em on the hop," is about the only way to catch 'em at all? It is impossible to class Federations of this kind, with ordinary businesses, or benefit affairs; for there is altogether too much of the bread-for-life, among the "leaders" of the Miners' Federation.

If some of those leaders would insist on standing aside, so that others of the crowd, and those which are equally well-endowed with brains, might have a chance—well, we should pin more faith to the arrangement. As things are, however, the same names appear on the "board of directors," and as far as we can see, they never offer themselves for re-election. On the contrary, rather, for they certainly seem to have elected themselves, as "life guardians" of the Sacred Cause. That is to say, the combination is not the Miners' Federation, for it is "Mabon's?" And now, in his sere and yellow leaf, the younger members of the cult are rapidly becoming restive. Possibly the Board School education which was denied their fathers, is beginning to bear fruit; that, in the near future, there will be less of the one-man dictation about the thing. If so, we shall look forward to the time, when the Miners' Federation will be a power for good in the land. As things are, it is merely a menace; a political fighting machine; and the sooner its affairs are put in order, the better will it be for all. But is it really worth that 2s. per head? If so, how many members are there actually enrolled?

In other words, is it a live organisation, or merely a pretended one? A number of well-wishers of the workingman, would like to be clear on the matter, for they most of them realise that it is useless wasting time or money in an attempt to benefit the toilers' conditions of labour, if, after all, the benefits merely gravitate around a few men who do no work. For quite a while, now, the impression has been gaining ground, that any help extended to the collier—through his alleged Federation—will but benefit the leaders of the caucus; will enable them to flood the counsels of the nation with amateur legislators; and that, ultimately, the last case of the genuine worker will be worse than his first. Surely it is not too much to ask for a peep at the financial standing, of this public organisation which has ever so much to say? There are numberless people who would lend a hand, if they could be but sure that their help went into the channels for which it was intended. But to swell the funds of a more or less dying combination, which appears to aim no higher than to be put into a position to do back-stairs political work—well, such a thing is not to be contemplated, is it? Of course, "Mabon" will reply to Mr. Stephen Jacobs; will stigmatise the whole contention as dastardly, or something equally choice? But give us the financial statement.

Here we are! Mr. William Crooks breaking out in a new place! He is of opinion that only the incorrigible boy will make a good sailor, and yet folk go out of their way, to condemn the incorrigible man who has developed from an incorrigible boy! We suppose that Mr. Crooks is as well-posted on this subject, as are most of the alleged authorities which for ever endeavour to stuff their logic down our necks? All the same, we much doubt if the hardy and strenuous worker knows more about it, than he does of Sanskrit. Naturally, it is all of a piece with the conduct which has gone so far toward making the Navy, and the Mercantile Marine, what they are—the one an ill-manned conglomeration of warships; the other a foreign-manned group of merchant ships. Mr. Crooks was discoursing on the training ship *Exmouth*, at the time of giving vent to his quotation, above. In addition to the incorrigible speech, the worthy M.P. declared that the *Exmouth* was in existence for the purpose of making sailors—not clerks or Sunday School teachers. If this be so, then has *Exmouth* failed in her mission to date; for, to the best of our belief, she has done precious little in the making of sailors; and in the future, she will do less—unless the unexpected happens.

Talk is cheap, but it takes money to buy nuts? And there is no getting away from the fact, that training ship boys are not *persona grata* with any legitimate sailormen. About ninety-nine per cent. of them have been "trained" altogether too highly for commercial purposes, and instead of being lads, proper, they are oftener young "old men." Up to every dodge on the board—and under it, for that matter; chock-a-block full of sea-lawyer ideas; suddenly released from the "training" which was the sole reason of the existence of their late bosses, but which is merely a portion of their present ones; small wonder that the training-ship lad is the reverse of an acquisition. The plain truth of the matter is, that officers in the merchant service are too busy to bother about specialising the training of any young men that may favour them with their presence; and up to the time of shipping on a "merch.," these training-ship lads have had nothing but a specialised training. Is it any wonder, then, if the boys soon run amuck; become sat on; and throw up the life that was supposed to be so full of enchantment? Wonder or not, this is what happens—in nine cases out of ten; and practical experience has made us incline to the belief, that training ships are far more efficacious in the manufacture of clerks and Sunday School teachers, than for the making

of sailors—all Mr. Crooks' assertions to the contrary, notwithstanding.

REALLY, we are becoming a sensation-loving race! When everything else palls upon our jaded appetite; when the sea-serpent, fails to make his annual appearance; when gooseberries elect to grow all of a size; when the nightingale has sworn off bathing the limpid moonlight with liquid sound; when the giant Russian, or the ju-jitsu jujube has ceased to charm; then, we get a thrill from a number of shoemakers "on strike"! Great heavens! What is the country coming to? But we suppose it is alright? The march of the men of boot-tags, has taken place; they have been welcomed to London by a blue-blooded lady, seated in a "blood-red moty car"; have been hailed as comrades and "brothers" by the lady in question; she has gathered up the brails of a spring confection; waved a scented hand in adieu; pip-pipped to their cheers, and scooted away; the "striking" gentlemen have vindicated their manhood, by accepting the charity of the mob in Trafalgar Square, 'fore all the world as if they were but Punch-and-Judy shows; and then commenced the homeward trail. It is all very funny, but oh, it is pathetic? And in the midst of an educated era too!

ONE can understand the lady's little flutter; she has nothing else to do with her time, and to some people, a flutter is absolutely essential; notoriety must be won, if only as an eccentric. But when one considers the so-called men which took part in this raree show—what can one think of them? Presumably, the majority of the gang will be married men: will have families depending, more or less, on their efforts: but, for the transient glory which coruscates around a march to London: for the equivocal honour of being met by a lady of the land: to be enabled to bum a free feed or so, and scramble, like hooligans, for the coppers of the mob; all their responsibilities are thrown aside, and a —to them—high-class beano is indulged in. With the grievances of those misguided bootmakers, we have nothing to say. Nothing, that is, outside of the fact that men who will act in such an idiotic manner, scarcely deserve anything better than to have grievances. If a manly statement of a grievance will not bring redress, it is a positive certainty, that playing the mountebank will not. "Moty cars," camaradie, cunning confections, cooing cajolery, and the like, are all very well in their place; but that place is nowhere near the hearts of men who really believe that they are being imposed upon? That is how we look at the matter.

THE Kaiser has been a bit unkind in his remarks concerning the Russian officers at Kiaochau, where they bought up all the champagne that was comeatable. If the Kaiser had such a sorry outlook as those Russian officers, it is highly probable that he would need a lot of champagne—if only for the purpose of deadening the real pain. When a number of men are about to sail away with a nautical hearse, it takes something of an effervescing nature, to enable them to keep her head East for the boneyard. However, the Kaiser had some really good advice to give his officers, when addressing them at Strasburg, on the occasion referred to. His Majesty remarked that "Young people must be more employed; they must work hard in the day, so that by eventide, they are healthily tired, and go early to bed, instead of seeking enervating pleasures." In Utopia, the advice would be good. In Material Land however, we have our doubts. To work all day, and then turn in to sleep, doesn't appear to be the ideal existence for "young people," these days? In fact, we much doubt if the Kaiser, himself, would cotton to the advice, if he happened to be a mere "young person," instead of being a Kaiser? After all, platitudes do not help the cause of civilisation, overmuch.

WE are not altogether sure that there was anything startlingly sensational about the annual meeting of the Bristol Incorporated Chamber of Commerce and Shipping, which was held one day last week. In fact, the whole affair seemed to be of the usual stereotyped character, and originality was no more conspicuous by its absence, than it is at functions of the kind, generally. There was the accepted amount of mutual admiration in evidence, and the orthodox prattling of trade depressions. The President of the Chamber, Mr. George E. Davies, "testified to the practical work that was being done by the Chamber for the trading community of Bristol"; and insinuated that manufacturers and merchants to-day, were enjoying many conveniences and facilities, that were directly attributable to the action thereof. This is quite true, and is matter for no surprise, after all, seeing that a chamber of commerce exists for this very reason. We note that Mr. Sydney Humphries had something to say about the antiquated composition of the Board of Trade; that it had fallen behind our national requirements; and that if Parliament, "in its wisdom, could create a Secretary of State, with a Consulting Board made up of leading representative men of commerce, then, a great step would have been taken."

IT would! For such a step, the country has been waiting, for years, as the institution shadowed out, would be the long-talked-of Ministry of Commerce. Of course, there was a dinner after that meeting. There always is! On this particular occasion, Lord Salisbury was the principal guest of Bristol's Chamber of Commerce, and "strange as it might appear," his lordship came before them, that evening, "as representing that department of his Majesty's Government which had to do with trade." We are not quite clear as to whether it was as "strange" as his Lordship suggested. Not at all! As President of the Board of Trade, Lord Salisbury shines at least as brilliantly as others, who have held the honourable, if somewhat sinecurish—if we may put it thus—position. At this stage in our country's history, few thinking men expect anything great, from a President of the Board of Trade. At the best, his job is but a passing incident; a modern instance of where the dog is wagged by the tail—instead of *vice versa*. Is anybody going to believe that a President, here, will do other than follow the line of least resistance: or that the said line is other than that mapped out, by the permanent officials? Certainly not, so that any consideration of what is said by such presidents, is merely a waste of good time.

IF the President of the Board of Trade were endowed with any power of carrying out a bit of initiative, well, it would be worth while attending to the indirect formation of the said trait. But we all know that such an idea is Utopian, in the extreme. That the secretary men are they on whom the administration of the Department falls. Also, that if the secretaries are little other than betrousered ladies, it is useless to expect anything forceful, and up-to-date from them. No, there is nothing strange in finding Lord Salisbury representing a trade department of the Government, at a Bristol dinner; even although he feels, himself, that such is the case. That Britain might possess men who are more eligible for the position; men who have spent a lifetime in acquiring a thorough appreciation of the duties which should belong to a 'live President, of a 'live Board of Trade, is open to discussion. But we much doubt if, in all Britain, there is a man who has had a

better, or more long-headed father: or one who had rendered better service to his King and country, than his Lordship. This being so, where is the strangeness in finding that father's son posing as head of the Board of Trade? Haven't we all grown to the knowledge that the Board of Trade is exactly the place to train all Governmental novitiates? We are a trading nation, so that our Board of Trade is a fitting place in which to train all experimentalists, probationers, apprentices—style 'em what you will.

If they do not transgress terribly, while bossing the Board—well there is hope for those novitiates, in some more important position. This is exactly as it should be. To a trading nation, a Board of Trade is of supreme indifference! Any mistakes there, do not amount to much, and will not affect the country to any great extent—and principally because the trading nation made the Board of Trade; not the other way about, as should really be the case. Moreover, there is less strain on a man's intelligence in this phase of Governmental work, than perhaps in any other—and that is admitting a lot! To be a successful President, here, you merely have to sit tight, and do what you are told—by the permanent officials. If there is anything going wrong, you can hunk it on to the permanent secretaries: if everything goes right (from your point of view) you can claim the credit, and a lift in the way of promotion. That is, Whitehall, is the Government's training-ship-of-state. Put in a term, there; be good; give as little trouble as possible; and heaven only knows what there is before you in the way of a political career, thereafter. It's all plain enough, don't you think? And there is absolutely no "strangeness" in finding Lord Salisbury graduating in this direction. Nary a bit!

Our congratulations to Lieutenant H. T. A. Bosanquet, R.N., for his able remarks on the subject of training boys for the Mercantile Marine. It is a crying shame—and a national danger—to note that the present total of 40,000 foreigners in British forecastles, is a constantly increasing one. So much so, that it must give uncomfortable qualms of conscience to all who have the interest of their country at heart. The worst of the business is, that the remaining Britons are so hopeless of anything better materialising, that they are rapidly degenerating into an undisciplined mob. However, Lieut. Bosanquet has interested himself in the matter, and says that "to pour recruits in under present conditions, is to try to fill a basin with a hole in it, for as fast as new boys are sent in, the older ones retire, just as they are on the point of becoming useful." That is the situation to a nicety, and although we have never used the basin simile, we have told you the same thing, time and again. Indeed, we have repeated the warning so often, that at length, our words are claiming the attention that is their due. Personally, we are glad. Not so much because anything valuable has yet resulted; but because the subject is claiming the attention which it deserves; and that eventually, the valuable result will materialise. When it does, we shall feel that we have not wasted our continued effort.

Here is another quotation from Lieut. Bosanquet's lecture at the Royal United Service Institution: "Any training scheme must go hand-in-glove with a plan for making a seaman's life more attractive." It must, or in the end, you will not have a British sailor left you. But after all, these discussions on a vexed question, usually end up in the same manner. There is ever that doctrine that "something" must be done; but the something is never, outside the columns of The Maritime Review, animadverted upon. The only "something" which is necessary to call thousands of British lads to a seafaring career, is to pay them a wage equivalent to what they would earn, in a similar capacity ashore. Only that! There is absolutely nothing obscure in the situation. It is all as plain as day—to those who have been there. It is just a question of cash. Nothing more. If the shipping trade will not stand any additional expense in the matter of wages—and it will, easily—then, there is nothing for it, but that we must sit down and see our maritime power pass over to nations which have more sense. All this old clap-trap about better food, separate rooms for the gentle matelot, bathrooms, etc., is beside the question.

Frankly, the men who are remaining, do not care a toss for separate rooms, bath-rooms, or anything of the kind. As a matter of fact, they are not troubling unduly about better pay, and mainly for the reason that they merely look upon their spell of sea life as an episode. Even as the hardened criminal will boast that he can "take" eighteen months chokee "on his head," so will the sailorman tell you that he cares nothing for the conditions existing on shipboard to-day—because he is hunting around for a shore job. It is you who will have to do the worrying, in future; and if you do not take up the business with a little more vim than has been apparent of late, it will soon matter nothing, as to whether you offer more pay, or otherwise. The plain truth is, that the British seamen which remain, are of mighty little use to anybody; are, in nine cases out of ten, a delusion and a snare to the men who employ them. Why is this? Simply that the good men have been driven ashore, and until you wean them back with fair pay and conditions, the service will simply go from bad to worse. We have discussed this subject exhaustively; have shown you, from personal experience, how matters may be mended; shall go on showing you—especially as you have, obviously, awakened to the truth of our strictures. For this occasion, we shall leave it—to return again, later on.

"She stoops to conquer!" "Of two evils choose the least." "I'll raise you," said the bluff player—or anything you like, so that you assimilate the truth of the "big reduction in miners' wages." Toll for the brave; the brave that have a sufficiency of sense to see that it is useless to run one's head against the bricks; and that he who fights and runs away, lives to fight another day! Is it necessary to go into the tortuous twistings which ever mark the alleged "fights" between master and men in the coal trade? Certainly not! It is quite sufficient to know that our words on May 5, have been justified. On that occasion, we wrote: "Everybody realised that, at the last time of asking—at the time when a 5 per cent. reduction was asked for—the demand was a just one; that the interest of the community demanded it. By the usual turning and twisting, the evil day (to the collier) was put off; now, to level the matter up, a 7½ per cent. reduction is called for." And the matter has been levelled-up, by the men submitting to the 5 per cent. reduction originally asked! In the meantime, the men have enjoyed the bliss of bluffing their employers out of a sum of money which would have been saved, had the sliding-scale been in operation. But really, the masters do not deserve any consideration. It's a rheumatic cure that they are most in need of.

Lord Muskerry, who has been spending the past three weeks at his Irish seat, Springfield Castle, County Limerick, has just returned to London for Parliamentary duties. The Merchant Service Guild have submitted to His Lordship, various important matters affecting ships and seamen. Two Bills of which he is sponsor, have been read a first time—the Winter Deck-loads Bill, and the Certificates Bill which seeks to provide that none but British subjects shall command, or officer, British vessels; or be granted pilotage certificates for British waters. His Lordship will also deal with efficient ballasting and life-saving apparatus on board ship; while another matter of great importance to shipping, generally, is that dealing with the exclusion of British ships from profitable trades, by other Maritime Powers.

SHIPBUILDING.

The Ailsa Shipbuilding Company, Limited, Troon, have launched a steel screw cargo steamer for Messrs. J. T. Duncan & Co., Cardiff. The vessel is of the following dimensions: 287ft. 6in. x 40ft. x 20ft. 6in. moulded, and she will carry 2,600 tons deadweight. She is equipped as a collier, with eight powerful steam winches and eight derricks, for the rapid handling of coal cargoes. She has been built to Lloyd's highest class, with all the latest improvements, including electric light throughout. The machinery will be supplied by Messrs. Muir & Houston, Glasgow, triple expansion engines, having cylinders 22½in., 37in., 60in. x 42in. stroke, and designed to develop 2,200 horse-power. The steamer was named *J. Duncan*.

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The iron screw steamer *Bucentaur*, lately owned by Messrs. Hall Brothers, Newcastle, has been sold to Norwegian buyers, and we understand the price paid is about £4,500. She was built and engined by the Palmers Company, Newcastle, in 1875. Dimensions 282ft. 3in. x 33ft. 3in. x 24ft. 2in.: 1773 tons gross: with engines 30½in., 61in. x 36in. stroke. The *Bucentaur* is to replace the *Beaconsfield*, bought a few weeks ago, but which stranded on the Norwegian coast, on her way out to Spitzbergen, and became a total wreck. Mr. Magnus K. Giaever, of Christiania, is the purchaser, who intends to utilise the steamer as a store ship for blubber, etc., in connection with the whale fishing industry.

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A new steamer of about 1,800 tons dead-weight building by Messrs. Osbourne, Graham, & Co., Sunderland, for Messrs. Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd., West Hartlepool, has just been sold for about £17,500. She is a single deck cargo steamer, with large self-trimming hatches, specially adapted for the coal trade. Dimensions, 235ft. x 33ft. 9in. x 17ft. 3in. moulded: draft loaded, about 15ft. 9in. Machinery by Messrs. Richardson, Westgarth & Co., Ltd., with engines, 18½in., 39in., 49in. x 33in. stroke. One single-ended boiler, 16ft. x 10ft. 6in.; working pressure, 180lbs.

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Messrs. W. S. Kennaugh & Co., of Liverpool and Whitehaven, have purchased a new cargo steamer, now building by Messrs. R. Williamson & Son, Workington. She will carry about 730 tons dead-weight on 13ft. draft. Dimensions, 163ft. 9in. x 26ft. 6in. x 13ft. 2in. moulded. The machinery will be supplied by Messrs. Ross and Duncan, Glasgow: with engines, 14in., 22½in., 37in. x 27in. stroke: one single-ended boiler, 13ft. 6in. x 10ft., working at 160lbs pressure. We understand the price paid is about £8,250.

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Messrs. Napier & Miller, Ltd., have secured fifteen acres of ground, at Old Kilpatrick, on the north bank of the Clyde, for a new up-to-date shipbuilding yard to take the place of their persent premises at Yoker, which they have to vacate, on account of the ground being required by the Clyde Trustees, for a new tidal dock. The new yard will be fitted with the most modern (electrically-driven) plant, and it will be most conveniently situated to the Caledonian Railway.

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It is reported that a new spec. steamer, building by Messrs. Wm. Hamilton & Co., Port Glasgow, to carry about 5,400 tons deadweight, has been sold to British buyers at about £32,500. Her dimensions are: 330ft. x 45ft. 6in. x 26ft. 6in. moulded: draft loaded, about 22ft. 3in.: with engines, 24in., 40in., 65in., x 42in. stroke. Two single-ended boilers, 15ft. 6in. x 10ft. 9in.: working pressure, 180lbs.

The steel screw steamer *Kinsman*, lately owned by the Bear Creek Oil and Shipping Company, Limited, of Liverpool, has been sold to the Anglo-American Oil Company, Limited. She was built and engined by Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., Ltd., Newcastle, in 1901, for carrying petroleum in bulk. Dimensions 360ft. x 49ft. 7in. x 30ft. 3in.; 4,534 tons gross; with engines 24in., 40in., 66in. x 48in. stroke. She will be renamed *Winnebago*.

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The steel screw steamer *Rotokino*, lately owned by the Union Steam Ship Company, of New Zealand, Limited, has been sold to Japanese buyers at about £15,000. She was built and engined by Messrs. W. Denny Brothers, Dumbarton, in 1890. Dimensions 270ft. x 37ft. 7in. x 18ft. 7in.: 2,064 tons gross; with engines 18in., 27½in., 36in., 53in. x 39in. stroke.

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The steel screw cargo and passenger steamer *Melmore*, lately owned by the Earl of Leitrim, Milford, Ireland, has been sold to British buyers at about £9,000. She was built and engined by Messrs. D. J. Dunlop & Co., Port Glasgow, in 1892. Dimensions 156ft. 2in. x 25ft. 8in. x 12ft.; 412 tons gross; with engines 15in., 23in., 38in. x 27in. stroke.

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The iron screw steamer *Sea Lion*, owned by Messrs. Leach & Co., Ltd., London, is reported sold to Japanese buyers. She was built by Messrs. T. Royden & Sons, Liverpool, in 1870. Dimensions 250ft. x 28ft. 7in. x 21ft. 3in.; 1,040 tons gross; with engines 18in., 25in., 44in. x 30in. stroke, by Messrs. D. Rolls & Sons.

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Messrs. J. Bruce & Co., Glasgow, have sold their iron screw steamer *Stromboli*, to Greek buyers, at about £4,250. She was built by Messrs. Laird Brothers, Birkenhead, in 1870, and had new engines and boilers fitted in 1885. Dimensions 258ft. 2in. x 29ft. 7in. x 20ft.; 1,158 tons gross: with engines 30in., 56in. x 36in. stroke.

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The Northern Steam Shipping Company, of St. Petersburg, are the purchasers of the steamer *Torbay*, reported sold in our last issue. She has been renamed *Alexy Morch*, and will be employed in the new owners' trade between London and St. Petersburg.

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The Corporation of Birkenhead are inviting tenders for the construction of a double twin screw ferry steamer for conveying vehicles and goods across the River Mersey, between Liverpool and Birkenhead. Tenders are to be in by the 23rd inst.

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The Admiralty have placed an order with Messrs. John J. Thornycroft & Co., Limited, of Chiswick and Southampton, for five torpedo boat destroyers, of a new type, intended for harbour and coast defence.

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The steel steam trawler *Strathisla*, built in 1894, by Messrs. Hall Russell & Co., Aberdeen, for the Aberdeen Steam Trawling & Fishing Co., Ltd., has been sold by them to Mr. W. Forbes.

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The steamer *Matoppo*, recently purchased by the Union Steam Ship Company, of New Zealand, Ltd., has been renamed *Wairuna*.

THE MARITIME REVIEW

FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1905.

A NEW FREIGHT MARKET?—MANITOBA-ON-THE-SEA!

(Second Article).

WE concluded our last week's discussion of this subject, by remarking that it is not the Maritime Provinces of Canada which suffer most acutely from a lack of winter transport. This is an indisputable fact, and for the reason that settlers, there, in the event of the Canadian coast ports, from any cause whatsoever, being inaccessible, can always find "open water," by going south to an American port. The greatest sufferers, then, are those whom fortune or circumstances —which amounts to the same thing, these days—have sent into, what is aptly known as, "the great North-West." Too far away to be able to stand the expense of sending their produce to an American port—something nearer home, must be attempted. Then, again, there is the ice in winter, and the fog in summer, to spoil the utility of the St. Lawrence; and to make it and its approaches, about as hateful a piece of navigation, as it is possible to find, on earth. These, then, are the factors which are calculated to make the intending freighter search around for an alternative route; one which, if beset with many dangers, may yet be less cursed than the existing route. We most of us realise, that the ice and fogs referred to, have had more to do with the crippling of Canadian trade, than all the other disadvantages—such as those which are inevitably associated with a "new" country, scarcity of labour, capital, etc.—put together. It has been said that the shipowner, when offered a Canadian freight, is prone to hesitate and, if possible, to look around for something better. Personally, we are of opinion that the underwriter has had more to do with the penalising of Canadian trade, than has the shipowner. When a body of men find, from actual experience, that "the graveyard of the Atlantic" is also a graveyard for any possible profits from underwriting—well, the gentlemen interested, are likely to search around for all manner of safeguards for their own interests; safeguards which act detrimentally to the Dominion's chances of ultimate success? One fact, however, stands out in distinct clearness. Canadian trade must be developed, in order to find a market for the produce raised by the hardy souls, who are opening out this brand-new land. The numerous elevators which are scattered throughout the interior, hold, and store, grain, to the extent of many millions of bushels. Furthermore, the number of these elevators is growing, rapidly. Stock-raising, too, is ever on the increase, and in conjunction with dairy produce, fruit, poultry, eggs, and other "farmers' goods," makes the necessity for some kind of moderately dependable transit, a very real one. Indeed, the nation is fully aroused to the great importance of finding a relatively cheap method of transit—aye, right from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts. This brings us down to a consideration of the title which we have elected to place above this present writing. For many years, past, the pioneer in the interior, has cast longing eyes, and anxious thought, toward the possibility of an outlet in the Hudson's Bay. Until quite recently, that pioneer was too busy in his efforts to place matters on his homestead on a workable basis, to be able to spare more than an anxious thought as to the probabilities herein contained. His summer was all too short for him to spare time for initial incursions into unknown territory —even in imagination. Time has altered those conditions. His homestead is a flourishing concern, and if he would profit by his arduous toil in the past, he must work out his salvation on new lines—seeing that old ones have proved themselves a delusion and a snare. Thus it comes about, that an outlet in Hudson's Bay, used in conjunction with the many rivers flowing thereinto, possesses an attraction for those whose future depends, absolutely, on some such means of transport. In other words, the hardy pioneer has come to the conclusion that, if a man may not have what he would, he may still make the best use of what he has. Obviously, there is no efficient waterway any nearer; what can be done with the facilities which Hudson's Bay might have, up to now, locked up in its bosom. In addition to the fascination which ever lays around the unknown, there is the possibility that, with the help of modern science, this particular scheme might be worked on a commercially successful footing. There can be no getting away from the fact that, in the event of this project materialising, the farmer in the North-West Territories would be nearer to Liverpool than he is at present—considered from a freightage point of view—by some thousand miles, or more. That is, if we remember what it means to get from Winnipeg, say, to the Atlantic ports, at present, and before the sea-voyage has commenced. What is the incentive for this new route? Well, the United Kingdom has been, for years past, gradually increasing its taking of grain from the Dominion: an increase which is represented by many millions of bushels. That the Old Country can—and will—take a constantly increasing quantity—if it can be supplied —goes without comment. Especially is this little item worthy of attention, at the present moment, when the supplies from the United States have been greatly restricted, due in some measure, to the increasing needs of a growing nation within the confines of her own shores. In fact, the removal of the import duty on grain brought to the Republic, enabled American millers to grind Canadian wheat, for mixing with their various food preparations, and tends to enhance the outside commercial value of the Canadian-grown article, quite apart from its intrinsic worth, to those who raise it. With all these forces at work—forces that will be multiplied, indefinitely, as the years roll on—Canada must, in self-defence (or in her struggle for survival), find easier, readier, and cheaper means for handling the fruits of her people's industry, for their direct benefit and prosperity. As a matter of fact, the Dominion is thus engaged, and so it is that the anxious looks referred to, are cast in the direction of Hudson's Bay. At present the Canadian Pacific Railway has completed the only trans-continental route. But the Canadian Northern Railway Company is pushing her hurriedly-and-temporarily-constructed track from the Great Lakes to the Pacific, and sooner or later, as the case might be, will be another factor in the expansion of Canada. On the Canadian Pacific route, extending though it does, from ocean to ocean, but a single line of track is available, for the purpose of handling the whole of the trans-continental traffic. True, the Company, which, at Winnipeg, is completing the largest goods which the whole world contains, has promised that, during the present year, it will extend the three hundred miles, or so, of sidings between Winnipeg and the east; and also to make the track there, a double one. This, of course, will be a great relief to the congestion that, so far, is always in evidence there; and it will further conduce to the safety of the travelling public. It is highly probable that an incentive to renewed action has been given to the Canadian Pacific, by reason of the approaching competition which will be their's, when the rapidly-proceeding lines of the Canadian Northern are completed. The Pacific end, noticeably, of the latter company's track, is being proceeded with at forced effort, though a long distance thereof is now in daily service for both passenger and mineral traffic. Added to this, we have the Grand Trunk Railway system, in whose interests, survey parties are now busily engaged, in locating the best route for their engineering efforts. Meanwhile, settlers are pouring into the country, in shoals, and are thus forming a community and a commercial basis, which

will assure prosperity to the lines under construction. Naturally, there is ample room for millions more, for the land is a new one, and as already stated, has an area greater than that of the United States of America; aye, after allowing for the great amount of water space taken up by the gigantic lakes and swamps; and leaving out of consideration the vast tracks of land which are rendered practically useless, by the greater severity of the northern climate. It will thus be understood, that many generations must come and go, ere the hand of man can bring under cultivation, this land of promise of full and plenty. However, as we have already remarked, Hudson's Bay has long been the goal of many an ambition. As a trading point for fur and timber, it has remained an outpost for hundreds of years, and ever since the year 1735—with but one or two exceptions—a trading vessel has made an annual visit to Moose Factory. In spite of all this, we lack a very great deal of necessary information concerning the possibilities of this region; information that is absolutely essential, if it is intended to render navigation at least as safe as it is in the St. Lawrence; especially for ocean-going steamers, that are intended for the negotiation of Hudson's Straits, and the other channels of the Bay. This is the initial difficulty, for thence to the Nelson and Churchill rivers, it would appear that the navigation is no more difficult, than applies ordinarily. A careful analysis of the information which is available, tends to show that the "open season" hereaway, extends for five or six months in each year—sometimes longer, sometimes shorter, according to the mildness or severity of the particular year under consideration. But we will touch on this phase of the subject, later on. Meanwhile, we might remark that one of the greatest signs of awakened interest, lays in the fact that the Provincial Government of Manitoba, in their Legislative Assembly, this year, have decided to seek from the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa, permission to extend their boundaries in a northerly and westerly direction. Northwards, it is sought to increase that boundary to the Hudson's Bay, with hope to secure a site for an eventual seaport that shall be, as already stated, nearer to Liverpool by many a weary mile than is Montreal, on the St. Lawrence. If this "dream of expansion" culminates in materialisation, Premier Roblin has pledged his word, that he is prepared to send out an expedition whose business shall be to make a thorough study of the weather conditions of the locality; to survey the entrances to the various rivers which pour their waters into the Bay; and finally, to obtain reliable data from which to prepare charts for the use of the navigator.

(To be continued).

TO PROTECT LOCAL INTERESTS.

THAT the newest "combine" was needed, goes without saying, and if there is any wonder at all about the subject, it is that some such combination as that of the Bristol Channel Dock Owners, recently effected, did not take place years ago. It cannot be denied that the interests of the whole community of South Wales, depend absolutely on the various docks with which the district is blessed; for if the shipping were diverted from this quarter of the globe, the London of Macaulay's prophesy, would be a most hilarious place in comparison. Sometimes, the colliery man is apt to overlook this little fact; indeed, he overlooks it far too often, in his dealings with shipowner; and frequently conducts himself, as if he and his coal business, were a heaven-sent arrangement; while shipowner and his business is merely an accidental group of conditions. That shipowner is mostly to blame for this deplorable state of affairs is, unfortunately, true. In the past, he has been prone to sneak in anywhere; to accept anything that was offered; to secede, and backslide, generally, from any agreement which permitted of such secession; and, in the end, he has been treated exactly as he deserved. Nevertheless, the shipowner is the reason of existence of South Walian ports, and to cater for his wants, some of the world's finest docks have been provided. We none of us may get away from the fact, that if there were no shipping, there would be no coal trade, and if past actions have taught the coalowner to believe otherwise, indications are not wanting that a better understanding is toward. When it eventually dawns, the conditions under which the community, here, exist, will be greatly improved. As it has been with the shipowner, so has it with the dock owner. In the past, he has been uniformly treated as if he had no body to be kicked, and no soul to be damned—although without his enterprise, the shipping couldn't come here, to help the coalman to pile up his hundreds of thousands. But even as is the case of shipowners, so is it with the dock owners. They have realised, for quite a time, that concerted action was essential, if they hoped to be enabled to keep their heads above water, so to speak. With the knowledge of this little fact before them, they have held informal meetings for the protection of their common interests, and those meetings have been so altogether successful, that at last, there is a *bona fide* combination in existence. No more will every little snivelling arrangement be in a position, to come along with threats of "strike" and trade paralysis; no more will all sorts of amateur lawyers be enabled to propose all manner of baby-like restrictions on men who have forgotten more of the business, than the lawyers, aforesaid, are ever likely to know. No, in future, every enactment which affects the whole, will be met by a united front from the whole; and where, in the past, the handicappers of trade were enabled to play one off against the other; the future will see some of the playing done by the dock owners, themselves. This is exactly as it should be, for after all, the dock owners have a greater incentive to make their properties safe, and therefore, paying undertakings, than can any number of amateur dockites. To the looker on, it is somewhat amusing to hear Coals and Ships prattling of the wicked favouritism which has been shown one of their number—when he was given the tip that had been "bespoken," perhaps a month ago; or where, thanks to the misrule at a given colliery, its coals have been kept longer *en route*, than has been that from the colliery where the people knew their business! However, the combination referred to is an accomplished fact, and Mr. A. Beasley, who has already done so much for South Walian interests, has been unanimously elected as its first president. Included under the ægis of the combination, will be the Bute, Barry, Bristol, Milford, Newport, Port Talbot, Sharpness and Swansea docks—that is, the whole of the Bristol Channel dock systems; and when they, collectively, find reason to dissent on any of the thousand-and-one nibbling points which are for ever being run into them, well, the dissent will be attended to. Naturally, this combination will not effect the separate policy of each undertaking; that is not to be expected: and the friendly competition which has existed for years, will continue. Where the power of the combination will be felt, is when a united front has to be shown, for the purpose of convincing the common foe that he is such—instead of, as he usually imagines, a public benefactor. A fairly good idea of the importance of the docks alluded to may be formed, when it is stated that, in the year 1904, the total tonnage handled by them—in due-paying tons, that is—amounted to no less than 18,728,752 tons. In other words, the "combine" here, is the most important in Britain. That Mr. Beasley will have his hands full, in attending to the multifarious duties which will devolve upon him, is about as certain as that he will be thoroughly-well able to attend to them. That his colleagues are of this opinion, is evidenced by the unanimous manner in which they elected him as their first president.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *May 17, 1905.*

BUSINESS in the coal trade, since our last time of writing, has developed anything but a new lease of life. We do not wish to suggest that the trade is in a moribund condition, because it is not. It is merely "hung up," so to speak, during the alterations and repairs which have been necessitated, by the methods of administration. Time was, that the whole community, hereaway, was impressed with the fact that if the wicked sliding scale were discontinued, and the everything-that-was-lovely Conciliation Board were instituted instead—well, trade was going to boom. Every man Jack in Coalville would have, as his own private property, three acres and a cow—while some few of the more fortunate ones, would have a house to keep her in.

COAL—for the native—was to be at giving away prices, while the wily foreigner was going to pay heaven-only-knew-what. The foregoing, was the fairy tale with which we were entertained. The materialisation is: The native pays anything up to 24s. per ton, while that wicked foreign person gets as much of the premier qualities as his soul might hanker after, for 13s. per ton, f.o.b.! Great state of affairs, isn't it? Moreover, the collier person has the felicity of seeing his wages bound down, until, at the moment, he has got so close to his eternally-prated of minimum, that the poor fellow is positively shivering in the sun! For once, the labour cult has actually deigned to compromise with the employers—out of fear that the independent chairman would grant the 7½ per cent. reduction?

MEANWHILE, the coal trade is stagnant, dull, unprofitable, disappointing, pippy, what you will—and there is precious little indication that it will be any better, yet awhile. From the Sacred Cause, we hear tales of underselling, and regardless of the fact that, at the moment, it takes some powers of persuasion, to be enabled to give the stuff away! In the words of our own particular coal expert, "The demand for all descriptions has been slack, and consequently—seeing that outputs are as large as ever—stocks are beginning to accumulate; of course, to the detriment of values." Of course! It's obvious, isn't it? Rather! And personally, we think that it is for the reason that the Bulls of the Sacred Cause knew all these little points, that the 5 per cent. reduction in wages was "submitted" to.

THEN, consider the tonnage supplies. That very necessary item for the successful manipulation of a coal trade has been limited in the extreme. Not so much because the amount of tonnage afloat has suddenly become limited. On the contrary, indeed! But it doesn't really matter whether the limited tonnage supply is consequent on scarcity of steamers, original sin, inherent vice, or mere simple cussedness; the effect is the same under all conditions. With no steamers at hand, stocks accumulate; when stocks do this, prices fall; when prices act in that manner, times are hard: and when times are thus, the smile that won't come off, is conspicuous by its absence—yes! Tonnage arrivals—we are informed, on good authority—have been up to the average; but our informant neglected to particularise as to which average he referred.

ANYHOW, where the buyer is in a position to advance the necessary conditions to the seller, the word "quotation" is anything but of the order of the laws of the Medes and Persians. There is a certain amount of swaying motion about the word quotation, at the best of times: for it is usually assessed on the mean-value of the commodity being disposed of. That is, if you are a soft buyer (and, once in a while, you do happen across this sample; say, just previous to the period when his statement for the Official Receiver is under consideration), the quotation is 3d. below what you will have to pay; if you are a hard-case buyer, then, you may depend on dropping conveniently below that "demanded figure," to quite a threepenny piece; perhaps more. So wags the coal world.

BUT continuing on that "quotation" idea, a casual glance at our weekly list will convince you that these remain "as before." Not that there is anything to wonder at in the fact; they have to be scheduled at something, and when the sun is becoming oppressive, and the flies begin to swarm (thanks to the advent of a fishing boat!)—well, a coal man must not be blamed for declining to bother himself with a matter that doesn't concern anybody else, overmuch? That is, no matter at what range you put the "quotation," there is still but little doing! *Ergo*, the quotations are "merely nominal," as we have seen the matter written. True, there is "a little more enquiry about," but it's only there as a blind, so to speak. Nobody believes in it, nor do they imagine, for one moment, that—bar accidents, or the unexpected happening, say, out China way—the enquiry will eventuate into big purchases.

FORWARD buying is also at a standstill—if you prefer to put it that way. In any case, there is nothing of it about, and the merchant appears to be in a perfectly free and independent feeling over the whole concatenation. So, for that matter, is the intending seller. The reduction in wages is naturally supposed to be in the seller's favour. It would be, too, if there were anything doing. But then, again, had there been anything doing, the reduction would not have "come off." So taking the situation from any standpoint which appeals to you, individually, there is yet no reason for you to adopt the optimistic tone, when promising a lady of your acquaintance, anything appertaining to "dreams," and things. Particularising, somewhat, consider

BEST CARDIFF ADMIRALTYS, and you will find that there has been no appreciable difference between the alleged prices ruling now, and at the time of our last writing. That is to say, 13s. continues as the basis of negotiation for the Best Sorts, and to a certain extent, bookings have resulted at these figures. It is useless to seek why sellers, in this connection, have been enabled to do what most of us were prepared to consider as impossible. They have done so, and there it is. Of course, some of the premier sorts are comfortably placed, when compared with their competitors; but even so, there is nothing for them to develop elephantiasis of the cerebrum over. Other Sorts in this grade, however, are in present parlous condition, in that they do not appear to be in the rut where business is worthy of consideration. Putting it into figures, 12s. 9d. would be considered as a god-send—in many instances; if only for the reason that a number of wagons would thereby be released.

SECONDS, in the matter of quotation, continue to range along between 12s. 3d. and 12s. 9d., according to quality. Superior Seconds are really being maintained at the latter figures, their stems being still sufficiently good to enable them to do so. As a consequence, this grade may be marked as steady. Forward accumulations, too, are being quoted at the same price; but generally considered, Seconds have undergone no change since our last. Moreover, as the demand, now, is practically as limited as then, the department is characterised by the same old easiness. As a matter of fact, actual figures are only obtainable, when the buyer comes along with absolute and positive offers. Stems here, are too neglected to give prices a hardening chance, and anything for early delivery, would enable the seeker after a consignment of this grade, to obtain a concession of, at least, 3d., on quoted prices.

ORDINARIES range from 11s. 6d. to 12s., but with a demand the reverse of active, and with stems that are by no means full, prices have been barely maintained. Indeed, 3d. under quotation has eventuated, oftener than other-

wise—providing, of course, that the buyer has it in his power to do the conciliation act (which has nothing to do with one Sir Michael). For prompt shipment, therefore, Ordinaries are worth nothing over 11s. 9d. Moreover, there is but little improvement in the enquiry for future delivery.

DRYS present no new features, and business therein continues to correctly uphold their name. To the time of writing, no new demand has been apparent, so the weakness which has been in evidence with them for goodness-knows-how-long-now, is likely to continue. Drys aren't worth writing about!

MONMOUTHSHIRE COALS are nominally unchanged, although it cannot be truthfully said that values, hereaway, are other than easier. The quoted figures? Yes, these are maintained, but principally for the reason that there has been no incentive for anything else. Scarcity of tonnage, here, is responsible for a lot, and although stems, in one or two instances, are passing good, the majority of those interested, are beginning to suffer from the prevailing tightness. Best Black Veins are, on an average, at 11s. 6d.; but it is unwise to set too much importance on that information. We happen to know that better—from the buyers' point of view—has been done, in more than one "deal."

ORDINARIES show little or no movement. Stems for prompt shipment are slack, and there is but little difficulty in arranging for as much of the stuff as is wanted, at the 11s. mark. Demand is limited, so is everything else connected with Ordinaries, of this particular group.

FOR the remainder of the weekly whirl, we must refer you to the subjoined list.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	12s. 9d., 13s. 3d	13s. 0d., 13s. 3d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d., 13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.
Second Ditto. ,, ,,	12s. 6d	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d., 12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d., 12s. 9d.
Other Second Cardiff ,,	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.
Drys ,,	11s. 0d., 12s. 0d	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.
Best Newport ,, ,,	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.
Ordinary Bests ,,	11s. 0d., 11s. 3d.	11s. 1½d.	11s. 1½d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d., 11s. 3d.
Seconds ,, ,,	10s. 6d	10s. 6d.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,,	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 0d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.	15s. 9d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,,	14s. 0d	14s. 0d.	13s. 10½d.	13s. 10½d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,,	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.	9s. 10½d.	9s. 10½d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d., 10s. 0d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro."	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d	11s. 10½d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 9s., 12s. 0d.
,, 2 ,,	8s. 9d., 9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d., 9s. 0d.	8s. 9d.
Smalls:						
Best Cardiff	8s. 0d	8s. 0d.	7s. 9d., 8s. 0d.	7s. 10½d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.
Seconds	7s. 3d., 7s. 9d	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 4½d.	7s. 3d., 7s. 6d.	7s. 3d.
Ordinaries	7s. 3d	7s. 3d.	7s. 0d.	7s. 0d.	6s. 9d., 7s. 3d.	7s. 0d.
Best Newport	7s. 3d	7s. 3d.	7s. 0d., 7s. 3d.	7s. 1½d.	7s. 0d.	7s. 0d.
Seconds	6s. 9d	6s. 9d.	6s. 7½d.	6s. 7½d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 6d., 6s. 9d.
Rhondda No. 2	7s. 0d., 7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 0d., 7s. 6d.	7s. 3d.
,, No. 3	9s. 9d., 10s. 0d	9s. 10½d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.
Foundry Coke:						
Special	19s. 0d., 20s. 0d	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 0d., 19s. 6d.	19s. 0d., 20s. 0d.
Ordinary	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 0d., 18s. 0d.
Furnace Coke	16s. 3d	16s. 6d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d.
Patent Fuel	12s. 9d	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d.
Pitwood ex ship	17s. 3d., 17s. 6d	17s. 4½	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *May 17, 1905.*

HERE, too, the market has undergone but little change since our last writing, for business, in practically all departments, continues in a state of quiescent beauty. Prices, in a general way, have shown no variation, but for prompt shipment—seeing that coals are plentiful great reductions are possible; reductions under quotations, that is. Not that there is any need to become excited on this account, for the demand has gone holiday-keeping; is down Mumbles-way—with the fair—eh? Indeed, enquiries for future handling, are in the same unhealthy condition, so we'll leave them.

ANTHRACITE LARGE is an easy section. Collieries are by no means well off in the matter of stems. On the contrary, rather, for at the moment, these are disgustingly slack. This means, of course, that prices are more dependent on the date of shipment, than on any old quotations which might, could, would or should be trotted out to the patient buyer. BEST MALTING SORTS are, nominally, unchanged, and it is still easy to gather them in at the 18s. notch. RED and BIG VEIN are weak, on account of the paucity of demand, and without difficulty, may be secured at under the quotation - which is 10s. and 11s. 3d. respectively.

COBBLES, NUTS and PEAS are not showing any startling inclination to "boom." Indeed, business therein, is as slack as possible.

CULM is what may be termed the cream of the lot! But values here, have been maintained without much trouble on the part of the seller, as supplies are restricted, and unequal to the call therefor. All the same, the seller plumes himself on his marked business acumen!

STEAMS are blessed with no demand, and as stems are somewhat easy all 'round, it is unnatural to expect any improvement? For early shipment, values are weak, although BESTS continue at about 18s. SECONDS are procurable at under the quotation—12s. Local Bunker Qualities, too, are quiet.

PATENT FUELS jog along at about 11s. 9d. and a fair business, only, is passing at these figures.

BELOW, we give the average prices for the week:—

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:						
Best Hand Picked						
Malting Large	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.
Seconds do.	17s. 3d	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 3d., 17s. 6d.
Big Vein Large	11s. 3d	11s. 0d., 11s. 0d	11s. 3d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 0d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.
Red ,, ,,	10s. 0d.	9s. 9d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.	9s. 9d., 10s. 0d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 3d.
Machine Made Cobbles	16s. 0d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. 0d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.
,, ,, Nuts	16s. 6d	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.
,, ,, Peas	10s. 9d., 11s. 3d	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d	11s. 0d., 11s. 3d.	11s. 1½d.	10s. 9d., 11s. 0d.
Rubbly Culm	5s. 3d.	5s. 3d.	5s. 3d., 5s. 6d.	5s. 6d.	5s. 6d.	5s. 0d., 5s. 6d.
Duff	3s. 3d	3s. 0d., 3s. 3d.	3s. 0d.	3s. 0d.	3s. 0d., 3s. 3d.	3s. 3d.
Patent Fuel:	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.
Steam:						
Best Large	13s. 0d., 13s. 3d	13s. 0d., 13s. 3d	13s. 1½d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d., 13s. 3d.
Seconds ,,	12s. 0d	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 10½d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.
Bunker ,,	10s. 6d., 11s. 0d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d., 10s. 9d.	10s. 7½d.	10s. 6d., 11s. 0d.
Thro' and Thro'	9s. 0d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	9s. 0d.	8s. 6d., 9s. 0d.	8s. 9d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

CARDIFF, *May 17, 1905.*

WHERE are the ships gone! Some of them are still about, of course, but the vast majority thereof appear to have been lost, stolen or strayed. Chartering during the past week has been fair, but nothing like what one has a right to expect, in connection with the fleet of a country whose biggest national asset is maritime supremacy.

STILL, there has been something done. Consider the EASTERN range, and you find that SHANGHAI has actually paid 14s. 6d., while COLOMBO has satisfied her needs in a big lump—at the everlasting 8s. rate, and for forward loading!

COMING to the Westward, we find that PLATE rates are still on the old-time rung. Will there ever be a rise in this direction? Who is willing to prophesy? Not us! BUENOS AYRES, 7s. 3d.; MONTE VIDEO, 7s. 3d.; aye, and ROSARIO, 7s. 3d. Good old *semper eadem!* Let's leave it, and come to the

MEDITERRANEAN, where we find that GENOA is ranging the stuff in between 6s. 6d. and 7s.; PORT SAID, at 5s. 9d.—which is a shade better (than bankruptcy); VENICE, anything between 7s. 6d. and 7s. 9d.; while as to the remainder of them, are not they in the list? Of course they are, and proud of being there, too!

FOR the BALTIC, rates are about as unsatisfactory as for elsewhere. STETTIN, at 4s. 9d. is nothing hilarious; nor is the same price for COPENHAGEN. BAY rates, too, are sharing in the poor acceptances which obtains with other trades.

COASTWISE, there has been a rather better demand, but prices are rotten, here, also. HOMEWARD—well, we haven't room to particularise; nor is there any need, for all the tale of woe is at the bottom.

Week Ending, (Wednesday), May 17, 1905.

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Shanghai, Steamer, 3,000 tons, 14s. 6d. spot.
Colombo, (via Cape). *Maroa,* 8s. June July.
(via Cape), *Hornby Castle,* 8s. 1½d. June 1.15.
Simonstown, *Dowgate,* 11s. 3d. ppt. f.d. (Admiralty).
Jamaica, *Capenor,* 2,800 tons, 6s. 7½d.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Fairmead,* 2,500 tons, 7s. 4½d.
Buenos Ayres, *Tynedale,* 3,800 tons, 7s. 3d. option **La Plata.**
Malvern, 3,000 tons, 7s. 3d.
St. Vincent, *Penarth,* 6s. 9d. option **Daker,** 7s. 3d.
Rio de Janeiro, *Planet Neptune,* 8s. 9d. 300 del'y.
Monte Video, Steamer, 7s. 3d.
Bahia, *St. Ninian,* 3,300 tons, 9s. 9d. option **Pernambuco.**
Rosario, *Sydmonton, or sub.,* 3,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Steamer, 3,000 tons, 7s. 3d.
Teneriffe, *Cluden,* 4,300 tons, 6s. 3d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, Steamer, 5,500 tons, 5s. 9d.
Genoa, *Goidelian,* 1,500 tons, 7s. (s).
Steamer, 4,200 tons, 6s. 6d.
Elswick House, 5,300 tons, 6s. 7½d. option **Savona/Spezzia/or Palermo.**
Steamer, 5,100 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Alleanza, 2,200 tons, 6s. 9d. ppt.
Apollo, 2,500 tons, 7s.
Maria, 3,900 tons, 7s. 9d. coal, 8s. 6d. fuel, option **Savona.**
Venice, *Java,* 5,200 tons, 7s. 6d. option **Ancona.**
Steamer, 2,800 tons, 7s. 9d.
Zichy, 1,800 tons, 7s. 9d.
Borneo, 5,200 tons, 7s. 7½d. (N).
Steamer, 5,000 tons, 7s. 6d. (N).
Tregurno, 3,000 tons, 7s. 9d.
Attiki, 4,700 tons, 7s. 9d.
Treglisson, 2,800 tons, 7s. 9d.
Valencia, *Venedotian, or sub.* 1,500 tons, 7s. option **Gandia**
Steamer, 1,200 tons, 7s. (s).
Alexandria, *Leander,* 4,000 tons, 6s. 3d. June.
Harrovian, 4,800 tons, 6s. 6d.
Cabral, 3,500 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Westward Ho, 5,200 tons, 6s.
Marseilles, *Frascati* 2,800 tons, 8 fcs. (N).
Foylemore, 4,700 tons, 8 francs. (N).
Steamer, 3,300 tons, 8 francs.
Tunis, *Hasland,* 2,000 tons, 9·50 fcs.
Bizerta, *Hatfield,* 2,200 tons, 9·37½ fcs. coal, 10·37½ fcs. fuel, (s).
Barcelona, *Serapis,* 2,700 tons, 7s. 2d. (N).
Cagliari, *Garth,* 1,650 tons, 7s. 6d.
Reggio, Steamer, 3,200 tons, 7s. 3d.
Licata, *Regnant,* 2,300 tons, 7s. 9d. coal, 8s. 6d. fuel.
Leghorn, *Oakdale,* 1,500 tons, 5s. 9½d. (s).
City of Belfast, 2,700 tons, 6s. 11d. Genoa terms.
Palermo, Steamer, 2,900 tons, 7s. 3d. option **Licata** 7s. 9d.
Messina, *Cereda,* 3,000 tons, 6s. 7½d. 800
Steamer, 3,200 tons, 6s. 6d. 800.
Porto Ferraio, *Blodwen,* 3,700 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Naples, *Nordfarer,* 5,000 tons, 6s. 3d. 1,000
Torre Annunziata, Steamer, 4,500 tons, 6s. 3d. July.
Syra, *Llangollen,* 5,500 tons, 6s. option **Piræus.**
Smyrna, Steamer, 3,200 tons, 6s. 7½d. (N).
Danube, Steamer, 3,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Gibraltar, *Airmyn,* 1,000 tons, 5s. 9d. (N).
Steamer, 1,600 tons, 5s. 9d.
Alicante, *Lesseps,* 2,200 tons, 7s. 3d. coal, 8s. 3d. fuel, (s).
Vigo, Steamer, 1,200 tons, 5s. 3d.
Lisbon, *Pontypridd,* 1,750 tons, 4s. 7½d.
Collivaud, 1,850 tons, 4s. 7½d.
Steamer, 2,100 tons, 4s. 7½d. spot.
Civita Vecchia, Steamer, 4,200 tons, 6s. 10½d. (N).
Sicilly, Steamer, 2,100 tons, 7s. 3d.
Porto Empedocle, Steamer, 2,100 tons, 8s.

BALTIC, Etc.

Stettin, *Geir,* 900 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Franz Lansert, 600 tons, (Private terms). (s).
Steamer, 1,200 tons, 4s. 9d.
Trondhjem, Steamer, 1,000 tons, 5s. option **Tromsoe.**
Copenhagen, Steamer, 850 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).

BAY, Etc.

Nantes, *Deerhound,* 1,800 tons, 4·62½ fcs.
Johanna, 1,400 tons, 4·37½ fcs.
Vlug, 5 fcs. coal, 5·50 fcs. fuel, (s).
St. Nazaire, *Kathleen,* 2,200 tons, 4·25 fcs. (s).
Innesmoor, 1,950 tons, 4·25 francs.
Crimdon, 2,200 tons, 4·25 francs.
Steamer, 3,000 tons, 4·12½ francs.
La Rochelle, *Hazelmere,* 1,400 tons, 4·25 fcs.
Sables, *Earl of Dumfries,* 1,850 tons, 4·25 fcs.
Chantenay, *Deusto,* 2,000 tons, 4·50 francs.

COASTING, Etc.

Havre, *Curran,* 1,400 tons, 3s. 10d.
St. Kevin, 750 tons, 4s.
Rouen, *Clonlee,* 1,400 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Jet, 1,250 tons, 4s. 6d.
Mersey, 550 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Dieppe, *Speedwell,* 1,200 tons, 3s. 10d.
Queen, or sub., 6/700 tons, 4s. (s).
Bordeaux, *Arriluze,* 2,800 tons, 4·37½ francs.
Caen, *Cape York,* 630 tons, 4s. (s).
Thistle, 500 tons, 4s. (s).
Advent, 2,000 tons, 4s.
Wismar, *Kate Vick,* 800 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Shoreham, *Plover, or sub,* 300 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Hamburg, *Hird,* 1,400 tons, 4s.
Hero, 1,400 tons, 4s.
St. Malo, *Clonlee,* 1,450 tons, 3s. 9d.
Alacrity, 1,250 tons, 4s.
Steamer, 4s.
Steamer, 700 tons, 4s. (s).
Granville, *Stream Fisher,* 580 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Steamer, 700 tons, 4s.
Cherbourg, *Race Fisher,* 580 tons, 4s. 4½d. coal, 4s. 10½d. fuel, (s).
Devonport, *Speedwell,* 1,200 tons, 2s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Stokesley, 1,300 tons, 2s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Littlehampton, *Progress,* 480 tons, 3s. 6d. (s).
Belfast, *Onyx,* 360 tons, 3s. 1½d. (s).
Irvine, *Brigadier,* 220 tons, 4s.

HOMEWARD.

Algiers to Cardiff, Steamer, 4s. 9d. f.d.
Riga ,, ,, Steamer, 750 stds. D.B. and B.
Bilbao ,, ,, Steamer, 4s.
Almeria Pier to Newport, Steamer, 3,200 tons, 4s. 9d. f.d.
Povena ,, ,, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 4s. 3d. ppt.
Castro ,, ,, Steamer, 2,200 tons, 4s. 1½d. ,,

THE CARDIFF CHANNEL DRY DOCKS & PONTOON COMPANY, LIMITED.

Maritime (AND OTHER) Money Matters.

THE Directors submit herewith a Balance Sheet of the Company's affairs made up to the 31st March, 1905.

After paying Interest on the "A" and "B" Debentures and Preference Shares 2½ per cent. on the Ordinary Shares, for the Six Months, ending September 30th, 1904, also redeeming £2,500 "A" Debentures, and after providing for depreciation of Buildings, Plant, and Machinery, and Office Furniture, the Directors recommend the payment of a further Dividend of 2½ per cent. on the Ordinary Shares for the last Six Months, making 5 per cent. per annum (free of income Tax), carrying forward a balance of £29,692 2s. 5d.

The whole of the Company's property is in excellent order.

The Directors retiring by rotation are Messrs. JOHN CORY, R. H. HOLMAN, and C. DORESA, who, being eligible, offer themselves for re-election.

The Auditors also retire, and seek re-election.

JOHN CORY,
Chairman.

BALANCE SHEET, 31st MARCH, 1905.

Dr.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	Cr.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To AUTHORISED CAPITAL:—			By Pontoon and Goodwill, as per last Account		129,368 7 5
17,500 Shares of £10 each ...	175,000 0 0		.. Expenditure on Construction of New Dry Dock, as per last Account		145,812 3 5
Of which there have been issued:—			,, Buildings at Cardiff Works, as at 31st March, 1904	5,045 4 10	
15,000 Ordinary Shares fully paid	150.000 0 0		Additions since	154 8 8	
2,500 5% Cumulative Preference Shares fully paid	25.000 0 0			5,199 13 6	
		175.000 0 0	*Less* Depreciation written off	253 8 9	
.. First Mortgage 5% Debentures as at 31st March, 1904 ...	82.500 0 0				4,946 4 9
Less drawn Debentures paid off	2.500 0 0		,, Plant and Machinery at Cardiff Works, as at 31st March, 1904	12,162 3 1	
	80.000 0 0		Additions since	549 9 6	
Interest accrued to date, *less* Tax	633 6 8			12,711 12 7	
		80.633 6 8	*Less* depreciation written off	635 4 6	
.. Second "B" Mortgage 5% Debentures, as at 31st March, 1904	30.000 0 0				12,076 8 1
Interest accrued to date, *less* Tax	237 10 0		.. Office Furniture at Cardiff Works, as at 31st March, 1904	115 9 9	
		30,237 10 0	*Less* Depreciation written off	11 5 3	
.. Mortgage Debenture Redemption Account		20.000 0 0			104 4 6
.. Reserve for Redemption of "B" Debentures		20,000 0 0	,, Purchase of Barry Central Marine Engineering Business, including Buildings, Plant, &c., as at 31st March, 1904	12,242 14 6	
.. Debentures Interest Coupons Outstanding		124 13 11	Further Expenditure to date ...	107 13 0	
.. Unclaimed Dividends		26 11 0		12,350 7 6	
.. Sundry Trade Creditors and Outstandings		7,176 8 4	*Less* written off for Depreciation of Buildings, Plant, Machinery, Office Furniture, &c.	280 16 6	
.. Profit and Loss Account:—					12,069 11 0
Balance brought forward from 31st March, 1904	39.361 3 4		,, Sundry Debtors and Outstandings, after provision for Doubtful Debts, &c., as estimated by General Manager		39,563 2 7
Deduct Dividend on Ordinary Shares at 7½% free of Tax, paid 20th May, 1904 ... 6,750 0 0			,, Loose Tools, Pneumatic Tools, Patterns, &c., as certified by General Manager		4,459 2 3
Transferred to Reserve for Redemption of "B" Debentures ... 5,000 0 0			,, Stocks of Materials, &c., at Cardiff and Barry, as certified by General Manager		6,537 9 4
	11.750 0 0		,, Bills Receivable		9,400 2 4
Carried forward as per 1904 Report	27,611 3 4		,, Cash in hand and at Bankers ...		2,303 16 8
Add Trading Profit for the 12 months ending 31st March, 1905	18,709 10 11				
	46,320 14 3				
Deduct Amount for Redemption of Debentures and Premiums thereon 2,675 0 0					
Interest on "A" Debentures, *less* Tax 3,838 9 0					
Interest on "B" Debentures, *less* Tax ... 1,425 0 0					
	7,938 9 0				
	38,382 5 3				
Deduct Dividend on Preference Shares, Year to 31st October, 1904 ... ... 1,190 2 10					
Interim Dividend on Ordinary Shares paid 14th November, 1904 3,750 0 0					
	4,940 2 10				
		33.442 2 5			
Contingent Liability on Bills discounted, £12,825 7s. 7d.					
		£366,640 12 4			£366,640 12 4

We certify that all our requirements as Auditors have been complied with. We report to the Shareholders that we have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books of the Company, and that, subject to depreciation, if any, of the Pontoon and Leasehold Dry Dock, in our opinion such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up, so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs as shewn by the Books of the Company.

3, Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, E.C. *8th May, 1905.*

(Sgd.) PRICE, WATERHOUSE & CO.

AROUND . . THE . . DRY DOCKS.

TO combine, or not to combine—that is the question, raging at the moment, among the dry dock managers of South Wales. Meanwhile, every second man one meets, so to speak—and supposing his knowledge of the business is but of the rockiest—is prepared with a ready-made scheme, which is alleged to be a panacea for all the ills, that dry dock flesh is heir to. With the question of amalgamation, too, all manner of would-be knowledge-boxes concern themselves, and if some of the letters appearing in the local press, are fair samples of the ideas which are about in "influential quarters," then, there is need for little wonder that matters ship-repairey are somewhat rocky, hereaway.

✦ ✦ ✦

SOME few days ago, a friend showed us a cutting from a local "daily," in which it was claimed that a "ring" had been formed, in Cardiff and Newport. Now, what is the truth about this terrible affair? Is it a ring, when the men who have been exploited in the past; exploited until there are a number of two-penny-ha'penny concerns in existence which, under other conditions, would never have got beyond the embryo stage; is it a ring, we ask, if the dry dock people refuse to lend their aid to the creation of any more of these glorified tinkeries? Surely not? Indeed, we are of opinion that those same tinkeries, by the miserable howl which they are setting up, are engaged upon the not-too-pleasant pastime of fouling their own nest.

✦ ✦ ✦

LET us consider a metaphorical instance, which we will style a Newport case. Very well, then. Newport concern watches the shipping list; notes that the *Ipsy Fip* is bound Uskward; sends off the usual touting letter for the honour of her docking and painting; receives a graciously favourable reply—because the price quoted is ridiculously low; and then straightway 'phones to a dear friend who is managing a dry dock, praying to be released of the bargain, because "the commercial" is full. Dear friend jibs a bit at the price, but eventually gives in. Newport concern is pleased; tootles around shipowner; breathes words of wisdom in his ear, anent the dreadful "sticking" he is going to receive, if any developing repairs are handled at that dry dock; shipowner sees it all; declares that he'll see Newport concern through, in this job—and does. Act I.

✦ ✦ ✦

LATER on, Newport concern tries the same dodge; dear friend is wrathy; tells Newport to go to fiddler's green—say; won't take the job at any price; so Newport concern whines to shipowner—and underwriter—concerning wicked ring. Naturally, underwriter is keen on supporting shipowner; equally naturally, shipowner—in view of favours to come when that bill is presented—wishes to oblige his underwriting saviour. Where does dry dock man come in? Well, he wouldn't come in at all, if Newport concern had its way. Of that you may be morally certain. This was the method in the bad old days. The present, are the sensible ones. Dry dock man sees he has been more or less a mug for helping these nautical pirate-busses, so to speak; but declares he'll have no more of it. Act II.

✦ ✦ ✦

COME we now, to Act III. Here is the gentle counter-blast. Culled from the cutting already alluded to. Read: "To form a ring . . . aimed at the crippling of the non-dock-owning firms, is a policy doomed to failure . . . Already, the non-dock-owning firms, are benefiting, not only in prestige . . . but in actual business (and specially note this) for what better method could the inside firms adopt to advertise to the world that they are not in a position to execute repairs as economically as the outside firms?". Yea, lor'! Which of the tinkers, think you, penned the letter from which we have been quoting? Do you know? Have you an idea? On examination, we note that the *nom de guerre* adopted by this writer chap, is "Justitia". Man dear, you should have signed yourself, "Isinglass;" you are just about as opaque? No offence, of course, and you won't hurt anybody, if you do get mixed up.

✦ ✦ ✦

To continue with our quotation. "Already the directors of the (Newport) Dock and Railway Company are considering a scheme (tut-tut!)—and this statement is not made without authority—to deal effectively with this policy of the combination, which they realise can only result in driving trade from Newport." Spleen, sir! Spleen—and nonsense. On your own showing, as quoted above, the ring policy is "doomed to failure," and the non-dry-dock-owning firms "are benefiting, not only in prestige . . . but in actual business," so why need the directors alluded to, waste their time in "considering a scheme" that is unnecessary? You know, "Justitia" might be a tip-top tinker, but he can't write—no, not for nuts?

✦ ✦ ✦

BUT let us get on. "Evidence at the present moment (that was on Saturday last, we suppose?) is also being formulated of the amount of business lost through insufficient drydocking accommodation at Barry, which, when presented, will probably surprise some of the Barry, directors"—so if you have tears, prepare to shed 'em now! But isn't "Justitia" down on railway directors? Almost as bad as he appears to be on dry dock managers, poor souls! But you can see the joke, of course? Here is the headman of some little two cent. tinkery, possessed of such a conceit of himself, that he is positively in the know about something that "will probably surprise some of the Barry Directors!" But why some of them? We can quite understand that there are varying degrees of intelligence, even in the ranks of railway directors; but why "Justitia" is going to surprise merely a portion——!

✦ ✦ ✦

HERE is some more of it: ". . . it is an open secret that the London underwriters are in close touch with the whole movement (we should smile) and intend to show their resentment in no doubtful way." Good lor'! But there's a hard time coming, and don't you dry dock people forget it! For notwithstanding the fact that the non-dry-dock-owning firms (firms, you'll note; not companies) are "benefiting, not only in prestige . . . but in actual business" from this everything-that-is-wicked ring; we have—and 'tis stated on authority, mind—the Alexandra directors on the warpath; a group of evidence-getters similarly occupied on behalf of Barry; and last, but, by no means least, the London underwriters are in close touch with the whole movement!

✦ ✦ ✦

AFTER this, tell us nothing at all about the roseate-hued windows, in the houses of the tinker of commerce. Frankly, our office kid could have given a better dissertation on the woes of the "ringed" ones, than is contained within the bundle of contradictions emanating from one "Justitia." The tinker has his disadvantages, and is being treated somewhat unfairly; but wherein the unfair treatment lays, the latest would-be Mentor knows not. We'll show him, by and bye, as our sole wish is to stand up for the truth.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on May 4, 1905, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

8,687/04—GRAHAM—*Improved methods of, and means for, cutting propeller surfaces by machinery.*

This invention relates to a method of setting out and cutting the surfaces of blades of propellers of constant or varying pitches.

8,988/04—PRESCOTT—*Improvements in apparatus for protecting ships from torpedoes.*

This invention relates to a substitute for the nets usually employed for protecting vessels against torpedoes. Its object is to provide a lighter means for the same purpose which will not impede the progress of a vessel under weigh, to the extent that the present nets do. It consists of a series of grids suspended around the vessel from booms as usual. These grids consist of vertical side members preferably of hollow triangular section, with one of the triangular faces slotted to admit the ends of the horizontal members. These horizontal members consist of rods of a round or triangular section. They may be composed of wood or metal cased wood, or be hollow metal rods or even wire rope. They are spaced vertically by being suspended at spaced intervals from wire ropes. Arranged on the vertical rods at intervals are loose or fixed circular discs. These discs are provided with circumferential cutting edges or teeth. The device operates to either ward off a torpedo, to catch same by entanglement of its rudders and propellers between the horizontal rods, should the torpedo body break through the grid, or to tear the thin sheathing, of which the torpedo is built and sink same by means of the cutter discs.

12,777/04—KIRSTEN—*Improvements in apparatus for sharpening rock-drilling machine bits, hand drills, and the like.*

This invention relates to a machine for sharpening "star" bits or bits or drills of cruciform section for rock-drilling.

13,162/04—HEAD, WRIGHTSON & Co., Ltd., WRIGHTSON, & RINGQUIST—*Improvements in and relating to apparatus for tipping coal and other materials.*

This invention relates to a tipping apparatus for coal waggons, in which the waggon is run into a skeleton cylindrical frame for the purpose. The object is to enable the frame and waggon to be transported and, or, lifted in a direction at right angles to its axis, in addition to and prior to the turning and tipping movement. This is effected by arranging a second cylindrical frame concentrically around the former from which it is separated by anti-friction rollers. This outer frame is adapted to roll laterally along a track which may be inclined. The rolling is effected by cables leading from winding drums &c. Whilst the outer frame is rolling, the inner remains with the waggon upright, by reason of its centre of gravity being arranged to be below the axis of the frames. On the outer frame completing about ¾ of a revolution, the two frames engage, by means of stops on both, and the inner, with waggon then partakes of the rolling motion of the outer, and the contents of the waggon are shot.

14,524/04—DAVEY—*Improvements in metallic eyelets or gromets for sails, tents, waterproof sheets and other like articles.*

This invention relates to an eyelet for sails, &c. Its object is to prevent rotation of the two portions forming the eyelet, i.e. the eyelet proper and the annular cover plate or washer, relatively to each other and to the sail &c., cloth. This is effected by forming a number of V shaped cuts in the annular flange of the eyelet and in the washer. The metal between each V cut, is then bent outwards to form tongues or teeth. These teeth on each when the eyelet and washer are clinched in place, come opposite one another and penetrate the cloth and interlock. In a modification the outer edge of either the washer or the eyelet flange is turned inwards, and the teeth are formed on one member only, and lock beneath the inwardly turned flange of the other member.

20,351/04—LONG-ARM SYSTEM Co.—*An improved system and apparatus for electrically operating bulkhead doors, hatches or the like.*

This invention relates to mechanism for electrically operating heavy hinged doors. Amongst other features it comprises a cut-out for the electric circuit which automatically operates when the resistance encountered by the mechanism approaches a dangerous limit.

47/05—WILKE—*Improvements in and relating to magnetic compasses.*

This improvement consists of substituting for the bar magnets or needles usually used for compasses, magnets in the form of rings each built up of semi-circular magnets connected by its ends to the ends of a semi-circle of soft iron by means of alluminium flanges secured together by brass screws. It is stated, that the inventor has found such compasses to be free from errors of deviation.

3,836/05—SCHRODER—*Improvements in and relating to leads for sounding.*

This invention relates to a lead which will not sink into the mud, and so indicate a false depth, when soundings are taken over muddy bottoms. For this purpose the lead is built up of rods in the shape of a hollow skeleton pyramid and is provided with plates forming feet, adapted to prevent the device sinking into the mud. These plates are pivoted at one of the edges so as to yield and turn edgeways and offer less resistance to being hoisted through the water.

These applications for patents are, until June 19, 1905, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

The following applications for the registration of Trade Marks relating to the shipping and coal trades were advertised on May 10, and are open to opposition by interested parties within the period ending June 10.

CLASS 8—*including nautical instruments.*

No. 270,110—13 February, 1905—A monogram of an I and S and the word "Isométrope." for: Eye-glasses, Double Eye-glasses and glasses for optical instruments. Arthur Lévy, 48, rue de Turenne Paris, France. Manufacturer.

CLASS 20—*Explosives.*

No. 271,371 23rd March, 1905. GOOD LUCK for: Explosive or Blasting substances. Sprengstoffwerke Gluckauf Actien Gesellschaft, 32 Burgmauer, Cologne-on-the-Rhine, Germany, Blasting Powder Manufacturers.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

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Telegrams: "LEWIS MERTHYR, CARDIFF"; "LEWIS MERTHYR, LONDON."

MARQUESS OF BUTE COLLIERIES, Aberdare, Hirwain, and Rhondda Valley. Shipping ports:—Bute Docks, Cardiff; Penarth Dock; Swansea; Briton Ferry; and Newport (Mon.)
Telegrams: "SEMA, CARDIFF."

OCEAN (MERTHYR) COAL CO., LTD., 11, Bute Crescent, Cardiff, proprietors of Ocean (Merthyr) Steam Coal.

UNIVERSAL STEAM COAL CO., LTD., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Proprietors of "Universal Steam Coal."
Telegrams: "VERSATILE, CARDIFF."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

VIVIAN, H. C. & Co., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole European Agents for "The Puritan Coal Mining Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A."
Telegrams: "VIVIAN, CARDIFF."

WATTS, WATTS & Co., Cardiff and London. Contractors for the supply of Coals at all Depôts abroad.
Telegrams: "WATTS, CARDIFF."

Dock Owners.

THE CARDIFF RAILWAY COMPANY, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Ship Repairers.

SHEARMAN, JOHN & Co., LTD., Cardiff, and at Barry Dock.

THE BUTE SHIPBUILDING, ENGINEERING, AND DRY DOCK COMPANY, LIMITED, Roath Basin, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "CAISSON, CARDIFF."

THE CARDIFF CHANNEL DRY DOCKS AND PONTOON CO., LTD., Cardiff and Barry Dock.
Telegrams: "Entrance, Cardiff." "Channel, Barry."

THE MERCANTILE PONTOON CO., LTD., Roath Dock, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "MERCANTILE, CARDIFF."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

Miscellaneous.

LEWIS & TYLOR, Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole patentees and manufacturers of "Gripoly," a patent woven belting; and "Burals," a semi-metallic packing.
Telegrams: "BELTING CARDIFF." Telephone, Nat. 231.

Steamship Owners.

DAN. JENKINS & Co., Steamship Owners and Brokers, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Stonewall, Cardiff."
Nat. Telephone: 1318.

BARRY.

Dock Owners.

THE BARRY RAILWAY CO., Barry.

Ship Repairers.

BARRY GRAVING DOCK & ENGINEERING CO., LTD.
Telegrams: "BARDOCK, BARRY."
National Telephone No. 7. Post Office Telephone No. 7.

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WILL IT EVER COME TO THIS?

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MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS. CARDIFF.

Thursday Afternoon.

COME to think of it, there has been a quantity of groundless discussion in connection with the so-called dry dock competition in South Wales, and most of the diatribes appearing thereon in the local press, has had about as much to do with the case, as the flowers that bloom in the spring—without the tra-la-la! The trouble has not been in connection with dry dock competition, in any shape or form. That is a trouble—if to have legitimate competition is, really, a trouble—which, like the poor, is always with us. We are willing to admit that the ship-repairing squabble is the outcome of dry dock competition; but, at length, the dry dock managers have simply done what they should have done years ago: Have seen to it, that they cease lending a helping hand, to a number of would-be exploiters of the shipowner, underwriter, and dry dock company. Is there sense, or reason, in the assumption, that a given company shall be assinine enough to spend several hundreds of thousands of pounds, for the provision of a dry dock and its necessary plant and accessories: only to see it being managed, indirectly, by a number of fifth-rate concerns? Concerns which, in some instances, and at a liberal estimate, possess a conglomeration of tinkering tools worth anything up to a couple of thousands of pounds?

CERTAINLY not, and the idea is preposterous, while the attempt to continue it by means of braggadocio, is impertinent in the extreme. That the dry docks have been exploited in the manner indicated, up to now, goes without saying—at least, in the majority of cases, although here, as elsewhere, exploitation is merely a relative term. From a mistaken sense of kindness—and sometimes from a dog-eat-dog feeling that will crop up, in even the best regulated undertakings—the dry dock manager has lent himself to the style of business set forth; but at length, he has assimilated the knowledge that, providing he would save the situation, he must harden his heart. There is no need for us to hark back over the devious turnings which have developed into the present situation; we have already done so, exhaustively. We were constrained to do this, not because of any personal interest that we may have in the dry dock man's cause (for generally considered, he has been no undue favourer of THE MARITIME REVIEW—which is his own loss, and will ultimately bring him his own reward); but rather for the reason that a life time spent among local ships and shipping has taught us that, to South Wales, ship repairing is a most important industry.

THAT is to say, in the absence of a series of up-to-date ship-repairing establishments, the Welsh coal trade—at least, the sea-borne portion thereof—would be a mere caricature of what it is, to-day. This means, that indirectly, the whole community of South Wales depends upon the dry dock man; while, directly, he is the means of giving employment to thousands that would otherwise starve. This being so, it is but natural that we should take a share in the alleged controversy which is lashing itself into a foamy state; in which the weaker side, as is usual, will indubitably, find itself against the wall, with disastrous results to a number of lookers on, who have had no part or parcel in the fight; and who have merely had to await the ultimate issue. We know, for an actual fact, that the interested parties have "taken sides;" that they will not "come out from underneath the hat," to each other, so to speak; that most of them do us the honour of reading our remarks on this, and on other subjects; and that our praises, or strictures, are, therefore known to all. Very well, then. Without any hope of eventual reward, let us take this matter up, broadly, and put as much daylight into it, as is necessary for a clear understanding.

OUR motto is to praise where praise is due; and, openly and fearlessly, to pass strictures where they are necessary. Sometimes, of course, those strictures hurt—as we intend they should. For were that hurting particular unnecessary, we should not bother to fill our columns with matter which might, with more advantage, give place to something else. In the first place, let us look at the claim that there is a "ring" in existence, and that such a ring is going to hurt the varied interests concerned. How much truth is there in this? That, for a time, say, the dry dock people will

decline to have their dry docks filled up with the work that has been touted for by a number of struggling nonentities, is fairly certain; but in view of the fact that there are a goodly number of dry docks in the Bristol Channel, and that among themselves, they will be as keen as ever for the work which is about; well, it is safe to assume that this so-called "ring" will not affect the shipowning, or underwriting interests, one iota. As a matter of fact, nobody honestly believed that it would, and the cry has merely been raised by the small tinkers, with hope that it will act as the herring across the trail.

At the present moment, there are ship-repairing concerns which brazenly send out the statement that they can dock four ships at a time, although they have no dry dock, and have established their businesses on the merits, or otherwise, of using the various commercial docks. Now, if a moderately small concern really can dock four ships at a time, what room is there for any growling, or harping on a string that has lost its pitch? How many of the legitimate dry dock companies are there, who can honestly say that they are in a position to dock four ships at a time? A few, certainly; but merely a few. Yet there are concerns which have no dry dock whatever, who write to would-be customers in the manner indicated above. If the contention is true; if they can dock four ships at once: where is the necessity of all this grumbling; or where is the dire wickedness in the alleged "ring?" Obviously, they are either engaged in roping in business under false pretences, or they are claiming public sympathy for grievances which do not exist? The plain facts of the matter are, that the dry dock people do not care a dump as to what the tinkers are doing, so that they stick to tinkering; but when a mere tinker's shop, has the effrontery to write to shipowning concerns, to the effect that they are in a position to handle repairs equally as well as reputable dry dock companies, well, the latter naturally feel that they are being exploited.

That exploitation has existed, in the past: but in future, it has to cease; the writing on the wall is distasteful to the one-time exploiters; hence the trouble. Cannot we all think of instances where tenders have been submitted from the small fry of the repairing world—the cobblers of the trade, if we may put it thus—and for jobs which (under the wildest flights of imagination) that small fry could not possibly handle? Of course, we can! And these nibblers are just as much a danger to the capable ship-repairers, as they are to the dry dock companies. This brings us down to a consideration of the capable ship-repairers; concerns which have built up sterling businesses, and are in a position, therefore, to handle decent-sized work. Surely it is in their interest to pool issues with the dry dock men; to help, by every means in their power, to show the tinker that, in the sweet future, his work must be confined to the facilities which he, himself, possesses; and, that he must not hope to cross the dividing line which separates a ship-repairer from a ship's tinker. There is room for all, and all that is needed is, that each concern should stick to the work for which it was established.

There is a vaulting ambition which doth o'erleap itself—at least, we have been told so. To our mind, that ambition is in evidence when an insignificant tinkery tenders for a £5,000 repair job, and intends (if successful) to turn the work over—as a mere go-between—to a dry dock company, at a price that shall leave a profit to his fisher in other men's waters. Time was, that the merry tinker could indulge in this little game, without let or hindrance; and instead of feeling thankful for the mercies that were vouchsafed to him; he is on the war-path, because those mercies have been withdrawn. Do not we all know of instances where the tinker has had the gall to tender for work that he knew he couldn't undertake; nay, for work that he took fine care should never come his way, and for which he assessed a ridiculously high price in consequence; and all for the gentle reason that his name should figure in the free advertisement which usually accompanies these little efforts? The free advertisement that should include the name of his happy family among the list of those who fly for high game? And haven't we smiled in consequence? We have! But then, our smile was consequent on the possession of local knowledge. We knew that the whole business was a travesty; a farce; a bit of bounce.

But did the underwriter—who has no local knowledge; or the shipowner—who is similarly circumstanced; did either of them look upon the offers referred to as bits of tinker-talk? No, sirs! Both underwriter and shipowner took those offers as *bona fide*, and straightway scheduled the names implicated, as competitors for future work. This was all very pretty—as long as the dry dock companies were willing; but the prettiness vanished, with the willingness of the dry dock companies, and that is exactly where the fun eventuated! Ship-repairing firms were instituted solely, for the reason that their work should be carried on in conjunction with the various public graving docks; not to be used as a combination with private dry dock concerns. Everybody concerned knows this; the only ones who do not, are the public who are being deceived by all this paper poppycock that is going about. The cobbler should not go beyond his last, nor the tinker beyond his tinkering; and the latter instead of railing at a fate which has been fairly kind to him, should busy himself in trimming his sails to the altered direction of the wind. As we have already stated, there is room for tinker and for dry dock, as no sane business man is idiotic enough to requisition a steam-hammer, with which to crack a nut.

For some of the petty repairing that is needed on the steamers visiting the Bristol Channel ports, a dry dock is a superfluous luxury; on the other hand, to entrust some of those repairs to a mere tinker's shop, is merely a mortification of the flesh. If tinker attends to tinkering, and dry dock attends to dry dock work, there will be peace in the ship-repairing world. With peace, will come the good times which, of late, have been conspicuous by their absence. For several years, past, the underwriting fraternity have simply played the tinker off against the dry dock—and *vice versa*. Such a state of affairs is of little use to the community, hereaway, and that community should be glad that a better ordering of affairs in this direction, is by way of being established. Ere leaving the subject, for this occasion, let us ask one pertinent question: In the event of a dry dock being filled with work; so full that recourse to the nearest commercial dock is a necessity; would one of the tinkering fraternity agree to give up a prior lien on "the commercial," so that dry dock might be in a position to carry out its engagements? It wouldn't—by mucher! It would insist on its pound of flesh—and hang dry dock! It has done so, in the past; would do so in the future; and now that dry dock has developed sense enough to guard the interests of its shareholders, and of that portion of the community which is directly concerned, why not admit facts?

We thought it would come—the death of the "Bristol Channel Centre of the Institute of Marine Engineers!" In

the first place, the affair was overweighted with name, and a nominally overweighted arrangement soon sees its grey (or other) hairs, brought with sorrow to the grave! Then, the "high-handed proceedings of the London head-quarters"—and which have been in evidence, for ever so long—was doomed to tend toward dissolution. In the past, Cardiff has shown itself too prone to take the "follow on" lead; has had insufficient initiative, to establish head-quarters of its own, and has been run far too much, on "branch establishment" principles. Indications are about, that a better ordering of affairs are toward, and in consequence, we are unfeignedly glad. Cardiff, to-day, is big enough, and has money enough, to carry on her commercial existence on "Head Office" ideas, and for ourselves, we do but practice what we preach. Time was, that it was considered impossible to conduct a shipping journal outside of London—and mainly for the reason that the Londoner had the field to himself; had no opposition; and the Provincial possessed of ability, usually made a bee-line for the City.

HERE in Cardiff, the would-be Solons were convinced that a shipping journal on their own heath, so to speak, would rapidly go the way of all flesh—and it certainly would have done so, if its proprietors had no more pluck than is usually to be found in this cosmopolitan place in which we live! However, the only serious attempt at shipping journalism which is to be found outside of the city of smoke (and other things) is now well into its sixth volume, and is doing very nicely, thank you—although it hasn't to be unduly grateful for any help extended to it, by the kindly souls whose best interests it has at heart. This by the way, and for the purpose of showing you that the day for the Cardiffian to let "I dare not wait upon I would," is passed: that "sitting on the fence," up to a given limit is a positive credit; but, beyond that limit, is just as positively idiotic; that when you ultimately elect to come off the fence (because you are lonely), you do so in everybody's sight, as being among the "last men out." But harking back to the affair which put us off on the reminiscent line, we note that the London Institution of Marine Engineering will, in future, be allowed to pursue the imperial tenour of its way, without any of the ha'pence contributed by the South Walian.

THIS is as it should be, and if, in the formation of the suggested Cardiff Institute, we can be of any service, then, you talented gentlemen may call upon us—every time. We may as well be frank about it, too, and for that reason we can assure you that most of the benefits will be on your side. We are willing to help for Cardiff's sake, at present; later on, perhaps, and when we have grown into a mutually beneficial understanding of each other (which again, will mean, a mutually appreciative understanding), we shall be just as willing to help for your own sakes. Let us hear from you, gentlemen, an' it pleases you, when we can discuss the subject which evidently lays near your united hearts. Anyhow, the last meeting of the now-dead Bristol Channel Centre makes us believe, that a parent Institute for Cardiff is a "spot" affair, for at the close of the meeting referred to, every gentleman present signed an undertaking to become a member of the about-to-be-formed Institution. There were some locally-influential names interested too, and we should like to be allowed to suggest the advisability of remembering that, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, there is a terrible lot in a name. To educated persons, a hint is usually sufficient. Personally, we have a number of good and original titles "up our sleeve;" they are at the service of the gentlemen interested.

THERE is a destiny which shapes our ends—and also the ends of steamers! Again, there is a destiny which wouldn't concern itself with either the ends or the middles of some of us—and, once more, the ends or middles of steamers. But, seriously, there is a fatality which seems to dog the back-end of some steamers. The *Vauxhall* is a case in point. She's down with Maginty, for the third time in her existence—the exact *locale* being in the Tyne. We wouldn't like to say that destiny on this occasion, was working off a bit of its own for Sunday-work—a class of business which doesn't do a very great deal of credit to "Christian England"; but the fact remains that *Vauxhall* went under—after colliding with the steamer *Broadmayne*—on Sunday morning, as ever was. We have no shadow of doubt, that the canny men of the Tyne will get *Vauxhall* on top, once more, when she will be again in readiness for any unkind thing, that fate might have in store for her. On this occasion, there were no lives lost, although the wind was raging somewhat, and leaving the stricken steamer, was no sort of a Sunday morning devotional exercise. We have no information on the subject, but we cannot help a slight wonder, as to whether there were any "service boxes" on that collier; if so, were they insured?

BUT writing of Sunday-work on vessels, don't you think that the good people who are ever on the rampage for the alleged good of "Poor Jack," are tinged with just a little bit of the trait which a dictionary styles "hypocrisy?" If you had a cistern that had become rusty inside, and that in consequence, the water emanating from the pipe that was attached thereto, was discoloured and unfit to drink—well, you wouldn't fuss around in polishing the outside of the brass tap that was on the end of the pipe, would you? At least, not in an endeavour to keep the rust out of the cistern? Of course, you wouldn't! You have more sense. You would get a plumber—or a poor relation—to yank himself inside that cistern; would see that he had a supply of three-cornered (or other sort of) scrapers, holy-stones, plenty of cement, a big brush, and the ability to use the lot in combination? That's what you would do; and eventually, the water in that cistern would become clear and sweet—unless it had become too bad for mechanical reformation, in which case you would dump it? Exactly, and that is what we, ourselves, should be inclined to do—with the exception of hunting up the poor relation, which, to a journalist, is impossible, seeing that he is invariably the "poorest" of his family group—which is merely by the way.

You understand that the foregoing is simply analogous, of course; is merely for the purpose of pointing a moral; and that the cistern, really, is the shipowning gentleman, who rushes his vessel away to sea on a Saturday night, and on Sunday morning, hies him to the particular chapel of his adoption—or creation, as the case might be. In the whole of our experience, we never found one sailorman possessed of anything of a desire to take his combination of nautical filthiness out of a coal dock, on a Saturday night's tide; but we have foregathered with thousands—first and last—whose opinions of the man or men who sent them out in the manner indicated, would have kept the said man or men awake for a week (let he or them be never so hard-cased), could those opinions have gone home! Yes! Of course, the usual excuse is, that it is impossible to keep all that value (the crock and her cargo), laying idle over Sunday. But the excuse is even as are most of them formulated by the not-over-nice gentry who, of late years, have fastened themselves on to the shipping industry—buncombe, pure and simple. What reason has a £25,000-

steamer-manager, to expect different treatment to the remainder of the business community?

What sort of howl would ascend to high heaven, if a colliery costing anything up to three-quarters-of-a-million sterling, were kept working over Sunday; or a dry dock worth half-a-million; or any other factory, or engineering works, of the same value? Howl, forsooth! Why, in the conditions suggested, one half of the population would be on the warpath, intent on damning, by bell, book, and candle, the soul-less individual who had dared suggest such a thing. But where a sailorman comes in—well, he is outside the pale, even as his ship is outside the dock; and out of sight, out of mind. Yet the Sunday work on those same steamers are for ever in sight of those alleged "heathens," which the 'longshoreman puts up money to convert! The poor nigger who is wallowing along in a kind of religion which, at least, makes him reserve one clear day out of seven—if only for the purpose of dancing a hornpipe around Ju, Ju—is going to perdition, fast: send him tracts, missionaries, bibles, square-face gin, and rifles. For the sailor, erect Rests, Mission Rooms, Meeting Halls, Bethels—and see them filled, week in, week out, by 'longshoremen and women only.

It's all in the Sacred Cause, of course, and it is just as well to extend a hearty welcome to the 'longshore contingent—if only for the reason that they come to "help, in the good work." All the same, in our opinion, the whole caboodle if merely of the nature of cleaning the outside of the brass tap, when really, you need to scour out the cistern. Start a mission among the instigators of this breach of the fourth Commandment; make the shipowners see that, even as they have much given to them, so will much be required: don't go on pandering to them, simply because they "donate" freely—with the money which they have earned from Sunday-work. On the other hand, if you must emulate the poor nigger, at least, do it openly; have the courage of your convictions; face the music like men; and if you have, eventually, to descend into Avernus, do it after the fashion of the hard-cases which you have aped, here on earth. Don't snivel around with the remark that as So-and-so does it, you have to. You know the argument is all rot, for to the other fellow, you are So-and-so, and if neither of you make an effort to clear up what you know is a rotten condition, how shall we ever get a better ordering? Meanwhile, bless you merry gentlemen; let nothing you dismay—not even your probable, if future, introduction, to a certain old party of whom at the moment, you have but a hazy and indistinct appreciation.

We note that, with praiseworthy perseverance, Lord Muskerry—who is probably the sailorman's best, and most assiduous, friend—on Monday last, in the Gilded Chamber, "rose to call attention to the action of foreign maritime Powers in closing certain spheres of trade in which British ships have hitherto been engaged." His Lordship went on to particularise, and the indictment was of sufficient importance, to attract the earnest attention of his colleagues. We have not the space for a detailed account of what was said, and can but quote, here and there, from Lord Muskerry's remarks. One expression is worthy of careful consideration: His Lordship said that "My object in bringing this matter before the House, is to show that the foreigner is closing the door on our most important industry, and that the Government is practically taking no steps to prevent it." To those who have given any study to the subject, his Lordship is as near correct, as makes no odds. Somehow or other, up to within a very recent period—a period which, by the way, synchronises with Lord Muskerry's persistent pegging away—succeeding Governments have had but little time to spare, for the very industry on which the stability of the British Empire depends.

In Government circles, there ever appears to be too many highly-placed folk with an axe to grind—some of them, with half-a-dozen axes, in fact? Thus it has come about, that any enactment which it is impossible to dodge, is "rushed" through with indecent haste; without any of the calm deliberation which a nation's premier industry deserves; and in the end, the Statute Book is filled up with some of the most colossal pieces of ignorance and contradiction, that it is possible to imagine. It cannot be denied that, to a nation possessing the undoubted advantages which are centred around Britain, the Merchant Shipping Acts—of all kinds, and their name is legion—are an utter disgrace. Instead of fostering the industry which has made her supreme from a maritime consideration, every possible dodge is indulged to the contrary. In the words of the whole-hearted gentleman already quoted, "The condition of our merchant shipping should not be looked upon from either a free trade or protectionist point of view. The question of free trade or protection is never brought forward in connection with the Navy and Army, and as the Militia is the reserve of the Army, the merchant navy is the reserve, and the only reserve, of the Royal Navy."

There you are, good people! How many times have we dinned the same truth into you? Give it up? Never mind! A time, more or less, will not make a deal of difference, and it is the truth on each and every occasion. Seeing that Lord Muskerry is of the same opinion as ourselves; seeing also that he has had the necessary practical experience to make his words worthy of your attentive care: what do you think of the only reserve which is left you, for your so-called First Line of Defence? Some 40,000 foreigners sheltering under the Red Ensign—eh? A lovely reserve, don't you think? And yearly—nay, weekly—it becomes more lovely. What are you going to do about it? Do you mean to continue in the dodge-the-devil frame of mind which has been yours, for ages; or are you going to arise in your might and see to it that the nation's defences, are placed upon a businesslike footing? Months ago, we told you that a number of you have a real share in the country; a share that is rapidly getting into parlous state; a share that, unless you bring about an early alteration, will go over to the first bold foreigner who has pluck enough to take it. It won't benefit us, then, to merely say "We told you so." Not a bit! That is mainly why we "keep a hollerin'!"

You see, we have "been there," and as a consequence, we know. If our lives had been spent upon the beach at home, we should listen to every fresh charlatan who thought it worth his while to stuff us. But we haven't. Rather have we gleaned our experience on the beaches of the world, outside of the United Kingdom. Because of this, we are in a position to assure you, that you are living in a fools' paradise: that unless you inaugurate a change—and rapidly—you will have to accept the fate of all those who, while not blind, will take care that they do not see. In a reply which occupied the better portion of an hour, the Marquis of Lansdowne commented on Lord Muskerry's words; commented thereon, in a manner which must have done the latter gentleman's heart good—for not always does Lord Muskerry receive the attention and courtesy which his sterling knowledge demands. Let that be as it

may, the Marquis of Lansdowne was good enough to say, that "he should certainly not differ from the noble lord as to the importance of our merchant service, of whose interest there was no more vigilant advocate than the noble lord." It is the truth, as we—who have peeped behind the scenes, a little—know only too well. When the better state of affairs is an accomplished fact, Lord Muskerry will deserve the gratitude of his country: he already possesses that of the nautical profession, in no stinted degree.

WITHOUT going into the *minutiae* of the Marquis of Lansdowne's reply, we will quote you pieces thereof. Here is a choice sample: "There is at the moment, certainly, an inconsistency, and a most inequitable inconsistency, in allowing, say, a Norwegian timber ship to come to a British port without complying with those extremely salutary regulations of which the noble lord has often spoken in the House, and which are, to a certain extent, a burden on the shipping of this country." The foregoing should convince the shipowning cult, that not only as the champion of the helpless sailorman does Lord Muskerry shine; he is also an equally good friend to the shipowner—although he never makes a boast of the fact, or tootles around in an endeavour to win their sweet sympathy, as do so many of the alleged champions. However, there is hope for us—if only a remote one: and we have to be thankful for small mercies, in these very indifferent days. The hope lays in the fact that, on the words of the Marquis of Lansdowne, "The Committee of the House of Commons which was appointed last Session to deal with this matter, has been re-appointed this year, and we must all hope that the committee will see their way to making practical and satisfactory recommendations on this important branch of the subject." So say all of us.

THE poor Londoners are in for it! There's another banging of saxpences toward! It's like this. On Monday, last, the Conservators of the River Thames had their weekly meeting, at which the Lower Committee submitted a memorandum from the secretary, dealing with the projected improvements at Antwerp. You might be inclined to wonder what Antwerpian projected improvements have to do with Thames Conservators? Hold on a bit, and we'll explain. The memorandum referred to, after particularising as to the improvements of which we told you some weeks ago, ended up with the statement, that the estimated cost of the Antwerp move would total into some £8,000,000. In view of past "estimates" in the same direction, we may easily write down the ultimate cost as £16,000,000—and yet be on the wrong side as far as the Port of Antwerp is concerned? Anyhow, whether it is going to be £8,000,000 or £16,000,000—or anything over or under either amount—doesn't really matter. When such figures as these are about, you couldn't reasonably expect a Conservancy Board to let the opportunity for a Continental tour slip by, could you, now? If you could, then, you haven't given much attention to such nautical matters—while we have.

ANYHOW, one of the members moved that arrangements should be made, so that the whole collection of curios which, more or less, conserves the River Thames, should be enabled to visit Antwerp, Hamburg, and Rotterdam, in the leafy, and lovely, month of June, yes! Needless to say, the motion was carried, and it was resolved to refer the matter back to the General Purposes Committee, so that the necessary arrangements for the visit might be made. We suppose that "necessary arrangements" is Conservancy for "the wherewithal?" But why are those estimable gentlemen so eager to visit Antwerp? They know, we know, and you know, that the Antwerpian improvements are not due for another ten years; that the port is exactly as it has been for years; that a visit there, in June of this year, will offer no opportunities for a return of the Conservators to fix up the Thames—on any knowledge that has been gleaned on their projected journey. We hate to appear rude, but if the gentlemen hunger for the music of the big organ at the "Pally India"; if they wish to twig the prevailing colours of the window blinds in "Sin Paulee;" or if they harbour any doubts as to the correct method of spelling Schiedam-schie-dijk—well, why not own up to it? Are any of the L.C.C. going along, too?

GOOD old Suez Canal! Here's a dividend for you, who are interested! A little more than 28 per cent. on the 500f. shares! Eh, what? Is it any wonder that dreams of a rival concern, are continually floating about in front of the good people who usually do little else but dream? Don't tell us about shipping being a good investment. If you wish to make money, you have to cajole the other fellow into supplying the tonnage, while you lay yourself out to attend to that tonnage's needs. That is where the money lays, good people. Why, we know some very estimable folk, here, in Cardiff, whose steamers have seldom, if ever, left more than an apology for a dividend, and yet those same estimable folk are doing quite a piling-up-the-shekels business on the bye-product idea. Alto paint shops; falsetto ship chandleries; basso tinkers' shops; good lor', we could go on, an' we would. As a matter of fact, we might, someday. Meanwhile, we will inform you "that it is believed" that the transit dues will be reduced from 8f. 50c. to 7f. 75c., from January next—if it isn't rescinded, between this and then! When dealing with such a princely heritage as the Suez Canal Company, it is never safe to prophesy, more than twenty-five minutes ahead.

CANADA would appear to be reaping, even as she has sown! Some time ago, the crew of the *Agnes Donahue*, a Canadian sealing schooner, were laid in *durance vile* by the high-handed Government of a little tin-pot State, known, to a certain extent, to the world, as Uruguay—or You're-a-guy, as Jack would put it. As a consequence, the Dominion is a bit wrathy, because of this somewhat undignified treatment meted out to her citizens, and its House of Commons has had the matter under discussion. The old talk of a direct contribution from Canada to the British Navy is revived—like it ever is, when trouble is on the skirts of any of mamma's bantlings! When times are easy, the gentle colonists, all over the world, are of opinion that they are allowed to rest, because of their own pluck and resources; in troublous times, however, it is unpleasantly borne in upon the children, that they are allowed to go free, on account of the pugilistic propensities of the "Old Woman." It's a queer world, and it seems a pity that Canada will not remember that, in her own interests, she should take peace time for the sharpening of swords, and things. It can't very well be done, when the drum beats for battle?

IN commenting on the foregoing, the *Toronto News* says: "We are afraid, if any complaint is laid before the British Government, Canada will cut rather a poor figure. If Canada refuses to contribute to the expenditure for the British Navy, she must either leave her shipping unprotected, or organise a navy big enough to fight any Power that commits outrages on her sailors." Needless to say, this is a job which is altogether too big for the stomach of the Canadian brother; and yet he will not, because of the professional politician who has other needs for the money involved, anté up the relatively small share that will give

him the necessary protection. Continuing, our contemporary remarks, "We might begin with Uruguay. It seems to us we should cut rather a comical figure in asking Great Britain to thrash Uruguay. We ought to be able to coerce Uruguay, as easily as Alberta and Saskatchewan." Unfortunately, however, this is exactly what Canada is not able to do; and yet she is disinclined to pay, so that somebody else with the ability, may take a hand in the game. Politics are a queer pastime, and the Dominion would appear to have considerably more than her fair share of the exponents thereof. Some day, she might see wisdom—if somebody doesn't remove her eyes before someday arrives!

WELL, after dragging its weary length along, for the greater part of a month, the inquiry into the loss of the *Workfield* has been concluded. In view of the tremendous amount of time that has been given to the matter, and the final ringing down of the curtain, one is compelled to class the affair as under the heading of Much Ado about Nothing. As far as we can see, the Board of Trade would be acting in its own interest, if it were to fake up a law which, at once, would bring in the "off with his head" to which the public is nearly always treated, when a British shipmaster either makes a mistake, meets with an accident, or really does something criminal. Of what use is it to daddle along for several weeks, if, in the end, the one and only verdict is to be perpetuated? In this particular instance, the evidence was about as contradictory as possible, and we have been treated to the sickening spectacle of seeing a Briton professionally ruined, on the evidence of a number of foreigners, who should never have been allowed to take bread from the hand which they eventually bit. The whole matter seemed to hang on the question of whether the master was drunk, at the time of the stranding—or whatever it was.

So far as the officers—three in number—were concerned, they were positive that the captain was not drunk: they had sailed with him for a number of years—a fact which was altogether in the Old Man's favour: the steward was of opinion that "not drunk" was the correct expression: one of the engineers who put his faith on the drunk charge, was told by the President of the Court: "Your opinion is absolutely worthless. I tell you that at once." And yet, in the end, the same old concomitant resulted. Nine months suspension of a ticket, and mainly because a number of aliens had joined issues with those who should have known better—at least, that is how the matter appears to us, who have some little experience in reading between the lines, in cases of this sort. But trumped up charge or not, is anybody going to pretend that if a 'longshoreman had been "up" on a similar count: if the alleged "evidence" had been so contradictory: and the tribunal knew anything of the probable conditions; is anybody going to pretend, then, that the "culprit" would not have been given the benefit of the doubt—for doubt there was, in this case, surely?

THE captain has intimated his intention to appeal, and if he does, he will merely be throwing away good money, in an attempt to retain a certificate, that is rapidly becoming a disgrace, rather than the honour it was originally intended to be. No matter how you look at it, the shipmaster of to-day, is a pariah: an outcast. Any combination of "poor foreigners," possessed of a real or imaginary grievance, may line up in a British court, where, in the pathetic manner so facile to these creatures, they can convince the Solon, that if the Old Man, his officers, the owners, everybody, are not about so black as 'tis possible to make them —then, it isn't the fault of the said foreigners. And nine times out of ten, the Solon will listen; will incline to these strangers in a strange land; will yearn toward them—and principally because he never was cursed with their inefficient seamanship, on a dark night, with a stiff gale blowing, and a high sea running; at a time when it is all Lombard Street to a China orange, whether any of them lived to see daylight. Once more, let us ask when the profession is going to square itself up, and enforce their oft-repeated demands to be tried by their peers; by men who know which end of a ship goes first; and who are acquainted with the wonderful twisting of a foreign nautical mind? Surely by now, the country has had enough victims to the traditions of other days? Isn't it time to inaugurate a new, and modern method? Bah! Let's leave it, as, later on, it will leave us—to the mercies of the same foreigner armed with a rifle.

NICE sort of place that Navy of which we are so proud, and which costs the country so much money, is becoming, don't you think? It is considered, by the "young gentlemen," themselves, that it is conducive to the development of a fighting spirit, for a number of nautical hobble-de-hoys to fall upon one of their number, and "administer a castigation, with a midshipman's dirk, don'tcherknow." It is, too, in some instances! Where the bragging bantling gets his cheek—and other parts—damaged, by a lad who has the real kind of pluck! "Ragging" is a pretty name, and like charity, it covers a multitude of sins. All the same, we much doubt if, in future, there can be any possible virtue in the claim that the Navy must be officered by gentlemen, the sons of gentlemen? If the *Kent* case is a fair sample of the gentlemanly conduct of to-day—and it is, don't forget; it is but one of many, and you would never have heard a word of the matter if the intended victim hadn't had pluck enough to turn the tables on his "gentlemanly" assailants—then, the sooner these "cocky" young "ramcats" are relegated to the limbo of forgotten things; and the gentlemanly (and brainy) sons of poor men are introduced into their late positions, the better will it be for all hands concerned.

TRUE, there appears to have been a much-needed lesson inculcated in this instance. The Captain has been superseded, placed on half-pay, style it what you will; and drastic circular letters have been flung around, for the purpose of impressing on these over-trained-but-under-educated young men, that the Royal Navy is not the best place on earth, where petty tyranny may be carried on. One thing is plain enough in the matter: The powers that be, would appear to realise that the day of pitchfork promotion is drawing to a close; that everything which is calculated to draw public attention to the disgraceful manner in which the national shipowning is attended to, must be *tabued*; and that, at the best, the old order must soon pass, to make room for the new, and the nobler. For losing a costly man-of-war, the delinquent is merely reprimanded; gets a wink from the boss of the courts-martial, and the remark that he is not guilty—only he had better refrain from the trick, in future. But for "ragging," the Captain is placed on half-pay. Draw your own conclusions, good people. They should be easy enough, in view of what we have repeatedly told you?

YES! Yes! The dear old Russian friend is said to be out after more Welsh coal, and that he needs anything up to 100,000 tons for Vladivostock. Of course, the gentleman might be really needing the stuff, because it is never safe to attempt to follow the awful reasonings of the Russian mind. Anyhow, supposing he doesn't need the coal:

never will need it; and never, since his conglomeration of old crocks left Libau, hoped to need it; the rumour has given quite a fillip to the local "daily" paper man. What's that? Doesn't need much to do that? Don't be rude, please. When you see an esteemed contemporary laying itself out to teach you all there is to know in selling, and sailing coal to Vladivostock—well, you ought to be grateful, so you did. For if the yarn should turn out to be a *canard*, invented in one of the many idle moments experienced by the "fancy," at present, it still has served its purpose; has filled a void which might, otherwise, have been of the aching variety. And see how nice it is to be told all about the dodges of underwriters—from a St. Mary Street point of view! Great Hannibal—it's better than a trip to a music hall, what?

HERE it is, again, the British fireman is not a success on a British ship; he is a drunken, lazy hound; is only to be depended on at dinner-time; and he is a Federation man to boot. That's up against them, don't you think? It all came out in connection with the "white Australia" idea, and somehow or other, the ones who are surprised most, are exactly those who should not be surprised in the least. To us, there is a pathetic side to the story. Here are honest, respectable, and God-fearing shipowners, growling because they can't get angels-in-disguise, at the price for which most people wouldn't expect to get other than devils. The poor longshoreman, because he knows nothing of the circumstances, is prone to believe all the twaddle on the subject, which he sees in his morning paper; but if he would only interest himself sufficiently to seek the cause for the unsatisfactory conditions which exist, he would throw up his surprise, even as he set about getting something better. Until the nation is prepared to pay for decent firemen; to make it worth the while of those firemen's bosses to give the necessary attention; right up to then, will British firemen be the fiasco that they are at present. The whole service is dislocated, and yet you expect cohesion, and concerted action from its units.

OUR contemporary, *Daily Chronicle* has been unburdening itself concerning "Imperial advertisement." It says, among other things, that the Government is often reproached for not taking an adequate interest in trade; but there is one Department that gives bold advertisement to an enterprising firm. The Department is the Colonial Office, and the firm is the one-and-only for the West Indies—Elder, Dempster and Co.; that is, the company which, if boats and bananas were to bust, should still be able to rope in the rhino as advertisement agents? Here is the style in which *D.C.* puts the little matter: "The walls of the waiting-room at the Colonial Office are adorned (?) just now, with some eight or nine pictures, time tables, etc., indicating the great activity of Sir Alfred Jones and Messrs. Elder, Dempster and Co." Yea, lor', and yet they say that there is no favouritism in the Government Departments! What is the matter with giving free ads. to some of the other concerns, which have been doing the Imperial act, since years before Elder, Dempster and Co., were thought of? Was there anything in that old jape of Shakespeare, concerning the giving of medicines to make 'em love you? Might have been.

ACTING on representations made by the Scottish Shipmasters' and Officers' Association, Lord Lansdowne instructed His Majesty's Ambassador, at St. Petersburg, to approach the Russian Government in favour of the Officers of British Nationality, who were taken prisoners by the Russians, on the sinking of the Japanese Transport *Sada Maru*. His Lordship, we learn, in a communication to the Association, anticipates the release of the Officers in question, as soon as an arrangement for an exchange of prisoners has been come to, between the Russian and Japanese Governments. The basis on which that exchange is to be regulated, is now under discussion. Lord Lansdowne has promised to institute further inquiries, and states that every endeavour will be made to hasten the completion of an agreement between the Russian and Japanese Governments, under which British prisoners of war would be released, at an early date.

THE Merchant Service Guild have lately been interesting themselves, in a case involving an important point of principle effecting captains of merchant ships, in recovering moneys due them from their owners. A member of the Guild, was requested by a partner of the firm for which he sailed, to relinquish the command of his vessel then laying at Los Angeles. Though so far removed from home, the owner refused to settle the Captain's bill, declining, also, to pay him anything on account. He was, therefore, forced to borrow money for the purpose of returning to England. On his return, he applied to the owners for his wages due, but this was refused until they could communicate with the new captain of the vessel, which was then on a voyage to Sydney. Thereupon the Captain issued a writ on his owners, who made an interlocutory application before Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane, that the case should be remitted to an Arbitration of Merchants. Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane refused their application, ordered it to be treated as the trial of the action, and gave judgment for the Captain for the full amount claimed, with costs. The owners again applied to the Judge to review his decision, which he refused to do, and dismissed their second application.

The Merchant Shipping Act provides, that a seaman in a similar position, must be paid wages up to the date of final settlement, but a master has been held to be not a seaman, within the meaning of the Act. Therefore, the Guild solicitors, in justice to the shipmaster, decided to include in the Bill of Costs, a daily subsistence allowance, up to the time of settlement, to enable the Captain to appear as a witness on his own behalf. In case this was not granted, the Guild determined, for the benefit of the profession they represent, to carry the case to the High Court. The owners objected to payment of the item mentioned, but, after an adjourned hearing, the Registrar of the Admiralty Court, in Liverpool, considered it a reasonable charge, and the sum, amounting to thirty-three pounds, was allowed. The owners have now paid this amount, *plus* full wages and costs. In future, perhaps, the steamer shareholder's money may be saved, from his sort of magnificent expenditure?

THE re-introduction of the Government's Aliens Bill, has given rise to considerable activity on the part of the Mercantile Marine Service Association, (in the interest of shipmasters), as its provisions impose upon those masters, the whole of the responsibilities and penalties, for the introduction of undesirable aliens into the country. It need hardly be pointed out, to anyone acquainted with shipping business, that the Master has, in reality, little or nothing to do with the engagement, or selection, of passengers at any port; this being usually done by the owners, or their agents. The Council of M.M.S.A., agrees that the object of the Bill is very commendable, and while they do not desire that the shipmaster be relieved of any just and proper responsibility, they strongly object to his being singled out, and penalised, for offences over which he has no control; and which, in many instances, can hardly be said to be brought about, by any act, or default, of his own.

SHIPBUILDING.

New orders for merchant tonnage of the ordinary tramps are still scarce, but several contracts for steamers of special type have recently been booked. The Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, Govan, have received an order from Messrs. G. & J. Burns, Ltd., Glasgow, to build a 21 knot steamer. She will be fitted with turbine machinery, which will be supplied by the Fairfield Company. The steamer will run in the Ardrossan to Belfast trade and will be the largest vessel running between the Clyde and Ireland.

Messrs. Barclay, Curle & Co., Whiteinch, are to build two large steamers for the British India Company.

The Ardrossan Shipbuilding Company have received an order from Messrs. Henry Lamont & Co., Glasgow, for a cargo and passenger steamer for their Glasgow and Liverpool trade.

Messrs. Fleming & Ferguson, Paisley, are to build a dredger for the River Gambia, to the order of the Government, and Messrs. Ferguson Brothers, Port Glasgow, a big dredger for the Clyde Trust.

Messrs. Murdoch & Murray, Port Glasgow, who seem to have a monopoly in building steamers for the Amazon, and who already have orders for six cargo and passenger boats for this trade, have received orders for five more.

Messrs. Swan, Hunter & Wigham Richardson, Limited, Wallsend, have been commissioned to build a big pontoon dock for Messrs. Elder, Dempster & Co., Ltd. This pontoon dock is to be stationed at Forcados, on the West African coast, where Messrs. Elder, Dempster & Co. have just established the Forcados Engineering Company, and will be utilised in connection with this enterprise. This important order will provide work at Wallsend for many months to come, and it is rumoured that the same firm have received an order for a large passenger steamer, from an Italian Company, for the passenger traffic between Italy and America.

The Hansa Line, Bremen, have ordered six new steamers of about 6,000 tons each, two from the Flensburg Shipbuilding Co., two from the Vulcan Company, Bremen, and two from Messrs. Swan, Hunter & Wigham Richardson, Ltd., Wallsend-on-Tyne.

The Royal Mail Steam Packet Co., Ltd., have ordered two 10,000 tons deadweight steamers, to be built by Messrs. Harland & Wolff, Belfast.

Messrs. Robert Thompson & Sons, Sunderland, have launched a steel screw cargo steamer for the Orders and Handford Steamship Company, Ltd., of Newport. Her dimensions are: 313ft. x 45ft. x 23ft. 1in. moulded, estimated deadweight 4,400 tons on 19ft. 9in. draft. She is built on the deep frame principle, with one deck, and the holds are clear of all obstruction. The machinery will be supplied by Messrs. George Clarke, Ltd., of Sunderland, with engines 23in., 38in., 61in. x 39in. stroke, and two large single ended boilers, of 180lbs. pressure. The ship and machinery have been superintended by Mr. J. Boddy, of Newport, and has been named *Refugio*.

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The Admiralty has decided to add several torpedo destroyers to the Navy. These vessels are to be of larger displacement than the existing destroyers, and we understand that orders have been given out for one vessel to each of the following firms, viz: The Palmers Company, Messrs. R. & W. Hawthorn, Leslie & Co., Messrs. Cammell, Laird & Co., Messrs. Yarrow & Co. and Messrs. Thornycroft & Co., and that further orders will follow according to the success of these firms in turning out the first craft.

The British Admiralty, being satisfied with the results obtained from the third cruiser *Amethyst*, have decided to fit turbine engines to the latest battleship and have invited tenders for the construction of same from the leading engineering firms, on the Admiralty list, under agreement with the Parsons Marine Steam Turbine Company. The engines are to develop 23,000 i.h.p. To make its triumph complete, the steam turbine has only to be applied to the ordinary "tramp" steamer, and the day would seem to be not far distant when the turbine will be so applied.

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The steel screw steamer *A. J. Hocken*, owned by Messrs. R. Hocken & Co., London, is reported sold, at about £18,500. She was built by the Grangemouth and Greenwich Dockyard Company, Grangemouth, in 1901. 1,788 tons gross. Dimensions 270ft. x 40ft. 6in. x 20ft. 6in. moulded; carries about 3,100 tons deadweight on 17ft. 3in. draft.; with engines 20in., 32½in., 53in. x 36in. stroke, by Messrs. S. & H. Morton & Co., Leith.

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The steel screw steamer *Mazagan*, lately owned by Messrs. Forwood Brothers, of London and Liverpool, is reported sold to foreign buyers at about £22,000. She was built by the Grangemouth and Greenock Dockyard Company, Grangemouth, in 1902. Dimensions 270ft. x 37ft. x 20ft. 6in.; 1,677 tons gross; with engines 21in., 35in., 57in. x 39in. stroke, by Messrs. Cooper & Greig, Dundee.

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The steel screw steamer *Oscar II*, lately owned by Mr. J. Christensen, of Bergen, has been sold to Japanese buyers, at about £16,500. She was built by Messrs. W. Gray & Co., Ltd., West Hartlepool, in 1893. Dimensions 316ft. 7in. x 41ft. x 24ft.; 3,060 tons gross; with engines 23in., 36½in., 62in. x 39in. stroke, by the Central Marine Engine Works.

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The iron screw steamer *Primate*, lately owned by Messrs. E. Harris & Co., Middlesbrough, has been sold to Messrs. Roed McNair & Co., Glasgow, at about £4,500. She was built by Raylton, Dixon & Co., Middlesbrough, in 1883. Dimensions 260ft. 2in. x 35ft. 7in. x 19ft. 8in.; 1,712 tons gross; with engines 33in., 61in. x 33in. stroke, by Messrs. T. Richardson & Sons.

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The iron screw steamer *Seine*, lately owned by the Telegraph Construction & Maintenance Co., Ltd., London, has been sold to British buyers for breaking up purposes. She was built by the Thames Ship Building Co., London, in 1859. 3,553 tons gross. Dimensions 338ft. x 44ft. x 33ft. 9in.

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The steel screw steamer *Duke of Norfolk*, owned by Messrs. J. B. Westray & Co., London, is reported sold at about £17,000. She was built and engined by Messrs. Hawthorn, Leslie & Co., Ltd., in 1889. Dimensions 350ft. x 47ft. 7in. x 24ft. 2in.; 3,819 tons gross; with engines 27in., 44in., 71in. x 48in. stroke.

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A new steel screw spar deck cargo steamer, building on the Tyne, has been sold to British buyers for £37,500. Dimensions 360ft. x 48ft. x 30ft. 9in. moulded, estimated deadweight 7,000 tons, on 24½ft. draft; with engines 25in., 41in., 69in. x 48in. stroke; three single ended boilers 14ft. x 10ft. 9in., working pressure 180lbs.

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Mr. C. M. Boden, of Norrkoping, Sweden, is the purchaser of the steamer *Amity*, recently reported sold.

The Maritime Review
An Illustrated Weekly Journal

FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1905.

A NEW FREIGHT MARKET?—MANITOBA-ON-THE-SEA!

(Third Article).

IN closing up our second article on this subject, we remarked that Premier Roblin had, under certain conditions, pledged his word to send out an expedition, the business of which would be to find out all that was possible, in connection with the Hudson's Bay—especially in the matter of securing reliable data for the preparation of charts of the locality. That the latter portion of the undertaking will be no sinecure, may be readily assimilated, when it is remembered that the Hudson Straits are some five hundred miles in length, and have a width varying from forty-five miles, to one hundred and fifty miles—roundly considered. Indeed, we may take as an average width right through, the hundred miles limit—truly a formidable piece of surveying, and one that may not be successfully carried out in a few days. Still, sufficient data for an early start is possible, and, like all other new regions, the further development of the district, might be safely allowed to wait on opportunity, and necessity. That is, there is absolutely no need to wait for a Manitoba-on-the-Sea, until every square mile of Hudson's Bay has been mapped out. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof—and the navigation, thereaway, will be evil enough, you'll find; but as long as one safe channel is provided, further expansion will follow, as a matter of course. A brief examination of the geographical situation in this comparatively new region will be of interest, and commencing with the narrowest parts of the Straits, we find that these are between Cape Best, on Resolution Island, and Button Island, at the eastern entrance and opposite to North Bluff, near Savage Islands. It will be observed, that the early navigators had a fairly keen appreciation of the difficulties which surrounded their path as nautical pioneers, for it took some "resolution" on their part, to take their very indifferent ships past "savage" islands, and into unknown regions? However, having got inside of the first range of difficulties, we find that there is a fairly wide (ten miles) and moderately clear passage in the Gabriel Strait, and altogether, we have a choice of three different entrances into the Straits. These are, the ten-mile stretch between Resolution Island and the north shore of the mainland already referred to; another route between Cape Best (southern point of Resolution Island) and the Button Islands—with a channel some forty-five miles across; and lastly, between the several islands laying off the coast of Labrador; and of which, four have been marked as possible—on the chart prepared by Captain Becher, R.N.—as having a ten-miles width. Steamers bound for Ungava Bay, usually pass between the Button Islands and the mainland of Labrador, and this portion of the Straits once passed, the following navigation is comparatively easy, and as safe as most routes running through what Jack is irreverently inclined to dub, "a God-forsaken district." But it must not be forgotten that, at one time in their existences, the most beautifully lighted and buoyed places on earth were, according to the Jacks of that period, just as "God-forsaken." With the march of progress, the imputation has been removed. So, in like manner, will the stigma which, at present, hangs around the untried Hudson's Bay route, be removed—once the skill of man has been brought to bear, because it was worth his while. In the past, this region has been left severely alone, solely for the reason that it was worth no man's while to exploit it. True, the Hudson's Bay Company have made a good thing out of it, for quite a while; but outside of their efforts, nobody seemed to care a toss, whether there was a northern road to the Great North-West, or otherwise. All this is by way of alteration. The Provinces have become peopled; will become more peopled; and where there is a population to be attended to, earth cannot keep progress down. This is being evidenced, daily. That no difference will be evident in the case of this Manitoba-on-the-Sea idea, may be taken for granted. We do not pretend that the scheme is going to "drop out of the clouds," so to speak; or that a fleet of steamers will be put upon the route, before you can say "knife;" but that, in time, the whole thing will be worked out as it was written in the beginning, may be taken for granted. Of course, the opponents to the new idea are for ever to the 'fore with their pessimistic forecasts; tell us that nobody seems to know when the winter ends, or the alleged summer begins, in that benighted region; and to a very great extent, those pessimists are right. But then, time was that nobody knew much about the seasons in the St. Lawrence? Moreover, when a knowledge of those seasons became common, so did the belief that outside of one half the year, those seasons might just as well be unknown quantities—for all the good they were to the commercial world outside of Canada? We have no brief for the Hudson's Bay folk, nor against the St. Lawrence apostles. We are merely laying out the facts as they appeal to us: as they have appeared to us, after encountering the pleasures which are to be found on both waterways. To our mind, there is but little to choose between either the St. Lawrence, or the Hudson's Bay route, as far as physical comfort is concerned; and we would as soon undertake a voyage to Port Churchill, as to Montreal—if personal comfort were all we were seeking. In the past, there was no incentive to investigate the possibilities of the northern route; to-day, there is; and it may be taken for granted that, with the advent of that same incentive, will come the hardy souls who are for ever willing to adventure, when "there's something in it." With reference to the uncertainty that exists, as to the period during which the Hudson's Bay route is likely to be open, an interesting statement was made before the Select Committee which was appointed by the House of Commons at Ottawa, so far back as April, 1883. In answer to, "Have you the dates of the opening and closing of navigation of Hudson's Bay?" Dr. Bell, of the Geological Survey of Canada, and who had spent six seasons around the Bay, replied: "In regard to the Bay, itself, there is no date for the opening or closing of navigation, because the Bay is open all the year 'round, like the ocean in corresponding latitudes. It is strictly correct to say that the Bay is open during the winter, because although in the shallow water at the head of James' Bay, a narrow margin of ice forms, it does not extend outwards, and is due to the land-locked nature of the Bay, and the narrowness and freshness of the water. Farther north, there is a margin of ice along the shallow water; but it never extends so far, but a man on the beach can see the fog on the open water, on a clear morning. On parts of the eastern coast, I am told, the sea washes against the rocks, all the winter, just the same as on the coast of Nova Scotia or of Newfoundland." Here, then, we have the suggestion put forward by a man who had spent six seasons in collecting his facts, that the only difficulty lays in negotiating the Strait, itself; that once having passed that apparent obstacle, everything would be comparatively smooth sailing? And this same Dr. Bell further stated, that the ice formed along the shores, was only sufficient to prevent the entrance of vessels into harbour—just as in the case of the St. Lawrence, but with this possible difference: Whereas in the St. Lawrence but little hope exists for keeping such a tide-way open in winter, on account of the racing currents which add to the difficulties already existent through the Ice King's presence; in the rival route, the tidal difficulty is not so acute, nor is

the ice trouble altogether insurmountable, viewed in the light of modern science. Then, again, in connection with the rivers which fall into Hudson's Bay, these are open to navigation, on an average, for six months in the year, as is evidenced by the records officially kept, for over half-a-century, by officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, and which records were presented to the Canadian Government. Answering further questions, Dr. Bell informed the Select Parliamentary Committee referred to, that the temperature of Lake Superior, below the immediate surface, was 39 degrees Fahr.; while along the eastern shores of Hudson's Bay, it averaged 53 degrees, during the summer months, according to observations made by himself, in 1887. It was then so warm in the summer, as to be more comfortable to bathe in the waters of the Bay, than in those of the Gulf of St. Lawrence! Dr. Bell assigned, as reasons for this higher temperature: a land-locked Bay and summer weather; no ocean currents to drain off the water; and hence a retention of heat for a longer period. A contributory cause for this mildness, too, lays in the tranquility of the summer months, during which the sun shines longer, and relatively stronger, than in more southern latitudes. Furthermore, the harbours are not closed by ice, until the middle of November, and sometimes, not until after Christmas. Indeed, there would appear to be no difficulty, and under natural conditions, for a vessel to leave the Bay up to the latter end of October, or middle of November, which compares very favourably with some other large grain-exporting centres—notably those in the vicinity of the Azov? As a matter of fact, most of the difficulties which have been allowed to gravitate around the Hudson's Bay route, are already in existence in greater or lesser degree, in parts of the world which have become known to mankind as perfectly safe, and normal trading centres. Such are the uses of familiarity, and its known leanings toward contempt! Taganrog, which is closed for a portion of the year, excites no wonder; the Baltic, under the same conditions, is in exactly the same category; even in the case of the St. Lawrence, which is a thousand-fold worse than either Taranrog or the Baltic, from a navigating point of view, we are becoming case-hardened; yet, if the Hudson's Bay route is seriously discussed, some of the would-be wise-acres are prone to emphatically negative all chances of success, with the expression, "But the place is frozen up for half the year!" In effect, the statement is true enough. But then, the shore ice, if left in a state of nature; unmolested; unbroken; untouched; will interfere with navigation for no longer period than a similar interference exists in the matter of other half-year-resorts-of-trade, such as the St. Lawrence? Opponents of progress that doesn't coruscate around their own particular front-door—have made much ado about the floating ice in James' Bay, in the spring of the year.

(To be continued.)

THE DAWN OF REASON?

GENERALLY speaking, when a number of fellow citizens have been wandering along in a state of semi mental-obscurity, so to speak, the remainder of the community who have not been similarly circumstanced, are unfeignedly glad to note the approach to the light, of the erstwhile benighted ones? At least, so it appears to us, and we have given some attention to the subject. Anyhow, we are glad to note that "Mabon" and his co-directors of that Federation affair, are beginning to assimilate the truth which you and us have digested, for quite a while. The truth that the miners' minimum wage is in danger. As a matter of truth, it has been in danger from the moment that the sliding scale was laid away, for a season; and the simple fact that the miners couldn't realise the situation, had nothing to do with the eventual fate of what was, after all, purely an imaginary trade factor. A minimum wage rate for any particular trade, is about as elusive as is the notion that, ultimately, the human race will agree to share out all its shekels, for the common good. Theoretically, this minimum idea is splendid, and a calm consideration of the conditions which coruscate around it, are calculated to make one think of the particular shade of colour, that shall appear in the chiffony scarf which we are going to wear, after the angel's wings have sprouted from somewhere (not specified to-date) under our shoulder blades. As a war-cry, with which to work up the paying enthusiasm of a number of unthinking workmen, the words "minimum wage" possess potentialities. Mainly for the reason that nobody quite understands what is meant by the term; and what is non-understandable, is always calculated to catch the passing fancy of the mob. The men grew tired of the sliding-scale, not because they didn't believe in its virtues; but simply for the reason that familiarity, with its blessings, had bred contempt therefor. If the coalowners had seen fit to re-name the sliding-scale; had wrapped a new air of mystery around it, and its workings; then friend Dai would have seen the new apostle hanged, before he would have left off following the apparently new scheme. This is just what a majority of the coalowners didn't agree to—mainly for the reason that they, too, had become so used to the resulting blessings, that they meandered along in a condition where familiarity had bred contempt. Seeing that the sliding-scale was a human arrangement, there might have been a few ills attached; but if so, those ills were known, understood, and easily guarded against; yet, after the manner of their kind, those coalowners were keen to rush off after ills unknown, rather than to grapple with the alleged one or two, which were said to exist. Up to the present, both masters and men have had about enough of this commercial will-o'-the-wisp known as a minimum wage, and both of them are showing signs that the dawn of reason is at hand; are remembering that it would have been well to be off with the old love, before they were on with the new. This is just what they didn't attend to. They transmogrified sliding-scale; styled her Conciliation Board; put a bonnet on her in the matter of unlimited cackle-committees; tacked on a pretty fringe *a la* minimum wage; and as a natural consequence—seeing that the fringe didn't fit the new frock—the poor young thing has been tripping up in it, ever since. Her last stumble, about put the finishing touch on the matter, and even "Mabon" realises that the fate of his old-styled-new-love is about sealed. To the community, generally, it is a matter for congratulation, for after all, it is of more importance to the inhabitants of South Wales that the coal trade continues, even as of old; than that for the mere purpose of drumming up enough cash for the payment of amateur legislators, the coal trade be allowed to occupy second place in the minds of the crowd. Parliamentary honours are all very well—for those who have been trained to attend to such matters; but we have a very open mind as to whether an Empire the size of Britain is going to be benefited, simply by running it on the lines that are usually adopted by the "cheap-Jack" of commerce. In the halcyon days of our youth, we had a nodding acquaintance with a "cheap Jack"; noted his merry manner of massing a mob: remarked that, on the nights when he had appeared most prodigal, in giving electro-plated cruet-stands to the lucky fellows, who mouthed out the three-penny piece from a basin of flour (into which a dozen or so of other mouths had dipped); well, that was the night on which his sales were most profitable! He tickled the crowd, and they laughed. In the end, however, "cheap Jack" had to move on; he couldn't go on tickling them, with the same old jape, for ever. So with Conciliation Board; it has tickled for a season; but for the reason that it has no real merit—it has to move on; and dear old "Mabon" sees it, even though he brings out yet another (if metaphorical) basin of flour, and a crooked three-penny-piece? We have spoken!

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *May 24, 1905.*

YET again it is our melancholy duty to inform you, that for the period under review, the Coal Market has experienced no improvement; that the lifelessness which has characterised the staple trade of late, has continued; and that taken all 'round, there isn't much to chose, in either one direction or the other. As our own particular young man remarks, "This is not surprising, seeing that there has been an absence of anything doing," and we are somewhat of opinion that he is right. When there is an absence of anything doing, lifelessness about expresses the situation? The worst of it is, that outside the meagre possibility of that Russian deal eventuating, indications do not point to anything of a startling character, in the near future. Mere newspaper folk, of course, might be induced to ask what the Russian can possibly want with coal.

MIGHT go on to remark that in a few short days, or weeks, he won't have any furnaces afloat, in which to burn that coal. But the coal selling gentleman doesn't concern himself with points of this description. He reads that there is a rumour of a big run on the staple commodity; he has no time to trace the wily rumour to its lair; so instead, he adjourns to the inner office, where he—but never mind; his conduct in the inner office is no concern of anybody's—save himself; and although we have seen some of the quiffiets emanating from that inner sanctum; that holy of holies, so to speak, and without irreverence; well, we are dealing with coal—in the wagon, and not on the books of the company. You might think that there is mighty little difference in the twain—but there is.

BUT, really, the demand for all varieties has been as limited as ever—if anything, more than ever, lately; and while, undoubtedly, a colliery, here and there, are blessed with the enjoyment of regular work; the vast majority are beginning to look blue from a continued lack of appreciation of their wares. This, again, means that stocks have been mounting up, and when this happens, you know what to expect. With mounting stocks, comes scarcity of wagons; when wagons are scarce, stoppages are frequent; and taking it all 'round, that five per cent. reduction was badly needed. Another reduction will have to come, in yet a little while; and that is mainly what is troubling the leaders of that portion of collierydom which belongs to the Miners' Federation. There's trouble ahead, sirs. Grave trouble.

A CASUAL glance at the figures which we give you on the opposite page, will convince you that quotations are still the same, as at our last time of writing; but, as we have assured you in the past, when trade is even as it was then, and is now, quotations, at the best, are but a visible and outward token that men are prepared to treat for business. The figures, themselves, must be taken as no guarantee of value: on the contrary, rather, for they do but imply that figures can be made to prove anything. At present, the only means of learning actual values, is for the buyer to approach his good friend the seller, with positive business in hand. Then will come the tug of war! Seller will pretend that he doesn't really wish to sell—at any price; and buyer will work the same idea, on his own account.

MIND you, neither of the worthy traders are deceived by these tactics. On the contrary, for they would be disappointed if this phase of honourable tradition were neglected. Just let buyer offer something which, at present, would be considered tempting, and if seller didn't get on to him like a bromlie-kite is popularly supposed to fasten on to a defunct negro—well, we should smile! What is the something tempting? A few thousand tons, wanted at once, and a ship in dock awaiting the stuff, with the tip-shoot over her hatch, on a hair-trigger, so to speak. Anything of that nature, will bring prices appreciably below quotations. You try it, and then stroll around here, and let us know if we aren't true diagnosers of the coal disease. Even if you don't stroll around, we are good somethings, all the same.

SHIPMENTS for the past week show a decrease. A fact which is scarcely worthy of comment? Chartering, too, is quiet, and with tonnage supplies by no means up to local standard, the market, as we have already assured you, is altogether up against the poor unfortunate—and sometimes would-be—seller. If he, poor soul, wishes to keep his bank balance anything near satisfactory, he has to adopt the rôle beneficent. Even so, the actual transactions have been few, and these again, merely for immediate requirements. All this notwithstanding, forward items are being quoted—with a perseverance deserving a better fate—on the basis of current figures; but although this is the case; in spite of the shouting-on-the-wall; *malgre* the disturbances over the possible demise of the minimum rate; there is mighty little booking about.

BEST CARDIFF ADMIRALTYS. Here we find that the situation is identical with that obtaining at our last time of sizing up the local juggle; mainly for the reason that nothing has occurred to alter the prevailing conditions! While the quotation in some quarters, is still that good old 13s.—and expressed in a firm tone, and without the wobble of a lip, or the trembling of an eyebrow—as an actual offer for business, the gentle coalman merely breathes it in an apologetic tone of voice; 'fore all the world as if he were ashamed of trying to impose upon your good nature. In one or two favoured quarters, there is a semblance of hauteur in the demand, and mainly because the colliery involved is disposing of its output, through the working off of engagements, that were entered into when the world was much younger. But even so, the hauteur is more assumed than real; the poor fellow realises the hollowness of his attempt at bluff: knows that in the near future those old engagements will be worked out, and—breathe it gently—there are no bookings to take their place.

GAINSAY it who will, the position of BESTS is anything but as satisfactory as its exponents would wish to pretend; and, moreover, there is an uncomfortable feeling surrounding the stemming arrangements, here. As a natural consequence, this does not admit of a stickling for quotations, and as a matter of fact, 12s. 9d. is quite the extreme value in this grade, with commoner qualities proportionately lower in consequence. Especially is this the case, where the buyer has the necessity where it ought to be—prompt, and handy.

SECONDS, again, are no firmer than at our last, and values remain at around 12s. 3d.—as a quotation. A little higher, or lower, as circumstances, and the special persuasiveness of buyer, or seller, warrants; and of course, the particular conditions of the colliery implicated must not be overlooked. There are exceptions in every rule, and herein, we do but write of the general conditions. As an example, there are a couple of the better stemmed collieries quoting 12s. 9d.—and you cannot get a chunk of their output for less. These, however, are fortune's favourites, and they do not, by any means, represent the true state of the poll in Seconds-land. Not by a very long way; sixpence to ninepence—aye, or even a shilling—as a matter of fact.

ORDINARIES are a weak department, and very little has been done therein, over the past week. The absence of enquiry—or anything else worth mentioning—has made the alleged prices wobbly. Nominally, they are at between 11s. 6d. to 11s. 9d.; actually, and in point of value, 3d. less, on each quotation. But really, there is very little use to write of them, as they have been ruling of late. The quotation is the merest sham, and business that has been done, is according to the Wheel of Fortuue. You simply

took your chance, and as the thing worked out, so it was—for both seller and buyer.

Drys continue in a state of idleness. There is no increase in the enquiry therefor, and stocks are already heavy, and rising; hence prices are governed more by the position offered, than by the actual value of the stuff. Bests are down to 11s. 9d., and distinctly easy at that; Inferiors are "soft," at from 11s. 3d. to 11s. 6d.

Monmouthshire Coals, too, are about on a par with the remainder of the market, and values show a decline of a full threepence, on those ruling over last week. For Black Veins, sellers are pulling in nothing above 11s. 3d., Newport: and these figures are characterised by anything but firmness. The position of the collieries hereaway, too, are the reverse of good, for stems are easy, and there is a general ease-up in the demand. Prompt orders are necessary to the seller, and if the buyer has anything to place in this fashion, prices are all in his favour.

Ordinaries are about in the position scheduled last week. Immediately, they are weak, but in spite of this fact, values have undergone no alteration, being quoted (place your own valuation on the word) at 11s., and so far, it has taken the buyer all his time to improve on this. In some instances, the price has not been accepted, for occult reasons.

Seconds are ruling at a general 10s. 3d., which is about the lowest that will be accepted by their exploiters, at the moment. Collieries, here, are working fairly well, and their engagements are good enough to enable sellers to adopt a certain amount of side, in the giving of quotations!

Rhondda No. 3's are ruling steadily on the basis of 13s. 9d., at which transactions have resulted. Number 2's on the other hand, are quite as weak as they have been for some time past. The utmost value here, at the moment, is 9s. 9d., and even at that, the demand is disappointing, while stocks are mounting up rapidly.

Smalls have shown no appreciable alteration, Bests moving off at 8s. 3d.—quotably; but 7s. 9d. more nearly approximates to their actual worth. Seconds are good at 7s. to 7s. 3d.; with Ordinaries at about 6s. 9d.

Patent Fuels are easy at about 12s. 6d.; while Pitwood, which is extremely scarce, is doing at 19s.

Approximate Figures for the Week, are as follow:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

Quality.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	13s. 0d.	12s. 10½d.	12s. 10½d.	12s. 9d., 13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d., 12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 0d., 12s. 9d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 9d.
Drys ,, ..	11s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.
Best Newport ,, ..	11s. 3d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 6d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	11s. 1½d.	11s. 1½d.	11s. 0d., 11s. 3d.	11s. 0d., 11s. 3d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.
Seconds ,, ...	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,,	15s. 0d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 0d., 15s. 6d.	15s. 0d., 15s. 3d.	15s. 0d., 15s. 6d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,,	13s. 9d., 14s. 0d.	13s. 10½d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	14s. 0d.	13s. 9d., 14s. 0d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,,	9s. 10½d.	9s. 10½d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d., 10s. 0d.	9s. 7½d., 9s. 10½d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro."	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.
,, 2 ,,	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d., 9s. 0d.	8s. 6d., 9s. 0d.
Smalls:						
Best Cardiff	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d., 8s. 0d.	7s. 10½d.	8s. 0d.	7s. 9d., 8s. 0d.
Seconds	7s. 3d., 7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 0d., 7s. 6d.
Ordinaries	7s. 0d.	7s. 0d.	6s. 9d., 7s. 0d.	6s. 10½d.	7s. 0d	7s. 0d.
Best Newport	7s. 0d.	7s. 0d.	6s. 9d.	7s. 0d.	7s. 0d., 7s. 3d.	7s. 0d.
Seconds	6s. 7½d.	6s. 7½d.	6s. 9d.	6s. 9d.	6s. 6d., 6s. 9d.	6s. 7½d.
Rhondda No. 2	7s. 0d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 0d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 0d., 7s. 6d.
,, No. 3	10s 0d.	10s. 0d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special	19s. 6d., 20s. 0d	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.	19s. 0d., 20s. 0d.
Ordinary	17s. 0d., 18s. 0d	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 17s. 9d.
Furnace Coke	16s. 0d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.
Patent Fuel	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d.	12s. 9d., 13s. 0d.
Pitwood ex ship	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 0d., 19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

Swansea, *May 24, 1905.*

The Market, hereaway, has displayed no new feature, and the condition of same, has not varied in the slightest degree to that which obtained when last we conversed with you. Promptly, the market remains in a state of quietude; and with no increased demand, which for all descriptions is slack, prices have ruled weak.

Anthracite Large has shown but little movement, and values remain unaltered. Nevertheless, prompt accumulations would influence a concession of 3d., but items of this description have not been plentiful. Rather very much the reverse, and what has transpired, has been for nothing more than odd lots for immediate requirements. Neither is there likely to be any firmness for a little while, judging by present indications.

Red and Big Vein qualities, suffering from lack of prompt stems, are also ruling very weak, and prices have declined. Those current, are represented by 9s. 9d. and 10s. 9d. respectively, at which there is abundant supply. The others we give you below.

Cobbles, Nuts, and Peas, are tired, and sadly need a tonic. With nothing of new interest to record, these qualities are suffering from the same old lack of appreciation, and values are altogether governed by the date which buyer is in a position to give for shipment. Nominally they are as below.

Culm is in limited supply, consequent upon the quietness in Large Coals, and as a consequence, there has been a steady maintenance of quotations, on the part of sellers. Moreover, the demand is still a passing good one, so that there is not likely to be weakening effects here, yet awhile. In figures, 5s. to 5s. 6d., according to the quality, may be taken as actual values.

Steams. We are unable to record any change in this department. Stems for prompt shipment are easy, and for anything required in this position, sellers are disposed to meet buyers, in the matter of price. Enquiries show no improvement, and Steams are characterised by weakness. Bests, however, are steady on good stems, but other qualities are plentiful. Seconds, for instance, can be arranged at 11s. 9d. Local Bunker qualities at about 10s. 9d.

Below, we give the average prices for the week:—

Quality.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.
Anthracite:						
Best Hand Picked						
Malting Large ..	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 0d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 6d.
Seconds do.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	16s. 0d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.
Big Vein Large	11s. 3d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d., 11s. 0d.	10s. 9d.
Red ,, ,,	10s. 3d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 7½d.
Machine Made Cobbles	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.
,, ,, Nuts	16s. 6d	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 3d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.
,, ,, Peas	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d., 11s. 0d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
Rubbly Culm	5s. 3d., 5s. 6d.	5s. 6d.	5s. 6d.	5s. 3d., 5s. 9d.	5s. 3d., 5s. 6d.	5s. 0d., 5s. 6d.
Duff	3s. 3d.	3s. 3d.	3s. 0d., 3s. 6d.	3s. 0d., 3s. 3d.	3s. 3d.	3s. 3d.
Patent Fuel:	11s. 9d	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.
Steam:						
Best Large	13s 0d.	12s. 9d., 13s. 0d	12s. 9d., 13s. 0d.	13s. 10½d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.
Seconds ,,	12s 0d.	11s. 10½d.	11s. 10½d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.
Bunker ,,	10s. 0d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d., 11s. 0d.	10s. 7½d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d., 11s. 0d.
Thro' and Thro'	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d., 9s. 0d.	8s. 7½d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

CARDIFF, *May 24, 1905.*

RUMOURS! Rumours!! Rumours!!! Yes, and that is about all there is to fatten on, these days! The Rumour about Russia's coal needs, raised a flutter in the hearts of the good people whose business it is to charter staunch, strong steamers—as well as a number of others which are merely alleged to be staunch and strong; but meanwhile, chartering to the Far East is absent from our midst. Of course, when the Japanese Fleet has been sunk; when the Russ has recovered from the induced swelled head that is bound to follow; when the vodka has gone to join the chartering which used to be done here, at Cardiff; well, business with Russia is going to be brisk. At the moment, however, there is little need to trouble about Eastern fixtures—mainly because there aren't any.

WESTWARD, there is nothing much to brag about. MONTE VIDEO appears to have dropped into the 7s. 3d. pit for always, while for RIO DE JANEIRO, the limited amount required, is paying better rates than have obtained recently. In the PLATE direction, hope's flattering tale is spread out for the poor shipowner's delectation. Crops are good; piles of the stuff will soon be waiting shipment; but the trouble of the thing is, there are also "piles" of tonnage waiting an opportunity to do the dog-eat-dog trick!

FOR the MEDITERRANEAN—delightful quarter of the world—business jogs along in the same old happy way. Indeed, if it weren't for the Mediterranean, and the trade which it induces in the Bristol Channel, most of the local shipowners would have gone to join the angels, ere this. GENOA's best, is three-half-pence under last week's rates, while its least is 1½d. better than ruled at our last time of writing. PORT SAID has been "taking," and at rates ranging anything between 5s. 3d. and 5s. 9d.—by which it will be seen that prices, here, are on the down grade. MALTA, too, has been taking it, at about last rates, 5s. 7½d.—and 4s. 9d., Admiralty. For the remainder of the Mediterranean combination, we must refer you to the list, below.

IN the direction of the BALTIC, there is little doing—at last rates; but there is no excitement manifested by the merchants thereaway, to become the happy possessors of an undue quantity of Best Welsh steam coal—or of any other sort of fuel. 'Tis surprising what a number of people elect to seat themselves upon the fence, these days. It's a great compliment to Holy Russia, don't you think?

IN the COASTING trade, business is merely normal—rather under, than over; and rates thereaway, are in the same mediocre condition. What there is doing, will be found in the schedule, to which we ask your kindly attention.

Week Ending, (Wednesday), May 24, 1905

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Perim, *Baron Dalmeny,* 7s. 9d.

WESTWARD, Etc.

Monte Video, Steamer, (large), 7s. 3d. 250, June.
Indianic, 3,200 tons, 7s.
River Plate, Steamer, 7s. 4½d.
Steamer, 4,800 tons, 7s. 6d.
North Sands, 4,400 tons, 7s. 4½d.
Madeira, *Belfast,* 6s. 6d. 200 dely., part cargo **Teneriffe,** 6s. 250 dely.
Rio de Janeiro, Steamer. 10s. 5d.
Bermuda, *Chatburn,* 2,450 tons, 8s. fuel. (Admiralty).

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, Steamer, 5s. 9d.
Paddington, 5,000 tons, 5s. 9d.
Steamer, 5,000 tons, 5s. 3d.
Steamer, 5,000 tons, 5s. 3d. July.
Genoa, *Thistleroy,* 5,700 tons, 6s. 6d.
Lvell, 3,000 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Livietta, 3,300 tons, 6s. 9d.
Headlands, 3,700 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Steamer, 5,000 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Steamer, 3,500 tons, 6s. 9d. ppt. option **Savona,** (N).
Simonside, 4,300 tons, 6s. 9d. (N).
Grayfield, 3,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Cleveland, 2,600 tons, 7s. 1½d. (s).
Venice, Steamer, 5,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Trevavlor, 3,000 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Steamer, 5,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Trefusis, 3,400 tons, 7s. 9d. 400, 7s. 7½d. 500.
Ormesby, 3,600 tons, 8s. 400, option **Ancona,** (s).
Marseilles, *Antiqua,* 4,200 tons, 8 francs. (s).
Benhead, 3,200 tons, 8 fcs.
Albia, 3,200 tons, 8 francs. (N).
Algiers, Steamer, 2,500 tons, 7 fcs.
Steamer, 2,200 tons, 7·50 fcs. coal, 8·50 fcs. fuel, (s).
Pasages, *Sharon,* 2,000 tons, 5s. od. fuel, (s).
Alexandria, *Hubbock,* 3,200 tons, 6s. 6d.
Cliftonian, 3,400 tons, 6s. 6d.
Malta, *Dingwall,* 2,500 tons, 4s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Huddersfield, 2,800 tons, 4s. 9d. ,,
Uplands, 2,800 tons, 5s. 7½d.
Iona, 2,500 tons, 5s. 7½d.
Naples, *Leonidas,* 3,900 tons, 6s. 6d. option **Leghorn.**
Steamer, 3,400 tons, 6s. 6d.
Marie, 2,200 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
Steamer, 3,500 tons, 6s. 4½d. option **Leghorn.**
Michael, 3,200 tons, 6s. 6d.
Bastia, *Venedotion,* 1,400 tons, 7s. 6d.
Catania, Steamer, 2,100 tons, 7s. option **Millazo.**
Sicily, *Exe,* 2,600 tons, 7s. 3d. option **Sicily** and **Millaxo,** 7s. 9d.
Barcelona, *Cid,* 2,000 tons, 7s. 3d.
Albert Koeppen, 1,900 tons, 7s. 4½d. (s).
Isle of Ramsey, 2,100 tons, 7s. 1½d. coal, 7s. 10½d. fuel, (s).
Steamer, 1,700 tons, 7s. 3d. (s).
Leghorn, *Delamere,* 900 tons, (private terms).
Steamer, 1,600 tons, 7s. Genoa terms.
Lisbon, *Thor,* 2,100 tons, 4s. 10½d.
Steamer, 1,200 tons, 5s. option **Oporto,** 5s. 3d.
Tredegar, 1,700 tons, 4s. 7½d.
Rosella, 1,650 tons, 4s. 10½d. (N).
Gibraltar, *Coventry,* 2,000 tons, 4s. (Admiralty).
Glenpark, 1,250 tons, 6s.
Pera, 1,350 tons, 5s. 9d.
Crimea, 2,200 tons, 5s. 9d.
Vigo, *Whimbrel,* 6/700 tons, 5s. 6d.
Trieste, *Bosanka,* 5,000 tons, 6s. 6d.
Oran, *Hawthorn,* 1,300 tons, 7·90 fcs. coal, 8·90 fcs. fuel, (or P.T.)
Tarragona, *Odd,* 800 tons, 7s. 9d.
Piræus, Steamer, 3,700 tons, 6s. 1½d.
Guillianova, *Dunsley,* 2,600 tons, 8s. 9d. (s).

BALTIC, Etc.

Copenhagen, *Bodil,* 950 tons, 4s. 9d.
Stockholm, Steamer, 1,500 tons, 4s. 6d.
Cronstadt, *Skarpsno,* 2,500 tons, 4s. 9d. coal, 5s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Steamer, 3,500 tons, 5s. 3d.
Dora, 2,000 tons, 5s.

BAY, Etc.

St. Nazaire, *Anita,* 1,500 tons, 4·12½ fcs.
Chantenay, *Oakville,* 1,800 tons, 4·75 francs.
Holderness, 2,200 tons, 5 fcs. (s).
La Rochelle, *Baltigue,* 1,800 tons, 4·50 fcs. (s).
Nantes, *Baracaldo,* 1,600 tons, 5 fcs.

COASTING, Etc.

Rouen, *Gransha,* or *Glynn,* 1,550 tons, 4s. 7½d. (s).
Maywood, 1,550 tons, 4s. 7½d. (s).
Rabo, 1,350 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Caen, *Rocheforte,* 1,100 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
Yewdale, 500 tons, 4s. 6d.
G. Player, 700 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
Bayonne, *Cairndhu,* 1,550 tons, 5·25 fcs. coal, 5·75 fcs. fuel, (s).
Brest, *Behera,* 2,100 tons, 3s. 8d.
Thistle, 600 tons, 4s. 1½d.
Dieppe, *Hermine,* 530 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
St. Malo, *Curran,* 1,450 tons, 4s. option **Dieppe.**
Clonlee, 1,350 tons, 4s.
Argus, 1,400 tons, 3s. 10½d.
Alacrity, 1,200 tons, 3s. 10½d.
Wilfred, 1,500 tons, 3s. 9d. option **Dieppe,** 3s. 10½d.
Honfluer, *Tantallon,* 230 tons, 4s. 1½d. (s).
Presto, 1,400 tons, 4s. 1½d.
Dunavon, 700 tons, 4s. 1½d. (s).
London, *Surbiton,* 1,000 tons, 3s. 7½d.
Dublin, *Trafford,* 220 tons, 3s. 6d. (s).
Belfast, *Bombardier,* 320 tons, 3s. 6d.
Devonport, *Tyne,* 1,500 tons, 2s. 3d. (Admiralty).

HOMEWARD.

Villagarcia to Swansea, Steamer, 850 tons, 6s. 9d. ppt.

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

IS there about to dawn a brighter era for the long-suffering shipping shareholder? Yes! But it will be only when he ceases from troubling, and is at rest. The shipping investor, these days, is a man who has been cast in an unlucky mould—at least, the greater portion of him has. And because of that casting, he is prone to believe anything that is told him, from "my manager!" In the vast majority of instances, that managing gentleman is good at telling "hope's flattering tale," even as he goes out to see a lady about a canary, or a Rembrandt—according to his love of nature, or of art. In either instance, the result will pan out the same to shareholder, and in the end he will anathematise himself as a "natural," or merely as an "artificial" juggins!

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WE know that it will be all the same fifty years hence. But the unfortunate part of the argument is, that but mighty few of us will be here, at that date; while the few who remain will be thinking more of rheumatism, than of rhino; of gout, than of gold; or of senility, rather than of shekels? Meanwhile, the gentlemen referred to, are anxiously enquiring for the indications which, at present, predominate. Are freights on the boom? They are! They have been on the boom for a couple of years, now, and the unfortunate part of the thing is, that they cannot get away from the boom; the boom, to the detriment of all other items, appears to hold them. There is the unfortunate Plate trader, for example. Consider his case.

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RIGHT through the depression, he has stuck loyally to the Plate trade—perhaps not so much because of loyalty, as for the reason that he hated to acknowledge himself wrong in his forecast. But having stuck loyally in the manner indicated, what has happened? Simply that the Plate trade has followed suit, and has stuck to him—at the same old rates, right through. That's all! Then, come tales of Argentine crops. Maize thereaway, is heavy; so are movements therein. Shipments, last week, amounted to something near a quarter of a million quarters; thrice as much as was shipped in the corresponding week of last year; but who is getting it all? Who is benefiting a bit on the deal? Heavy movements are all very well, and ultimately, they may tot up to something good, in a future balance sheet.

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ON the other hand, however, this boom in Argentine stuff might easily pan out as a delusion and a snare, and in the end, might, conceivably, rank in as a means of paying up the losses made on previous voyages? Where then, will the shipping shareholder come in, poor soul? Exactly as he did before! He will have shares in shipping; will be able to tell his friends all there is to know of the cruise of the *Polly Ann*; will remark, incidentally, on the number of tail shafts which that same *Polly Ann* appears to eat; and will ask the nearest listener, if he (or she) really knows the meaning of the words "tail shaft." Naturally, the answer will be "No!" All the same, each of them will be sure (from past experience) that tail shafts are uncommonly hefty things—and cost a lot of money.

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THEY do! An awful lot! Especially in some few instances, which have come our way. But then, the poor shareholder person doesn't know much about the constituent parts of a modern tail-shaft—fortunately for some of us. *Par exemple*, how many shipping shareholders are aware that in some kinds of tail shafts, there is a fine landau and a gee-gee; that in others, there is a Go-well motor car; while in yet others, there is a high-class Spring clean at the house of the manager, and lashings and lavings of lincrusty'n'things? Of course, there is also iron (or steel) in a tail shaft, as well as chunks of brass, or other metal; but the iron, steel, brass, or other metal, are merely circumstances, on occasion. Indeed, we know of one or two tail shafts in which there was no metal of any kind—at least, ordinary or knockabout metal.

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BASE, filthy, gold, yes. Quite a dose of it, in fact. And the much-abused underwriter didn't pay for it, don't forget. Ship managing is reduced to a fine art, these days—thanks to the amiable manner in which the "free hand" is emblazoned on the shipowning shield; and thus it comes about, that when times are hard, and the oof bird is moulting so badly, that it cannot sing around the domestic hearth; well, the owners of the hearth put it all on to tail shafts. Opposite columns of figures won't tally, no how. What's to be done? Ah! Yes! We quite forgot! The *Squalid Shellfish* had a new tail shaft, last trip. It was overlooked; forgotten; left out of the bill; dropped promiscuously. Remedy the evil, and—er—yes, "I'll run around and tell Tin Tacks that he forgot to give us that bill, hang him. Will also remark, that if he doesn't attend to his business, a bit better, we shall leave him for ever. Seems to me, that the man is getting heady, since we pulled him out of the mud, and made him a respectable member of the community."

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WELL, when there is a forgetter of odd tail shafts, you can place your money on the certainty that there is also a Tin Tacks about. The one is the complement of the other. Sometimes, it is the shareholder who pays; at others, it is the gentle underwriter. But, bless you, you can neither make underwriter, nor shareholder see it. 'Tis impossible, and for the reason that neither of them have more than a nodding acquaintance, with the business which they have undertaken, with so light a heart. The former does his "thinking," through the medium of a sort of actuarial table; the latter, through the advice of a bosom friend—who has also been had! The whole thing is simple enough, when you come to size it up. It is exactly the same, though you do not. It's a mad world, and sometimes we are fain to believe that—after underwriters—the maddest people in it are shipping shareholders! Some kinds of shipping shareholders, that is. The accented sort, you know!

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OF what use is it to talk of Argentine crops; of heavy wheat that is coming forward, in splendid style; of heavy shipments of linseed—etcetterer? Who wants to hear about linseed in the husk? It's the oil that is wanted; wanted badly, too. Linseed oil is good for burns. Shipping shareholders are full thereof. You have the latter; hustle around and get the former. Having got the twain, wrap the one inside the other, and—Q.E.D. The latter initials do not, as you might be inclined to think, indicate "quite enough donkeys." No, sirs! In shipping life, you can never hope to see quite enough of that sort—although they come near it, in posing as mules. That Q.E.D. might mean quickly-eased-duffers—but it doesn't. But whatever it does really mean, we are of opinion that we have demonstrated the fact, that shipping shareholders are about as "soft" as it is possible to make 'em; except in a few—relatively very few—instances. We meant to discuss with you, the phases of financial loss, which is being engendered by this wicked dry dock ring; but the subject will keep. It'll keep!

AROUND . . THE . . DRY DOCKS.

WE suppose it is alright, but there appears to be a quantity of the Big Bashaw style of treatment meted out, to the Headman of the United Society of Boilermakers and Iron and Steel Ship Builders? To most of the high Government officials, as well as the heads of big business concerns, it is considered sufficient to commence a communication, with the stereotyped words "Dear Sir," and the work of the world continues as before. Not so, with our good friends referred to above, however. Something more quaint, and redolent of ancient usage finds favour, and taken altogether, the various "district" communicants, can give points to any of the "polite letter writers" which abound. This is as it should be, for such conduct goes far to removing the mistaken idea which has taken possession of the man in the street, concerning the lack of culture in the ranks of the boilermaker.

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NOTWITHSTANDING all that might have been said to the contrary; in spite of any apparent justification for a different belief; the boilermaker is a polite individual—at least, when inditing an epistle to his Society. Why do we incline to this understanding? Well, read:

"Worthy General Secretary,—Since last reporting upon the state of trade in this (the South Wales) district, there has been a general decline in shiprepairing at all our seaports, at the time of writing the greater portion of our members following this class of work are out of employment. In our last report we referred to the keen competition existing between employers, this system has now developed into a combination on the part of dry dock owners at Cardiff, Newport and Barry, whereby they refuse to dock vessels the repair of which have been secured by a firm not owning a dry dock, and as the accommodation provided by public dry docks is very limited in proportion to the demand, it is feared much work will be eventually lost to the district that would otherwise have been brought here but for the action of the dry dock owners. The greatest sufferers will be the men who depend for a livelihood upon shiprepairing. No doubt such a system will be termed business, therefore legal; but if contrasted with the miner's stop-day action will clearly show that, with all our boasted liberty, there is still a law for the rich and another for the poor.—Yours fraternally, etc."

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NAIVE, isn't it? Naive, if somewhat rocky in construction? Especially when you remember that on the front cover of the monthly report containing the above, the words "Unity is Strength" is conspicuous! But then, of course, "Unity" merely belongs to the worthy and fraternal gentlemen who pose as boilermakers. Unity, in this connection, is similar to some of the undertakings carried out by men who are just ordinary business persons; who have nothing in common with the boilermaking—or unmaking—industry. That is, and in the matter of this class of individual: When he gets the upper hand of his competitor, the fact is due to business, sirs! But, when the other fellow gets the upper hand, well, it's rank highway robbery, yes! And so the world wags.

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BUT considering, from its bottom-end, so to speak, the screed which we have reproduced, we are quite at one with the declaration that "there is still a law for the rich and another for the poor"—although not quite in the same way as "yours fraternally" would intend to convey. To be brutally frank, there are two laws, and in the result the poor man gets the everlasting bulge on the other fellow. This, of course, is as it should be, for the present is supposed to be a democratic age, and to be really democratic, it is necessary to supply free tram rides, free schools, free-of-rate houses, free drinks, free bookmakers, etc.: and to give the hallowed "poor man" the right to see a job lay and rot, if nothing better than ten shillings and sixpence *per diem* be offered for the attending thereto?

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WHO is going to be idiotic enough to say that a boilermaker—after serving the long and arduous apprenticeship which is his—is justified in "cutting wages," to the extent of accepting 10s. 6d. per day, which has been offered for the purpose of "keeping the staff together?" Obviously, it's nonsensical, in the extreme, for the lowest figure admissable in this connection, is, say, 14s. "on the nod." But here, again, we shall ask to be excused from going too far into the theme. At some time, in the future, we shall explain to you the reasons which have inclined the bloated capitalist to state, that the ways of the boilermaker are tyrannical, in the extreme—which they are not! Boilermaker is a deserving member of the community, and we are going to stick up for him. He earns his money easily, and spends it in exactly the same manner—on himself, and pals; and if those old Income Tax people never got a sniff of the stuff, so far, in the history of the land, who is going to grumble?

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INCOME TAX is iniquitous, and non-democratic. That is why our boilermaking friends will have none of it. But coming down to the consideration of the phrase which we have quoted as connected with the dry dock combine (real or assumed); the phrase which remarks that, "No doubt such a system will be termed business, therefore legal;" what would our fraternal relatives have? Some of us have heard of the thin dividing line which exists between alleged boilermaker's work and that of the fitter; and eke, again, between that of the fitter and of "his fraternally," the plumber, or coppersmith; a dividing line which you can hardly measure, so thin is it, and yet has all to do with the self-same job. But here, the matter is right and proper; the poor man's heritage is at stake—or is said to be. With the dry dock men, however, it is altogether different, and "the greatest sufferers will be the men who depend for a livelihood on shiprepairing."

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WHEN all is said on the subject, the whole matter in dispute is a very simple and everyday affair. Certain of the picayune concerns in the Bristol Channel have, heretofore, been in a position to get their alleged repairs carried out by a big, reputable, and efficiently-fitted company; a company which carried out the work in a manner such as the tinkery could never hope to. At the same time, the bill for those repairs has been rendered on the bill-heads of the tinker, who has thus, in a manner, received his imprint on another man's work; a fact that will stand him in good stead, when next out upon the hunt for business. But if the "accommodation provided by public dry docks is very limited in proportion to the demand," what is the matter with our boilermaking friends using up some of their spare capital in an effort to avail themselves of the rich man's law? Start a dry dock of your own, boys, eh? But you know better than that! All you'll do to help matters, is to refuse such a beggarly wage as 10s. 6d. per day; and you'll put in the remainder of your time in worrying your society officials for not being able to work miracles of the widow's cruse of oil (of fusel) for you?

✦ ✦ ✦

WE have had labour-leader's co-operation in slate quarries—and it was a sight to make the gods weep. What we want (but shall never have) is a sample of labour-leading dry dock co-operation, with a really "Worthy" General Manager who is willing to knock off work and join in the beer and skittles of his fraternal co-labourers. Then, will be the millennium?

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on May 11, 1905, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

9,071/04—ROUSE & COHN—*Improvements in the manufacture of briquette fuel from coal mine waste or dust coal.*

Coal dust is formed into briquettes with a binding material consisting of, one part by measure of petroleum emulsion and four parts of water-glass, in eighty parts of water raised to boiling point.

9,299/04—BRIGHTMORE—*Improvements in or connected with submarine boats and similar vessels.*

This invention relates to steering propelling and manœuvering submarine boats, and also to reducing the skin friction of such boats and other vessels. For these purposes, a series of perforations are arranged in horizontal zones around the boat and part or all of these perforations can be placed in communication with a source of compressed fluid. For the purpose of reducing the skin friction of ordinary vessels a zone of perforations is provided extending around the vessel at some distance beneath the water line. The fluid, such as air, on escaping through these orifices and ascending along the sides of the vessel, forms an anti-friction skin interposed between the water and the vessel.

17,007/04—GROVE—*Improvements in bunks or hammocks for use on ship board, or in railway vehicles, ambulance wagons carts or other vehicles.*

This invention relates to a suspended bunk for use on ship-board, for preventing sea-sickness, but is applicable to other purposes. It consists of a rectangular wooden frame, composing the side and end boards of the bunk, suspended at the ends from the ends of a longitudinal beam. This beam is pivoted at its centre in brackets depending from the cabin ceiling, so as to be able to move in the vertical plane, and also so as to be able to rock laterally to a slight degree. The amplitude of vibration of the beam is limited by springs secured thereto and to some stationary part such as the brackets and by buffers. The bottom of the bunk is formed by a wire mattress. This mattress is connected to the rectangular side framing by a series of helical springs, secured to the bottom of the framing and to the upturned ends of a series of brackets arranged around the mattress frame. The level of the bunk can be adjusted by sliding counter weights.

17,441/04—RYGERS—*An improved ship's propeller.*

This invention relates to an improved design of propeller blade which is proportioned according to a definite theory with the object of reducing slip or loss of effect during propulsion.

25,209/04—ETCHEVERY—*Improvements in endless conveyors of fabric or the like.*

This invention relates to that class of conveyor in which the tensile strain on the fabric belt is taken by side ropes. The object is to prevent the creasing of and consequent deterioration, of the fabric when passing around guide rollers. For this purpose the lateral ropes are connected together at intervals by transverse rigid metal connecting straps or ties and the belt is provided at corresponding intervals with blade springs which tends to bend the fabric into trough section. The belt, blade springs, and connecting ties are rivetted together at the centre. When passing around a roller the belt and springs flatten.

26,855/04—ROBINSON—*Improvements in apparatus for facilitating the launching of ships' boats, and the like.*

The objects of this invention are to enable a ship's boat to be quickly released from the chocks on which it is supported on the decks and from the gripes by which it is held in position and to be quickly swung outboard, all these operations being adapted to be effected by one man. To enable the davits to be swung outward they are pivoted vertically in sockets in the deck and one of them is provided at the lower end with a spur wheel or pinion. A bar provided with a rack portion gearing with the pinion on the lower portion of the davit, is formed with a second rack portion gearing with a pinion mounted on a vertical spindle, which is adapted to be rotated by bevel or worm gearing by a hand wheel mounted on a short horizontal spindle in the pedestal situated conveniently to the operator. The outer chocks are pivoted to the deck so as to be turned and fall down clear of the boat on a bar being withdrawn by a hand lever situated near the hand wheel. The gripes are released by the same lever.

874/05—MICHEL—*An improved hand lever for moving waggons and the like.*

This invention relates to a hand lever for enabling a shunter to set a railway waggon in motion. It consists of a lever or bar provided with a handle at one end and near the other end with a lateral stud. Intermediately, but near the stud a piece shaped to the curvature of the wheel tyre face is provided. In operation the stud bears against the inside face of the wheel rim and the shaped piece against the outside face of the tyre. The piece may be provided with two faces so as to fit a wheel on the right or left of the vehicle and also with a flange to embrace the edge of the wheel.

4,210/05—DANTZEBECHER—*Improvements in metallic caulking for boats.*

This metallic caulking consists of a strip of metal bent along its centre line and again with its ends outwards so as to assume a T section. It is inserted between the edges of the planks to be caulked with the flanges of the T inserted into grooves in the faces. Should the wood shrink the strips accommodate themselves by springing open at the central joint and prevent leakage.

4,702/05—DOBBIE—*Improved means for suspending the bowl of the mariner's compass.*

According to this invention, with the object of lessening oscillation, the knife bearings of the outer gimbal ring of a compass is supported at each end in an eye or hanger which in turn is suspended from wire or chain links, secured to eyes at the upper ends of stiff upstanding helical springs. The lower ends of the springs are provided with pieces which fit sockets in the binacle case.

These applications for patents are, until June 27, 1905, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Patent Office or through the under-named.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

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Miscellaneous.

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MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

THE Millennium is not yet, and thus it comes about that the lion and the lamb will not fraternise, as, according to story-books, they ought to. Probably it is for the same reason, that the dry dockman and the outside ship-repairer have agreed to disagree—for the "same reason" being known to theologians, and other studiers of the foibles of the race, as original sin. Like the poor, this dry dock *v.* tinkery trouble is always with us; probably always will be, and mainly for the reason that the dry dock man is foolishly of opinion, that he has a certain amount of right belonging to his position. Of course, the dry dock man is wrong; woefully wrong. There is neither sense nor reason in this objecting to grant the use of another man's (or combination of men's) dry dock, for the accommodation of a picayune business rival. We know, because we have studied the subject as it affects ourselves, as mere printer people. The dry dock man should practice that sweet spirit of Christian forbearance, which prompts a man to turn the other side of his bows for a severe smite, directly the side which is not the other one, has had a good smiting. Yes! This is in the nature of the teaching—which is formulated by those who have no dry docks, and not too much sense, withal.

CARDIFF is a great place. We have passed the remark before. But that doesn't matter in the least, because it is true—and you cannot have too much of the truth. The whole contention in this respect, appeals to us even as does the gentle striving, of certain of our printing-trade competitors. Snooks, who has a little rubber-type-fitted emporium, and a superabundance of the commodity known as "old buck," comes to us to know if we will "help him out of a jamb." We smile; ask for information; are told that he has taken a big order, but, unfortunately, is unable to carry same through. We ask the reason, and find it is because Snooks is so busy. Asking further, we determine that if Snooks were not busy; if he hadn't the shadow of a job in hand for over ten years to come; he still couldn't carry out the work which he asks us to attend to at "trade terms." We intimate thusly, and not having arrived at the beatific state of the dry dock man, we "let ourselves go." That is, we say things, and Snooks concludes that we are men of sin—and other things. Now, this is exactly where Snooks is up against himself. We are no more men of sin than our neighbours—which, we admit, is not unduly to our credit, and mightn't tend towards our ultimate salvation.

But let this be as it may—and is: we have our business to attend to; and in the course of that attention, might be tempted to say, in a somewhat inconsequent manner, perhaps: "Yes, Snooks, we appreciate the compliment which you would pay us. We quite understand that you would be proud to have the proceeds of the work emanating from a well-equipped printing works—would, say, be delighted to have your Snooky name printed at the bottom of our work; would love to pose as being able to do the class of printing for which we are equipped, and which you couldn't rise to in a thousand years; would glory in the opportunity of proving to the world, that (in imagination) you were the happy possessor of an up-to-date factory; that you paid good wages for good men; that your whole turnout was of the best—but, Snooks, our pushing friend, where, oh, where, do we come in?" Snooks would give us the same kind of look which tinker is prone to give dry docks; but looks don't hurt, dear people. We should still continue printing in our inimitable style (down this way, that is); Snooks would try to "work" somebody else who had other than an assortment of second-hand type and plant; and everybody would be as happy as made no odds.

So, in the case of the dry dock man. He has a well-equipped workshop; can undertake any mortal thing which ambles along as a repair (at least, the majority of him, can); is proud to see his name above the bill which follows the work; and is certain that he will see Tinker gol-derned, before the old, and ridiculous fashion of working at "trade terms," continues. You see, the dry dock man has realised that it will pay him better to hire a sort of commercial traveller; one who shall be paid fairly, and openly for what he brings to the mill; rather than to continue as the exploited of a number of second-hand-fitted tinker men, who have had a soft thing in the past.

Again, dear friends: Is there any especial business acumen expressed, in the item of giving your repairs to a man whose caboose is in one port, while your steamer is in another? Yet, you know, it is being done, every day. It is being done, and the mere matter of sending a squad of men, the necessary tools, and the incidental material, by train— well, it is all nothing. And if you dare say a word about obviously-unjust conduct—phew! Doesn't the gentle exponent of the art look surprised! Rather!

You might, in the exuberance of your zeal for the shipowner whom you imagine is being robbed, start in to say things; might suggest that instead of all that sending by train, the work would be profitably disposed of, if given to a reputable concern practising in the port in which the steamer finds herself. But even if you do, you will find no appreciative listener to your advice. Tinker will become sarcastic; will prattle of men who imagine they can instruct their amiable grannies in the gentle art of egg-sucking; and shipowner, for his part of the undertaking, will wax virtuously indignant—yes, he will. He'll wish to know who paid you to nose around, and learn all these little points; will ask wherein your interest lays; will place inquiries as to whether you are a "shipowner," or merely some common fellow: and taken altogether, there is bound to be a quantity of fun around. For you, and your part, you might insinuate that you are not a "shipowner," as you happen to be a reputable member of the community; or, you might suggest that, to the best of your belief, the Port of Helljoram is exactly the spot fitted by nature, and by circumstances, for the especial attributes of your interlocutor. But you'll work up no better ordering of affairs, because, as already stated, the Millennium is not yet.

By the way, it would be nice to know the real unadulterated feeling of that German Navy League arrangement, now, when the fate of the ex-Baltic Fleet is known to all of us? And, *en passant*, it would appear that Germany is no better off in some respects, than is her alleged rival-in-all-things, Britain. That is, the Navy League referred to, appears to have a bit too much of the soldier about it; although in a country where the "squaddie" rules the roost, no other state of affairs may be hoped for? Still, one would imagine that the Teuton had enough sailormen to go 'round, so that the Navy League could carry on its momentous considerations, without filling its council chamber with a number of generals? Be that as it may, in consequence of a wiry telegram from His Effulgence, the Kaiser, resignations were the order of the day with the League; but "it has now turned out that the cause of these resignations was due to misunderstandings." We should smile! If anybody were to ask us for our candid opinion on the vapourings of the German Navy League, we should have to risk being rude, for in view of our reputation for writing the plain truth, we should merely drop in the expressive word "poppycock."

Continuing, we find that "the misunderstandings having been removed (for a time?), so that in my (Prince Salm. No! Not Prince Salaam, sahib.) opinion there is nothing to prevent those two gentlemen from again taking office." Thus a declaration from the Prince who was president of a recent meeting of the League: and the "two gentlemen" referred to, are Generals Menges and Keim, who had resigned because of that misunderstanding-breeding telegram which came home from the Kaiser, when he was "doing" the Mediterranean (and Morocco), the other day. As an outcome of the removals of misunderstandings, a telegram was ultimately sent to the Kaiser, and its whipping, so to speak, contained as near to the following, as you can get it in German: "May our Fatherland be put in possession of a fleet which will form a pledge of success." Eh? Sort of Teutonicy, don't you think? "Put in possession" *au naturel*? Who, then, is to be dispossessed? But there, we are becoming rude, again, and we wouldn't be that, for world's. Especially, as the Russian friend has lost his collection of hookers, without embroiling either Britain or France. You know, German diplomacy is a somewhat thin affair, generally considered; and if the "put in possession" of the fleet idea, is postponed until the year originally scheduled—well, it will be, to our mind, a year or two, behind the date.

Of course, we can understand the general rejoicings which are about in the Fatherland, since the Kaiser removed those misunderstandings. We can understand the *Neueste Nachrichten*, of Berlin, when it spreads itself on Navy League affairs. For instance, when the *N.N.* remarks that "Large circles of patriots are cordially grateful to the Emperor, for having chivalrously, and promptly, put an end to a conflict which would have been attended by consequences disastrous, alike to the nation, and the Fatherland." We can understand it, although we cannot see the subtle differences implied, between the nation and the Fatherland. In our humble way, we should have believed that what affected the nation—either one way or the other—affected, equally, the Fatherland. Obviously, we were wrong? But why should there be such large circles of patriots, bent on lavishing their gratitude to the Kaiser, on this particular occasion? The Imperial gentleman is but looking after his job? He surely has the biggest reason to be anxious for the Fatherland to be "put in possession of a fleet which will form a pledge of success"?. At least, that is how the matter appeals to us, and somehow or other, we have given a decent amount of study to the situation.

On the other hand, if the whole German fraternity is so keen to be "put in possession of a fleet," why in heaven's name, don't they throw up the telegraphing business, and go in for buying the necessary ships? You can't get a fleet together, merely by the help of sending misunderstanding-making telegrams, can you, now? You need money, and brains, and sailors; you also need less soldier about the thing; and then, with the help of Heaven, and of the Kaiser, of course, the country might eventually be "in possession" of a fleet that is calculated to knock socks off the universal world—exactly as was the late Baltic Fleet of which we have heard so much, and which was sent under in such simple manner. It is here, again, that we should like to hear the true inwardness of the Navy League's ideas on current events. It has been said that Japan, now that her Russian opponent's ships are under the surface, or otherwise disposed of, could easily come to Europe to settle up matters for the Russian, on his own heap, so to speak. Japan could, too! The same idea applies in settling up the differences which have been brought about by the lending of moral support—and colliers—on the part of the Fatherland, which runs the Navy League of which we have been writing. *Verb. sat sap!*

We are glad to note that *Daily Chronicle* is giving some more attention, to the subject of manning the British Mercantile Marine, and if the general press would only give an occasional unconsidered corner to the same subject, a better state of affairs would soon prevail. For when all is said, it is only through the aid of the press, that anything approaching an awakening, can be worked up in the minds of the community. The only danger is, that a quantity of

inconsequent nonsense be not rushed through, even with the best intentions in the world; for in the past, that same old inconsequent stuff has been the cause of most of the trouble. As far as the majority of the "shipping press" is concerned, it doesn't really matter whether they stand up for the truth, or otherwise. The man in the street doesn't unduly bother himself with what the "shipping press" says, or leaves unsaid—that is, in the majority of cases. But when an influential "daily" has a word or two in favour of Jack, then, the Mercantile Marine, as a whole, is bound to benefit therefrom. For this reason, we are always glad to note anything that is intended for the amelioration of a condition which has grown parlous to the country; the more so, when the effort has less than the usual amount of misleading stuff connected therewith.

In the case of the *D.C.* which we have been discussing, Mr. Frank T. Bullen is the writer, who gives the world his views on the subject; and while, as practical and modern seamen, we are not in accord with all that was claimed on the occasion referred to, there yet is a quantity which is deserving of careful attention. In animadverting on the shipowner's attitude in this connection, Mr. Bullen says, that "some shipowners argue that boys are an expense to the ship without any balancing advantage, and hence the curious scheme of the Board of Trade for bribing shipowners to carry boys by remitting to them a certain portion of the light dues, that outrageous tax upon a certain portion of the community, for the benefit of the whole." There you are, and to place the tom-fool idea down as a "curious scheme," is kind, in the extreme. Indeed, it shows most conclusively, that it is fully time that nautical men, were put into the high places of the nautical departments of the Government. In the past, any 'longshore duffer was considered good enough for the "star" positions in the Board of Trade; but in view of the size and importance of the Mercantile Marine of to-day, those duffers should be told off to do the menial and unthinking duties of the Department. That is, assuming that these same duffers must be carried along at the country's expense.

Will anybody that knows anything of the subject pretend, that a boy, on going to sea, is non-advantageous to his employer; or that, remembering the calibre of the majority of those employers, the boy would get the ghost of a chance if such were the case? Certainly not! Writing from personal knowledge, we must record the fact that, by the time our first old dug-out had got beyond the Longships, we were stuck at the wheel, for the whole of each daylight watch, so that the man whom we had replaced, could be engaged upon the ordinary duties of a sailor. There you are, you kid-gloved gentry; a lad not turned fourteen years of age, standing at a little barque's wheel, for four hours at a time; watch and watch; for weeks on end; and then tell us that the boy was an expense to the ship, without any balancing advantage to the shipowner. In return for this acting-instead-of-a-man, what think you, did we receive? Well, we had our "pound and pint," so to speak; victuals that were unspeakably nauseous—until familiarity and gaunt hunger had provided the necessary sauce—and boil-producing; we also had the munificent sum of £5 for a whole year of the kind of work suggested.

In other words, we displaced one man, who would have been paid, at that time, £36 for his year's work, and under the circumstances, you can hardly blame us for suggesting that any boy sailor scheme as proposed by the Board of Trade, so far, is an impertinence, to the fathers of the nation; and a piece of rank imposition to the boys who, perhaps, may live to be the future fathers thereof. No, sirs! As we have stated, times out of number, if you wish to secure British boys for British ships, so that, later on, you may have decent British sailors therein; you must throw those old-woman notions overboard; must realise that the boy of to-day, thanks to your herculean efforts in throwing around free education—is not the lad of a decade or two ago. He is a different sort of individual, altogether—which was what you aimed at, in educating him, you know. It is useless for you to make laws for the dissemination of knowledge, and then sit down and growl, because that knowledge has fulfilled its reason of existence. You have tuned up the rising generation, and must e'en abide by its music. Broadly, that music demands better pay for the musician, and unless you are willing to anté up—well, it is useless to growl about it.

Dear, dear, now that the Baltic Fleet is done with, our esteemed contemporaries who affect a "marine insurance column," will find life anything but pleasant. Especially as the warm weather has, apparently, set in, for good—or bad. You may safely look out, now, for sea-serpent tales, and yarns concerning the wind that shook the barley! A few days ago, we read in a London "daily," that "indications are becoming numerous, that the Russians are feeling the pressure of the great coal problem." Poor souls, they have, since then, felt another sort of pressure that was much more uncomfortable. "Since passing Singapore, the Baltic Fleet has been existing on supplies provided in advance," says the same Great Daily. But what would our contemporary that the Russian should do? Would it be better for him to exist on supplies that are going to be sent out, in future? Welsh coal was wanted—Great Cæsar, Welsh Coal is always wanted, isn't it?—but the 100,000 tons which had been arranged for in advance, was captured by the Japanese, early this year. That's a fact! It was, and under the circumstances, the Japs could scarcely have missed the capture thereof.

If you give a 'live man a "tip," as to when you'll be passing a given point with a choice consignment—well, the 'live man profits thereby? So does the tipster, for that matter. Indeed, it is a profitable arrangement all 'round—if we except the underwriter person. But even he is a gainer, to a certain extent. How? Well, you see, it is like this. If the yearly balance sheet looks sort of sick and rocky, Mr. Underwriter—who merely "writes" with a company's money—is in a position to wriggle out of his bad showing, by calling attention to the wretched state of affairs in the Far East. He may become quite pathetic, as he forces up a startling tear at remembrance of the unkind manner in which an esteemed ally walked around his "risks." And his trusting shareholders will say all manner of unkind things ending in -off, and -ski, and -vitch—especially the latter with a modification, and a relative term in front of it! Yes, there's a hard time ahead of the "marine insurance" writer, now that the Baltic Fleet has been done up. For that matter, we are of opinion that the Vladivostock coal *canarders* are equally euchred, at the new turn of affairs. Still, they have all been expecting it, so that is one item for which gratitude is due.

It usually takes a wreck, and loss of life, to call public attention to what is common knowledge with those with most at stake—sailormen. The evidence given at the Board of Trade inquiry, held at Penzance, a few days ago, and in connection with the wrecked *Khyber*, once more emphasises the helplessness of the majority of our light-house-keepers, and their inability to communicate with the

shore, at a time when a liner, in mid-ocean, may easily do so. This, too, in spite of the hundreds of thousands of pounds which are wrung out of the shipping industry under the false name of light-dues, and which are afterward passed over to the Treasury, under the guise of "surplus." What right has there to be any surplus, as long as one light-vessel, or light-house, is not in direct communication with the shore? It is pretended that coast-lights are established for the purpose of expediting the business of the shipowner—who pays therefor, all on his own, so to speak. But the whole contraption is merely an excuse, and everybody knows it. Consider the Wolf and Longships as examples of the state which prevails, generally, in this branch of what is known as the Public Service—although paid for, in every detail, by a private undertaking.

In the case of the two lighthouses mentioned, their only means of communication by day, is by that year-of-dot plan known as the semaphore; a quiff which should have been buried with Ramses I; and at night, by the Morse lights which admit of a dot-and-carry-one system, that is both painful and slow—to say nothing of being utterly impossible when most needed. In the words of the lighthouse-keepers who appeared at the inquiry referred to in the preceding paragraph, it is impossible to use either system of alleged communication in such weather as prevailed when the *Khyber* went ashore: that is, in bad weather. Seas were dashing over the lighthouse, and it was unsafe to go on the gallery, outside. Of course, it was: but as long as the semaphore, which has to painfully spell out every letter of a message, or the Morse code of flashes—which has to do the same thing—is supplied, the official mind is satisfied, and hang all who manage to get tangled up in the rocks, for drowning jobs. The Treasury needs the money that is left, after parsimoniously supplying lights and beacons; so of what use is it to grumble about the thing? Then again, in the matter of coastguard patrol, the coast is watched every night—sometimes.

Sometimes, again, it isn't. Say if any of the "regular dustmen" are away on drill, then, the remainder have simply to do the best they can, in their short-handed state. There is no thought of sending a relief along for a coast-guard—funny name! Indeed, it is a moot point as to whether the coastguard service is allowed to continue, simply because it was there in the beginning: or rather with the belief that it is worth anything, as a national asset. Come to think of it, there is a large amount of the mediæval mixed up in our modern administrations? It is picturesque, no doubt, to see a stalwart navy-rigged-man stalking around, on a path where a goat would find a difficulty in travelling: it is awfully nice, too, to twig his telescope—of antiquated pattern. The "seeing tube" with which, like his prototype, he searches for the possible French invader, or for the wicked "runner" of cargoes of brandy and things! In view of the means of communication which exist at the lighthouses, it would be good to know what the coastguard man would do, if he were really to "spot" a French—or other sort of—torpedo boat making tracks for this poor old country.

Would "coasty" start sprinting against the t.b., and if he did, would he stand an off-chance of arriving in at headquarters, before the dynamite had exploded? Not a bit of it. And as a matter of fact, that is no part of his business. He is a portion of the landscape, and as such, must be honoured. His hardest task is to retail the tales of derring-do of old-time heroes: and—whisper this—to say "Thank 'ee, mum," after a certain little formality has been gone through by the lady! Work enough, perhaps, when one remembers the magnificent rate of pay which is meted out to him, by a grateful country? However, if the lighthouses—which are really commercially valuable—are put off by the authorities, with out-of-date semaphores, and quasi-modern Morse light-systems; there is but little room to grumble about the picturesqueness of the coastguard? One would be inclined to think, that in the present stirring days of scientific research, the least that could be done with lighthouses, and lightvessels, would be to place them in telephonic communication with the shore; while the coastguard—if he is of use at all—might have central silence-boxes, to which he could sprint, for the purpose of summoning the aid that is usually needed in a hurry—when wanted at all.

We note that, once more, Lord Muskerry has brought up, in the House of Lords, the question of winter deck-loads in the Atlantic trade, and instanced the vessels *Majestic*, and *Selma*, which lately carried such deckloads, and in consequence, figured in the casualty list. His lordship asked whether these casualties would be dealt with at a formal enquiry; whether the Board of Trade would furnish information showing the number of similar casualties during the past winter season; whether his Majesty's Government had communicated with the Governments of other maritime Powers, on the dangers of winter deck-loads; and, if so, what replies, if any, had been received. Continuing, his Lordship remarked that the returns of the Board of Trade showed that a serious loss of life resulted from the carriage of these timber deck-loads, and that the law recognised the danger, because it prohibited the carrying of such loads to ports in the United Kingdom, during the winter season; but that, unfortunately, certain shipowners were able to drive the proverbial coach-and-four through the Act. Of course they can, and for the reason that while staying at home, comfortably sleeping in bed, themselves, their white slaves, who have to scull-drag to earn a pittance that is less than that given to shipowner's stable-hand, are helpless in the matter.

As Lord Muskerry tersely put the matter, the lives of British seamen are being sacrificed for sordid gains—and the sacrificers troop off to chapel, which they profane with their presence. It is useless mincing matters, here. The truth, alone, will help the situation. There has been far too much of that pandering to the man who might "influence business," and as a result, the Mercantile Marine is England's rottenest crutch. Well might Lord Muskerry ask the assistance of the House, to induce the Government to put a stop to the scandalous risks to which seamen are being subjected, through the carrying of deck-loads, in winter time. However, Lord Avebury supported the subject, and said that after enquiries, the situation disclosed, was not satisfactory. Also, that the facts were substantially as stated, and that "in many cases, all they had was the sad and simple statement that such and such a vessel sailed, and had not since been heard of." Of course, and the same wickedness has been going on for ages; in the full knowledge of those who are responsible, too; but because you cannot get an angel from heaven as a witness, there is a shrug of the shoulders, and the muttered remark that they are only a few old sailormen; that although it is a pity—well, it can't be helped. It's the price of Empire, etc.

In the same breath, too, those same sleek sycophants will hand out a portion of the money earned in this wicked manner, for the good of the chapel, or the Seamen's Mission, or for a Rest for his body, or some such shareholder-catch-

Barry Commercial Dry Dock.

ing dodge; and the 'longshoreman allows himself to be deluded with such tricks. The shipowners who have souls too, are nearly as bad, in that they do not denounce the blood-suckers in their midst. That is, the genuine shipowners—of whom, we are glad to know, there are many—will half condone the conduct of their black-sheep brethren, instead of *tabuing* the whole crowd of them, and thus showing who is who, in the fraternity. Boycotts are supposed to be fashionable, these days, so why not boycott the vampire who will knowingly, and for a few extra pounds, speculate with the lives of their fellow men? Of course, with the manning question in its present rotten state, it would be difficult to effectually stop these gentry from obtaining a crew; still, it is possible to allow them to be known of men, in which case, perhaps, they would cease if only from fear of a loss of business—from their tricks.

The Duke of Marlborough, while stating that regular penalties were embodied in the Merchant Shipping Act of 1894, and that the owner of a vessel who placed too much deck-cargo, on a ship entering English ports could be fined, admitted that it was true that English vessels plying between foreign ports carried in many cases, too much deck cargo, and that the machinery for carrying the law into effect, was inadequate. Of course, it is! And that is mainly why such a friend of the sailor as Lord Muskerry, is making an effort to get a better ordering of things. Months ago, we called attention to the same phase of nautical life: explained how a man could bring a steamer into a British port, for the purpose of tightening up the lashings of a deck cargo that was ultimately intended for the Continent; how, if the cargo had to be discharged for purposes of re-stowing, the ship could be fined; but if the tightening-up process were possible without discharge, there would be no fine; that although a British ship came into a British port on her beam-ends, and sailed again for the Continent without landing any of her deck-load, she was alright; while if the same load, in the same ship, had been intended for a British port, there would have been a lumping fine for excessive deck-load carrying—and probably you smiled at the law, for being a HASS.

Well, then, if you merely smiled, and thought no further about it, you failed in your duty to your fellow men. Did, in short, what the fabled boys who stoned the frogs are represented as having done; and although the jiggery-pokery was amusing to you, it was, in all probability, death to the sailors involved. It is all very soul-satisfying for the Duke of Marlborough, to dismiss the business with the remark that it is very difficult to enforce the suggestions which have been made, for the purpose of altering the rotten state of affairs. There should be no difficulty in safeguarding the lives of your fellow countrymen. A simple law which forbids deck-loads over a certain height, under all circumstances, and in all conditions, would meet the case. Would meet it so well, that the shoddy shipowner would probably turn his attention to some other means of livelihood—or be satisfied with the emoluments which fall to the share of the decent members of the profession. Why should the scallywag of the industry be allowed to batten on helpless sailors, because in a moment of mental aberration, or temporary forgetfulness, a foolish law was allowed to find a place in the Statute Book? This is not Media, nor is it Persia; we are Britons, and our laws are not supposed to be pluperfect. This being so, why not alter the obviously unjust ones?

We note that the seventh meeting of the International Maritime Committee is to be held at Liverpool, on June 14, and three following days, and that Mr. Justice Kennedy will preside. As our readers are aware the Committee has had but scant recognition from the British Government, and for the reason that any little two cent. country will have equal voting-power, with a full-sized maritime Power. On the face of it, this is ridiculous, as it is easily conceivable that, if the British Government were to bind itself by the decisions of this International smoother-out-of-difficulties, a sweet little combination of the midgets, might succeed in handicapping the greatest maritime nation of the present time. If the voting had been determined proportionately with a country's tonnage—as it should have been—then, the United Kingdom would have doubtless taken a serious hand in the game. As things, are, however, the British Government merely adopts the benevolent rôle, and allows the argufiers to strut their little day—without harming anybody. On the face of it, if the foreign components of the Committee had meant well to British maritime interests, there would have been no initial jibbing at Britain's suggestions toward fairness, and equitable treatment?

As things were, each country was allowed to send six delegates—supposing the country implicated had but four steamers!—and the voting ambles along as: One country, one vote. We suppose that no harm will be done in the end nor very much good for that matter. Still, the countries interested will have had the pleasure of granting certain of their citizens a holiday, and junketting; and that is something in these hard times? The first meeting of the Interna-

tional affair—and which took place at Antwerp—considered collisions at sea, and salvage. As far as we can see, the Committèe adopted the catechism rôle, and after formulating a set of questions and answers, went home to attend to the serious business of life, and, in off moments, the questions and answers referred to. Of course, the British underwriting fraternity is well-represented—especially that portion which is known as "the clubs"; and although it romps along as the Maritime Law Committee, instead of going down in history as a national association, that won't make much difference to the net results—in fifty years from now. However, after Antwerp came Brussels (both great shipowning centres, you'll observe); then London and Paris (where the learned gentlemen were almost sure of having a real good time).

HAMBURG, too, was not neglected, from which it will be seen that the affair is really international in its meeting—if in nothing else. Without particularising any further, we might remark that the culminating point was reached last year, when the United States, Japan, France, and other Continental nations equally noted for their shipping interests, were represented. But neither Great Britain nor Germany had a man to spare—at least, we'll put it that way; and thus it comes about that the International Maritime Committee was on a job, that was terribly suggestive of *Hamlet* without the Prince? All the same, the thing is a huge success, don't forget, and for our part, we are glad that it has had gall enough to go on meeting, in the face of awful difficulties, yes. Mind you, at all of the conferences Great Britain was strongly represented: had a sort of "walking on" part to play: and voted in favour of the proposals embodied in the code—although she didn't give the voting the semblance of seriousness, by binding herself to accept the final flangary. But the voting has tickled some of the good folk who are taking the business seriously, and one of them writes to a contemporary, "Thus, to obtain after six years of public discussion, practical unanimity between the representatives of 13 nations whose laws on some points, at any rate, as to collision, differed widely, was a remarkable achievement." It was, sirs. Re-ma-a-ark-able!

As a matter of fact, most of us are of opinion that hanging is a just punishment for murder; all the same, if any of us ever qualify for the job, it is fairly safe to assume that we shall have our doubts on the subject just at the exact moment when the lever-tripper is about to commence? Eh? What? And that is how it will be with efforts at maritime law, you'll find. The fellow who has the right end of the stick will be jolly well sure that the Committee was a heaven-sent affair, and was worthy of the lasting support of every honest man—or woman, for that matter; but the other fellow will be just as sure that the whole caboodle was a farce; a wasting of good time, and anyhow he means to see everybody jiggered before he is going to take its decisions laying down. The one great trouble with these good people is, that they take themselves too seriously; and doing so, believe that the remainder of the world will do likewise. That remainder, having other fish to fry, and naturally believing that to itself, its own interests are paramount, jibs a bit, and then all the fat is in the fire. At least, as much of the fat as there is to waste, which among such a dry-as-dust arrangement, might not amount to much.

STILL, the meeting which is due at Liverpool as already suggested, will have plenty to attend to. That is to say, in addition to collisions and salvage business, the Committee will be in a position to discuss jurisdiction in collision cases; limitation of shipowners' liability; particular cuts of meat taken from the shipowners' harness casks by officious Board of Trade men; conflicts of law as to mortgages and privileged liens; accommodation bills for floating new tonnage; bye products in the matter of tinkeries and chow-chow shops; landaus which are in the dry dock bill, although you cannot see them; and oh, heaps of other items connected with maritime law as understood to-day. You can take it from us, that this International Maritime Committee is about the biggest thing that is left us, in the way of International affairs; moreover, it is bound to share the fate that appears to be reserved for everything of the international kind. An' we would, we could write of several international—no, great international—affairs, which have served along for a few months, and then have fizzled awfully. By-and-bye, we shall have time, and inclination to particularise; then you'll smile! Meanwhile, wish the latest International Maritime Affair luck—as we do.

OH, to dream of it, oh, to think of it—fills your heart with gall? Here is America—one of the youngsters in shipping importance—actually having the effrontery to win the Kaiser's Cup! Isn't it dreadful? But mind you, there is a lot in a name, and after all, the Atlantic should have been

"PITWOOD CORNER!"—BARRY DOCK.

kinder to his namesake, than to some of the flapsy-wapsy-named packets that took part in the wrestle. For instance, would it have been the correct thing for a heathenish (and suggestive) name like *Valhalla*, to romp in a winner? Then, is there anything suggestive of stern business in a word written *Sunbeam*? We think not, anyhow, for it is altogether too reminiscent of "Tom," and things. Then again, the *Fleur de Lys*, notwithstanding that it was said to have a mascot (and a gey fine one) on board, is hardly a name to knock chips off Boreas with? No, sirs! The rightly-named boat won, and come to view the matter in a free and easy manner, it is just possible that her Old Man had something to do with it. We said, just now, that there is a lot in a name. So there is, if it happens to be Barr. And it isn't everybody that can cross the bar—without a good pilot. Furthermore, we rather believe that the best boat won the Cup—although its wicked of us to admit it. But we have often remarked anent our truthfulness, haven't we?

SUNNY Spain has awakened from the sleep of ages, and is now about to break out as an embryonic sea Power. This is as it should be, and the now-almost-forgotten Yanko-Spanko war, with its mule slaughtering and things, was a blessing in disguise. So much a blessing, that it disposed of a number of questionably-efficient warships; showed up the dangers surrounding official palm-oil tricks; and cleared the way for a new start—which is about to be made. In the matter of mercantile marine, Spain has gone ahead prodigiously--for Spain; and as we have remarked on various occasions, the fleet of Spanish-owned steamers, is cutting into the trade which the Briton once imagined was his, by right of Divine provision! It is merely necessary to consider Bilbao, and its respectable fleet of ships, to understand how far the new craze has gone. Moreover, the Spaniard is aping the British shipowner, in most approved style; is beautifully keen on circularising all and sundry concerning the advisability of keeping freights up to a paying level—and then is just as keen in accepting practically anything that is offered. Time was, that such tactics were supposed to be solely British; to-day, however, the Briton has no copyright to these mutual admiration societies which meet, talk, resolve—and then hie them away to do exactly the opposite!

As a commencement in the good work, Spain is shadowing out a scheme, by which she will eventually become the happy possessor of eight battleships, nine auxiliary cruisers, and two training ships. Not by any means a bad nucleus for a navy that shall be in a position to protect another sort of "future on the sea?" The work in this instance is going to occupy some six years, and viewed altogether, there is a stirring time ahead of the Spaniard. This, too, is just as it should be, for he fooled away his chances for quite long enough: played the *manana* act until it cost him considerably more than a vigorous policy would have done. His was a very pointed example of the curse of politics, and it needed almost a cataclysm to bring about an awakening. The awakening is there, right enough, and with the sea-coast possessed by the gentle Spaniard, he has everything in his favour, towards blossoming out as a high-class sea-power. When the world was younger, everything (almost) was Spanish, and there was enough of virility in the nation, to colonise a whole Continent which, after a century or two, still possesses enough of the Spanish trait, to retain its language and customs—aye, right down to the expression of the everlasting *manana;* and the periodical revolutions which have nearly wrecked the various countries with the greatest interest at stake.

OUR Lady of the Snows is still divided on the subject of anteing up a contribution to the British Navy. Meanwhile, her few sailormen (and fewer ships) are being rudely treated by the wicked foreigner, even as the political gentlemen take sides, on the momentous question of whether it will pay better to raise a Canadian Navy big enough to keep off all impertinent folk; or whether the Mother Country shall be paid, to keep a watching eye over the maritime progress of this one of her children. In our opinion, the Canadian Navy idea is somewhat far-fetched, for if there were a sufficiency of money in the country to stand the strain, there is still an insufficiency of ports in which that chimerical Navy could be safely stored—at least, in the history of the nation, to-date. That is, so far in the argument, we have seen no mention of where the Canadian is going to keep his men of war—if he should be ill-advised enough to fake up a few of them. Ice-free ports have caused a terrible pile of trouble to more than one old-established nation; in one notable instance, the struggle therefor, has brought about a state of affairs which, if not amounting quite to national extinction, yet bids fair to act in much the same way. With this before her, Canada will do well to contribute, rather than to purchase a fit-out of her own.

IT may be true that "those who advocate an unconditional contribution by the Dominion to either the Imperial Navy or Army have to meet a sentiment, not always expressed, perhaps, but undoubtedly existing, that the demand for Colonial contribution to Imperial defence is one which is prompted, *au fond*, by the desire of the British taxpayer to unload a portion of his burden upon the Colonies." But if the foregoing is true, it is very ridiculous, for no matter how you look at the subject, the suggested Canadian contribution is going to help the Home taxpayer but mighty little. Why, the surplus from what the shipowner pays in light-dues, alone, amounts annually, to more than the comtemplated "contribution to Imperial defence" from the Canadian brother? As we have frequently remarked, the Dominion is cursed with the amateur politician in quite big numbers, and he is a conscientious objector on every occasion that the Colonial finances are tapped—for anything outside of his own scheme of aggrandisement. In the past, this pandering to politics has put the brake on to progress; has fooled the Canadian into the contemplation of all manner of schemes for "fast lines," and things of that sort; and to-day, the Dominion is not much nearer a realisation of her aspirations in this direction, than she has ever been.

OUR straight opinion is, that if the Canadian would throw all the political verbiage overboard, for a time, he would then have an opportunity of attending to the progress which undoubtedly awaits his attentive care. Then, once the progress were an accomplished fact, it would be easy to drop back on the political crankiness—if by that time, such crankiness yet possessed a charm, which is doubtful! It might appear unkind to repeat it, but thus far in her history Canada has ever been engaged on the line of "nothing for nothing, and derned little for sixpence." Now, nothing for nothing is right and proper, and therefore, cannot be grumbled at; but the derned little for sixpence is mighty poor trading, for a new country—especially when there are a number of firmly established competitors in existence. It is essential, in these cases, to give just a little for the purpose of proving that the sample is of the right kind and, anyhow, it is perfectly sure that the man (or nation) who attempts to rope-in the whole world, will end up by being roped-in, instead. The world is too big an affair for anything of the kind to succeed, and although the value of the

dollar is regulated by the rate of exchange, a sovereign is always worth twenty shillings. See it, you Canadian friends?

We have received the forty-eighth Annual Report of the Mercantile Marine Service Association, and thus are in a position to note, "in the lump," so to speak, the amount of work which is annually carried on, by the indefatigable gentlemen who are responsible to its supporters, for the success or otherwise of the institution. That the same work is no amateurish kind of undertaking, is amply evidenced by the publication which is before us, and turn we where we may, we find the interests of the navigator "right on top." At the commencement, we find some interesting words concerning the "legal defence of members"—that very necessary branch of the undertaking whose business it is to stay the guillotine-like action of the Board of Trade, when out for scalps. That the defence has been successful in many instances, is a matter of congratulation for all concerned: but it must not be supposed that only in cases of a threatened "off with his head," does the legal fraternity ameliorate this portion of the white man's burden. On the contrary, rather, for such widely-divergent cases as, "Officers positions in the event of capture while conveying contraband of war," and an "owner's insolvency," as connected with a shipmaster's interest, have been dealt with.

Between the instances cited, we find that the following examples of nautical law have received attention: Master's claim for payment in respect of stores supplied to the ship; Income Tax claims (fancy a poor shipmaster being "rushed" for I.T.!); apprentices completing indentures; hospital expenses and passage home; subsistence allowance of witnesses at Board of Trade inquiries; officer's claim for return of good conduct deposit (which is suggestive, don't you think?); shipmaster's claim on account of extra services; master's lien for wages and disbursement; deceased master's account with his owners; advances to crew and disbursement in foreign ports; master debited with commission charges (and telegrams sent by the owner, and charged up to the master?); alleged false evidence in collision cases, etc.—especially etc. From the foregoing, you should be convinced that to safely engineer an association which stands between a shipmaster and his employer (to say nothing of the Old Man's greatest enemy on earth, the Board of Trade) is no sinecure: that roses are by no means the prevailing samples of horticultural beauty about; and that this is precisely an instance where pertinacity, and all 'round knowledge, are calculated to score most?

Passing on from the glamour of the law, as connected with those who go down to the sea in ships, we come to the consideration of such mixed up affairs as the Aliens Bill, and the childlike attempt that is being made to hold the shipmaster responsible for any of the weaknesses which the legislature has allowed to linger therein. Later, the subject of Mariners' Votes attracts our wandering eye, and even as we turn our attention to "Signalling in the Merchant Navy," we wonder why it is that a couple of hundred thousand people who are the most idiotically-legislated-for men on earth, have never a word to say in the making of the laws which they have to obey, and which then toboggan into, at every turn in the road. Yes, we are a great nation—although in view of some of the fallacies which are hugged to our patient bosoms, you might be excused for doubting it. But continuing with our consideration of the work undertaken by our friends, we note that Red Sea Lights; Sailing Ships' Fog-horns; Merchant Shipping in the Present War; Shipmasters and Consuls; The Board of Trade and Notice of Official Inquiries; Foreigners on British Ships: Electric Search Lights on Steamers; Improvements in the Approaches to Chittagong; Boy Sailors; Compensation to Seamen; and—but here, you get a copy of that Report, and you'll have about as interesting a bit of reading as it is possible to get, in these days of rubbishy outpourings, yes!

The Thames Barrage Scheme is by no means dead. Eminent engineers declare that there is no physical difficulty in the road; that, indeed, the barrage idea is to be greatly preferred over the dredging dodge. Then, eminent chemists—or one of the cult, at least—is satisfied that when the bar is in position, fish life will be possible (nearly) everywhere in the river. London-on-the-Lake; good fishing; halcyon days again! No wonder that a number of estimable persons who have insufficient time to admit of their giving more than a perfunctory consideration to the subject, are in love with the barrage scheme! All the same, it should not be forgotten that the "eminent authorities" referred to, while being much in love with Mr. Barrage, yet make serious reservations—if the scheme is carried out. This, again, is as it should be, of course. One thing at a time, is a good policy. Get the bar across, first; the other difficulties may be surmounted—as met with. And anyhow, once the bar is across, those difficulties would have to be dealt with, and thus would there be work—and wages—for quite a number of experts, over a goodly number of years. It seems a pity that those with most at stake—the ratepayers—will not examine the matter a little more attentively?

At the end of November last, the steamer *Clan Mackay*, was instrumental in saving the passengers and crew—nearly four hundred in all—of the Portuguese Transport *San Thome*, which was stranded in a very dangerous position on the Farioan Bank, in the Red Sea. Great difficulties and dangers were experienced in effecting this rescue owing to the strong wind, rough sea, and force of current, setting right across the reef. Furthermore, the utmost caution had to be exercised by the *Clan Mackay*, owing to the dangerous reefs and to the locality being only partially surveyed. The rescue lasted from the early morning of the 28th November, until 5 p.m. next day, when the *Clan Mackay* steamed away, having safely on board, all the crew and troops of the *San Thome*, together with their personal effects. The Merchant Service Guild have laid the full particulars before the Portuguese Government, with the result that they have just received a letter from the Secretary to the Portuguese Legation in London, stating that he has been requested by the Minister of Marine, to convey to the Guild, on the part of the Government of His Faithful Majesty, their sincere thanks to the officers and men of the *Clan Mackay*, for the most valuable service rendered, and to inform the Guild, that it is the intention of His Faithful Majesty's Government, to confer a decoration upon the Master of the *Clan Mackay*—Captain C. J. Higgins, M.S.G.

PATENTS.

26,441/04 —HAYS—*Improved method and means of consuming or otherwise disposing of the smoke from the stacks of factories, steamships and other coal consuming furnaces.*

This invention relates to providing the smoke stacks of steamships, factories, &c., with flues for conveying away under the induced draft of jets of compressed air, the smoke from the top of the stack, which stack may be closed by a damper. The smoke is conveyed by these flues to a furnace where it is consumed, or to a tank of water, or in the case of a steamship, into the sea.

THE MARITIME REVIEW
An Illustrated Weekly Journal

FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 1905.

A NEW FREIGHT MARKET?—MANITOBA-ON-THE-SEA!

(Fourth Article).

WITH reference to the paucity of authentic information connected with the Hudson's Bay, this little trouble is sufficiently explained by the fact that the trading thereaway, has been practically confined to sailing vessels—and not very large ones, at that. Thus it comes about, that the records which have been kept are merely of a rudimentary character; for, while admitting that the man who has charge of a small sailing vessel, might be able to keep account of the happenings of his voyage, there is no getting away from the fact, that he very seldom does. Steamships can, of course, negotiate these waters in safety; in a safety which is denied, at times, to the wind-jammer: for currents, and ice-jambs, and kindred troubles, are of less importance to the vessel which has "a pair of bucking screws," say; than to the slower-moving chunks of the poetry of motion which, while never growing weary, sometimes manage to go a long way, only, in a long while! In any case, we may not get away from the fact, that since Hudson's discovery of the big inland sea which bears his name—that is, for some three hundred years—the class and size of vessel sailing there, has been insignificant. This, in itself, is a commentary on the over-stated dangers of the locality. It should naturally follow, that if a number of glorified long-boats are enabled to navigate with safety, a given water, then, larger and better-equipped vessels would be calculated to give a happier rendering of accounts? As a matter of fact, however, most of the pioneering has been carried out by small vessels. Aye, even in an era when larger samples abound. And the Hudson's Bay route, is no exception to the general rule, for even as little packets of from a hundred to a hundred-and-fifty-tons register, opened out and made possible the present-day trade of Newfoundland: so have the same class of vessels done the needful in keeping alive the industrial pretence, that has been maintained with the waters that are further west and north. To-day, Newfoundland is blessed with a fleet of steamers for the purpose of carrying on her coastal trade; but no more than twenty years ago, a steamer there, was a novelty, and was treated as such, by the gentle natives. These latter were never tired of impressing on the patient voyager, the utter impossibility of ever hoping to see cod-fish carried in a steamer's hold—if only for the awful reason that a steamer would "sweat" too much! Poor souls! They have been sadly disillusioned in those twenty years, and the Dartmouth brigs, and Brixham schooners, which so nobly carried out their share of the Imperial burden, have been, at last, relegated to the limbo of forgotten things. The St. John's, Newfoundland, fleet, too—as smart a gathering of small-fry vessels as ever graced the sea—has gone, or is rapidly going, the same way; and the trail of the serpent (or the smoke of the steamer which, to the sailorman, is exactly the same thing!) is over the district that, not so long ago, was devoted solely to the exponents of the "white wings" method of progression. With the advent of the steamer, comes progressiveness. That same advent has already opened out the Newfoundland traffic; opened it out more in thirty years, than the sailing ship was enabled to do in three hundred years; and the waters (and shores) of the Hudson's Bay, is but a little to the Westward of Newfoundland: the march of progress is setting in that direction; and, in spite of all the arguments which might be used to the contrary, the eventual expansion is inevitable. Especially as each succeeding year sees a greater incentive for that expansion—the beckoning hands of the thousands who have gone into the Great North-West, and have prepared the cargoes for the argosies, which will ultimately navigate those waters. To those who would pretend to scoff at the subject, a little calm consideration of the surprising progress which has transpired in that wonderful land to-date, should be all-sufficient. A passing examination of the improvements; the absolute altering of the face of the land from primeval savagery to ultra-civilisation; the wiping out of the original holders of the land (the "noble red men"), and the substitution of an alien race which, in turn, has become native to the comparatively new country; all these little points, should convince the most sceptical, that it is impossible to turn back the tide of present-day progress. Of course, with vested interests paramount in other directions, it is human to scoff at new ventures, in yet other directions: but, as must inevitably happen in the march of civilisation, the scoffers, at length, will be among the most devout worshippers of the, at present, new cult. The Hudson's Bay is by way of being opened up to the trade of the world, not because of the adventurous spirit which, in the past, was always responsible for such an opening-up; but for the reason that there is a pressing, and existent, need for such a condition. In the early days, the trade expansions were all for the purpose of carrying British goods to a new market. As a matter of course, those same carryings pursued the line of least resistance. If a given route were harder than another one, then, the former was given up, even as the latter was nourished. But in connection with the district to which we have given this extended consideration, there is no question of an attempt to get in; it is all a matter of getting out! There is already a quantity of marketable stuff awaiting shipment; that quantity is rapidly increasing; and as the years roll on, the increase will be greater and more marked. Thus it will come about, that the incentive to pierce the comparatively unknown region, will be quite sufficient to bring that piercing about. When a trader is merely trying to enter an unknown district for the purpose of disposing of a heterogenous cargo of "notions," he will not be unduly keen in sailing his vessel ten miles further than is absolutely necessary, "just for fun?" But when there are return cargoes for a thousand ships, you may take it for granted that every effort known to modern science will be used: that other interests will be left to take care of themselves, to a great extent; and that the brand-new possibilities of wealth, will receive the same care and attention that was, erstwhile, lavished upon the "vested interests" alluded to. It is hard—for the holders of those "interests"; we admit it. But then, they do but encounter the treatment which they, in years past, meted out to other "interests"; and so the game continues. We know that in years gone by, the early navigators in this region, brought home tales of wonder that were calculated to put to the blush, such romancers as Sir John Mandeville or Baron Munchausen. But it must not be forgotten that those same navigators brought home much wealth; that the world was younger and more innocent; and that the yarns which have been labelled as "travellers' tales," were spun solely for the purpose of keeping away interlopers from the new Golconda. In great measure, those terrible tales were a success; they did really keep off cowans and intruders; but only for a time. Education is more common to-day, and as a natural consequence, the possessors thereof are somewhat averse to being "stuffed" with fairy tales! All the same, reliable date relating to the Hudson's Bay is sadly needed; but, as we have already suggested, this is

by way of being gathered. Moreover, with the advent of the newly-awakened interest which is gravitating around this district, it is surprising to learn the quantity of really dependable knowledge which is already available. In our last week's issue, we quoted from a report made to the Select Parliamentary Committee in 1883; we will now give a few points which have been gleaned from another report made to the Winnipeg Board of Trade, in the following year—1884. In this report, we have the evidence of a Captain Hackland, who, for sixteen years, had been sailing in Canada's northern waters. The whole evidence was in connection with the ice in Hudson's Bay, and we note that according to Captain Hackland's experience, the ice, thereaway, was altogether dependent on the depth of the water involved. For instance, at Churchill, where the water is fairly deep, the ice does not form to an extent greater than half a mile from the shore: but at York, at times, it forms for a distance of quite three miles from the shore, in consequence of the shallowness of the water. At the same time, however, the mouth of the Nelson River is never really closed. Again, we learn that in lat. 62.5 N. there was no ice to obstruct the passage, from the middle of June to October; and the shipmaster, already quoted, stated that a standing order from his company's officials was: "Never go south of latitude 60, until you are west of longitude 90—going to York or Churchill." Captain Hackland also said: "There is a continual current setting to the east, from Cape Henrietta Maria, towards the supposed opening; the Bay ship, on her voyage to Moose Factory, has frequently observed a large glut of ice off Cape Henrietta Maria, which, before her return, has entirely disappeared; and whither could it have drifted with a strong easterly current, unless some opening had admitted its escape from the Bay?" Mr. Bell, in his report to the Winnipeg Board of Trade, explained that the suggested opening, is the channel that is said to exist between Mosquito Bay and Ungava Bay. If the passage is really there and its existence, or otherwise, will soon be determined, thanks to the exploring expedition already alluded to—it will be open for the use of steamers, during those months in which ice is found in the Strait; although, even so, the vessels will have to run across the stream—which is generally a heavy one—in Ungava Bay; and this stream, by the way, is heavy, even when there is little or no current along the northern shore of Hudson's Strait. Harking back to the St. Lawrence, we find that, in its lower reaches (and notwithstanding its comparative narrowness) it is partially open, in the middle of winter; but the difficulty, here, as it is in the case of some of the Hudson's Bay ports, lays in the apparently insurmountable difficulty of getting into harbour. Harbours such as that of Churchill or York, on the Bay, however, would have an advantage over Quebec or Montreal, by connecting directly with the open sea: hence in the autumn, vessels would escape the liability of being frozen in—as has occasionally happened in the St. Lawrence, notably in the Autumns of 1870 and 1880. On the former occasion, the outward bound shipping was frozen in below Quebec, occasioning a loss of over a million dollars. Again, in the Spring, there might be no more certainty of entering from the sea, than from the Gulf of Lawrence—as vexatious delays are quite common hereaway, for quite a while after the "open season" is supposed to have arrived. The Montreal Harbour Master—according to the United States Report on the commercial relations for 1878—furnished a table which detailed the various dates for the opening and closing of that port. Therefrom we find, over a period of twenty years, that the average opening of the port was May 1: and the average closing date, November 25. Contrasting this with the records of the Hudson's Bay Company, as presented to the Canadian Government in 1880, it appears that the Hayes River, at York Factory, for an average of 53 years, was open on May 15: and that only once, in the whole of that time, did it remain closed until the end of May or to the first days in June. Once, again, the river closed on November 3—in 1878—but the average closing date was November 20. The River Nelson, close to the Hayes, but considerably larger than the latter, is closed at a correspondingly later date. So that, by comparison, the dates of opening and closing in the rival districts are:

Opening of harbour, Montreal, May 1; York, June 1.
Closing of harbour, „ Nov. 25; „ Nov. 10.

From this it will be seen that York harbour is open, and clear of ice, for five and a half months in the year—which constitutes the "safe navigation" period. At a port on the Nelson River, that period would be greatly extended.

(To be continued.)

IS THE COAL-TAX DOOMED?

WE have remarked, ere this, that it isn't all beer and skittles, being a Chancellor of the Exchequer! Especially if an unkind fate has dumped one into the position, directly after a former Chancellor has been painting things red with unpopular taxes—which is always? Furthermore, there is a terrible lot of irony in the business, and taking it all 'round, it is no wonder that a Chancellor's job is the reverse of a long one. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach earned for himself, an unenviable reputation as a statesman, when he inaugurated a tax on exports; although in all probability, the poor gentleman couldn't very well help himself. That is, he had to father the ridiculous coal-tax, whether he were the originator of that blatant piece of retrogressiveness, or otherwise. Probably, Sir Michael did but carry out the behest of a permanent official; one of those haughty personages who, when faced with a shortage of "the needful" for Governmental purposes, suddenly remembered that the supplier of his domestic bunkers had tipped in a quantity of slate, among the reputed silk-stone which had been ordered; and having remembered, decided to "take it out of" all coalmen, alike. In any case, the coal-tax came; Sir Michael took the blame of the thing; left his job; and as a penance, took the position of independent chairman of the "Conciliation Board" that was, about that time, in a state of chronic dyspepsia—if we may put it thus! Since that never-to-be-forgotten epoch, numerous have been the devices for the repeal of the tax. Deputations have waited on the powers that be; newspaper controversies have gravitated around the vexed question; threats; promises; cajolings; prevarications, etc., have been in evidence: but the tax is as firm as ever. But hold on! Perhaps we are wrong in assuming that the firmness of the coal-tax is untouched. It is just possible that it has had about the worst shock which has been given it, to-date. "Mabon" is up against it, and when that stalwart individual bares his superb shoulders; when, metaphorically, he braces himself up (or down) for a full-tilt at the windmills; well, something generally happens. There is either an American tour to the 'fore; there is some splendid singing: fairy tales are told; or righteous indignation on account of the benighted way in which Conservative miners object to spend their money for the propagation of Liberal doctrines, is about. Sometimes, there is a combination of the whole; and in any case, there is grand fun in the resultant exhibitions, yes. Fun for everybody, that is, outside of the ranks of Conservative miners! However, in the latest debate on the coal-tax, Mr. "Mabon" has been talking straight; has been using threats; and taking it altogether, we are of opinion that the tax is doomed. Here it is: If that obnoxious tax is not removed, then "Mabon" is going to give his own leaders, the opposition of every miner in the country. Look at that, now! Coal-tax doomed, forsooth. Why, it is as good as dead; that's what it is; and personally, we are proud of "Mabon," look you.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *May 31, 1905.*

AGAIN it is our doubtful privilege to spread before you, the happenings of another week in coal-land. Doubtful, for the reason that, if anything, the conditions are worse than at our last; and a privilege, because it is always that, you know—let times be good or bad, and our tone hilarious or plaintive. Really, when we started out on this task, it was our intention to review the happeninps in the coal market, since last we enjoyed the same privilege. As a matter of fact, however, we are strongly of opinion that there is neither happenings, nor market, for those who are interested, these days.

COME we now to tonnage supplies, which are a vital feature in the successful development of a coal business. Well, tonnage supplies are like the late Russian Fleet—of very little present use. That is to say, the quantity of tonnage coming to hand—or to dock, if you would rather have it that way—is of an unsatisfactory volume (do they have volumes of tonnage? Our own prophet puts it that way, so we suppose it is as near right as makes no difference). There certainly has been an improvement in the matter of arrivals of late, but somehow or other, they haven't made much difference to the coal market. Our own young man says, "These are insufficient in themselves to maintain the market, and the buyer is sharing all the the favours at the moment."

THE foregoing, we suppose, is alright, also, but for ourselves we think it is a bit low down on the tonnage, to expect it to maintain the market, and the shipowner—especially in view of the expensive tastes of some of the latter. But let it pass. Our young man means well, and he doesn't know the shipowner, and his tastes, quite as well as ourselves—which is a good thing for our young man. When a few simple steamers are strained-up, to the extent of supplying a few landaus, some motor cars, a home and a country-seat (which are not synonymous terms), it is a bit off-side, to expect them to maintain a market, as well—and all without any dry dock, or other repairing ideas to the 'fore?

OUR next note reads, "consider the demand," and we hate to disappoint a well-meaning notist, in any shape or form. Having tried to consider the demand, what do we find? Simply that it is a waste of good time, for—there is no demand; at least, none that is really worthy of the name. Moreover, when the demand is easy, and colliery stems are of the same turn of mind, what happens? Stocks accumulate? Right, the first try! And when stocks accumulate? The market goes all to pieces? Not quite so bad as that dears, but near it, very near it. But then, stocks may not accumulate indefinitely. There is a limit in this direction, as in every other. When this particular limit is reached, what follows? Why the collieries implicated have to close down—for a spell.

THIS is exactly what a number of collieries have been doing. They have closed down; their colliers have betaken them to the seaside—or other money-spending centre; and how the Federation is going to gather in the shekels now, well, we shouldn't like to say. All the same, we can see the connection between "Mabon's" Parliamentary outburst, and the lack of demand for Welsh coal. Yes, the colliery which cannot dispose of its daily output, nor of any of its stock, is in a bad way; and give the boys a holiday—an informal sort of "stop day" of which they are so fond—is the order of the day. The resultant condition is known as restriction of output. But it isn't worth tuppence in raising demands, or in stiffening prices, and we should like to hear St. David II's explanation on the subject.

THE above reminds us! Is there any truth in the statement that the "great social weekly" is really by way of a resurrection? Rumour says yes, and that it will be the same old paper, the same old man, a start in the same old bad times—but presumably it will be different money? The other lot was all disposed of—in the long ago? Before the "g.s.w." closed for alterations, repairs or whatever it was. Well, if, for once, rumour is to be believed, we welcome the dear old thing back from its long retirement; after such a spell of rest, it should make the welkin ring? But we have our own doubts thereon, and principally because the coal market is so deadly dull. When the coal market is dull in Cardiff, it is a poor time to attempt a journalistic resurrection. Still, if at first you don't succeed, (providing you can find the oof) try, try, try, again!

HOWEVER, with regard to the coal trade, we are assured that the outlook—which is an inexpensive item, after all—is brighter; so that is a consolation? Of course, there is a reason for this assurance. There are more orders about, during the past few days, than for weeks past! This means, that there is a greater demand for tonnage, and generally considered, things are on the mend—hence the re-appearance of the "weekly" suggested? Of course, the lower rates of freights ruling for forward shipment, may induce a little more buying on the part of the foreigner, while, again, they might not. Another factor to be reckoned with, is the approaching time of wassail—although we are prone to admit that the benefits which have accrued to the seller on this account, in the past, has been very trifling.

BEST CARDIFF ADMIRALTYS are, generally considered, in no better case than the other varieties. That is, they are suffering equally from the absence of demand. Stems are markedly easier, and as a natural consequence, BESTS are obtainable at 12s. 9d.—and threepence lower than this, is known to have secured one decent-sized cargo. For early shipment, this grade commands nothing more than the figures we have mentioned—although the few remaining favoured ones, are quoting higher. The majority, however, have plenty of coals for prompt delivery, and to niggle a bit over the price, you are safe in accepting 12s. 7½d. as current value.

SECONDS are unchanged—and for the simple reason that nothing has transpired to warrant their being otherwise. The business passing therein, is just as limited as it has been of late, and if you have done us the honour of reading these columns, you know fairly well, what that means. True, the seller is inclined to kiss the rod—any better osculatory medium being absent; and although he will tell you tales of values ranging into the 12s. and 12s. 3d. range, he doesn't mean it, bless you. At least, not to any extent; to the extent, say, of allowing you to depart without a lower offer. This latter too, may gravitate around the nimble threepenny-piece—if you are slow; otherwise, sixpence—and there it is.

ORDINARIES are just that, and "no improvement" is the phrase for their state, at present. No new business, stems slack, demand off for the Whitsun holidays—naturally, the figures which we give you below, are, well, merely figurative! Actual values may only be ascertained, when the buyer comes along with firm business—and on those occasions, quotations are nothing to go by.

DRYS range from 11s. 6d. to 11s. 9d. as quotations, too -but with threepence lower in each instance, as the price ultimately paid. Jib a bit harder, and another 1½d. is yours, for there is no demand, and the manipulators of the grade are disconsolate—and weepy.

MONMOUTHSHIRE COALS have varied but little. Prices, it is true, have been maintained; but this, more for the reason that nobody appears to want them, rather than that there is any hardness about. A few simple bookings have resulted: have come about in a desultory and don't-care-a-toss sort of manner; and all for early shipment. Tonnage supplies, too, are the reverse of pleasing, so BLACK VEINS, while put up at 11s. 3d., are only dealt with in this manner, to enable the buyer to say "Make it the level money, and I'm on." 'Tis made, and there you are, sirs! Another ha'porth sold!

ORDINARIES coruscate around at 11s.—on paper; but in view of the prevailing conditions, a bit may easily be knocked off, here. Very little has been done in this section, and the lives of the exponents thereof, are anything but over lilies-of-the-valley, worse luck.

SECONDS show a maintenance of recent figures—10s. 3d.—and, marvellous to relate, a fair business has been done in them. RHONDDA No. 3's are still favoured with good stems, so are moderately busy; No. 2's are just the reverse. SMALLS, happy parcel, are as fresh as ever, and if some of their exploiters don't soon retire on a fortune, it will be all along of the "second Mrs. Tanqueray," yes!

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	13s. od.	12s. 9d., 13s. od.	12s. 10½d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d,	12s. 9d., 13s. od.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	12s. 3d	12s. od., 12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.	12s. od.	12s. od.	12s. od., 12s. 3d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	11s. 4½d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 9d.
Drys ,, ...	11s 6d., 12s. od.	11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 12s. od.
Best Newport ,, ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. od., 11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 6d.	11s. od., 11s. 6d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	11s. od.	11s. od.	10s. 9d., 11s. 3d.	11s. od.	11s. od., 11s. 3d.	11s. od.
Seconds ,, ...	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. od., 10s. od.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,,	15s. od., 15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. od.	15s. od.	15s. od., 15s. 6d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,,	13s. 10½d.	13s. 10½d.	13s. 9d., 14s. o d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 6d., 14s. od.
No. 2 Ditto. ,,	9s. 10½d.	9s. 9 d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d., 10s. od.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 9d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ..	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.
,, 2 ,,	8s. 10½d.	8s. 10½d.	9s. od.	9s. 9 d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d., 9s. od.
Smalls:						
Best Cardiff	7s. 9d., 8s. 3d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d., 8s. od.	8s. od.	8s. od.	7s. 9d., 8s. 3d.
Seconds	7s 3d., 7s. 6d	7s. 4½d.	7s. 4½d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 7½d.
Ordinaries	7s. od.	7s. od.	7s. 1½d.	7s. o.l., 7s. 3d.	7s. 3d	7s. 3d.
Best Newport	7s. od.	7s. od.	6s. 9 d.	6s. 9d., 7s. od.	7s. od.	6s. 9d., 7s. 3d.
Seconds	6s. 9 d	6s. 6d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 9d.	6s. 7½d.	6s. 9d.
Rhondda No. 2	7s. 3d	7s. 3d.	7s. od., 7s. 6d.	7s. 1½d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.
,, No. 3	10s. 9d	10s. od.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 10½d	10s. od.
Foundry Coke:						
Special	21s. od.	20s. 9 d.	20s. 9 d.	21s. od.	21s. od., 21s. 6d.	21s. od.
Ordinary	18s. od	17s. o.l.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.
Furnace Coke	16s. 6d.	16s. od	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.
Patent Fuel	13s od	13s. od.	12s. od.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d., 13s. od.	12s. 6d., 13s. od.
Pitwood (ex ship)	19s od., 20s od	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. od.	19s. o:l.	19s. od., 19s. 6d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *May 31, 1905.*

THERE is but little, this week, to report in connection with the market here, which throughout, remains in a state of quietude. Practically, all varieties are suffering from the dearth of new business, and consequently prices continue to rule easy, for anything that is required for prompt shipment. Quotations however, are unchanged, though business is terribly restricted, both for early and forward shipment. Tonnage supplies have been rather more plentiful, but the absence of new orders keeps the market in a weak state.

ANTHRACITE COALS remain at last levels, the general opinion being that there is not likely to be any further decline in values. MALTING descriptions are not moving off well, but quotations are fairly steady, although, here and there, it is possible to obtain concessions for something immediate. There is very little actual demand, and this section is nothing other than easy. Other Sorts—RED & BIG VEIN—are as weak as they were at our last time of writing, and their price depends upon the date of shipment—and the propensities of the buyer.

COBBLES, NUTS & PEAS are suffering from a lack of appreciation, and the supplies being greater than the demand, weakness governs values, hereaway.

DUFF is slightly harder on account of an improvement in the enquiry. Insufficient has been done, however, to enable Sellers to obtain higher prices so far—those current being 3s. to 3s. 3d.

CULM is commanding recent figures, and this phase of the trade is maintaining a firm tone. Buyers being favoured with a good demand, and seeing that there is still a restriction of supplies there is not likely to be any change immediately in the ruling figures of 5s. 3d. to 5s. 6d.

STEAM COALS are no firmer than when last we wrote you, and seeing that the amount of business passing in them, is as limited as then, weakness remains the feature in values. Bests, while being quoted at 13s., are worth nothing more than 12s, 9d. Seconds, say, 11s. 9d. Bunker Spots are plentiful, at 10s. 9d. to 11s.

BELOW, we give the average prices for the week:—

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:						
Best Hand Picked	18s od	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. od.	17s. 6d., 18s. 6d.
Malting Large	17s od.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. od.	16s. 6d., 17s. od.	16s. 9d.
Seconds do.	11s od	11s. od	10s. 10½d.	10s. 10½d.	11s. od.	10s. 9d., 11s. 3d.
Big Vein Large	9s od.	10s. od.	10s. od.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d., 10s. 3d.	10s. od.
Red ,, ,,	16s. od.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 7½d.	16s. 6d., 16s. 9d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	16s. 6d., 17s od.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.
,, ,, Nuts	9s. 6d., 10s. 6d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d., 10s. od.	9s. 7½d	9s. 9d., 10s. 9d.
,, ,, Peas	5s 3d., 5s 6d.	5s 3d.	5s. 3d.	5s. od., 5s. 6d.	5s. 3d., 5s. 6d.	5s. 4½d.
Rubbly Culm	3s od.	3s. od.	3s. od.	3s. od., 3s. 3d.	3s. 3d.	3s. 3d.
Duff	3s 1½d.					
Patent Fuel:	11s 9d.	11s. 6d., 12s. od.	11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.
Steam:						
Best Large	13s od., 13s 3d	13s. 1½d.	13s. od.	12s. 10½d.	12s. 9 l., 13s. od.	13s. o l.
Seconds ,,	12s od	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 12s. od.	11s. 9 l.	11s. 9d.
Bunker ,,	11s od	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 7½d.	10s. 6d., 10s. 9d.	10s. 6d., 10s. 9d
Thro' and Thro'	8s. 6d., 9s. od.	8s. 6d.	8s. 7½d.	8s. 6d., 10s. 9d.	8s. 6d.	8s, 6d., 8s. 9d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

CARDIFF, *May 31, 1905.*

DURING the earlier days of the week under review, chartering—especially for the Mediterranean section thereof—was fairly busy. But although a fair amount of fixtures resulted, rates were even as obtained at our last time of writing.

BUT, IN the past few days, the business has eased off considerably everybody concerned appears to be engaged in the summery-pastime, known as sitting on the fence. That is, the Russians are more in need of medical skill than of coal; the hoped-for 100,000 tons is not yet; and transactions in other departments of the chartering world, are suffering from the shocks caused by Admiral Togo's reverberating thunder.

ALTHOUGH the WEST is remote from the scene of Eastern tribulation, chartering for the Land of Promise is suspended, *pro tem.* Briefly put, the chartering pursued the tenour of its way until the destruction of the Russian Fleet; since then, shipowners have been too busy in trying to average out the conflicting reports of "how Togo did it," from the various daily papers—most of which have or claim to have, a correspondent on the spot, so to speak! However, you will be able to cull, from the following list, each particular section of the giddy whirl which is of most interest to yourself. You pay your money, and you take your choice—once again!

Week Ending, (Wednesday), May 31, 1905

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Colombo, *Clan Cumming,* 6,400 tons, 8s. 9d.
Aden, *Kenley,* 9s. 1½d. spot.
Parana, Steamer, 2,200 tons, 10s., 250.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Eton,* 3,000 tons, 7s. 3d.
Northlands, 3,500 tons, 7s. 6d.
Steamer, 4,000 tons, 7s. 6d. (N).
Rio de Janeiro, *Usher,* 4,300 tons, 8s. 9d.
Diego Suarez, *Kilbrennan,* 11s.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Tre——,* 5s.
Genoa, *Euterpe,* 5,500 tons, 6s.
Steamer, 3,500 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Duneric, 2,400 tons, 7s. 1½d. coal, 500 6½d., fuel 8s. 1½d. 500 10d., option **Savona,** (s).
Blue Jacket, 5,500 tons, 6s. 3d.
Grof Tisza Istvan, 4,200 tons, 6s. 6d.
Pasquale P., 3,200 tons, 6s. 9d. spot. (N).
Alexandria, *Enidwen,* 5,100 tons, 5s. 10½d.
Penlee, 5,800 tons, 5s. 10½d.
Chiverstone, 4,300 tons, 5s. 7½d.
Constantinople, *Sarah Radcliffe,* 2,500 tons, 6s. 3d.
Kittie, 2,900 tons, 6s. option **Haida Pasha.**
Piræus, *Aeolus,* 4,600 tons, 6s. ppt.
Ruysdael, 2,500 tons, 6s. 3d.
Steamer, 3,400 tons, 6s. ppt. (N).
Venice, *Wanby,* 5,300 tons, 6s. 9d. option **Ancona.**
Steamer, 3,300 tons, 8s. coal, 8s. 9d. fuel, (s)
Llangorse or *Llanover,* 5,500 tons, 7s.
Tremeadow, 5,400 tons, 7s.
Valencia, Steamer, 700 tons, 7s. (s).
Fiz, 900 tons, 7s. coal, 7s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Canganian, 1,300 tons, 7s. coal, 7s. 9d. fuel, (N).
Leghorn, *Dartmoor,* 3,800 tons, 6s. 6d.
Fernlands, 2,500 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
Steamer, 3,800 tons, 6s. 3d., 500 10d. (N).
Iberia, 2,100 tons, 7s. 3d. coal, 8s. fuel. (s).
Alicante, *Glenwood,* 2,400 tons, 7s. 3d. coal, 8s. fuel, (s).
Naples, *Leonidas and Eleni,* 3,100 tons, 6s. 6d.
W. I. Radcliffe, 6,000 tons, 5s. 10½d.
Neto, 1,750 tons, 7s. 3d. (s).
Hambelton, 4,000 tons, 6s. 800. option **Leghorn.**
Messina, *Westow,* 3,000 tons, 6s. 6d. 500
Marseilles, *Villequier,* 2,600 tons, 8 francs.
Amalfi, 2,600 tons, 7·75 francs.
Tunis, *Isle of Hastings,* 2,100 tons, 9·75 fcs. coal, 10·75 fcs., fuel, (s).
Marans, *Clarence,* 1,450 tons, 5·75 fcs. (s).
Palermo, *Asti,* 1,750 tons, 7s. option **Messina.**
Brindisi, *Tricoupis,* 2,800 tons, 6s. 3d., 1,000
Smyrna, *Pendennis,* 3,000 tons, 6s. 3d.
Torre, Steamer, 3,100 tons, 6s. 7½d. 400 June 5.
Syra, Steamer, 6,000 tons, 5s. 9d. option **Piræus.**
Gibraltar, *Cassia,* 1,400 tons, 5s. 9d.
Barcelona, *Glenroy,* 4,000 tons, 7s. coal, 7s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Huelva, Steamer, 1,200 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Calamata, *Tennyson,* 2,400 tons, 7s. 6d. coal, 8s. 3d. fuel, (s).
Ergasteria, *Carl Retzlaff,* 2,000 tons, (Private terms).
Phillipeville, *Glenmore,* 2,250 tons, 9·50 fcs. coal, 10·50 fcs. fuel.
Algiers, *La Vienne,* 2,000 tons, 7·65 fcs. coal, 8·65 fcs. fuel, 400
Ninian Stuart, 2,400 tons, 7·50 fcs.
Dulcie, 2,800 tons, 7·50 fcs.
Ville de Bayonne, 2,000 tons, 7·50 fcs.
Oran, *Alassio,* 1,400 tons, 7·75 fcs.
Malta, *Eugenie,* 2,000 tons, 5s. 7½d.
Porto Ferraio, Steamer, 4,500 tons, 6s.
Seville, *Radyr,* 1,250 tons, 6s. (N).
Lisbon, *Ely Rise,* 1,250 tons, 4s. 10½d.
Abertawe, 4s. 10½d.

BALTIC, Etc.

Cronstadt, *Sir Walter Raleigh,* 2,300 tons, 5s.
Steamer, 1,250 tons; Steamer, 1,250 tons; 5s.
Swinemunde, *Ruth,* 1,100 tons, 4s. 9d.
Hans Jost, 1,000 tons, 4s. 9d.
Christiana, *Haardraade,* 1,100 tons, 5s. 3d. fuel.
Copenhagen, *Cairnglen,* 2,000 tons, 4s. 6d.

BAY, Etc.

Chantenay, *Austria,* 2,100 tons, 4·87½ francs.
Devonia, 1,950 tons, 4·87½ fcs.
Boucau, 1,500 tons, 5 francs. (N).
St. Nazaire, *Ollargan,* 3,000 tons, 4·20 fcs.
Earl of Dumfries, 1,950 tons, 4·25 fcs.
La Rochelle, *Everest,* 2,200 tons, 4·37½ fcs.
Cairo, or sub., 2,300 tons, 4·37½ fcs. option **Rochefort,** 4·62½ fcs. (s).
Nantes, *Santurce,* 1,700 tons, 5 fcs. coal, 5·50 fcs. (s).
Sables, *Grane,* 1,700 tons, 4·75 fcs. (s).
Rochforte, *Ellewoutsdijk,* 2,100 tons, 4·75 fcs.
La Pallice, *Abermaed,* 1,400 tons, 4·50 fcs.

COASTING, Etc.

Brest, *Kong Magnus,* 1,200 tons, 4s. option **Dieppe/St. Malo/Havre/or Honfluer,** with option for **Rouen,** 4s. 7½d. (s).
Havre, *Inver,* 1,200 tons, 4s. 1½d. (s).
Solent, 950 tons, 4s. 1½d.
Honfluer, Steamer, 1,300 tons, 4s. 3d.
Rouen, *Raloo,* 1,300 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
G. Player, 700 tons, 4s. 10½d. (s).
Rosslyn, 600 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Jason, 950 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Caen, *Horn,* 700 tons, 4s. 3d.
Steamer, 650 tons, 4s. 1½d.
Dieppe, *Lillebonne,* 700 tons, 4s. (s).
Granville, Steamer, 600 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
St. Malo, *Skeldon,* 1,750 tons, 3s. 9d.
Portsmouth, *Gransha,* 1,550 tons, 2s. 6d. two voyages, (Admiralty).
Sheerness, *Blue Bell,* 600 tons, 4s. 1½d. (Admiralty).
Swiftsure, 1,500 tons, 3s. 3d. „
Devonport, *Tyne,* 1,500 tons, 2s. 3d. „
Haulbowline, *Tourmaline,* 900 tons, 3s. 3d. „
Portland, *Stokesley,* 1,250 tons, 2s. 6d. „
Belfast, *Stanley Force,* 360 tons, 3s. 1½d. (s).
Volante, 300 tons, 3s. 1½d. (s).
Dublin, *Bonahaven,* 300 tons, 3s. 6d.
Portaferry, *Kilkeel, or sub.,* 200 tons, 3s. 3d. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Cardiff, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 4s. 1½d. ppt.
Steamer, 2,250 tons, 4s. 1½d. ppt.
Steamer, 2,600 tons, 4s. 1½d.
Trelawney, 2,400 tons, 4s. 1½d. ppt.
„ „ **Newport,** Steamer, 1,450 tons, 4s. 1½d. ppt.
„ „ **Swansea,** *Hazelmere,* 1,500 tons, 4s. 3d. ppt.
Finland to Cardiff, *C. Koch,* 850 stds., 29s. props.
Kaskos to Cardiff/Barry/or Newport, Steamer, 800 stds. 29s. per fathom, short props.

SHIPBUILDING.

Japan has shown great activity of late, in buying second-hand steamers, and shipowners who have their vessels now in Eastern waters have expectations of selling them. Many have changed hands this year, and the Japanese are enquiring through agents in this country for tonnage, chiefly old vessels, which can be bought cheap. They are intended for home trading in Eastern waters, and delivery is wanted before the first of July, as after that date, a duty becomes payable on all foreign tonnage transferred to the Japanese flag. One London firm has, at least, a dozen boats now on passage to Japan, which they have bought with a view to reselling on arrival. No doubt, many vessels will be sold, but it is impossible to find a market for all the tonnage in the East, and a great many owners who have sent their boats out hoping to sell them, will be sadly disappointed when they find they will have to bring them home again.

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A new steel screw shelter deck cargo steamer now building by Messrs. W. Pickersgill & Sons, Sunderland, for Messrs. Rankin, Gilmore & Co., of Liverpool, is reported sold to the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. Her dimensions are: 380ft. x 49ft. x 28ft. 6in. moulded, estimated deadweight 7,000, tons on 24ft. 6in. draft. The machinery, which is now being fitted, is by Messrs. George Clarke, Ltd., with engines 26in., 43in., 72in. x 48in. stroke, and two single ended boilers 15ft. 6in. x 12ft., fitted with Howden's forced draught. She is a high class cargo boat, and the price paid is about £50,000.

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A new steel screw cargo steamer building by Messrs. Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd., West Hartlepool, is reported sold at about £32,500. Her dimensions are: 340ft. x 47ft. x 29ft. 10in. moulded, single deck with cargo poop, bridge and forecastle, estimated deadweight 6,300 tons, on 24ft. 1½in. draft. Machinery by Messrs. Richardson, Westgarth & Co., Ltd., with engines 24in., 39in., 66in. x 45in. stroke. Two single ended boilers 16ft. x 10ft. 9in., 180 lbs. pressure.

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The steel screw steamer *Burton*, owned by Messrs. Henry Samman & Co., of Hull, and which has been laid up at Cardiff for some time past, is reported sold to British buyers at about £11,000. She was built by the Edwards Shipbuilding Company, Ltd., Newcastle, in 1892, and has just passed Lloyd's No. 3 survey. Dimensions 275ft. 5in. x 36ft. 7in. x 19ft.; carries about 2,900 tons deadweight; with engines 20½in., 33½in., 55in. x 36in. stroke, by Messrs. Blair & Co., Ltd.

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The iron screw steamer *Glenmorven*, owned by Messrs. Lindsay, Gracie & Co., Ltd., Newcastle, has been sold to the Beryl Shipping Company, of Newcastle. She was built by the Palmers Company, Newcastle, in 1882. Dimensions 320ft. 5in. x 40ft. x 25ft.; 2,812 tons gross; with engines 21in., 35in., 56in. x 48in. stroke, by the North Eastern Marine Engine Company, Ltd. The price paid is said to be about £10,000.

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The steel screw steamer *St. Helens*, lately owned by Mr. R. R. Phillips, of Manchester, has been sold to Messrs. Stewart & Harkness, of Liverpool. She was built in Holland, in 1902; 1,038 tons gross; dimensions 215ft. 2in. x 32ft. x 16ft. 3in. moulded; carries about 1,450 tons deadweight; with engines 17in., 28½in., 46in. x 30in. stroke, by Mr. G. T. Grey, of South Shields.

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The steel screw steamer *Fulham*, lately owned by Messrs. Watts, Watts & Co., London, has been sold to Japanese buyers for delivery in the far East, at about £14,000. She was built by Messrs. W. Gray & Co., Ltd., West Hartlepool, in 1890. Dimensions 270ft. x 36ft. x 19ft.; 2,039 tons gross; with engines 20in., 31½in., 53in. x 36in. stroke, by the Central Marine Engine Works.

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The iron screw steamer *Ellewoutsdijk*, owned by Messrs. Solleveld, Van der Meer & Van Hattum, of Rotterdam, is reported sold to Messrs. Ross, Allan & Johnson, of Glasgow, at about £6,000. She was built by Messrs. J. L. Thompson & Sons, Sunderland, in 1883. Dimensions 259ft. 8in. x 36ft. x 18ft. 6in.; 1,645 tons gross; with engines 32in., 59in. x 33in. stroke by Messrs. T. Richardson & Sons.

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The steel screw steamer *Southgrove*, lately owned by Messrs. S. Furneaux & Co., London, has been sold to Messrs. M. Samuel & Co., at about £6,500. She was built by Messrs. R. Dixon & Co., Middlesbrough, in 1890 Dimensions 200ft. x 30ft. x 14ft. 3in.; 797 tons gross; with engines 16½in., 27in., 44in. x 30in. stroke by Messrs. Blair & Co., Ltd.

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The steel screw steamer *Lady Armstrong*, owned by Messrs. Adam Hamilton & Co., Greenock, is reported sold at about £12,500. She was built and engined by the Palmers Co., Ltd., Newcastle, in 1891. Dimensions 330ft. x 42ft. 2in. x 26ft. 3in.: 3219 tons gross; with engines 24in., 40in., 64in. x 42in. stroke.

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The iron screw steamer *Riso*, lately owned by Mr. A. Halleland, of Haugesund, has been sold to Messrs. D. & A. Macdonald, of Inverness. She was built by Messrs. Rankin & Denny, of Dumbarton, in 1857. Dimensions 163ft. x 24ft. 2in. x 11ft. 4in.; 354 tons gross. The steamer will be renamed *Glengarry*.

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We understand that Captain W. R. Smith, of Cardiff, has contracted with East Coast builders for the construction of a cargo steamer of about 5,500 tons deadweight. The Instow Steamship Company, Limited, has been registered with a capital of £32,800 in £10 shares to acquire the steamer, and W. R. Smith is to be the first manager.

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The Pacific Steam Navigation Company, Liverpool, have contracted with Messrs. Harland & Wolff, Limited, Belfast, for two twin screw cargo and passenger steamers, and with Messrs. James Laing & Son, Ltd., Sunderland, for two cargo boats.

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The Admiralty will shortly invite tenders from private shipbuilders for the construction of an experimental destroyer which is to have a guaranteed speed of 36 knots. She will have turbine machinery, and will be fitted for burning oil fuel.

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The Northcliffe Steamship Company, Ltd., has been registered with a capital of £30,000, to acquire the new steamer recently contracted for by Messrs. Evens, Vyvyan & Co., Cardiff, who are to be the first managers of the Company.

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With the launch, last week, of the steamer *Arahura*, for the Union Steamship Company, of New Zealand, Messrs. Denny & Brothers, Dumbarton, have now built 21 vessels of that company's present fleet.

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Messrs. Andersen & Co., of Hamburg, are the purchasers of the steamer *Duke of Norfolk*, reported sold in our last issue.

Experientia Docet ?

POOR old Rozh-etc., has gone—at least, he has gone as far as the work of the present fight in the Far East is concerned ; and if, at the time of writing, there is an amount of uncertainty as to his ultimate fate ; that uncertainty doesn't affect the situation, one way or the other. For all practical purposes, the Baltic Fleet has fizzled out, in exactly the manner that was anticipated, from the first moment in which it reluctantly left Libau. For months past, the whole civilised world has been prophesying in this connection ; and for once, the whole world was right. "Alone among the world's newspapers," the *Daily Mail* gave us, on Monday, a full and succinct account of how the thing happened ; and if the whole concatenation of column-filling padding was just that, and no more ; if the circumstantial account of what had happened, commenced with "*Probably* the battle opened by a long-range attack ;" if there was as much supposition in the screed as was contained among the remaining units which go to make up "the world's newspapers" ; still was there a bit of sensible deduction in the yarn. We were told that the Japanese marksmen would shoot far better than the scratch crews of the Russian ships ; that the hail of fragments from Shimose shells would cover the upper decks of the Russian warships, thus making it impossible for the erstwhile-butchers-of-unarmed-men to use their smaller guns ; that discipline on Rozh-etc.'s ships would be lost ; and that thus would "the ill-compacted congeries of soldiers, landsmen, conscripts, and foreign mercenaries degenerate into a mere rabble." Eh? And yet at the beginning of the war, Russia had an overwhelming fleet—as far as numbers are concerned ; on paper, those ships, and their "matchless crews" were calculated to chip pieces off the redoubtable warriors which have, eventually, sent them to Maginty without the apparent loss of a ship of their own ; and taken all 'round, the Russian armada was quite on a par with that of free and happy England. That is, at the beginning of the fray, they were manned with fairly-good sailormen. But the first successful Japanese dash had caught those good seamen napping ; and napping, had sent them to join the great majority ; what happened ? Well, exactly as would happen if Britain were caught in a similar condition. That is, Britain, seeing that she has absolutely no reserve worthy the name, would have to come back on "the ill-compacted congeries of soldiers, landsmen, (to all intents and purposes) conscripts, and foreign mercenaries" ; and these again, would degenerate into such another rabble, as were the *personnel* of the Baltic Fleet—that is, the late Baltic Fleet. We admit that the picture is anything but inspiriting ; that it is exactly the reverse ; but then, it is useless in hiding facts ; or in playing a fools' game for ever. No one will deny that Russia had enough warships (had they been efficiently manned), that should have enabled her to wipe the Japanese off the map. Instead of this, the very opposite has resulted, even as ourselves, and numberless other folk have maintained, all along. Another fact must not be forgotten. Rozh-etc. had been given the opportunity, of taking his own time in preparing for the nautical Sedan which has befallen him. He was allowed to hang around Madagascar for long enough to have turned his "ill-compacted congeries of soldiers, landsmen, conscripts, and foreign mercenaries," into some little semblance of a fighting crowd. And even if he had laid himself out to do this, the time—extended even as it was—was all too short to enable him, to make sailormen out of a 'longshore rabble. Think you, would Britain make a better showing? Moreover, do you really believe that she will be given the chance to hang her fleet up in some secluded bay, while her levies of sea-sick sailormen are taught to develop sea-legs ; and to comport themselves as seamen, in the midst of the nerve-shattering circumstances which surround modern naval warfare ? You know, only too well, that no such opportunity will be given Britain. When the psychological hour arrives, the enemy will swoop down on her, with never a word of warning ; he will choose the hour which, to him, is the most favourable, and to us, the least so. If there are any British warships left to tell the tale, they will be relentlessly pursued ; and if their crews have been thinned out in the first fight, you have nothing left to take their places. You cannot get away from these facts. Your Mercantile Marine which, from earliest days, has been the natural recruiting ground of the Navy, has, to-day, some 40,000 foreigners and probably twice as many lascars on board. Think you that either foreigner or lascar will be worth a cheap and inconsequent swear-word to you, when the bugle calls for war ? You know they will not. For ourselves, we have repeated the same truths to you, until it is almost a case of familiarity breeding contempt. True, the press of the country is giving a little more attention to these matters, of late ; and although it would be presumptuous on our part, to claim the credit ; it yet is a pleasing (to us) coincidence, that the awakening synchronised with the advent of The Maritime Review. Some of our alleged shipping contemporaries are never tired of assuring you, that the British Fleet is "Ready, aye, ready ;" trot out the unfortunate falsehood with as much unction as if each unit, itself, were responsible for the supposed fact ; and the mere item, that none of the leading-lights of those shipping contemporaries, ever had more than a free-passage-for-copy experience of ships and shipping, counts for nothing in your minds ! You go on believing their twankey, simply because they preach the exact doctrine which you wish to hear. In other words, you have been in the fools' paradise for so long, that you really believe all the unspeakable rubbish with which you are assailed. You see that Britain's warships, every time a number of them are shifted from their moorings, meet with collision, strandings, and breakdowns, galore ; you also note that the Mercantile Marine, which is, out of all proportion, greater in number, meet with but comparatively few mishaps ; and yet you listen to the moonshine which is intent on teaching you that all is well with your Fleet—exactly as the Russian public was taught, before the departure of the one-time Baltic Fleet. You smile at the credulity of the Russian friend ; wonder why he can be so altogether silly ; but it never seems to strike you that you are playing him up as a good second. It is stated that experience teaches. Very well, then. Will it be too much to hope that, in this instance, it will teach you the risk you are running, in handing your war reserves over to the alien, who will not be worth twopence to you when the fuss really begins. It is pretty well understood that, during the past month or so, Britain has been mighty close to war—thanks to the late Baltic Fleet and the "friend" of Russia ; how close, we, who are outside the charmed circle, will never know ; with the passing of the Russian armada, also passes the pressing danger of that war—we hope ; but other dangers will arise—perhaps sooner than we anticipate. In the meantime, and while you are given another breathing space, will you attend to it that the words *experientia docet*, are not mere idle ones with Britain ? That, in short, you will see that, at least, a majority of British seamen, are to be found in British shipping ; that there will be less of the alien on board, from now, on ?

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on May 18, 1905, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

11,707 04—JOHNSON—*Improvements in and connected with raising minerals from mines.*

In this invention, instead of raising minerals in the shafts or inclines of mines by loading same in tubs and hoisting the tubs in cages, the minerals are shot directly into a suitably constructed cage at the bottom of the shaft or incline and again automatically discharged into tubs or receptacles at the top of the shaft or incline. The under part of the cage, whether adapted to be hoisted up a vertical shaft, or hauled up an incline, is provided with a compartment for raising and lowering the miners, horses, or a tub containing special mineral not intended to be shot into the common receptacles. The invention comprises apparatus for carrying out the above principle of raising minerals.

15,138 04—MILLER—*Improvements in and relating to hoisting and conveying apparatus.*

This invention is described as applied to hoisting and conveying loads between a ship and quayside. It comprises a quadrilateral formed by four booms connected at the ends by cables. From each of two masts two of these booms extend outboard, one over each side of the vessel and a cable connects the ends of the booms on each side so forming the quadrilateral, the area of which includes the situations from which the loads are hoisted (the hatches) and the situations on to which they are deposited (the quayside). A third cable extends overhead from mast to mast longitudinally of the vessel. The hoisting cable is led over a sheave mounted on a trolley running along this over-head longitudinal cable. The lower end of the hoisting cable is deflected laterally by passing through a guide which is secured to cables led over sheaves mounted on similar trolleys running on the cables at the ends of the booms. When the load is moved fore or aft all three trolleys move along their cables, when the load is swung laterally however, the cable secured to the guide is paid out from one of the outside trolleys and drawn towards the other.

15,217 04—DE LAMBERT—*Improvements in rafts and other flat bottomed craft provided with self contained motive power.*

This raft consists of a platform supported on a number of prismatic floats. The floats are arranged with their lengths at right angles to the axis of the raft and the lower faces of the floats are inclined or bevelled from fore to aft. Springs may be interposed between the platform and the floats.

21,512 04—EDMUNDSON—*Improvements in illuminating buoys and beacons.*

This invention relates to illuminating buoys &c. so that they show an equally powerful light in all directions. For this purpose a lamp having three wicks arranged in the plan of a triangle, is employed. To ensure proper combustion a tube for conveying air is arranged centrally of the triangle.

21,661/04—UTHEMANN—*Means for protecting copper from destruction by sea water.*

This is effected by arranging a more electro-positive metal such as iron adjacently to the copper surface to be protected, whereby a deposit such as iron oxide is deposited on the copper by electrolytic action. The iron may take the form of wire netting for protecting plane surfaces, or in the case of copper tubes for conveying sea-water the form of a wire helix.

28,625/04—VILLETTE—*Improved system for stopping vessels travelling at full speed.*

This invention relates to stopping vessels by projecting a number of plates laterally from the sides of the vessel so as to act as drags. These plates are arranged in groups in super-posed rows along the sides of the vessel, the plates of an intermediate row being arranged opposite the spaces between the plates of the rows immediately above and beneath. The plates themselves consist of two sections the outer section being solid and adapted to telescope within the hollow inner section and the inner section is adapted to telescope into a chamber in the side of the vessel. Shoulders are formed on the inner ends of each to limit their outward movement, and they act as rams and are forced out by fluid pressure. In an alternative construction the projecting portions of the plates are curved and are pivoted inside the vessel so as to be projected by fluid pressure acting on the rear surfaces.

1,725 05—LOBNITZ—*Improvements connected with apparatus for breaking up or cutting rocks, stones or earth, under water or on dry land.*

This invention is an improvement on Patent 4,725/02. In this former patent an elongated vertical weight provided at its lower end with a cutter, was repeatedly hoisted by a rope led over a sheave at the top of a frame or gantry and allowed to fall on to the rock to be broken. The present invention consists in utilizing the slackening of the hoisting rope, which occurs when the beam strikes the rock &c., to throw in the clutch of the hoisting winch. This is effected by mounting a roller at the lower end of a pivoted lever which roller is held in contact with the hoisting rope by a second rope which, when slack, is adapted to permit the engagement of the hoisting clutch and which slackens when the hoisting rope slackens.

These applications for patents are, until July 3, 1905, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

The following applications for the registration of Trade Marks relating to the shipping and coal trades were advertised on May 24, and are open to opposition by interested parties within the period ending June 24.

Class 4—*Including coal.*

No. 271,531—29th March, 1905—The device of colliery buildings and words—Cory's Industrial Coals—for Coals. Cory Brothers & Co., Ltd., 58, Bute Street, Cardiff, Glamorgan, Colliery Proprietors.

No. 271,700—3rd April, 1905—SATINITE—for: All goods included in Class 4—Joseph Rigby Williams, 45, Sanket Street, Warrington, Chartered Accountant.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

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Telegrams: "INSOLES, CARDIFF."

LEWIS MERTHYR CONSOLIDATED COLLIERIES, LTD., Proprietors and Shippers of "Lewis Merthyr" Navigation Steam Coal.
Telegrams: "LEWIS MERTHYR, CARDIFF"; "LEWIS MERTHYR, LONDON."

MARQUESS OF BUTE COLLIERIES, Aberdare, Hirwain, and Rhondda Valley. Shipping ports:—Bute Docks, Cardiff; Penarth Dock; Swansea; Briton Ferry; and Newport (Mon.)
Telegrams: "SEMA, CARDIFF."

OCEAN (MERTHYR) COAL CO., LTD., 11, Bute Crescent, Cardiff, proprietors of Ocean (Merthyr) Steam Coal.

UNIVERSAL STEAM COAL CO., LTD., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Proprietors of "Universal Steam Coal."
Telegrams: "VERSATILE, CARDIFF."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

VIVIAN, H. C. & CO., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole European Agents for "The Puritan Coal Mining Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A."
Telegrams: "VIVIAN, CARDIFF."

WATTS, WATTS & CO., Cardiff and London. Contractors for the supply of Coals at all Depôts abroad.
Telegrams: "WATTS, CARDIFF."

Dock Owners.

THE CARDIFF RAILWAY COMPANY, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Ship Repairers.

SHEARMAN, JOHN & CO., LTD., Cardiff, and at Barry Dock.

THE BUTE SHIPBUILDING, ENGINEERING, AND DRY DOCK COMPANY, LIMITED, Roath Basin, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "CAISSON, CARDIFF."

THE CARDIFF CHANNEL DRY DOCKS AND PONTOON CO., LTD., Cardiff and Barry Dock.
Telegrams: "Entrance, Cardiff." "Channel, Barry."

THE MERCANTILE PONTOON CO., LTD., Roath Dock, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "MERCANTILE, CARDIFF."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

Miscellaneous.

LEWIS & TYLOR, Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole patentees and manufacturers of "Gripoly," a patent woven belting; and "Burals," a semi-metallic packing.
Telegrams: "BELTING CARDIFF." Telephone, Nat. 231.

Steamship Owners.

DAN. JENKINS & CO., Steamship Owners and Brokers, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Stonewall, Cardiff."
Nat. Telephone: 1318.

BARRY.

Dock Owners.

THE BARRY RAILWAY CO., Barry.

Ship Repairers.

BARRY GRAVING DOCK & ENGINEERING CO., LTD.
Telegrams: "BARDOCK, BARRY."
National Telephone No. 7. Post Office Telephone No. 7.

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SPAIN'S AWAKENING!

"He won't be happy till he gets it."

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MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS. CARDIFF.

Thursday Afternoon.

A FEW days ago, a correspondent to the *Times*, had a few weighty words to say, on the subject of "the Navy and Home Defence." With the letter in question we are thoroughly in accord, and it merely emphasises what we have ever claimed in these columns: That the last man to be questioned on a nautical subject, is the sailor. Somehow or other, and in apparently good faith, the 'longshore writer ever effects a calm ignoring of the sailorman, in all matters which appertain to his calling. The reason for this, of course, is not far to seek. Generally considered, the sailor is no writer chiel, and moreover, the nature of his calling debars him from reading the unutterable twaddle which is frequently trotted out, as "real good shipping intelligence." Then, again, in the majority of instances, the "shipping editor" is a man who, while possibly wielding a trenchant pen, is about as well-posted on shipping facts, as he is on the manners and customs prevailing among the Incas at the time of Pizarro. It will be easily understood, that if these so-called "shipping editors" are allowed to practice for a few years without a challenge, they will ultimately become imbued with the idea that their diatribes are really good examples of nautical economics. Of course, it must be understood that there are good, bad, and indifferent, here—as elsewhere.

BUT in the interests of truth, it must be admitted that the indifferent predominate. It is no fault of their's, perhaps. They might be but victims of a system. Some hard-pushed editor person has given them a start in their youth: their nonsense has never been questioned; *ergo*, they are "expert," don't you know; and affect a sublime contempt for the poor fellows who have spent a life-time in learning a few of the wrinkles, which go to make up a seaman's professional training. With all the didactic effrontery of this class of home-made expert, they damn, in a most wholehearted manner, everything in the nautical line which they, themselves, do not understand: and you may take it from us, that the "everything" is a fairly large affair. Thanks to this foolish system, the public in this nautical nation of ours, is more ill-posted concerning nautical matters, than on any other subject under the sun. Then, as a result of the ill-posting referred to, the Navy and the Mercantile Marine, have been allowed to wobble along, as the happy hunting ground of every tuft-hunter, with a wheeze up his sleeve, or elsewhere. We realise that there is a great difficulty in finding really genuine nautical writers; but they are not altogether impossible of attainment.

HOWEVER, reverting to the letter which started us off on this occasion, we find that its writer remarks, "The invasion of these islands is, of course, essentially a military enterprise. It can only be undertaken, if at all, by a great military Power. But the prevention of invasion is, at least primarily, a naval enterprise, pure and simple. No invader can reach these shores except across the seas." The truth of the foregoing may not be gainsaid, and thus it comes about, that it is as well to ask the sailor for his views on the subject. In the words of "J.R.T."—the writer to whom we have referred—"If a sailor does not know what he can do, and what he cannot do at sea, it is not likely that any soldier will be able to tell him. A Field-Marshal or an Admiral might just as well attempt to tell the Archbishop of Canterbury how to administer the affairs of the Church." Of course, and yet, from time immemorial, those idiotic tactics have been persevered with; the lesser has been made to appear to contain the greater; the soldier has ever had the privilege of deciding nautical questions; and now, the maritime supremacy which has eventuated in spite of this foolish ordering, is in jeopardy.

LET us again quote: "So inveterate, indeed, has been the habit of asking the soldier a question which the sailor alone can answer, that Mr. Balfour's alternative method of asking the sailor first is, I think, entitled to be regarded—even by himself—as a new and most valuable invention." It is! Although, at the same time, such a state of affairs is hardly to the credit of a sailor nation, is it? Still, better late than never, and if the same tactics are persevered with, we might, eventually, see our ships managed as become sailors, instead of as, in the majority of cases, by quiffs that are becoming, only, to a number of Horse Marines. It is all very well to sit and bewail the fact, that trade doesn't

follow the flag, as it was in the habit of doing, years ago: but if the flag is kept flying by a number of soldiers, while the trade is solely depending on a number of sailors, then, it is somewhat difficult to understand how the trade, under those conditions, can follow the flag—without a stranding? That the stranding is with us, now, is fairly apparent, and if a better ordering of things is desired, the only remedy is to put the attending to nautical matters, into nautical hands. At the worst, they can make no greater mess of the undertaking, than exists at present.

CONSIDER the fearful workings of the minds that regulate the so-called Board of Trade. Is it possible, think you, to conjure up a more inept, or generally useless concatenation of humanity? Why, if a business man were cursed with such botchers, he would sack them without a moment's notice—providing he wished to dodge the Official Receiver's attentions. And what is bad for a business man, is infinitely worse for a business nation. Gainsay the fact who will, but the truth remains, that, to the Board of Trade official—of whatever grade—the shipping industry exists for the Board, instead of as really happens, that the Board exists for the industry, and for its supposed advancement If the official imagined that his job depended on the manner in which he attended to shipping interests, do you believe that he would hash it up, on every occasion which presents itself? Well, he wouldn't. If you doubt our words, take a trial trip to a Board of Trade official who is alleged to be connected with marine matters, and let us hear about it. Pretend that you are a mariner—of any grade—and note the short shrift that will be given you. If you aren't dismissed in a most peremptory manner; 'fore all the world as if you are a villain of the deepest dye; then, a change has certainly come o'er the spirit of the dream, since first we commenced to write of these things.

THE hopelessness of the situation, too, is exemplified by the fact that matters are getting worse—instead of better. Shipowner has to be mollified to a certain extent; and to successfully do this, he is allowed to fatten at the expense of the weaker vessel—the sailor. One day, perhaps, the sailor will become strong enough to claim attention, in which case, shipowner will be made suffer; for under no imaginable set of conditions, may the suffering be attached to the puissant "Board." We remember hearing a statement, on one occasion, to the effect that a highly-placed Board of Trade official intimated to a learned judge, that the shipmaster, at the best of times, was nothing better than a scoundrel—and we can quite believe the statement. In fact, the "Board's" conduct to the shipmaster, at all times, is based upon this assumption. The reason, of course, is not far to seek. The Old Man has very little political value, and the powers that be, are taking fine care that the said value shall be shelved as long as possible. One of these odd days, the shipmaster will awaken to his responsibilities: will see to it that he has at least a say in the laws which he has to obey; and then will come a perfect change in the ordering of affairs as understood by "the Board."

WHEN that day dawns, we shall note that ex-shipmasters have been placed into the nautical positions which are now either handed over to back-stairs-frequenting 'longshoremen, or to retired naval officers—who probably know as much about the conditions, as do the back-stairs-frequenters referred to. Then, too, instead of finding nothing but long spells of trade depression, we shall find things booming, for the reason that the disabilities have been removed; disabilities which the present officials know nothing of. It is the fashion to put every wave of depression in shipping, on to over-production. Fudge! Over-production is as nothing, when compared to the idiotic restrictions which are placed on British shipping, and from which the foreign competitor is freed. True, there is a bit of over-production—under the conditions which are allowed to exist; but once see to it that the Mercantile Marine and its administration is put upon a sensible, and twentieth century basis, and the shipping depression will not be nearly so much in evidence. As things are, at present, none but the newest, and most up-to-date tonnage, may hope to pay its way; but if trade were really as bad as the official mind would pretend, then, no shipping could pay.

THE fact of the matter is, the Briton is differentiated against, in favour of his natural enemy, and competitor; and unless there is a radical change in the methods which have brought this about, Britain will continue on the down grade, until the much-talked-of foreign invasion will be as easy to the invader, as would be falling off a log. Consider the Naval Expenditure for the past four years—£147,226,895. The little total is what Britain is supposed to pay as an insurance on her Mercantile Marine, and for 1901, 1902, 1903, and 1904, the varying sums were: £33,726,491; £34,201,994; £38,970,560; and £40,327,850 respectively. This gives you an average of £36,806,723—approximately, £37,000,000 per annum, and for what? To pose as an insurance on an industry that is, to all intents and purposes, being run by a horde of foreign riff-raff! Again, who earns practically the whole of that amount of insurance policy? Well, the same riff-raff-ridden concatenation of merchant ships, for it is safe to assume that if there were no merchant ships, there would be no Navy? Yet, in spite of the facts being all to the contrary, the Naval expenditure is carried on, as if the Mercantile Marine were an appanage to the Royal Navy, and never a cent. of money is spent for the benefit of the goose that is laying the golden eggs.

THAT this idiotic state of affairs may not continue indefinitely, is certain. But who, in high places, will have pluck enough to place his finger on the sore? Is there one? Yes, one or two; but they are in such a splendid minority, that they are even as those who shout in the wilderness. £37,000,000 per annum, for the insurance of the Mercantile Marine, which is slowly but surely ceasing to be a national institution! Indeed, it has already ceased to be that, and is, rather, merely financially national, but materially foreign. That is, the whole system of Naval administration is as a bubble, and merely awaits the advent of the foreigner possessed of the necessary pluck, and a pin, when the whole affair will shrivel up, even as did the "invincible armada" lately owned by Holy Russia. In 1880, Great Britain's Naval expenditure was merely £10,513,469, while, as already shown, last year, it was £40,327,850. In other words, the insurance premium increases, in about the same ratio as the value of the insured decreases—and then it is pretended that we are a business race! Yet, if you ask the powers that be, to spare a crumb for the forming of a Naval Reserve made up of British apprentices, what happens?

WELL, the whole concern is too poor, and anyhow, there are plenty of foreigners at Antwerp, Rotterdam, or Hamburg. Wire-pullers pretend that they have solved the problem, by declaring that shipowner should be paid a bonus for each lad carried; you see, time and again, that any such nonsensical pretence, is just that, and no more; yet you will not insist that a trial be made, of handing that same bonus over to the lad who is supposed to grind his

life out for four years, for the sum of anything up to £40. Some of your "clever Dicks" assure you, that the sailor's life is merely that of a labourer, and if so, of what use is it to prattle about apprentices? Nobody thinks of apprenticing a lad to a labourer's job? In plain words, if the nation is wealthy enough to be able to stand the drain of an ever-increasing insurance premium which, last year, passed the £40,000,000 stage; then, it surely must be strong enough to bear the cost of one-fortieth of that amount, in keeping the assured in good condition? Use up one of those prodigally-expended millions, for the insurance of continuous employment, fair wages while on active service, clean treatment under the same conditions, and a pension when the "too old" diction comes in: "insure" in this manner, and you will be then justified in spending the other £39,000,000 in a war fleet.

As things are at present, there is no such justification, and the country is simply jogging along in a mistaken sense of security; a state that will leave it even as Russia is, to-day, once a handful of British cordite has been burned in anger. In the past, clap-trap has been tried: schemes have been thrown around: declarations have been made, that this, that, or the other dodge was bound to do it; and the end has always proved the fallacy of the means. Try a new dodge. Spend a little of the money earned by the Mercantile Marine, on the Mercantile Marine; let its varied units feel that they are other than hopeless; that they may cease to consider themselves as the fellows who pull the chestnuts out of the fire for the remainder of the crowd; and you might, ultimately, obtain a Mercantile Marine that is honestly worth a £40,000,000 a year insurance premium. To-day, it isn't worth twopence-ha'penny, and it is high time that some of you realised the fact. Of course, seeing that you haven't "been there," you cannot be expected to know much about it; especially in view of the fact that some of your Solons are for ever pretending that everything is alright. But then, your Solons are no better posted, than are you, yourselves, and for the reason that those Solons have never "been there." They do but gain their supposed knowledge, from a mob of sycophants who tell them exactly what they wish to hear. That is, that all's well. The fleet is "Ready, aye, ready."

Writing of the Fleet, there's a pretty fine thing toward, now! The Handy Man's uniform is to be altered, right away! If the Admiralty can really harden its heart sufficiently to admit of that alteration, then, there's hope for us yet. It's like this. Since the introduction of machinery (some fifty years ago) the man of war's man's breeks, for instance, have been somewhat too ample for practical purposes. The same thing has applied in connection with his jumper and "guivery" collar. Thus it has come about, that although no actual cases are on record, as to where Jack has been wrapped around the breech mechanism of a 4.7--or other—gun, he has probably come near it, very near it. Anyhow, the ample breeks have to be reefed, so that the dorsal fin thereof, will occupy no more than one side of the street, when the good old fellow is ashore on a bendo: the jumper has to give room to a jacket; and taken altogether, Jack will soon look the caricature, which his Mercantile Marine brother has long been, in reality! We are not quite sure whether any alteration will be made in the shackle of Jack's knife. Perhaps not, as that would be too drastic a change. Furthermore, the other suggested alterations are not to come in, too rapidly. *Festina lente*, will fit in here, as well as in most particulars that are connected with the Service.

But after fifty years! Is this the hand of Sir John Fisher, too? You know, there is hope for us, if we take the trouble to measure up our blessings, accurately enough; say, after the manner of a doctor's prescription. But, instead of throwing all the expense on Jack, personally, why doesn't the Admiralty ear-mark a portion of those millions, for the purchase of the new boiler-suits which Jack is soon to be decked in? This is a prosaic age—in every respect save one: The practical running of the greatest merchant fleet on earth! Mind you, it is just possible that it isn't Jack who is to be operated on, in this ruthless manner. It may simply be the stokehold crowd. We saw the statement in the one-and-only *Express;* that ha'porth which tells you a bit of "news" to-day, and declares that it was shadowed out in "these columns" some months ago; and to the *Express* young men, anything that wears baggy pants, and a jumper, is a "Jack." Yet the "daily" in question tries to get the hang of the thing, somewhat. Prattles of the Admiralty trying to assist the "lower deck," just as if it had really had a nodding acquaintance with more than an East End cockney sailorman, home on leave. Still, there it is!

We have, ere this, animadverted on the coruscating brilliance of that young man, or maiden lady (which is it, say?) who writes, more or less for the *Times*, in its little corner which is devoted to marine insurance, and things of that kind. You probably saw of the ramming of the poor little *Afghanistan* (little, when compared with the rammer) a few days ago? Having seen, it scarcely appealed to you as a heaven-sent distraction which was calculated to "stiffen business," did it? No, and that is where you are unfit to be a marine insurance man, and write for the *Times*, see? The Johnny who is fit, remarks that "the casualties of the past week are not unwelcome." Pause here, and take a big breath, because there is a reason for all this callousness. What is it? Well, in the words of the genius referred to, it is for the reason that "a few heavy losses at sea may stiffen the market a little." Yes! We know that the ghouls of the shipping industry looked upon the drowning of a number of seamen as a mere detail; in fact, we have told you about it, times out of number; but we never thought that the staid, ancient, respectable, and gentlemanly *Times* would allow one of its young lions to put it in cold type.

If a mere ha'penny "daily" were guilty of such soullessness, we should understand that there existed a vacancy in its writing staff. As things are, we doubt it. *Daily Chronicle*, in commenting on the foregoing, says "Business is business, as Mr. Tree tells us nightly, but the underwriter's must be a ghoulish trade if it has to be 'stiffened' by the destruction of life and property at sea." It must, *D.C.*, and if you wish to learn anything further about it, just you take a holiday in the regions of the Bristol Channel. In that event, you'll learn facts connected with underwriting and tinkeries, that'll make you feel tired. You will, indeed! Ghoulishness, forsooth—and just because a man makes a few dibs as the result of drowning a number of foreign sailors! They were nearly all "squareheads" on the *Afghanistan*, you'll remember. Still, foreigners and all as they were, it is open to believe that they had a nasty choky sort of feeling in their buzzums, just as the waters closed over them for the final? However, they didn't die in vain, for we have it on the authority of the *Times*, that their passing into the big locker, "may stiffen the market a little." Were the staid and gentlemanly supporters of the *Times* shocked when they read the statement, we wonder; or did they give a polite shudder, and pass on to the divorce court stuff?

"She sailed from Port Talbot early in April, for the West Coast of South America, and has not since been heard of." Terse, and the style usual to life-loss, at sea? So usual, that it has been handed down to us as an alleged joke, to remark under similar circumstances, "the loss included the lives of six sailors, and a poor dog." However, the "she" that sailed from Port Talbot on the occasion referred to, at the beginning of this paragraph, was the iron barque *Castleton*, of Newport, and her remains have been found "on an island off South America," "wrecked and forsaken." Moreover, "about the wreck, were skeletons and boxes," the implication being, of course, that the skeletons were all that remained of her crew; and the boxes—well, they might have been the identical "chests" in which the sailormen who had become skeletons, carried their few bits of clothes. But to leave Port Talbot in April, and to be found in a skeletonised condition "on an island off South America" in June, is pretty sharp work, even for these strenuous, and go-ahead days? And come to think of it, there isn't much kudos hanging around the "happy despatch" resulting from a wrecked merchant ship, in the present enlightened era.

If a man gets pushed off the tram-lines by an electric car, and his life is thus saved, our "daily" friend may be depended on to make a lovely half-a-column of the occurrence: but if a dozen sailors are "wiped out" at one fell swoop, it is all-sufficient to remark, "they left such-a-place, on such-a-day, and have not since been heard of." You see, the idea is to "popularise" the Mercantile Marine, and with this before you, it is useless to go on harping on the agonies which probably surrounded that crowd of men, who were eventually found in skeleton form, in company with sundry boxes, on a mere island off the coast of somewhere-or-other. Even if, in the columns of the same paper, you find quite an explanation of how the torpedo boat destroyer, *Gone Over*, went ashore in fine weather, and didn't drown a solitary Handy Man for the reason that there was no water where the vessel stranded, you still marvel but little. You know that the t. b. d. is a unit belonging to a pampered employ, while you are equally sure that the "other crock," was merely a merchant ship. Popularise the "inferior service," sirs; say nothing about the grimy side of it; and, if you are good, you will encourage a few more foreigners to the shelter of the flag which braved a thousand years—and a number of other things.

It would appear that it isn't all hard work, having to engage in an Atlantic yacht race! There was that *Apache*, for instance, which turned up first at the latter end, and safely got herself and crew past the Lizard, on Sunday as ever was. See what a fine time she had, all through the journey! The mere fact that she jibbed in last, has nothing to do with the fine time she had before coming in. Why, we read in a London contemporary, that "While the other yachts were making their castings (say, what are they, anyway?) we were catching fine, large codfish off Newfoundland." The chronicler didn't explain whether the said fish were already split open, and salted—those codfish: but it doesn't really matter, does it. *Apache* was having a good time, even as the other yachts were "making their castings," and it shows fairly well, that although a yacht might pretend to be engaged in a race, she has, in reality, other fish to fry—as the saying goes! All the same, the vessel when in mid-Atlantic, had "a very trying experience"—at least, it was reported as such, by the *Kroonland*, on her arrival. Possibly, the summer sailors had been disorganised internally, by the fine, large codfish which they caught off Newfoundland. To our mind, the fish off Newfoundland, were not the only "cod" that was around on that never-to-be-forgotten voyage. What do you think?

Yea, lor'! It's awful! We mean, the manner in which the faithful scribe eases himself of a nautical description. We have already told you a bit about the loss of the *Afghanistan*, and you might have wondered thereon. But your wonder is as nothing when compared with ours, at what passes as journalism, these days! Here is a sample of the stuff: "The Channel Fleet, when steaming at a high rate of speed to Spithead, plunged without warning into a dense bank of fog." Think of it! Never a word of warning; not even a "by your leave;" just a mad plunge into the bank of fog, and—there you are! Gads, but it's awful! And look at this: "For the flagships which led the lines to have reversed and given warning of the danger would have imperilled the safety of the whole fleet, and the great squadron swept on through the darkness, carrying everything before it"—even to a portion of the ill-fated *Afghanistan*? Fancy what would have happened, if those flagships had really reversed and given warning; or if they had given warning without reversing; or if they had merely shouted to the other fellows, and kept on sweeping through the darkness. You can take it from us, that "Ready, aye, ready," in connection with the British Fleet is no mere empty term; they are always ready to muss up everything, directly they are entrusted away on the bosom of the deep, without a cable-chain acting as a tether to their progress.

But although "The *Caesar's* terrible ram crashed into the merchantman *(Afghanistan)* on the starboard side, well forward, ripping her side clean open," this was not the only deed of high-class seamanship engaged in. No, sirs! The *Triumph*—as became her name—swooped down upon her sister battleship, *Swiftsure*; while *Hannibal* was satisfied in knocking the stuffing out of the *Emma Louise*, a schooner which was idiotic enough to be afloat, at the same time as a British Fleet. As far as we can see, none of the Handy Men as much as said "Whoa, Emma," on this occasion; just carried away most of the gear, and sent the poor little schooner back to Spithead, for alterations and repairs. However, when *Triumph* rammed *Swiftsure*, she carried away part of the latter's stern, buckled some plates, damaged a propeller, and mussed things up generally. As you will naturally suppose, *Swiftsure* "leaked considerably." You would do the same, if some other fellow had carried away part of your stern, buckled your plates, and damaged your propeller? Of course, you would. You couldn't very well help it. Thus far, we have been considering the work of *Daily Express'* nautical writer. That he takes a lot of beating, will be admitted by everybody that has any ideas about ships, and shipping.

For a season, now, let us consider the situation from a nautical standpoint. After reading the foregoing, and deducting the trash from the truth of the situation, do you wonder that the Naval Expenditure during last year, got ahead of the £40,000,000 stage? What you would like to know, is exactly how much of that colossal sum of money represents the repair-bill for the year; repairs that are consequent on the inefficiency of the alleged navigators. Look where you will, and you are constantly being faced with collisions, strandings, burnt furnace-crowns, and heaven-knows-what beside, in the way of nautical "mishaps;" and the cost of putting these troubles right, again, must lump into a terrible figure? Is it really necessary to go experimenting any further, with the brand of naval officer which remains to us, now? Cannot we be satisfied

that most of the capable men are on half-pay; and that if it is expedient to put the other kind of sucking Nelsons afloat, that they may obtain practice, it is cheaper to save the obsolete vessels which are generally sold for a song, and let the practice come off with them, as a medium? Accidents, we know, will happen in the best-regulated families; but then, the best-regulated families are not all accidents—and that is exactly what the Navy is.

COMMENCING with the birth of the "Nelsons" implicated, the whole paraphernalia of a "fleet in being," as understood to-day, is one long series of accidents; and the greatest accident of all, is that Britain has still a few vessels left her, that are enabled to sweep on through the darkness, carrying everything before them? And yet, in the midst of all this chaos; this obvious inefficiency; this wholesale destruction of the national property; there are literally thousands of efficient navigators walking around the scrap-heaps of our seaports, seeking an opportunity to earn a living. Men who are up to every navigating wrinkle on the board, and who would be well-employed, if placed as navigating officers on the nation's warships. It would pay the country, to place three of these men on every warship afloat, and to give them £500 per annum as a starting salary, with a forfeit for every accident they got into. Those three navigators could easily be kept in private clothing, so that no jealousies might exist among the orthodox naval officers. In fact, the private clothes idea would be good all 'round. They would first show that the men wearing it were navigators, as distinct from merely alleged navigators; lookers-on would know what the "man in mufti" was, and would respect him, accordingly; the nation would save millions in a year; and would also have an efficient fleet in being.

WE wrote the foregoing in all seriousness, for there is no getting away from the fact, that the Naval officer of to-day, is a deteriorating quantity. Every year that passes over our heads, gives us more, and ever more of these accidents, so-called, circumstances all tend to show that Naval training is wrong; that it is altogether unsatisfactory; and that, practically, the £40,000,000 of Naval Expenditure is, more or less, wasted on a boy-run institution. Look where you will, in the Navy, and adolescence stares impertinently at you. Smooth-faced lads are in charge of most of the tools that will have to be used, in the near future, to keep off the hated foe; and yet those lads, in peace time, and when nothing very much depends on their actions, cannot manage to take a vessel around the waters, without coming to grief, somehow or other. It is useless cloaking the fact. The Navy is about the greatest danger which the merchant seaman knows of. Rocks, shoals, fogs, false currents, obsolete charts, faulty machinery, ill-manned vessels, sailors with never a knowledge of a word of English—all these ills, the Mercantile Marine navigator can, and does, guard against; but the vagaries of a "Fleet in being," is beyond the art of man.

FOR when a man-of-war cannot find a rock, a shoal, or a merchantman, to toboggan into—well, he'll be satisfied by plumping into one of his consorts (don't they style the other fellow?). In any case, you may be sure that he has to waltz into something—the honour of the Navy demands it. You know perfectly well that we are writing exactly what you have thought, for years past. You know, as well as ourselves, that it is practically impossible to pick up a morning paper, without being faced with an accident of some kind, which has befallen a unit of the Senior Service. And it isn't as if there were such a number of those units about: they are strictly limited. But limit, notwithstanding, you are never short of a paragraph which tells of how this, that, or the other of them have run amuck, and have had to be placed in the hands of the dockyard officials, for extensive repairs. In peace-time, this is a matter of small moment, perhaps; but as it is in peace, so will it be in war, with this difference: In peace time, you merely have the home-made derelicts; in wartime, they will be increased by the derelicts which have been made by the enemy. And yet in the midst of it all, you know—as well as we know—that there are thousands of capable navigators seeking a job, from the beach.

IT is no sensible excuse to say that as this state of affairs has existed for quite a time, it must go on for ever. Indeed, it cannot go on for ever. The burden of the naval expenditure item is becoming unbearable, and the country is getting practically nothing for it. There is no efficiency afloat; it is proven to be non-existent, every time a fleet of warships leave their moorings. Trade must ultimately suffer—for at the first alarm, it will be swept off the face of the waters. And unless there is a big re-shuffling of the cards involved, the Navy ships will do little else beside bump into each other, even as they are doing now. Is there sense or reason in training up good navigators, merely to send them along to Sandown Bay on half-pay; send them off on shore, and thus keep the Fleet in a chronic state of youthfulness and inexperience? As a start, youthfulness must be in evidence we know; but there is absolutely no reason that a number of boys shall be allowed to play fast and loose with everything afloat, directly they are started away on a bit of mimic warfare. As it appeals to us, so it appeals to thousands of others. For ourselves, we have no personal feeling in the matter, and do but write what experience has taught us.

UNLESS there is an alteration in the navigating methods in vogue in the Senior Service, there is going to be national extinction in the near future. You can't muddle through on the water, for while you are muddling, your ship is sinking. When the sinking is an accomplished fact, where will go the Mercantile Marine on which the nation depends absolutely? Why, it will sink also. There is no getting away from these facts. The nation's prosperity—nay, its very existence—is indissolubly mixed up with the possession of a Merchant Marine. Of itself, so far in history, it is dependable—even though you do man it with any riff-raff that ambles along: and for the reason, that to-date, the Briton has been allowed to bulk large as the navigating officer. A Flag Bill is essential here, we know, for the tendency of the times is to oust the Briton from the navigating positions, and to instal a cheap, and relatively worthless, foreigner in his place. But in connection with the Navy, you keep all the navigating positions for the Briton, even as you fondly believe that then, you have done all that is necessary. It is overlooked that there are Britons, and Britons; workers and drones; brains, and empty-pates. We do not wish to say that empty-pates predominate; for that would be untrue: but we do say that the training is altogether wrong; and the continued series of "accidents" which lays the Fleet aside in relays, is sufficient proof to our contention.

To the Barry Graving Dock and Engineering Company, Limited, belongs the honour—recently obtained—of having attended to the needs of the largest steamer that, so far in history, has ever entered a Bristol Channel dry dock. They are modest people, thereaway, and thus it comes about that the circumstance, which is of interest to the com-

munity, generally, was dismissed with a few short lines in the local "dailies," even as the case of a child being hurted by an electric tram-car, would be given a half-column of sickening detail. It is an unfortunate fact, but otherwise far-seeing people cannot realise that in the matter of a dry dock which gives employment to, say, a thousand men, its doings are of import to the community, at large; that the money which it circulates, is scattered around among all portions of the district; and that Cardiff benefits, equally as much as Barry: also, that the Cardiffian is as keen to note all these modern triumphs which are being carried out at home, as is he to learn the exact distance at which Admiral Togo fought the Russian Fleet. However, ours be the task of explaining just as much of this little matter as will be of interest, generally; even as we give an illustration of the steamer, as she lay in dock.

THE *Athenic*—for that is the vessel's name—is one of the famous White Star Line, and was built by the equally famous Belfast firm of shipbuilders, Messrs. Harland and Wolff, in 1901. With a gross tonnage of 12,234 tons; a length of 500ft. 3in.; a breadth of 63ft. 3in.; and a depth of 45ft.; the *Athenic* may justly be classed among the big uns? Seeing that to dock her was a somewhat big undertaking—and probably having an idea that we benighted folk in the Bristol Channel had never seen anything of the kind done!—the White Star Company's marine superintendent, Capt. Thornton, and the engineer superintendent, Mr. Blake, were both in attendance. That everything went gaily as the marriage bell which has been immortalised on several occasions, may be taken for granted; for supposing that Mr. Monroe, the Barry Graving Dock Company's general manager, had never "risen" to such exalted heights previous to May 31, of this year: he has yet shown the world that he is by no means a stranger to the handling of really big tonnage—whether that it be loaded, or merely "light." Indeed, to most of the Bristol Channel dry dock men, it is all one, loaded or "light"; and certainly Mr. Monroe is no exception to the rule.

A BIG BOAT (*Athenic*) IN A BIG DOCK.

However, as already suggested, the *Athenic* entered the Barry Graving Dock on May 31, at 6.30 a.m., and on that particular morning's tide, we find, by referring to the table reserved for such data, that there was just the correct depth of water for the job—but no more. Still, enough is as good as a feast, and through being satisfied with a sufficiency, and declining to wait until there was to spare, the White Star Company were saved a day—a fact which they will probably hold to the Graving Dock's credit, on future occasions? Very well, then. On the morning of June 2, at 6.20 by the official clock, we note that *Athenic* was again afloat, and once more moving away from the blocks whereon she had recently reclined—if such big steamers really do recline; while if they do not, and merely lay, well it is of little consequence. We know that from May 31, at 6.30 a.m., to June 2, at 6.20 a.m., the *Athenic* had been docked, painted, had her two shafts in (and, of course, her propellers off), etc., and was again afloat, and ready for the fray, as stated. A little bird whispered to us that the same job in London—no less a place—occupied three clear days, so we can readily understand that a few people connected with the well-being of the *Athenic*, would have preferred London to Barry? But it is admittedly hard to satisfy everybody, and as the Company, and the superintending gentlemen already named were pleased—well, the Bristol Channel has added another leaf to her laurel wreath?

WE knew it would have to come—that sea serpent yarn—although in view of the weather to which, so far, we have been treated, the tale is a bit early. But then, it comes from Afric's burning shores, and (tell it not in Gath!) it is a missionary story, so it must be true, this time. Mind you, this is not really a thorough-bred sea serpent; for it is more of a fresh-water monstrosity. It's like this. While a boat belonging to the British Central African Administration was on a voyage across Lake Nyassa, "the reptile, which is described as being as thick as a man's leg (just an ordinary man's leg, you know) tried to board the vessel, and was with difficulty, beaten off with oars and paddles"—which are by no means the same thing, don't forget. It's a terrible case, and after this, it will be necessary to revise that quotation anent "where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." Yes! It will be more correct to add, henceforth, "and only man, and the lake serpent, is vile." In this instance—according to honourable tradition—the vile serpent was worsted: the oars and paddles emerged triumphantly from the encounter, and as usual, *Daily Mail* is first in the field, with all that is good—bad, or worse!

THERE has been quite a plethora of "important shipping

cases" developing out of the contraband-of-war idea, lately. True, most of them are merely a question of whether a seaman has any rights; or if he may elect to break his part of an agreement, once the shipmaster has taken the initiative in the same direction. We can admire the feeling which makes the Old Man stick to his employers—sometimes: sometimes, again, we cannot. Moreover, it would be a good thing if the shipmaster would try to get over the old-time belief, that "obey orders, if you break owners" is still in vogue. It has long since been relegated to the limbo of forgotten truths. You see, owner, himself, has been working for years, to disabuse his shipmaster's mind on the subject, and nothing but the maddest kind of loyalty to a disloyal employer, would have kept the old delusion alive. The safest way to get your own rights respected, is to respect those of other people and when a number of seamen (no matter what their nationality) are to be used as pawns in a game of get-rich-in-a-hurry, the principals should not be surprised, if the pawns, once in a way, object. Blockade-running is not undertaken by way of a joke. You may be sure that it offers a greater financial inducement, than does ordinary trading; otherwise, the stay-at-home owner would, have none of it.

WE mean, if blockade-running were indulged in, merely for the excitement consequent thereon, then, Mr. Owner would hie him forth, and join in the deal. But we know that he does nothing of the kind. He sits him down at home; writes letters; goes out to see a lady about a canine (or takes her for a motor-spin); but take any personal risks—never, sirs, for the gentleman isn't built that way. He takes no "risks," for the possibility of capture is insured against. Under the circumstances, therefore, it is but a grab-all sort of feeling, which prompts your ownerman to scoop in all the shekels which represent the emoluments due from the extra "risk," even as he wishes to palm off on his seamen, rates which would rule if no danger of capture existed. We are pleased to note that the magistrates who have tried these "important shipping cases" have, in the majority of instances, sided with the hardy souls who have been willing to undertake extra risk, for extra pay. We are of opinion, that there can have been no possibility of doubt in the minds of any of the estimable folk concerned, that the extra pay was due, on each occasion? Presumably, however, the "test cases" have been indulged in, from the common feeling which is around, that one never knows which way the cat might jump—if it is a legal feline? Also, that the cases are fought with shareholders' money, while Jack does the fighting with his own? We are a great nation, and some of its greatest units, are certain "shipowner" people?

REVERTING to our previous remarks concerning the Colonies and their willingness, or otherwise, to anté up a sum of money for the support of the Navy, we note that Premier Seddon has been speechifying on the subject, in New Zealand. The gentleman is of opinion that if New Zealand's contribution be increased to £90,000 per annum, and Australia's to £200,000 per annum, "they will have a better, and more efficient squadron." A "white" one, also? Really, those Antipodean friends and relatives of ours, have but a poor idea of the purchasing power of good hard sovereigns, when thrown down in front of the shipbuilder of to-day? Out of a total of £40,000,000 per annum, the Commonwealth-and-neighbours are half-inclined to "put up" a quarter of a million—there, or thereabout; and for this vast (to the Antipodean) amount, they hope to get a "better and more efficient squadron!" Why, bless their little hearts, the suggested contribution would not pay the repair bill for that squadron, for six months—providing the vessels were wantonly allowed to leave their snug anchorages in the bays, that are common "down under." Lord, give us a good conceit of ourselves—and of the power of a few ha'pence when tendered to a shipbuilder!

A LONDON "daily" has been prattling to its readers, concerning "where our food comes from." Starting off with the statement that Britannia is housekeeper for a family of 40,000,000 souls, it is suggested that the necessary larder is of supreme interest to all members of that same family. We note that the bread purchase from "furrin parts," amounts to some £30,000,000—and Jack has to bring it all along, please. In addition to the actual bread bill, the extras which go to make up the whole farinaceous purchase, totals altogether into the £60,000,000 mark. Nice little lot of stuff to entrust to a mob of foreign sailors? Then, the butcher's little account with us, runs into £50,000,000 for beef; £7,000,000 for mutton; and £18,000,000 for pig-flesh. A sum of £20,000,000 goes for foreign butter; £10,000,000 for tea; £13,000,000 for fruit; and—but that is enough. We merely itemise the few larder-points, for the purpose of showing you how much you are dependent on the sailorman. You recognise your dependence; a perusal of our columns, week by week, will show you how you recognise his claims; how you are gradually allowing him to drift on shore, to starve; and how you will soon follow suit, once he has given up his job, altogether.

OUR congratulations to Mr. T. R. Ions, late of North Shields, on his appointment as dry docks and works manager, to the Newport portion of the Cardiff Channel Dry Docks and Pontoon Company, Limited's undertaking. We understand that Mr. A. Simpson, will continue "as before," which is distinctly good reasoning on the part of Mr. William Jones, the energetic general manager who successfully brought about the coup. It is a poor policy—swapping horses, while crossing the brook; and in a turn-over from the old-style of this combination, to the new style which is being inaugurated, it is distinctly a case of "crossing the brook?" The brook which divides misfortune—to put it gently—from unqualified success?

WE note that Lord Muskerry has been asked to postpone the second reading of the Merchant Shipping Act Amendment (Aliens) Bill, until the 26th inst. This, that the Government may have an opportunity of wading through the Fiscal jugglery. Of course, his Lordship has agreed to stand aside, but all the same, we trust that the Amendment which aims at British subjects, only, for the commanding, and officering, and piloting of British ships—will become law, at an early date, as this is, undoubtedly, a step in the right direction. Indeed, the Bill has already been "postponed" for too great a time.

THE exceptionally large single-deck turret steamer, *Queda*, of 12,000 tons deadweight capacity, recently completed by Messrs. William Doxford & Sons, Ltd., for the British India Steam Navigation Co., Ltd., of London, sailed from Middlesbrough on Saturday last, having the week previous completed a very satisfactory speed trial of 12 knots, when leaving Sunderland. The second of these vessels, the *Querimba*, was launched on Saturday last, the owners being represented by Mr. Peter Barr, resident surveyor. The *Nordland*, a single-deck turret vessel of 6,300 tons deadweight capacity, built for Messrs. Axel Brostrom & Son, Goteborg, also left the yard of Messrs. Doxford & Sons, the same day, for trial on the 5th inst.

SHIPBUILDING.

During May, 40 vessels were launched by Scottish Shipbuilders, representing 55,509 tons, which is the largest for any month this year. The most important launch was the cruiser *Cochrane*, from the yard of the Fairfield Company. It is worth noting that no less than 11,861 tons of the output, is for foreign owners, an unusually large proportion. To the total, the Clyde contributed 33 vessels of 54,036 tons; the Forth, two vessels of 958 tons; the Tay, four vessels of 340 tons; and the Dee, one vessel of 175 tons.

✦ ✦ ✦

During the first five months of the year, Clyde builders have launched tonnage representing 195,116 tons, which is only about 3,000 tons less than the first five months of 1902, the Clyde's record year, and it has been exceeded only in that year, and in 1899. Orders for new tonnage booked in May are few, being considerably less than half the output for May, 1904.

✦ ✦ ✦

The iron screw steamer *Glengoil*, lately owned by Messrs. Lindsay, Gracie & Co., Ltd., Newcastle, has been sold to Mr. Leonard McCarthy, of Newcastle, at £10,000. She was built by Messrs. J. L. Thompson & Sons, Sunderland, in 1882. Dimensions 320ft. x 40ft. x 27ft. 5in.; with engines 21in., 35in., 56in. x 48in. stroke, by the North Eastern Marine Engineering Co., Ltd. She had new boilers fitted in 1896.

✦ ✦ ✦

We understand that Messrs. Strathatos Brothers, of Braila, have sold their steel screw steamer *Amphitrite*, to British buyers at about £18,000. She was built by Messrs. J. L. Thompson & Sons, Ltd., Sunderland, in 1897. 2,734 tons gross: dimensions 320ft. x 45ft. x 23ft. 9in.; carries about 4,400 tons deadweight on 19ft. 9in. draft; with engines 23½in., 39in., 64in. x 42in. stroke, by Messrs. Blair & Co., Ltd.

✦ ✦ ✦

The steel screw steamer *Cebriana*, lately owned by the British Maritime Trust Limited, London, has been sold to the Britain Steamship Company, Limited, London. She was built by Messrs. Short Brothers, Sunderland, in 1899. Dimensions 360ft. 5in. x 48ft. x 28ft. 3in.; 4,221 tons gross; with engines 25in., 41in., 69in. x 48in. stroke, by Messrs. W. Allan & Co., Ltd. She has been renamed *Twickenham*.

✦ ✦ ✦

The steel screw steamer *Pouvoir*, owned by Messrs. J. Power & Co., London, is reported sold to French buyers for the Canadian trade, at about £14,750. She was built by the Montrose Shipbuilding Company, Montrose, in 1905. Dimensions 210ft. 6in. x 33ft. x 16ft.; 971 tons gross; with engines 16in., 25in., 42in. x 33in. stroke, by the North Eastern Marine Engineering Company, Ltd.

✦ ✦ ✦

The steel screw steamer *Grafton*, lately owned by Messrs. E. W. Morgan & Co., Ltd., London, is reported sold to the Japan Mail Steam Shipping Company, Ltd., at about £30,000. She was built by Messrs. S. P. Austin & Son, Ltd., Sunderland, in 1901. Dimensions 330ft. 8in. x 46ft. x 24ft. 4in.; 3,106 tons gross; with engines 24in., 39in., 64in. x 42in. stroke, by Messrs. George Clark, Ltd.

✦ ✦ ✦

The steel screw steamer *Woodland*, lately owned by Mr. T. Wales, of Newcastle, has been sold to the Ipswich Steam Shipping Company, Ipswich. She was built by the Grangemouth & Greenock Dockyard Company, Grangemouth, in 1903. Dimensions 130ft. x 22ft. 4in. x 9ft. 6in.; 244 tons gross; with engines 14in., 29in. x 21in. stroke, by Messrs. Morton & Co., of Leith.

✦ ✦ ✦

Mr. V. Elferson, of Kalmar, Sweden, is the purchaser of the steamer *Lemnos*, recently reported sold.

The steel screw steamer *Maylands*, owned by Messrs. J. F. Wilson & Co., West Hartlepool, is reported sold to foreigners, at about £18,000. She was built by Messrs. Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd., West Hartlepool, in 1897. Dimensions 314ft. 6in. x 43ft. x 20ft. 4in.; 2,517 tons gross; with engines 23in., 37in., 61in. x 42in. stroke, by Messrs. T. Richardson & Sons.

✦ ✦ ✦

The steel screw steamer *Aira Force*, lately owned by Messrs. W. S. Kennaugh & Co., Whitehaven, has been sold to Messrs. G. Webster & Co., Glasgow. She was built and engined by the Penarth Shipbuilding Company, Penarth, in 1891. Dimensions 145ft. x 23ft. 2in. x 11ft.; 349 tons gross; with engines 18in., 36in. x 24in. stroke. She has been renamed *Seaforth*.

✦ ✦ ✦

The steel paddle steamer *Rhos Colwyn*, lately owned by Colwyn Bay & Liverpool Steam Shipping Company, has been sold to a Cardiff firm, at about £11,000. She was built and engined by Messrs. J. Scott & Co., Kinghorn, in 1899. Dimensions 210ft. x 25ft. x 8ft. 4in.; 393 tons gross; with engines 27in., 58in. x 54in. stroke.

✦ ✦ ✦

The iron screw steamer *Malabar*, owned by Mr. H. E. P. Adamson, of Newcastle, is reported sold at about £6,000. She was built by Messrs. Raylton Dixon & Co., Middlesbrough, in 1877. Dimensions 286ft. x 34ft. 8in. x 25ft. 8in.; 1,896 tons gross: with engines 20in., 33in., 54½in. x 42in. stroke, by Messrs. Blair & Co., Ltd.

✦ ✦ ✦

The steel screw steamer *Rubens*, owned by Messrs. F. Bolton & Co., London, is reported sold at about £9,000. She was built by Messrs. J. L. Thompson & Sons, Sunderland, in 1887. Dimensions 275ft. x 38ft. 2in. x 22 in.; 2,077 tons gross; with engines 22in., 36in., 58in. x 39in. stroke by Messrs. T. Richardson & Sons.

✦ ✦ ✦

The iron screw steamer *Sea Flower*, lately owned by Messrs. H. Foster & Co., of Larne, has been sold to Spanish buyers, and renamed *Ayamantino*. She was built by Messrs. J. Reid & Co., Port Glasgow, in 1875. Dimensions 110ft. 4in. x 19ft. 4in. x 8ft.; 158 tons gross.

✦ ✦ ✦

Messrs. Gentles Brothers, of South Shields, have purchased a new steamer of about 5,400 tons deadweight, recently launched by Messrs. Wm. Hamilton & Co., Ltd., Port Glasgow. She was known on the Clyde as "Hamilton's Monument No. 2."

✦ ✦ ✦

The iron paddle steamer *Snaefell*, lately owned by the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company, Ltd., has been sold for £2,075. She was built and engined by Messrs. Caird & Co., Greenock, in 1876; 849 tons gross; dimensions 251ft. x 29ft. 3in. x 14ft.

✦ ✦ ✦

The steamer *Ellewoutsdijk*, reported sold in our last issue to Messrs. Ross, Allan & Johnston, of Glasgow, has been renamed *Greendyke*.

✦ ✦ ✦

Mr. J. Pettersson, of Helsingborg, Sweden, is the purchaser of the steamer *Tremayne*, recently reported sold. She has been renamed *Helios*.

✦ ✦ ✦

The steamer *Duke of Portland*, recently purchased by Messrs. H. & W. Nelson, Ltd., Liverpool, has been renamed *Highland Fling*.

✦ ✦ ✦

The Great Western Railway Company, are the purchasers of t e steamer *Melmore*, recently reported sold.

FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1905.

A NEW FREIGHT MARKET?—MANITOBA-ON-THE-SEA!

(Concluding Article).

IN drawing to a close, this consideration of a scheme which, in view of the apparent impossibilities which have been surmounted by the engineer, is anything but an idle dream on the part of the good folk who are chiefly interested, let us consider another aspect of the situation. One of the axioms in the successful handling of heavy traffic, is to secure—consistent with safety—the shortest route from point to point. With this before us, let us make a few comparisons concerning the distances involved, in the rival routes. From York Factory to Cardiff, say, the distance is practically the same as from Montreal to the Taff-side town. Again, from Winnipeg, viâ Montreal to Liverpool—for a choice of ports—is estimated as 4,228 miles; but from Winnipeg, viâ Hudson's Bay, to Liverpool, is about 3,626 miles—giving a saving in favour of the latter, of some 760 miles of inland-haulage of freight; or 602 miles on the total distance. Once more, from Portage la Prairie, viâ Montreal, to Liverpool, is 4,280 miles; but from the same departure, viâ Hudson's Bay, the distance is 3,516 miles, thus effecting a saving in this instance, of 764 miles on the whole journey, and of the inland transportation portion thereof, of 872 miles. Yet again we find, that from Regina, viâ Montreal, to Liverpool, the distance is 4,584 miles; from the same place over the Hudson's Bay route, the distance is but 3,926 miles, giving a saving in favour of the new projection, of 658 miles on the whole journey: and on the railway haulage, a matter of 816 miles. One more comparison, and we have done therewith: From Prince Albert, viâ Montreal, to Liverpool, the distance is 4,834 miles, while the same journey by the Bay route covers but 3,616 miles; or admitting of a saving, in the railway journey, of 1,316 miles: and on the total, from end to end, a matter of 1,218 miles. The foregoing then, is truly a significant and important aspect of the situation, and is bound to prove a powerful factor in favour of the farmer in the Great North-West, and his efforts to secure a paying outlet for his produce, in the near future. It is but natural that those who already have the trade, should attempt to throw metaphorical cold-water on any new scheme; but it is useless hiding the fact that, to-date, anything but a phenomenal success has attended the efforts of the exponents of St. Lawrence expansion. In a dilettante manner, this phase of ocean transit has been exploited for years; but it yet remains for some enterprising steamer company to show, what can be really done in this connection. In the past, it has been shown, on various occasions, that while talk is cheap, it is just as necessary to spend money on Canadian trade-expansion, as it is in the same connection, in other, and more favoured parts of the world. Again, it must not be forgotten that, in the past, there has been absolutely no incentive to try routes other than the supposedly one-and-only of Montreal. With the rapid change in the conditions thereaway, a new arrangement is essential; and we have tried to show the merits of the one route over the other. Crystallised, the situation is all in favour of the Hudson's Bay road, for by its use the prohibitive railway rates will be obviated: and as we have shown in this series of articles, the difficulties of navigation are, at least, no worse over the Bay, than they are in the St. Lawrence. Supposing that the Bay route is just as difficult as its present rival; has just as much set-off in the matter of ice and fog—according to the time of year; then, the saving in railway haulage has everything to recommend the former, over the latter? It has been truly said that the year in Canadian waters, consists of nine months winter and three months' fog; but it must not be forgotten that the climatic conditions are no more favourable to Montreal, than they are to the Hudson's Bay. Indeed, opinions are all in favour of the latter—opinions, that is, which are not coloured by the vested interests already surrounding the Montreal clique. When all is said, Canadian trade as connected with a steamship line, will never be more than of an intermittent kind. That is, there will be a feverish kind of activity during "the season" which, alas, is all too short, to be followed by a hibernating period, during the greater portion of the year. Indeed, to our mind, the steamer line which succeeds in doing good business in this connection, will be that which has pluck enough to start a trunk line, so to speak, from an ice-free port in the United States; an all-the-year-'round trading centre, say; and from which same route, a sufficiency of boats may be diverted for Canadian trade, when the three-months-fog part of the Canadian year has set in. It is utterly useless to attempt to work up a trade for three months in the year, if for the other nine months, the good people who have been fed thereby, are to be thrown on their own resources, in the matter of food supply. That is, it has been shown conclusively, in the past, that from Canada, alone, it is useless to hope for a continued supply of produce. At the best, there is but a six months' source thereaway—and as far as cattle is concerned, it is the six months in which least meat is used in Britain. Now, if a trader is open to supply meat to a number of customers during the summer months, when meat is more or less "off," and during the winter, when there is a real need for meat, that trader has gone home to sleep; well, it needs no prophetic skill to decide that the said trader's success will be of but a limited kind? In other words, it is a distinct case of beginning again, every time that the absence of Canadian ice makes it possible for Canadian produce to be brought across the Atlantic. Six months' winter has driven the trader to another source of supply, and thus it comes about, that the purveyor of Canadian produce has to waste the best portion of his all-too-short trading season, in an attempt to win back the custom which has left him through the winter months. Then, by the time he is winning back the support which has been lost in the manner indicated, the season is about finished, so that fizzle, in greater or lesser degree, has to be written over his efforts. This has been conclusively proved, year after year; and until facts are assimilated, will go on being proved. In the past, there has been a dreadful lack of originality in the ranks of the exponents of Canadian trade expansion. Each neophyte has come along, with the same old japes which have proved abortive with his predecessor; the same old tales of "what we are going to do," have ended up in the same old way of "what we haven't done." Of course, each of those neophytes has meant well; has, indeed, believed in his own overshadowing ability; but instead of striking out in a line that was, at least, clear of the mistakes of the past, each successive one has hugged to his commercial bosom, the belief that the other fellow failed through inattention to detail, rather than from the natural difficulties which surrounded his path. The concern which ultimately wins victory out of this particular situation, will be that which establishes a line to an ice-free port in the United States for winter use, principally; and which has business acumen enough to divert, during the Canadian season, a sufficiency of tonnage to cope with the ever-growing amount of produce to be handled at Canadian wharves—whether on the St. Lawrence, or on the Hudson's Bay. By this means, the home producer will have a constant supply assured:

the resultant trade will be a rapidly increasing affair; and instead of where to-day, the intermittent idea is mainly in evidence, a constantly increasing volume of business will fall to the share of the company, which had pluck enough to realise that with other times, come other manners. We do not intend to particularise as to the "Canadian trades" which have been born in all the glitter of ignorant assumption, and snuffed out in the gloom of materialised (and bitter) experience—although we could, an' we would. We merely touch on them, here, for the purpose of showing that, from past mistakes, future attempts may be perfected. With the suggested "trunk-line" in operation, a regular supply of produce of all kinds would be possible, and the "diverting section" (if we may put it thus) of steamer tonnage that is to gather up the Canadian produce in the summer months, might be safely and profitably employed to gather up the stuff which is laying in the Mexican Gulf ports—right along to Vera Cruz—in the winter. By this means, a paying trade is possible— and by no other means. For here, the steamer company would be constantly tapping the sources of supply in the mid-latitudes, if we may put it thus; while in the summer months the northern latitudes would be receiving attention, and in the winter, the southern latitudes would come in for its share. This, in brief, is our opinion—based on many years of trading in the direction indicated; and we shall be glad to particularise, for the benefit of any concern which is inclined to sail in and show the old-time dodgers, where they lost their millions. One other little item in connection with the Hudson's Bay route which we so unceremoniously left, 'way back, is, that being the more northern of the rival roads, it is cooler. This of course, means that perishable cargoes may be handled with greater safety, than may those destined for the St. Lawrence track. And as a gathering ground for American produce, the Hudson's Bay suggestion will contain potentialities not possessed by the St. Lawrence. For instance, there will be an appreciable saving in railway haulage from farming centres in South Dakota, Minnesota, Nebraska, Wyoming and Montana, when the produce therefrom, is despatched viâ the Hudson's Bay route, in preference to the one-and-only on the St. Lawrence. Ere closing our discussion, we will remark that there is yet another scheme projected; one that is filled with practical possibilities: and which hopes to make Winnipeg a river port, connected with the Bay, by means of an improved Red River, on through Lake Winnipeg and the Nelson River, to salt water. The project is a big one, but in time, it will come, we believe. Naturally, there are scoffers here: but the brood was in evidence at the cutting of the Suez Canal, the Manchester ditto, and even now, at the Panama. However, and scoffer notwithstanding, the engineer pursues the merry tenour of his way, until the marvel of to-day, is merely the commonplace of to-morrow. The truth is, that human nature is prone to mark down as ridiculous, everything that is outside the limited scope of its own understanding; all the same, the trait has kept back the world's progress but little! And in connection with Winnipeg as a river port, competent engineers have estimated that the distance needing to be cut, will not exceed 51 miles. Moreover, it is nearly all plain sailing; at any rate there are no insuperable engineering difficulties in the scheme; and it may be taken for granted that, at no very distant date, the steamer of commerce will be plying to the wharves of the City of Winnipeg. The money is in the country, and soon, now, will be massed up; the need for such a situation as that suggested, is real; so, with the need, the money, and the skill—well, there have been greater seeming impossibilities worked off on a wondering world, than this Winnipeg-with-wharves idea. As already stated in the course of this writing, we have no brief for the Hudson's Bay exploiters, and none against the St. Lawrence folk. Indeed, we have written because we have traded with the district of which we have been writing; know it from personal experience; have watched the futile efforts which have been made by the 'longshoreman in his endeavours to yoke up good business with bad sailoring; and have wondered—as have many more—why, in the fulness of the 'longshoreman's wisdom, he hasn't sense enough to gain an opinion or so, from the people who have sailed the waters operated upon. Instead of this, he gleans his imformation from some other source, which got it from a round-about crowd of persons who fill up the interstices of the scheme, if we may write it thus, with fairy tales and bare-faced untruths. If we have given those interested, food for thought in this connection, we have not wasted our time and space. Here, we leave it.

THE TRIMMERS' THREAT.

IT certainly is a pity that shipowners, as a body, are so woefully weak and divided among themselves. That is, it is a pity for them, but a grave danger to the community. Everybody knows that, roundly considered £20 is ample for the trimming of the majority of the steamers which load coal these days, instead of the £50/60 of the past. Indeed, there are quite a number of experts who are of opinion, that the first figures quoted are, out of all proportion, above the value of the work done. And yet the alleged "arguments" for and against a continuance of the old-time iniquity are allowed to travel along, until the industrial peace of a populous district is endangered thereby. So far in the progress of the dispute, we do not consider that there has been one genuine reason offered, either that the trimming charge should be reduced, on the one hand; or that the *status quo* should continue, on the other. Meetings have been held, *ad lib.*, and much good breath has been wasted; hard things have been said: the old charges have been paid "under protest," and so that the over-charges shall be returned "when a settlement is made." But does anybody believe that a settlement—as the outcome of the "meetings"—is likely to materialise? We do not, anyhow, and we shall not be at all surprised to learn, that a second edition of the "up shute" order has been issued; that the Shipping Federation has been instructed to solve the problem; that the old-time coal-trimmers find their occupation handed over to outsiders, who have sense enough to know that simply because a thing was, it is not necessarily bound to be; and that a re-shuffling of the cards is the inevitable result. When all is said, the mere fact that shipowner is a weak-kneed person, is no valid reason that he should be imposed upon, at every turn in his pursuit of business? That the present coal-trimming tariff is an imposition of the largest kind, goes without saying, and is merely a legacy from the times when steamers were widely different from those obtaining to-day. The handler of bunker coal is worth his money, under all circumstances; but the suggested "new tariff" for cargo coal-trimming, is most unreasonably high, at the moment; and in another year, it will be more unreasonably high. To our mind, the trimmers would be better advised in assimilating the fact, that a reduction is absolutely necessary—a substantial reduction, that is. It will be more in their interests to accept the proposals now made (and which can be depended on to continue for a greater number of years than they have a right to expect); than will it be to raise a fuss over the suggested alterations in the charges. In the latter eventuality, the public will see the rottenness of the whole business, and a natural alienation of all sympathy will follow. Especially, when it is remembered that the resultant trade dislocation has been brought about, by a mere handful of men who, in comparison with other labourers, are paid right royally for the little they do. In the suggested "new tariff," the coal-trimmer has no real reason for complaint, for it is considerably higher than, in view of the labour involved, it should be. Taken altogether, a "graceful acceptance" of the inevitable will pay, considerably better, than will the trade rupture which will, indubitably, bring a number of outsiders to the district—there to remain, indefinitely.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *June 7, 1905.*

NOT until one sits down to sort up the different bits of coal business which have been transacted during the past week, does one realise the deadly dulness which, at the moment, must be mixed up with the life of the exponents of "Cardiff (and other) Coal." That is to say, the bits of pretended coal business which have been transacted. Of course, there is always "something" doing; but for many weeks past, now, the "something" hasn't really been worth coming to the Docks for! At least, that is how we have the truth of the situation enforced on ourselves. There is a sickening sense of sameness in the whole combination; nothing new; interest is dead; nobody cares—and thus it wanders along.

ALL the same, shipments have been fairly good over the same period; but—alas the word—this has resulted from what may metaphorically be termed, the water which has gone past the wheel. That is to say, most of the shipments which are about at present, were fixed up many moons ago—to put the matter poetically. Even so, the shipments since our last writing, have been nicely above the average which has been ruling for some weeks, and shipowner, at least, is pleased in consequence. Perhaps, not quite to the extent of writing for more motor-car catalogues; but just up to the extent of trying the newest kind of sparking-plug on the old one. Please refrain from unkind remarks, just here. Don't suggest that we have become mixed, and that the sparking business will fit in better with the "new one."

You see, we do not, by any means, mean what you mean! It was a sparking-plug, *pur et simple*, which was before our mind's eye, back along. And we are willing to repeat, that the fair amount of shipping business which has resulted since our last time of writing, is sufficient to justify the purchase of the bit of mechanism referred to, yes. Tonnage arrivals over the week-end were good, and with the docks fairly full, and the coal wagons, generally considered, being in the same unhappy—to the colliery man—condition, well, shipping, as already stated, has been brisk. But let us whisper: The briskness is superinduced by the approaching holiday fever. It would never do to have those steamers in dock over a blessed holiday, would it?

WHY, in that event, the poor shipowner's Whit Week would be utterly spoiled! He would sit out the Sunday School "Treat," to which he is a generous subscriber, with a scowl on his front portions, that would be sufficiently accentuated to stop the kettles from boiling—even if it didn't really turn the kiddies anæmic from fright. Steamers in dock over the holidays! Perish the thought! In any such a misguided happening, the sailorman would be laid open to the snares of the Butey Roady sirens; would develop all manner of untoward affairs; would jeopardise his soul; his body; his advance note; his monkey-jacket—and, oh, heaps of other things. So rush 'em out before the holidays. Pay despatch—do anything, providing those boats sail on Saturday night's tide, at the latest.

REVERTING to the coal business, proper, we find that during the past day or two, collieries have been somewhat better employed, and stems are consequently, a little on the side of improvement. This is a sort of "flash in the pan." Nothing more. Still, it has been sufficient to enable the quotations, in some directions, to be put out with a somewhat firmer tone of voice. There wasn't quite so much of the "poor lisping, stammering tongue" in evidence, you understand. But you may take it from us, that there is nothing really happening that is calculated to warrant any firmness—hardly anywhere. Seller pretends that he is in a good position, of course. Albeit, it is a sight to watch him when buyer comes along with something firm, tall, and useful!

UNDER the suggested conditions, seller is prone to hedge a bit; gets shaky; hazards a peeky sort of "How d'ye do, Mr. —— ahem." Then buyer braces himself up; inclines his upper portions, a bit; remarks that the weather is dull for the time of the year; suggests that it is nearly cold enough for a top-coat; but swears it was warm enough to go without fires, yesterday; and that it will be exactly the same, to-morrow; and for many to-morrows. This scares the seller, and he straightway wishes to remind his dear friend (now's the time, and now's the hour, when buyer is seller's "dear friend"), that the text, on Sunday last, was —but you understand? It is unnecessary for us to go on with the explanation. It works out in the old sweet, happy way, and buyer gets all the coal he needs, at something substantially under the quotation.

THEN, as regards stocks. These have, undoubtedly, undergone the depleting operation during the past week; but nothing like what is necessary to bring about the scarcity which engenders a demand. Oh, dear, no! The supplies are rolling in, very much faster than the merry buyer has any need therefor, although, here again, the demand is better than it was, earlier in the week. But it is merely a holiday demand, and that doesn't amount to much, does it? You see, when transactions are merely for immediate requirements; requirements which have to be outside the dock gates, ere "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day" on Saturday; you cannot attach much importance thereto, can you? And anyhow, at the moment, quotations are more of a bluff than is usual—which is admitting a very great deal.

ACTUAL prices, therefore, are unaltered—with the exception of SMALLS, which continue as the one firm point of the market. Even here, as we have remarked on more than one occasion, of late, the said firmness has been brought about more because of limited supply, than for the reason that there is any undue anxiety on the part of buyers, to possess themselves of all the visible supply. When coal wagons are full of LARGE, and the output consequently eases off, then SMALLS are not altogether too plentiful? That is what is keeping them "up." The undue smartness of their exploiters has little to do with it, no. But particularising a little, and coming to

BEST CARDIFF ADMIRALTYS, of the LARGE description, we find that the quotation wobbles around 12s. 9d., varying according to the state of the individual colliery's little arrangements—and the date of shipment. Broadly speaking, there is no more firmness here, than existed formerly, and a quantity for an early date would certainly knock the quotation down three half-pennies—aye, or even to the merry 3d. BESTS are anything but in a condition for bragging about, although a number of the units, as usual, are more fortunately situated than their competitors. You know there are degrees of smartness in the ranks of coal sellers, e'en as elsewhere, on this mundane sphere. Moreover, you can wager that the smart one "gets there," ahead of his competitor. Some folk (those who are on the losing side, for instance) style it "luck." But bless you, there is no luck about it. 'Tis all a question of savvy and application.

SECONDS remain, quotably, at from 12s. to 12s. 3d.—ultimately going off at 11s. 9d., if you are "hard." However, collieries here, have been better employed, but there is an utter absence of steadiness in values, as the supplies are exceeding the request by far too big a margin, to enable sellers to crystallise prices anywhere near a common level. The market is all in favour of the buyer—especially in the matter of prompt delivery; and he, wise man, assesses the value at, as already stated, 11s. 9d.

ORDINARIES have not recovered from their late weakness. It is suggested that they never will—although we do not

believe it. It is certain that they have been favoured with no increased demand, and their prices are on a par with those ruling at our last time of writing—11s. 6d. to 11s. 9d. Here and there, slightly higher figures are asked—where seller is more fortunately circumstanced in the matter of stems: but generally considered, ORDINARIES are inactive.

DRYS show no improvement, and what we have told you, for weeks past, concerning them, is equally apposite to-day. We leave them. As does the buyer!

MONMOUTHSHIRE COALS have experienced a slight tendency upward. For shipment, this week, prices have been steadier—more especially in the case of the BLACK VEIN varieties, for stems, here, have received a somewhat better attention. Collieries, too, have been more active, but in our opinion this is due to the approaching holidays, *seulement!* As to values, these are scheduled at 11s. 3d. and may be assessed as about the true value.

ORDINARY BESTS are steadily quoted at 11s.: but outside of the present engagements of sellers, there is very little doing. SECONDS are unchanged, and collieries are commanding recent figures—10s. 3d.

RHONDDA No. 3's are a very steady section. Supplies are somewhat scarce, collieries are favoured with good stems, and sellers are maintaining values without any apparent effort. These may be taken as: LARGE, 13s. 9d.; THROS, 11s. 6d. to 11s. 9d.; with SMALLS firm at from 9s. 9d. to 10s.

RHONDDA No. 2's are, quotably, at 9s. 9d., but seeing that weakness is the feature of the grade, you can place actual values at 9s. 6d.—or a bit under that.

WE have already discoursed concerning SMALLS, which are firm. Their vagaries over the past week—are not they in the list?

PATENT FUELS are not meeting with an active demand, but even so, the figures quoted below are being maintained.

PITWOOD is a trifle easier, at about 19s.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	12s. 0d., 13s. 0d.	12s. 7½d.	12s. 9d	12s. 9d.	12s. 9 l., 13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.
Second Ditto. ..	11s. 9d., 12s. 3d.	11s. 9d.	12s. 0 l.	11s. 10½d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0 l.	12s. 0d.
Other Second Cardiff ..	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 9 l.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.
Drys ..	11s. 9d.	11s. 9 l.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.
Best Newport ..	11s. 0d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 3 l.	11s. 3d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 6d.
Ordinary Bests ..	10s. 9d., 11s. 3d.	11s. 0 l.	11s. 0d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d., 11s. 0 l.	11s. 0d.
Seconds ..	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 4½ l.	10s. 3d., 10s. 6d.
Best House Coal ..	15s. 0d., 15s. 6 l.	15s. 3 l.	15s. 3d.	15s. 0d., 15s. 3d.	15s. 0d.	15s. 0d.
No. 3 Rhondda ..	13s. 6 l., 13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	14s. 0 l.	14s. 0 l.	13s. 9d.
No. 2 Ditto. ..	9s. 9d	9s. 9 l.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.	9s. 7½d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ..	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 9d	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 9d.
.. 2	9s. 0d.	9s. 0 l.	9s. 3d.	9s. 3 l.	9s. 0 l., 9s. 0d.	9s. 1½d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff	8s. 0 l., 8s. 6d	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d., 8s. 9d.	8s. 6d., 9s. 0 l.
Seconds	7s. 9d	7s. 9 l.	8s. 0d.	8s. 0d.	8s. 3 l.	8s. 0d., 8s. 6d.
Ordinaries	7s. 6d	7s. 6 l.	7s. 9d.	7s. 9 l.	8s. 0 l	7s. 9d., 8s. 0 l.
Best Newport	7s. 6 l., 7s. 3d	7s. 3 l., 7s. 6 l.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 7½d.	7s. 9d.
Seconds	7s. 0 l	7s. 0d.	7s. 0d., 7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 4½ l.	7s. 3d., 7s. 6d.
Rhondda No. 2	7s. 6d	7s. 6 l.	7s. 9 l.	7s. 6 l., 8s. 0d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.
.. No. 3	9s. 0d., 10s. 0 l	9s. 0d	9s. 0d.	9s. 0 l., 9s. 9 l.	9s. 6d., 10s. 0d.	9s. 9d.
Foundry Coke:						
Special	20s. 0d	20s. 0 l.	21s. 0 l.	21s. 0d	20s. 6d., 21s. 0 l.	20s. 0d., 21s. 0d.
Ordinary	17s. 0 l., 18s. 0d	17s. 6 l.	17s. 6 l.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9 l.	17s. 6 l., 18s. 0d.
Furnace Coke	16s. 0 l.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0 l., 16s. 6 l.	16s. 3d., 16s. 6 l.	16s. 3d.
Patent Fuel	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6 l., 13s. 0 l.	12s. 9 l	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.
Pitwood (ex ship)	19s. 0d., 19s. 6d	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 0 l.	19s. 0 l., 19s. 6 l.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *June 7, 1905.*

THERE has been but little change in the condition of the Market in ANTHRACITE since our last, although it might be stated that prices, generally, are somewhat steadier. This was chiefly brought about, by the fact that Collieries have participated in improved stems; but outputs are still exceeding the requirements, and in the absence of any new business, quotations, whilst being steadier, are unchanged. The approaching holidays have not been without their little effects.

ANTHRACITE LARGE, quotably, shows but little variation. Shipments have been brisker, but supplies are fully equal to the call that is made upon them, and consequently values cannot be expected to be any firmer, under those conditions. Sellers have been favoured with better enquiry, and a larger number of transactions have taken place. The quotation therefore, is being steadily adhered to. Inferior sorts, however, still keep in a weak state, and for prompt shipment, prices are very easy. Current figures are at about 9s. 9d. for RED VEIN; with 10s. 9d. ruling for BIG VEIN.

COBBLES, NUTS & PEAS are in a state of quietude, and the prices given below are subject to a discount, provided the buyer is in the position to "lift" a quantity at an early date. NUT COALS, however, are experiencing a better demand, but insufficient has been done in them, to warrant any upward movement.

CULM continues to be the only firm point of this market. For early shipment, there is a scarcity of supplies, and with a good demand also in evidence, prices are as firm as they were at our last, while the quotation in a couple of instances, is even higher—5s. 3d. to 5s. 9d. being the current idea of Sellers, for the different qualities.

DUFF is being maintained at 3s. to 3s. 3d.

STEAM COALS are an easy section, especially for prompt shipment. BESTS being fairly well off in the matter of stems, are holding out for 13s.; but there is very little doing, and this figure can be reduced by 3d. for business in the right position. Inferior Sorts are inactive, and for their figures we refer you to those below. Bunkering business, at the present moment, is rather slow.

FUELS show no change. Values are fairly steady at about 11s. 9d.

BELOW, we give the average prices for the week:—

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large	18s. 0d., 18s. 6 l	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	17s. 9d., 18s. 3d.
Seconds do.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. 0 l.
Big Vein Large	10s. 9d., 11s. 0d	10s. 9d	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.
Red	9s. 0 l., 10s. 0d	9s. 9 l.	9s. 10½d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 7½d	9s. 6d., 9s. 9 l.
Machine Made Cobbles	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0 l.	16s. 1½d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 3d.
.. .. Nuts	16s 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6 l.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3 l.	16s. 0d.
.. .. Peas	9s. 0d., 11s. 3d.	10s. 9 l.	11s. 0d	11s. 0d.	10s. 9d., 11s. 3d.	11s. 0d., 11s. 3d.
Rubbly Culm	5s. 6d.	5s. 3d., 5s. 6d.	5s. 6d.	5s. 3d., 5s. 9d.	5s. 6d., 5s. 9d.	5s. 6d.
Duff	3s. 3d.	3s. 0d.	3s. 0 l.	3s. 0d., 3s. 3 l.	3s. 3d.	3s. 0d., 3s. 6d.
Patent Fuel:	11s. 9d	11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.
Steam:						
Best Large	13s. 0d., 13s. 3d	13s. 0 l.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0 l.
Seconds ..	12s. 0d	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.	12s. 0 l.	12s. 0d.
Bunker ..	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 6d
Thro' and Thro'	8s. 6d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 7½d.	8s. 7½d.	8s. 6d., 8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

CARDIFF, *June 7, 1905.*

SINCE our last, the world of shipping—at least, the portion thereof which is associated with the carrying of Cardiff coal, and that is a fairly-large section—has had no excitement worked up within it. The discussion of the battle in the Sea of Japan—as the Japanese "Nelson" wishes it to be styled—has given place to speculating on the chances of "ours" getting away before the holidays; and by the time this is in your hands, those holidays will be very near.

DURING the latter portion of the past week, chartering was moderately active (holidays again), and while for the PLATE, rates were fairly steady, MEDITERRANEAN demands were somewhat wobbly. Then, for the BAY and COASTING trades, business remains even as it has been for some time past—quiet. At the time of writing, there is no movement in any direction. Everybody appears to be convinced that it is useless trying to put life in the dry bones of the undertaking—at least, until after Whitsuntide.

BUT for "after the holidays," there is nothing special offering, and if rates remain steady, at former levels, it is merely because there is no inducement for them to do otherwise. That is, nobody seems inclined to get past himself, in a frantic endeavour to fix a boat for any specified port, and under the circumstances, you will not be inclined to imagine that shipping is "booming." To acquaint yourself with the *minutiae* of the week's transactions, we must refer you to the list, subjoined; and therefrom, you will learn as much of the gentle business, as you can possibly care to know.

Week Ending, (Wednesday), June 7, 1905

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Colombo, *London Bridge,* 10s.
Aden, *Alice,* 8s. July.
Steamer, 4,800 tons, 8s. option **Djibouti.**
Hong Kong, *Korana,* 14s. 6d. option **Saigon.**
Singapore, *Candleshoe,* 9s. 6d.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, Steamer, 4,500 tons, 7s. 6d. ppt.
Dunraven, 4,500 tons, 8s.
Min, 3,500 tons, 8s.
Gena, 3,400 tons, 8s. June 25/July 10, canclg.
Ella Sayer, 3,300 tons, 8s.
Diego Suarez, *Mountby,* 13s.
Cape Verdes, *Germania,* 3,000 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Madeira, *Benshaw,* 2,500 tons, 6s. 9d.
Jersey, 2,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Bahia, *Talavera,* 3,000 tons, 10s.
Rio de Janeiro, Steamer, 5,000 tons, 9s.
Buenos Ayres, Steamer, 4,200 tons, 8s.
Miguel de Larringa, 7s. 10½d. ppt.
La Plata, Steamer, 2,500 tons, 7s. 5d., 250 8d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Derwen,* 5,500 tons, 5s. 9d.
Tre——, 5,000 tons, 5s. "
Llandrindod, 5,300 tons, 5s. 9d.
Polymitis, 5,000 tons, 5s. 9d.
Genoa, *Asimina,* 3,300 tons, 6s. 6d.
Christoforo Vaghano, 3,700 tons, 6s. 6d. opt'n **Savona**
Emma, 3,300 tons, 6s. 4½d. (N).
Clifton, 3,800 tons, 6s. 3d.
Steamer, 4,700 tons, 6s. 3d. ppt.
Steamer, 5,300 tons, 6s. 3d.
Venice, *Trewyn,* 4,200 tons, 6s. 9d.
Tregantle, 4,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Steamer, 6s. 9d.
Nymphæa, 2,450 tons, 8s. coal, 8s. 9d. fuel, 400 10d. (S).
Palma, *Treherbert,* 1,900 tons, 6s. 9d.
Alexandria, *Peterston,* 3,600 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Marseilles, *Alcana,* 5,500 tons, 7·50 francs.
Steamer, 3,900 tons, 7·50 francs.
Hamstead, 5,000 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Algiers, *Dyle,* 2,000 tons, 7·50 fcs.
Gwenllian Thomas, 1,300 tons, 8 fcs. coal, 9 fcs. fuel, 400, (P.T.)
Cadoxton, 2,200 tons, 7·50 fcs. coal, 8·50 fcs. fuel.
Porthcawl, 2,100 tons, 7·75 fcs. spot.
Carthagena, *Sapphire,* 1,050 tons, 8s. (N).
Palermo, *Thirlmere,* 1,300 tons, 7s. 9d.
Oran, *Gwendoline,* 1,800 tons, 7·50 fcs. ppt.
Carlisle, 1,100 tons, 7·50 fcs. (S).
Danube, *Trematon,* or sub. 3,100 tons, 6s. 6d.
Lisbon, *Radnor,* 1,600 tons, 4s. 10½d.
Marima, 2,250 tons, 4s. 9d.
Malta, *Virent,* 5,100 tons, 5s. 3d.
Anna, 2,500 tons, 5s. 3d.
Huelva, *Saltwick,* 2,000 tons, 5s.
Ferrol, *Compostela,* 640 tons, 5s. 6d.
Almeria, *Forest,* 2,000 tons, 7s. fuel, (s).
Gibraltar, *Cierbana,* 1,650 tons, 5s. 3d.
Bona, *Waterloo,* 1,600 tons, 8·75 fcs. coal, 9·75 fcs. fuel, (s).
Toulon, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 7s. 6d. coal, 8s. 3d. fuel, (s).
Barcelona, *Dulcie,* 2,800 tons, 7s.
Trieste, *Franconia,* 6,000 tons, 6s.
Beyrout, *Penwith,* 2,200 tons, 7s. 10½d. coal, 8s. 7½d. fuel.
Cardiff/Newport to Tunis, *Gardepee,* 2,050 tons, 9·50 fcs. coal, 10·50 fcs. fuel.

BALTIC, Etc.

Pillau, *Juno,* 800 tons, 5s. 3d.
Stettin, *Julia,* 1,550 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).

BAY, Etc.

La Rochelle, *Ingoldsby,* 1,650 tons, 4·12½ fcs.
Hazelmere, 1,450 tons, 4·50 fcs. (s).
Chantenay, *Leila,* or sub. 1,700 tons, 4·80 francs. (s).
La Rochelle, 1,800 tons, 4·75 francs.
St. Nazaire, *Josphina,* 1,500 tons, 4·37½ fcs. (s).
Bordeaux, *Rocio,* 1,800 tons, 5 francs.
Behera, 2,000 tons, 5 fcs. (s).

COASTING, Etc.

Havre, *Curran,* 4s. (s).
Argus, 1,450 tons, 4s. (s).
Rouen, *Skeldon* or *Gransha,* 1,500/1,800 tons, 4s. 9d. two voyages. (s).
Elizabeth, 700 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Pansy, 550 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Torfrey, 510 tons. 4s. 9d. (s).
Caen, *Curran,* 1,400 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
Steamer, 700 tons, 4s. 3d.
Clonlee, 1,350 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
Corrwg, 1,050 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
Cherbourg, *Senga,* 500 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Dieppe, *Yorkshire,* 1,900 tons, 3s. 9d.
Ville d'Eu, 600 tons, 4s. spot, (part cargo). (s).
Cherbourg, Steamer, 1,500 tons, 4s. 6d.
Steamer, 1,450 tons, 4s. 6d.
Honfluer, *Horn,* 750 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Newton, 700 tons, 4s. 1½d.
Fecamp, *James Speir,* 600 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
London, *Solent,* 950 tons, 3s. 9d.
Hampshire, 850 tons, 3s. 9d.
Plymouth, *Stockton,* 400 tons, 3s. 9d. (s).
Devonport, *Throstlegarth,* 2,100 tons, 2s. 3d. (Admiralty)
Portland, *Stokesley,* 1,200 tons, 2s. 3d. "
Portsmouth, *Maywood,* 2,500 tons, 2s. 4½d. two voyages, (Admiralty).
Sheerness, *Dunmail,* 1,200 tons, 3s. 1½d. (Admiralty).
Alacrity, 1,200 tons, 3s. 1½d.
Elemore, 1,200 tons, 3s. 1½d.
Dublin, *Deansgate,* 240 tons, 3s. 7½d. (s).
Belfast, *Vigilant,* 420 tons, 3s. 1½d. (s).
Ailsa, 320 tons, 3s. 3d.
Red Bay, *Penrhyn,* 320 tons, 3s. 6d. (s).
Dover, *Dolphin,* 500 tons, 4s. 6d.
St. Malo, *Glynn,* 1,400 tons, 3s. 9d.
St. Brieuc, *Senga,* 520 tons, 4s. 10½d. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Bordeaux to Swansea, *Ben Macdhui,* 700 tons, 5s. 3d. Pitwood.
Bilbao to Newport, Steamer, 3,300 tons 4s. 1½d.

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

IN the first issue of THE MARITIME REVIEW, we had occasion to remark anent the then-about-to-be-floated Whateley Hall Steamship Company, Ltd. Said that we had every faith in the prospects of the concern, and for the reasons there set out. That we amounted to something as prophets, is evidenced by the following statement, which (after some ten months of earnest endeavour) has been issued to the fortunate shareholders:

"WHATELEY HALL" STEAMSHIP COMPANY, LTD.

VOYAGE No. 3.

"I have pleasure in sending you the magnificent result of Voyage No. 3, showing a profit of £1,914 9s. 6d.

Enclosed cheque, at the rate of £3 for every £50 share you hold in the Company, which is over 10 per cent. per annum, I venture to hope you will consider satisfactory.

I desire to point out that after paying £3 for every £50 share, we make provision for the payment of debentures interest £266 1s. 3d., and carry forward for redemption of debentures and depreciation fund, £448 8s. 3d.

I know of no other Steamer owned in this or any other country, that has shown better results for the same period as this Steamer has been running. She has already paid her shareholders £5 per share for every £50 share they hold (and still has the best part of another voyage to run before completing 12 months), paid interest on debentures, and carried to redemption fund the satisfactory balance of £1,875 8s. 3d., which equals another 11¼ per cent.

Kindly sign and return the accompanying receipt form.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

EDWD. NICHOLL,

Director and Manager.

This steamer is now loading in Rotterdam. Sails on June 11th, for Marseilles and the Black Sea, the homeward prospects being much better than her last voyage from the Black Sea.

JULY 9th, 1904, to MAY 12th, 1905.

Appropriation Account.

	£	s.	d.
Voyages Nos. 1 & 2, Gross Profit	2601	8	6
" " 3 " "	1914	9	6
Profit in ten months	£4,515	18	0

	£	s.	d.	
Dividends paid	2000	0	0	= over 10 per cent.
Interest on Debentures	640	9	9	
Reserved for Debentures, etc.	1875	8	3	
	£4,515	18	0	£4,515 18 0

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HOPE springs eternal in the human breast, and in other places—fortunately for the human race. Were it otherwise, not even a showing like that set out above, would tempt the wary searcher after feathers from the tail—and parts not specified—of the merry oof bird, in the happy manner in which he is tempted, these days. Still keeping to the ornithological idea, we might as well remark that one swallow doesn't make a summer—even as you have heard the remark, ere this. But then, one successful steamer company doesn't make a mercantile marine, and thus it happens that while the "hope on, hope ever" idea is about, more steamer registrations are in the same boat, if we may be allowed to thus mix our metaphors.

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NOW, we have remarked, on various occasions, that there is considerably more in a name, than strikes the ordinary observer at the first hit, so to speak. Moreover, there are names—well, and names. Some names are distinctly original, and succeed in life, because of their originality; others again, being merely plagiarisms of better men's names, receive the treatment that is their due, and—die unnatural deaths! But the fitness of the thing is struck, in our opinion, by the word "Fairwater," when used in conjunction with a steamer. What better style of nomenclature could be desired for a hustler with the briny (and low freights), than the word indicated? Why, old Boreas would be bound to smile when he saw her footling along her weary way; and the freightist, too, would be sure to raise the rate another notch, for the privilege of having his old fakements carried along by such a sweetly-named piece of naval architecture?

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ANYHOW, the Fairwater Steamship Company, Ltd., is a new registration, and if her capital and general reasons of existence are quite as modest and summery as her name, she is to be congratulated therefor. In these days of blatant shrieking, it is positively refreshing to find a steamer company, floating itself off on the troubled sea of freight-fetching, for a pretty little £5,000 worth of capital, in £100 shares, and wherein there is to be no initial public issue. It shows that the promoters have a whole-souled belief in themselves; that come fairwater or foul, they still have pluck enough to put their own money in the little venture, on which some of them are prepared to stand or fall? Our very best wishes to this newest floatation, and when the first balance-sheet is due, we shall be glad to "give it a showing," for we are convinced that it is going to be a good Fairwater affair.

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DEAR, dear! We have to be on the congratulating lay all through, to-day! Here is the "popular family journal" once more *redivivus!* Moreover, and according to its own claims, it contains "good healthy-toned literature"—which is a good thing for the "popular family journal?" We shouldn't have cared to suggest that it was unhealthy-toned literature which put it away to sleep, some year or so ago. Indeed, we should have been more inclined to drop out of the question of literature altogether; should have supposed it was a negligible quantity, yes. However, there it is, and whether it was the superfluity of doubtful literature, or merely a paucity of paying business which put the "pop. fam. jour." off on the hybernating line, we are glad to note that it has come back—like the cat!

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IN this connection, we heard a wicked journalist remark, that when considering the late "great social weekly," he couldn't divest himself of the tale concerning *Box and Cox*. You remember, the two lodgers who took it in turns in dodging up at inauspicious moments. Box would toss Cox's bacon off the gridiron, replacing it with his own; then again Cox would flop up, and off would go Box's bacon! 'Twas a funny farce? The comparison, doubtless, was suggested by the fact that the one-time "great social weekly," made room for the "great organ of the South Wales Coal and Shipping Trade"; and now we are wondering if the "great organ, etc." is going to make room for a resurrection of the "popular family journal"—as it is impertinently named in the circular which announces its cessation from the hybernating stage?

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ANYHOW, we wish the *Western Counties Grap*—no, the *South Wales Graphic* isn't it?—every success in life, be that short, long, or merely middling; and whether the "other one" dies, hybernates, or continues on life's fitful way. The times must be really good, when it is possible for a person to resort to the literary bone-yard, so to speak, and thence pull a reputedly dead carcass for the flogging-up of a new lease of more or less life and activity. But instead of a rejuvenated "stiff," why not have given us something more after the fashion which Cardiff has a right to expect?

Around the Dry Docks.

IN our issue of May 19, we had occasion to comment, good-naturedly, on the remarks of one "Justitia," who had been lucubrating in the hospitable columns of an up-town contemporary, concerning dry dock competition, boycotts in connection therewith, and other items of interest, and which were more or less german to the subject. After a sufficiently impressive silence, the gentleman returns to the mutton, so to speak, and in nearly a column of newspaper matter says—well, nothing! Since writing our comments of May 19, we feel that we should reconsider the position as usurped by "Justitia," and we hasten so to do. Instead of re-Christening the gentlemanly-ship-repairing-scribe; dropping out the suggestion that "Isinglass" would fit him better than would "Justitia;" we are willing to leave it to our readers to think up a name, more befitting this genius who should pose prettily, as corner-man at a minstrel troupe. At least, that is our opinion.

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OF course, we cannot afford the space that would be needed to carry all the diatribes of "Justitia." For that matter, it is unnecessary, and we shall serve you better if we boil his version of Much Ado About Nothing, down into a business-man's grip of the situation? Very well, then. The gentleman is out on the prophetic lay, and assures you that the "ring" is bound to have "far-reaching consequences." "It will be the biggest thing in the shape of a fight that the Bristol Channel has encountered." Ahem! The metaphor is somewhat mixed, we admit; but then, we have already remarked that "Justitia" cannot write. However, it is going to result in "a fight in which the Dock and Railway Companies, underwriters, shipowners, and Trade Unions, as well as non-dock-owning firms, will all take a hand."

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JEEROOSH! "Justitia" takes himself seriously, don't you think? He is also inclined to be melodramatic, and—well, and bluggy? Exactly why this supposed "fight" is coming off, the scribe omits to state. But after wading through the column of hysterically high falutin'-ness—forgive us, won't you?—we realise that "J." hopes to prove that although the "ring" is a wicked and perverse arrangement, it won't affect the ship-repairer, worth a cent. That is mainly why he is shouting? It appears that "J." is convinced that, in the past, the tinkeries have had the bulge on "all others" as, no matter where you look, the non-dry-dock-owning concerns have beaten the dry docks. He writes: Lumping Cardiff, Penarth, Barry, and Newport together (and he is somewhat of a "lumper?") we get this result: "Non-dock-owning firm, 20¼ per cent.; private dry dock firm, 15 per cent.; same again, 11⅜ per cent.; and ditto, 10¼ per cent." out of all the work brought to the Bristol Channel.

+ + +

WITH this before his mind's eye, "J." is of opinion that "the small non-dock-owning firms" make a creditable record out of the "flotsam and jetsam" for which they were established. Then, what is the man growling about? If the tinker takes 5¼ per cent. better than the next best dry dock concern, is there any reason that he should get excited over the fact? Unless he realises that the excess was the direct result of exploiting the dry docks, up to the point of arousing them as they have been aroused? This is where the rub comes in. Dry docks are on the rampage; see how they have been fooled; don't care a toss for the sanguinary fight which "J." alludes to; mean to let the world know that such steamers as are instanced in the illustration herewith, may be safely entrusted to the dry docks; but that if non-dry-dock "takes them," he merely does so as an agent. The situation is plain enough. Tinker realises that his day for roping-in 20¼ per cent. of the work of the Channel is done, and is wrathy, in consequence. Being so, he puts on a big hat; threatens war and be-lud-da; says he has more "data" (heaven help us) to go on with; and is fouling his nest, in a most effectual manner.

WHITE STAR LINER *Athenic*] [IN BARRY GRAVING DOCK.

+ + +

IT never seems to appeal to "Justitia," that he is giving the underwriter a far bigger eye-opener concerning tinkeries, than on dry docks. If underwriter really is exploited in this connection, naturally the greatest amount of exploitation must be in connection with the greatest exponent of the art? That is, the concern which handles 20¼ per cent. of the whole tinkering, has more opportunities than the poor kritter who merely ropes-in 10¼ per cent. thereof? To our mind, "Justitia" would be better employed as already suggested; and he may as well come out from beneath the hat, as we can see his feet—yes!

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on May 25, 1905, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

9,969/04—WILHELM—*Improvements in electrically driven coal-whips or hoists.*

This invention relates to a pulley block, containing within its sheave an electro-motor. In use, the hoisting cable is passed with a few turns around the sheave and the operation of the block is controlled by the tension exerted by an operator on the free end of the cable. The block consists of a casing adapted to be suspended from a derrick boom, &c., in which a sheave drum is journalled. The inner surface of this drum carries the field magnets of an electro-motor. The motor shaft, on which the armature, commutator, &c., are mounted, is journalled in the hollow journals of the sheave drum. A pinion on the motor shaft gears with a toothed wheel mounted on a short spindle journalled in the casing. A pinion on this short spindle gears with an internally toothed flange of the sheave drum, so that whilst the armature shaft rotates in one direction, the sheave drum with the field magnets rotates in the reverse direction. A grooved sheave ring is mounted loose on interposed rollers concentrically on the sheave drum. A clutch ring is mounted on each side of the grooved sheave ring, and bars shaped to conform to the groove of the ring are mounted at intervals across the periphery of same, and are connected by levers with the clutch rings. Tension on the cable which has been wound several times around the sheave ring over the bars, will press the bars radially inwards into the bed of the groove or channel, and by means of the intermediate levers, force the clutch rings into engagement with the sheave ring, and lock same with the revolving sheave drum. The operator must haul the free end of the cable to maintain the tention, which on being relieved permits the clutch rings to be disengaged by springs.

10,204/04—KING—*An automatic grip for cages in mines or lifts.*

This invention relates to a device for preventing or arresting the descent of a mine cage on fracture of the winding rope. It consists of a long pair of jaws, one mounted fast on the cage and the other secured to the former by short links after the fashion of a parallel ruler. These jaws are arranged one on each side of a guide rope. On breakage of the rope the jaws are caused to approach and grip the rope by the cam action of a lever under the influence of a helical spring. The device is held out of action by the tension on the winding rope transmitted through a series of levers.

10,803/04—BASROGER—*Apparatus for signalling the course of ships during foggy weather.*

This invention relates to an apparatus for initiating the transmission signal for indicating the course of a vessel, according to a code composed of sharp and deep sounds. The apparatus consists of a drum adapted to be rotated, mounted in a suitable casing. This drum is provided on its periphery with a series of cams corresponding with the signals of the respective code. A pair of pivotted levers are mounted on a nut traversing a screw threaded shaft mounted parallel to the axis of the drum. Each of these levers are lifted independently of the other by a cam surface, one being connected with the deep sound, and the other with the sharp sound emitting device, (whistle bell, &c.) The levers are set opposite the respective pair of cam surfaces for the required signal by traversing the nut by rotating the screw shaft.

10,899/04—FRUHLING—*Improvements in suction dredging apparatus.*

This invention relates to an apparatus for dredging spoil from water covered areas, or for removing spoil from barges, &c., by suction. The invention consists in the employment of an open bottomed bell, which is placed over the spoil to be removed. The bell is provided with a pipe for conveying water to the bell from the surrounding water, and also with a suction pipe leading to the pump, the spoil being loosened by the passage of water through the bell and conveyed away by the last mentioned pipe.

10,900/04—FRUHLING—*Adjustable dredger-head for suction dredgers.*

This invention relates to pivotting the nozzle or dredger head of a suction dredger to the end of the suction pipe, so that the relative angular situation of the two parts may be adjusted so that the nozzle can be always directed most advantageously for taking up the soil, notwithstanding the depth of immersion and consequent inclination of the pipe to which it is attached.

13,765/04—JOHNSON—*Improvements in apparatus for separating coal, slack, ores, minerals, or substances of different specific gravity.*

This invention relates to separating materials of different specific gravity by causing them to encounter an upward stream of gas during their descent through water, the lighted material being lifted to the top of the water, whilst the heavier continues to sink. The apparatus for effecting this process consists of a vertical tube of elongated rectangular section immersed for a portion of its length in a tank containing water. The tube is divided by a partition in the direction of its greatest breadth, which extends just below the surface of the water, and also with a hopper mouth to one of its two divisions, so that the material such as coal which is shot regularly into the tube can only descend along one side thereof. At the other side of the partition, just above the water level, the tube is provided with a perforated lip. At the bottom of the tube there is a perforated compressed air delivery pipe, which directs a stream of gas through the water up the tube. The coal in descending the tube encounters this stream of gas and on escaping beneath the lower edge of the partition is washed over the perforated lip of the tube situated at the other side of the partition, where it drains in the course of its travel to a wagon or other receptacle. At the same time the heavier sludge sinks to the bottom of the tank from whence it is removed by a bucket elevator or like means.

14,777/04—VEREY—*Improvements in the ventilating of public buildings, houses, ships, and the like.*

A ventilating system in which the inlet pipes supply an excess of pure air. Cowls are constructed according to this invention with an inlet scoop directed towards the wind and an outlet scoop directed away therefrom. The ratio areas of the inlet shaft, which is arranged concentrically around the outlet shaft, and the outlet shaft is as 3 to 1.

These applications for patents are, until July 10, 1905, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

The following applications for the registration of Trade Marks relating to the shipping and coal trades were advertised on May 31, and are open to opposition by interested parties within the period ending June 30.

Class 8—*Including nautical Instruments.*

No. 271,965—12th April, 1905—THE AMULET—for all goods included in class 8. Sydney Lawrence, trading as Lawrence and Mayo, 67 and 69, Chancery Lane, London, &c., Opthalmic Opticians.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

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Telegrams: "INSOLES, CARDIFF."

LEWIS MERTHYR CONSOLIDATED COLLIERIES, LTD., Proprietors and Shippers of "Lewis Merthyr" Navigation Steam Coal.
Telegrams: "LEWIS MERTHYR, CARDIFF"; "LEWIS MERTHYR, LONDON."

MARQUESS OF BUTE COLLIERIES, Aberdare, Hirwain, and Rhondda Valley. Shipping ports:—Bute Docks, Cardiff; Penarth Dock; Swansea; Briton Ferry; and Newport (Mon.)
Telegrams: "SEMA, CARDIFF."

OCEAN (MERTHYR) COAL CO., LTD., 11, Bute Crescent, Cardiff, proprietors of Ocean (Merthyr) Steam Coal.

UNIVERSAL STEAM COAL CO., LTD., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Proprietors of "Universal Steam Coal."
Telegrams: "VERSATILE, CARDIFF."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

VIVIAN, H. C. & CO., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole European Agents for "The Puritan Coal Mining Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A."
Telegrams: "VIVIAN, CARDIFF."

WATTS, WATTS & CO., Cardiff and London. Contractors for the supply of Coals at all Depôts abroad.
Telegrams: "WATTS, CARDIFF."

Dock Owners.

THE CARDIFF RAILWAY COMPANY, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Ship Repairers.

SHEARMAN, JOHN & CO., LTD., Cardiff, and at Barry Dock.

THE BUTE SHIPBUILDING, ENGINEERING, AND DRY DOCK COMPANY, LIMITED, Roath Basin, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "GAISSON, CARDIFF."

THE CARDIFF CHANNEL DRY DOCKS AND PONTOON CO., LTD., Cardiff and Barry Dock.
Telegrams: "Entrance, Cardiff." "Channel, Barry."

THE MERCANTILE PONTOON CO., LTD., Roath Dock, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "MERCANTILE, CARDIFF."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

Miscellaneous.

LEWIS & TYLOR, Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole patentees and manufacturers of "Gripoly," a patent woven belting; and "Burals," a semi-metallic packing.
Telegrams: "BELTING CARDIFF." Telephone, Nat. 231.

Steamship Owners.

DAN. JENKINS & CO., Steamship Owners and Brokers, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Stonewall, Cardiff."
Nat. Telephone: 1318.

BARRY.

Dock Owners.

THE BARRY RAILWAY CO., Barry.

Ship Repairers.

BARRY GRAVING DOCK & ENGINEERING CO., LTD.
Telegrams: "BARDOCK, BARRY."
National Telephone No. 7. Post Office Telephone No. 7.

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MARITIME MARK MAKERS.

AMMON BEASLEY, Esq.
(General Manager, Taff Vale Railway Company.)

(See Page 76.)

NOTICES.

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MARITIME MURMURS.

Docks, Cardiff.

Thursday Afternoon.

At the first glance, the appeal recently made by Lord Roberts, that attention be paid by the nation at large to rifle practice, would scarcely appear a maritime subject. But anything which tends toward the protection of the Empire, and therefore, of its trade, is not only a maritime question, for it is one that is indissolubly bound up in the interests of us all. It is not our intention to discuss the ways and means suggested by the hardy warrior who, it must be admitted on all sides, has the welfare of his country very near at heart; and who, in all probability, has done as much (if not more) for its consolidation, as any living man. Such a discussion, on our part, is altogether unnecessary, and in any case, Lord Roberts may safely be trusted to see, through this movement to which he has given his attention, and for which he is eminently qualified to speak. There is no getting away from the fact, that the defence of the Empire is of paramount importance to every Briton; nor that, at present, this same defence is in parlous state. Shouting, "Rule Britannia" is not going to help us in the hour of our tribulation; but, a few hundred thousand lads, who are expert with the rifle, would?

Moreover, when the country has been thoroughly awakened to its need for embryo soldiers, it might find the necessary time, and develop a sufficiency of inclination, to give some attention to the possible transport of those embryonic fighters, should the need of such transport arise. That is, the Mercantile Marine might come in for a little urgently-needed consideration. In that case, the foreigner would be weeded out of British forecastles; the command, officering and piloting of British vessels would be confined to British sailors; and instead of the foreign hotch-potch which now exists; the country would be blessed with the knowledge that her greatest national industry, were British in every particular. If such a blessed state of affairs will but follow on the awakening arising out of the suggested rifle-practice, then, Lord Roberts will go down in history, with a bigger halo surrounding him, than he will do, even as things are at present. Nibble at the question as you may, you must yet admit that it is a healthy sign when the nation's great commanders admit, that things are not what they should be, in connection with the defence of the Empire? The mere fact that a soldier is by way of having the first innings, is nothing to cavil at.

For after the soldier has given you the first nudge that will suggest your giving over sleep; it might easily happen, that a great naval commander will give the matter his careful consideration—with still happier results. You know, as long as the rulers of the nation wrap themselves up in a sort of mantle of infallibility, it is useless for the lay person to worry about the subject—no matter how little of the situation is grasped by the ruler, or how much is noticed by the lay person. When a number of highly-placed officials have had an innings spreading over a great number of years; an innings in which they have received the adulation of the crowd, in return for a number of platitudes concerning Imperial defence; it is useless to expect a sudden awakening from the beatific state which has been induced? That is how it appears to us, and is principally the reason why we have told you, in season and out, about the shameful neglect that is in existence, in connection with this defence of which we hear so much. We believe you will admit, that we have been consistent in our endeavours to awaken you to the importance of this great subject of national defence; that never an issue of The Maritime Review has been published, but that, in some shape or other, we have called your attention to the leeway which the nation is making?

Why have we been so insistent? Simply because we have travelled the world over, and have seen for ourselves, the rottenness which, for this reason and that—mainly political ones—has been hidden from you. You have been too busy in attending to your business, on shore, to spare more than a passing glance at the dangers which might surround you. Furthermore, you have solaced yourselves

with the belief: that as you have paid up your taxes; have seen that So-and-so got into the Talking Shop; that you, yourselves, went to church or chapel on Sunday—well, that was all that could be reasonably expected of you? Is not this the truth? You know that you are no worse than your neighbour. Indeed, you have a sneaking notion that you are a sight better than he'll ever know how to be, so under the blissful conditions, what have you to do with national defence? You admit that you are no soldier; neither are you a sailor; in fact, you are not even an amphibian—the sort of thing which Jack says would live as well on shore, as it would on dry land! However, now that Lord Roberts has made an effort to awaken you to the seriousness of the situation, it is possible that in future, you might be inclined to pay a little more heed to us, who have been continually "at you" in the same connection, for years?

TIMES out of number, we have told you of these things; have explained to you, the colossal size of the fools' paradise which you have been inhabiting; and, if you troubled to think about it at all, you dismissed the notion with a "It's none of my business." The season for this indifference is gone. Lord Roberts says that it is your business—even as we have said right through. And anyhow, will it not be more sensible for you to lend a helping hand, in training the youngsters to use a rifle—of any kind that may be decided on—than it will be for you to continue filling a number of lads up with carpentering notions; or modelling in clay rubbish? At the time of writing, there is a lad passing our window; a lad of about twelve years of age. His right stocking is away down in festoons over his ankle: the left stocking looks like a piece of corrugated iron; but in his hand he swings a violin-case—an arrangement obtained on the plan of paying teacher a few coppers per week! Sloping shouldered, slouchy gaited, narrow chested—the poor lad is but the victim of a system; a system to which you, as ratepayers, have given your sanction. The lad referred to, is but one of many, and if you take the trouble to enquire at the schools, you will probably find that there are thousands of his kind, scattered over the country.

CONTRAST that supposedly musical genius (whose instrument, really, should be a triangle), with the dozen or so of lads who belong to the Boys' Brigades, and what is the difference? Well, the latter are boys, pure and simple. Upright, straight-walking, disciplined lads, and the pity of it is, that there are so few of them. If matters are allowed to progress as at present, the future will find the spindle-shanked affair which has just passed our window, developing into the father of the future generation; a generation that will probably be too weak, even, to carry the violin case of its father's youth! A generation that will cull its only bit of excitement, from a spasmodic gaze at a number of trained athletes on a football, or cricket-field. We know the picture is anything but pleasing; but then, you can alter it if you will. It is against nature to suppose that every kiddie is going to be a prodigy, so why attempt to capsize nature? You first educate—save the word!—a number of fifth-rate lads into the belief that they are geniuses, and are then aghast because in early manhood they demand the reward of the genius; and failing that reward—which business demands will not admit of your giving—they degenerate into such stuff of which the "Coxey army" is made.

YOU want sailors. Want them, badly. To fill your wants, you have to go to the Continent of Europe, and even so, you do but get the scum of that same Continent. At home, you cannot secure the scum, much less the good stuff, and why? Because you have toadied to the whole crowd, until it has taken you at your word; a word that is impossible of fulfilment, for the reason that business will not give the price which your human orchids are demanding—at least, you say so, although we believe you, in part, only. However, as already stated, Lord Roberts has taken the breech; has told you the truth about the situation; has told you that, if you wish to dodge conscription, you will have to train your boys to the use of the rifle. You must remember that to train them thus, will bring war no quicker than it would otherwise result; indeed, by being prepared therefor, you are more likely to keep war in abeyance. And after you have given some attention to this phase of the subject, you might be inclined to turn your newly-awakened interest to the sailor problem. When that time comes, attack the subject with an open mind. Divest yourselves of the pernicious teaching which has been given you by so-called "experts," at so much per line; don't start out with the idiotic notion that every sailor is necessarily a blackguard—because those "experts" have told you so, in the past.

FRANKLY, those same "experts" are about as valuable, from a national standpoint, as are the kids who walk along with corrugated stockings on their apologies for legs, and violin-cases in their puny hands. Judging by appearances, the day of the doddering boy is done. We are about to cultivate a race of lads, who may be calculated to uphold the dignity of the Empire. Is it too much to hope that, with the passing of the degeneracy which has nearly wrecked the old land, the "expert" who preaches at so much a time, may pass, also? He will quickly pass, if you but say the word. He is merely a vampire who battens on your credulity—and odd ha'pence. With no ability to learn the actual facts, but with just enough to pander to the tastes which he believes you have acquired, he trots out his *ipse dixit*, with all the assurance of the man who knows. In the past, you have allowed him to flourish on these lines. Set a different example, and you will be surprised to note how many will respond to the new demand. Anyhow, you can do no possible harm by trying; and eventually, you might find plenty of 'longshore defenders of the flag; as well as a Mercantile Marine that will prove a recruiting ground for your Navy, even as it did at Trafalgar, and other big sea fights.

HOPE on, hope ever—even if a Hope that "sits" for an inland town, and is therefore calculated to know a deal about nautical subjects, puts a sprag in your wheel! Its like this. One day last week, Mr. C. McArthur, M.P. for the Exchange Division, Liverpool, as is his periodical wont, moved, in the House of Commons: "That, in the opinion of this House, the lighting of the coasts of the United Kingdom is a national duty, for the efficient performance of which full departmental responsibility should be assumed by the State and the cost defrayed out of moneys provided by Parliament, instead of, as now, by charges on merchant shipping." The motion is correct enough, and the great wonder is, that it should still be necessary to keep plugging away for bare justice. The matter has been discussed, *ad nauseam*. Everybody possessed of a rudimentary knowledge of the subject, admits the force of the argument adduced by the would-be nationalisers of the coastal lighting; but the opponents thereof, whether they know anything of the business, or who merely prattle because they have been told, by their Party Bosses, to do so; well, these estimable folk may be depended on, to do their best—or worst.

THUS it came about, that Mr. McArthur's motion was

met with a counter motion, from the hope of Sheffield—Mr. J. F. Hope, M.P., to be exact. In Parliamentary language, Mr. Hope moved, as an amendment, the omission of all the words after "that," and the substitution of the words, "it is inexpedient, in the present condition of the national finances, to place any substantial burden upon the Exchequer for the relief of a particular section of the community." That is how it appears in Parliamentary talk; but in plain English, you would write it down as piffle, twankey, or poppycock—according to which part of the British Isles, you owe your advent into this world of sin, sorrow, and shuffling. Of course, Mr. Hope went into detail: trotted out figures to show how much the shipowner is being robbed; and thus, upheld honourable tradition. You know, the opponents to this bit of justice, are ever keen on drawing the herring across the trail. They never condescend to discuss the matter, as a possible bit of injustice to the industry which is keeping the Empire going. In fact, they usually start the ball with an admission that it is an injustice, but not a very big one. That, instead of being a serious matter, it is merely a trivial affair, look at it how you will.

The mere fact that shipowner is robbed of eighteenpence for every £100 worth of goods carried, is as nothing; he ought to feel mighty thankful that it is not a robbery to the extent of 5 per cent., yes. Thus the line of argument followed by the Hope's of the subject. Indeed, your Hope says, that if the whole volume of the trade out and home is considered, then, the robbery only amounts to 1s. 3d. for every £100 worth of goods carried. And "surely this is not a very serious burden." We should like to know what Mr. Hope, and his constituents would say, if for every £100 worth of cutlery that is despatched from Sheffield, the Exchequer mopped up only a shilling as tax? Wouldn't there be a yell ascending to the place where yells are popularly supposed to go? Rather! And the Sheffield man would be saying things, all over the landscape. "In the present condition of the national finances," too, is passing good. When were the national finances ever good enough to admit of justice to the industry which keeps the wheels of state revolving? Never in the remembrance of the oldest inhabitant, you might be sure. Here is a country containing 40,000,000 inhabitants, and its annual bill for a Navy, is £40,000,000—or £1 per head; and yet the safety of that Navy, is a matter for which the shipping industry, alone, is responsible.

More than that, the shipping industry is not only robbed to supply lights for the Navy, but there is an overcharge, every year, running into considerably over a quarter-of-a-million pounds sterling. Yet, "in the present condition of the national finances," it is impossible to deal out justice to those who find the money! As far as we can see, there is but one way to alter the existing state of affairs. Heroic measures are necessary. If shipowner wishes to obtain justice, in this connection, he will just have to lay his ships up, until the light dues are turned over into the channel which should ever have borne them. True, by this method, shipowner would lose a bit. But then, he would have the satisfaction of proving to the Hopes of the nation, that there are things in heaven and earth undreamed of in their philosophy. Then, Mr. Houston, M.P., had a word to say in support of his colleague, Mr. McArthur. Moreover, Mr. Houston succeeded in raising the dander of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, by remarking that "during the manœuvres, vessels of war moving about without lights are a source of danger to shipping." This was Mr. Austen Chamberlain's exact, and long-waited-for opportunity! Gave him his chance to beg the question!

That is to say, the Chancellor of the Exchequer "got out of it," by declaring that "he would not follow the hon. members derogatory remarks in reference to the Navy, which were surprising from a representative of the shipping interest." But why? Mr. Houston did but speak the truth. Any ship which wobbles about the face of the waters with her lights out, is a danger to the remainder of the shipping community; and if a mere tramp steamer were to be caught in this amiable condition, well, you could lay long odds on a big fine for the Old Man, and an "off with his head," if it occurred a second time. Moreover, and in the light of recent events, vessels of war when moving about with their lights "in," are a source of danger to shipping; and all that Mr. A. Chamberlain can conjure up in the matter of surprise, won't alter the unpleasant facts. You know, the day has gone, when all this assumption of Naval superiority is calculated to "go down" with the vast majority who know infinitely better. The Navy is necessary, yes; but then, it is useless trying to make us believe that it is of the nature of one Cæsar's wife—because it ain't! The Navy, as we know it to-day, is a very fallible undertaking, and may be depended on to make more exhibitions of itself in one week, than the whole Mercantile Marine will do in a month.

However, Mr. Houston was pleased to say that no one had more admiration for the Navy, than himself, and this appears to have mollified the Chancellor of the Exchequer—we are glad to note. Anyhow, Mr. Austen undertook to explain the situation—from his point of view. As far as we can see, the explanation was somewhat after the manner of "If the dog hadn't stopped to scratch his garboard strake, he would, in all probability, have sheered up alongside the hare." In other words—and those of Mr. Austen Chamberlain: "We might abolish those light-dues to-morrow, and still we should in no way have qualified for freedom in the American ports." Perhaps not, but we should have qualified, in part, for freedom in heaven, as belonging to a justice-loving nation? As we have already stated, the light-dues are just, or they are unjust. If the latter, they should be removed; but if just, it is not because we shall get this, that, or the other freedom. And it is all very pretty to admit "that if we were establishing a lighthouse authority at this moment, it is unlikely that it would be constituted as Trinity House is constituted at present;" pretty, because it is, undeniably, a fact.

But for the simple reason that our progenitors—acting up to all the light that was their's—made a silly mistake, is no good reason that we should wallow along in the same line, is it? The light-dues are an imposition; all the argument to the contrary, will not make them less so; and the mere assumption of affected annoyance, because a hon. member speaks the truth anent the Senior Service, and its weakness for plunking into an unfortunate merchantman, is going to make no appreciable difference to the situation. This is 1905—not 1805. And when a gentleman is given a fairly-decent job in the Councils of the Nation, well, he ought to appreciate it, at its full value? That is how it appears to us, anyhow. As far as we can learn, it is no part of a Chancellor's official business, to express surprise when a hon. member ventures on speaking the truth. After all, truth is no such stranger in "the House," that a Chancellor of the Exchequer is justified in expressing surprise, when, inadvertently, perhaps, he counters up against it? Anyhow, the Chancellor, "speaking for the Government," could not consent, "in the present state of the national finances," to make the country pay for the country's lights.

AWFUL quantity of parrot-talk in the business, isn't there? Mr. Hope had a shy at the expression, "present condition of the national finances," and the Chancellor (so that he may not be accused of plagiarism?) varied it to the extent of remarking, on "the present state of the national finances." That ought to be good enough as to where the Hope-coaching came from? Mind you, there were other hon. members who had a cut at the business. Sir F. Banbury (Camberwell, Peckham) suggested that Mr. McArthur's baby "was a protectionist motion of the worst kind, supported by Liverpool men who called themselves free-traders." When you come to look at it, in that light, why, it's awful; a national financial calamity! Then, the gentleman whose name is reminiscent of the cakes of our youth, appears to have worked himself into a pretty dangerous condition, as he contemplated the wicked possibilities of these seekers-after-justice. Sir F. Banbury actually asked "What is to prevent them from asking for payment of harbour dues next?" Men, dear, it takes your breath away, doesn't it? WHAT is to prevent them? There you are! You have a poser, this time?

IF you give the shipowner easement of an unjust burden, what is to prevent them from asking for payment of harbour dues next? Dear us! And this was said in Parliament—in the year of grace, 1905; by a real live baronet, who represents, in the talking shop, a number of surburban Londoners! Tie us loose! Those Liverpool men ought to be—well, you ask Sir F. Banbury about it: that's all! Think what would happen if the Liverpool men were to really ask somebody to pay their harbour dues. (Whisper: Does Sir F. Banbury really know what harbour dues are?) Anyhow, Mr. Renwick assured the debaters that the discussion was anything but a shipowners' fluke; that it had received the support of the Associated Chambers of Commerce; that the country ought to light its own coasts; and that the men who found the money ought to have a word to say in the expenditure thereof—every word of which is absolutely true. Sir R. Ropner, M.P., added his support to his shipowning friends—and then the House divided! In that division, there were "For the motion, 66: Against 62!" This shows that surprise, and all, of the Chancellor notwithstanding; that in spite of that soul-rending remark about harbour dues; in spite of all the twankey that was adduced concerning free ports—the motion very nearly romped in. Peg away, shipowners. You'll get justice, eventually—if only in a stained glass window, after your demise, poor souls!

THE friend "down under" appears to be awakening to his peril, at last! He has been so busy in straining after that "white Australia," that he hasn't had an opportunity of seeing what the remainder of the world saw, ages ago: That unless he altered his tactics, he would have no sort of Australia, whatever; either white, black, or merely copper-coloured! Somehow or other, the work of the plucky little Jap has opened the eyes of quite a number of people who were somewhat purblind, heretofore—and the opening is a distinctly good thing for them! However, we note that the ex-Federal Premier (now he is unattached, so to speak) has taken the opportunity which should have been his, quite a time ago, to impress upon his friends and compatriots, that "the march of events has revealed a striking growth of three naval powers... obliging us to review the whole situation of the Australian defence force." That's a fact, although if anybody had asked us for a definition thereon, we should have written "alleged defence force." But that is a mere detail, and we further note that Mr. Deakin sees eye to eye with us, in this respect—which might be merely another detail. Somehow or other, these gentlemen can never manage to assimilate a truth, until they are "out of power." Why is it? Give it up? So do we, just now, and pass on to the next item.

THE next item is, that Mr. Deakin realises that, "down under," the "forts are mostly antiquated, the guns are old, some of them obsolete, and our seaboard capitals are by no means secure." If we were in Mr. Deakin's place, we shouldn't care to admit the half of that—at least, not out loud, so to speak. We should be afraid that some of our late supporters, might be inclined to say rude things, concerning our tenure of office; might go to the extent of demanding "why the, how the," we had allowed things to wobble along in this fashion, while we were Premier? You know, those forts have not worked up the obsolete act, solely for the reason that Mr. Deakin gave up his place? The guns, of course, have become older, since then; but they were old, even before Mr. Deakin took over the job. Still, this is an old and well-tried trick? The Opposition is ever the one which is going to do all the good to the world, once they have been returned to power. In Governments, the opposition is like to-morrow, in as far as wiping the slate is concerned. You merely change the body of men, but you don't do much in bringing about that wiping. Merely get a promise, and that is how we are stuffed. But let us get on. There is more Deakinesque to follow—in portions!

THE gentleman referred to says, that "A mercantile marine is probably more important to Australia than any other country in the world." This is mainly why the amiable friend "down under," has done all in his power to kill the caricature of a mercantile marine that was his, 'way back, we suppose? That which a man needs most, he may generally be depended on to hoodoo? The same thing applies, at home. Britain depends absolutely on a Mercantile Marine; she has a tidy-sized one; but she is never happier than when she is doing something that shall be calculated to jeopardise its efficiency. Like Mother, like Daughter! And Australia is a nice kind of daughter in this respect. Here is another resemblance: According to Mr. Deakin, "Australia has enough men for the requisite naval forces and reserves, but requires submarines, torpedo-boats, and sea-going destroyers." Quite so. Lots of other countries are in the same boat as Australia? But then, there are different degrees of "want." Some countries want the items mentioned badly enough to make a purchase necessary. So far, Australia merely needs them in a dilettante fashion; that is, she wants them; but wants somebody to give them to her.

BUT then, there is a difference between Mother and Daughter, after all. Mother has the submarines, the torpedo-boats, and sea-going destroyers; but she hasn't the men. Not in commission, that is. She has plenty of men, knocking about on the various beaches, but they won't "take on," as the pay is too shallow. With the Daughter, she imagines that she has the men, but cannot get the utensils, as, once more, the money is hung on to, too tightly. It is all very well to prattle of a need, but in practical politics, the best kind of need, is that which is attended to. We quite undertand that "Cargoes are transmitted annually, valued at hundreds of millions." But what then? Is the Old Country to for ever go on, protecting those cargoes, and in return, merely receive a quantity of "sass" from a perky daughter? Surely not! At the present time, the Old Country taxes her 40,000,000 souls, at the rate of £1 per annum, per soul. How much does

Australia anté up for the same purpose? Would it run into three-farthings a time? We are quite willing to admit that "Australians should remember that when they are attacked it will not be with kid gloves, or after convenient notice; but when, and where, they least desire; and with relentless fury."

The foregoing is exactly how Mr. Deakin puts it, and the same may be said about the Old Country. Folk at home, seem to imagine that a probable enemy is going to send a man across; and he is going to suggest that, if we don't mind, he is authorised to state that, in about four years from now, his compatriots have decided to come over to Britain, and blow the living socks right out of her. That man would be chastised; then, he would be shown around the arsenals and dockyards; would be taken to the nearest music hall, where the band would strike up "Rule Britannia"—and every difficulty would be smoothed out! It's funny, of course; but when the tocsin rings, you can bet it will be after the other fellow has had a shy at "the most vulnerable point," as Mr. Deakin expresses it. So far in the reckoning, Australia has sized up the situation to the effect that she is within striking distance of sixteen foreign naval stations. Australia is wrong. She, like the Old Country, is within striking distance of the whole world—and that is a fact which is often forgotten. Talk is cheap; so are promises; but the first won't buy whisky—nor warships; the latter will butter no parsnips—nor will they buy powder.

Indeed, if Australia wishes to profit by the foolishness of the past, she will give up the swelled-head which is consequent on the attainment of the Commonwealth idea; and will assimilate the one great fact which we have suggested on several occasions: That she is unmolested merely because the would-be molester is afraid of the Old Lady at Home. In other words, Australia is trading on, and profiting by, the reputation as a "knocker-out," which has been earned by the United Kingdom, on many a bloody field. If there were a lapse in the fighting value of the Old Country, then, Australia could bet its lowermost corn-shuck, that there would be mighty little chance of a "white Australia"—of an English-speaking kind. At times like this, it is necessary to speak out: kid-glove oratory is of precious little use; and there has been far too much of it, in the past. If the Cornstalk is serious in his awakening, he has merely to anté up a fair share toward the Imperial Forces, and then he may go to sleep without caring a hang whether he is in striking distance of sixteen naval stations, or of six hundred and sixteen. The price of peace and security, is £ s. d. At home, they pay it up for a Navy, alone, to the tune of £1 per head. Let not the fact—nor the inference—be forgotten in Australia.

Again, the Commonwealth has been losing nearly as much per annum, as she is willing to pay as her subscription, toward Imperial Defence, through the lax manner in which she attends to the enforcing of the *ad valorem* duties, which have been imposed by the Commonwealth tariff. Most of this lapse, has been with regard to the gentle American manufacturer, who is thus receiving an undue preference over his British competitor. Of course, now that the slip has been found out, there is a quantity of fussing around, to alter it. Promises are being made, and among them, Mr. McLean, the Federal Minister for Trade and Customs, states that, directly Parliament meets, he is going to take steps to render it impossible for the American importer, to get the bulge on the man from Home. We suppose it will come out right in the end. All the same, one can hardly refrain from wondering, that if there were a little less of the labour-mad particular about; and a little more of the saner business methods which, at one time, distinguished the carrying on of Australian trade; our relatives thereaway, wouldn't be the gainers? It is ill scratching one's nose, to spite one's face. For some time past, that is exactly the pastime at which the Cornstalk has been pre-eminent.

We are glad to note, and in the words of the circular emanating from the Presentation Committee, that "A large and influential number of the industrial tenants of Lord Bute, at Cardiff Docks, having thought it desirable to mark the occasion of his Lordship's marriage, in July next, intend to present his bride with a suitable present." This is just as it should be, and we are sure that the tenants alluded to, will muster around the two hon. secretaries who have undertaken to see the thing through. Secretary No. 1, is Mr. William Jones, general manager of the Channel Dry Docks and Pontoon Company, Ltd., and than himself, no better advocate for the undertaking could be found; while he is to be ably seconded by Mr. Thos. Andrews, East Moors, Cardiff. Subscriptions are to be strictly limited to tenants of the Bute Dock Estate, and as they form no inappreciable portion of the Docks district, it is safe to assume that the business will be carried out in appropriate Cardiff fashion. It is hardly necessary to suggest that it will be a meritorious deed, to reduce the labours of the joint hon. secretaries to a minimum? They are business men—and busy men; consequently they will appreciate every effort which aims at promptly carrying out the task, to which they have set their hands. 'Nuff sed?

'Tis pitiful to note the drivel which passes current, these days, in connection with the Admiralty's new foolishness, in the matter of "training" Naval officers. A London ha'porth, some little while ago, spread itself on "A visit to Osborne—Admirals to Order," and now, a correspondent who signs himself "Only a Sailor," enthuses over the same ridiculous theme. Personally, we are of opinion that "Only a Sailor," is none other than a pen name, for one of the *Daily Mail's* young lions. We have too high a belief in the sailor's common sense, to accept for a moment, as fact, the twankey which is embodied over the pen name referred to. Here is a sample of the stuff: "Every young naval officer in future will be an expert in all departments connected with the fighting efficiency of the fleet." If it weren't rude, we should be inclined to say "Rats." Instead, we will be satisfied with the remark, "Fudge." As if any sailorman thought it possible for a youngster to assimilate, by the time he had reached, say, the age of twenty-five (much less earlier), anything more than the most rudimentary knowledge of the business of a sailor. To read the trash that is trotted around by some of these public educators, one would imagine that it is as easy to be a sailor, as it is to pose as a "journalist" on a ha'penny mornin' paypah!

Is anybody going to pretend that the constant recurrence of the deplorable accidents to which we are treated, is other than the fault of placing a number of boys, where men, only, should be? You cannot put old heads on young shoulders. That has been ever admitted. And the mere fact of your being able to cram a lad with a quantity of theoretical data, is no guarantee that, in the moment of danger, he is going to do other than lose his head—and his ship and shipmates along with it. It is all very sentimental, and hysterical, to prattle about the youthful hero who didn't flinch from his post, nay, even when the King of Terrors was watching him, from the corner of his starboard

eye. But it would be ever so much better to know, that, if a man had been in charge, the ship and her crew would have been saved? In our youth, we had a holy veneration for the boy that stood on the burning deck, whence all but he had fled. Since coming to man's estate, however, we cannot refrain from wondering what sort of a fat-head it was, who wasted his life—for a fad! Expert, forsooth! If the Admiralty continues in its latest course of faddle-faddle, there will shortly be no Naval ships afloat. And instead of an annual £40,000,000, we shall need that amount multiplied by ten, at least. Isn't it nearly time that they quit fooling? We think so, anyhow, and we claim to have "been there," a bit.

THERE appears to be a quantity of fustian going around, in connection with this cry for more commercial dry docks in the Bristol Channel? We have given a somewhat extended consideration, to the subject, in another part of this issue: but that is no reason why we should not animadvert to the question, here. As far as we can see, the cry for more docks is a tinker's cry, solely. At the present time, the docking accommodation in the Channel, is ample—as everyone knows. Ample that is, for the quantity of "lame ducks" which foregather, here, on occasion, although if there were twice as many, there would still be a glut once in a while—for lame ducks generally come along in flocks. Not that there is much to wonder at, in that, for a disabled steamer is generally made so by stress of weather, and the weather which touches up one of the crowd, may be depended on to get its work in on a few more, at the same time. However, under normal circumstances, as we have already said, the docking accommodation is ample at present, for the tonnage which is handled, here. With the advent of the New South Dock at Cardiff, and consequent upon the additional tonnage which it will naturally attract, more dry dock accommodation will be essential; but until that time eventuates, the cry for more is—to repeat ourselves—a tinker's cry.

MOREOVER, if there were a dozen additional "commercial" dry docks constructed, there would still be times when a scarcity of dock was in evidence—for a day or so. Under the circumstances, therefore, why should the various dock companies tie up a few hundred thousands of pounds, each, merely for the purpose of satisfying the alleged needs, of a number of sea-going engineers who have become tired of a life on the bounding deep? For that is what the thing crystallises itself into, argue it out as you will. Of course, we do not blame this section of the community for attempting to maintain their old-time game of "bounce." Not a bit! All the same, it is distinctly poor policy on their part, to raise a fuss about the matter, when they find that wiser counsels have prevailed. Having found that, in effect, they are merely flogging a dead horse, why do not they throw up the sponge, and cultivate a thankful heart, for the mercies and blessings which have been vouchsafed to them? If every dock company in the Bristol Channel were to lay itself out for the construction of a set of commercial dry docks, as quickly as may be: if perfect unanimity obtained where, at present, the subject is considered with very much of an open mind—well, what would happen?

SIMPLY this. It would be quite two years before the suggested dry docks were in working order, and if, by that time, the tinkers weren't otherwise engaged, then, we should opine that the dry dock folk were slower than they appear to have been in the past. Instead of wasting opportunities, and more or less clerical ability, in giving away those who have obviously befriended him; instead of writing a quantity of high falutin' nonsense; instead of posing as a poor little angel whose wing feathers have been damaged; we believe that, for instance, "Justitia," would be doing himself (and the minnows among which he appears to be the Triton) more good, by counselling the tinker to stick to his tinkering; to accept favours as such; and not to be so utterly misguided as to imagine that what was a favour yesterday, is a right to-day—and merely because the London Salvage Association appears to have sprung a leak. The anonymous genius, to whom we have so lengthily referred, may take it for granted that the caulking mallet's merry ring, will soon resound in the vicinity of the leaky offices—and what will the tinker do then, poor thing? Will he return to the ever-open business of sea-lawyer and—incidentally—greaser; or will he seek a chargeman's job, under one of the, at present, everything-that-is-bad dry dock companies?

ON Saturday, last, a contingent of British seamen undertook to awaken a little interest in their deplorable case, by parading the streets of Cardiff. This movement appears to have nothing in common with the John 'Aavelock Wilson dodge of congregating anything that wears pants—so long as it will "join the union." On the contrary, rather, for the watchword, here, appears to be "British seamen for British ships"—a doctrine which has our unqualified sympathy. To say the least, it is a bit rough on your fellow-countrymen, to know that the sole reason for his hanging around James Street, lays in the fact that nature had him born a Briton. We know, from actual observation, that to-day is the cult of the doctrine which has it "No Briton need apply." Your only qualification as a seaman for a British steamer, in the majority of instances, is that you know no English: that you will agree to take any kind of treatment; any food; and any wages. Furthermore, if you will agree to hand over a portion of the latter to the harpy who "supplies" you, then, so much the better for your foreign case. There is a radical need for change, when a man is damned in his own country, for being a native of that country?

YET we have proof that the British seaman is, after all, the best kind of stuff with which dividends may be earned. Recently, we have seen steamer balance sheets, which show the highest return obtaining under the present depressed state of trade, and the pleasing results have been obtained on steamers which carry, exclusively, British seamen and firemen. As we have stated ere this, experience has taught us that the Briton is the best man under all circumstances, and where he is shown to be turbulent and unsatisfactory, then, in nine cases out of ten, you may take it from us that he is not nearly so much to blame, as are the people who are put to "boss" him. Given a shipmaster and officers who know their business; who will see to it that there is no shinnannakin from the commencement of the voyage; who, at all times, keep clear of any suspicion of conduct that is likely to get them into trouble: and—well, the British seaman is the man for the owner's money. We say this, because it is the outcome of personal experience, and if we would, we could give chapter and verse for some of the occasions where the Briton has kicked over the traces, and why. Also, you may take it from us, that the "why" was anything but to the credit of those mainly interested.

HOWEVER, we have our doubts as to whether parading the street will benefit Jack, a great deal. Generally speaking, the 'longshoreman views such "demonstrations," very much as he would a May-day show. Imagines it is got up for his special edification, and principally because he knows nothing of the subject. Something more than a walking demonstration is needed, in this connection. And the

"popular" journals which attend to the 'longshoreman's education, are hand-in-glove with the sweater of the seaman—or it would appear so, judging by results. For instance, we note in the "special edition" of a Cardiff ha'porth, on the day in question, that just thirteen lines were devoted to "British Crews for British Ships"—a subject that is fraught with life-and-death issues to the whole country: but to an "Unsavoury Maesteg Case" where an alleged criminal assault was on tap—the whole of one hundred and sixteen lines were devoted. This, too, in revivalled Cardiff! It is somewhat unnecessary to moralise on the circumstances, don't you think? And after all, one need hardly wonder that the British seaman is gradually becoming as extinct as the dodo; or that "unsavoury cases" are becoming so disgustingly common. Let us leave it, and the hypocrisy that is wrapped up in the "business" which prompts it all.

We suppose that *Page's Weekly* means well, and is therefore to be commended? It comes about this way. In commenting on the collision between the warships, *Triumph* and *Swiftsure*, and the sinking of the *Afghanistan*, our contemporary ends up with the remark that "it seems almost incredible that at the present day it should be possible for one war vessel to ram another in the course of peaceful operations." Does it? Well, then, it shouldn't appear anything at all of the sort, in view of the grand total of incidents where the same little dodge is enacted. It is all very well to affect a pious horror at these little idiosyncracies which are attached to the Senior Service; it is equally pretty and mistakenly-patriotic, to pretend that a warship can do no wrong: but in neither instance is it the truth. As a matter of fact, peace-time disasters with the fleet are becoming so commonplace, that in nautical quarters, they scarcely raise more than a gentle shrug of the shoulders; a sort of dumb *qui voulez vous?* And this is just what might be expected—when you get ready-made nautical "experts" at twenty-one. Those "incredible" affairs will continue, for just as long as the powers that be, persevere in their attempts to go against nature. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and it is useless having a wily, and ancient admiral in charge, if his details have to be turned over to a number of over-educated youths.

To those of our seafaring friends who had the pleasure of his acquaintance—and their name is legion—it will come as a shock, to learn of the death of Captain Richard Davies, late dockmaster at Barry Dock. The deceased gentleman, who had been in failing health, for some time past, went over to the majority on Friday last, and although his illness was fairly-well known, and deplored, among his large circle of friends, his death came somewhat suddenly, after all. It naturally follows, that a man may not act as dockmaster to an important dock system for a matter of some sixteen years, without becoming a well-known figure: and those who had grown familiar with his burly form; who had received many a "lift" in the course of their business transactions; who had learned to esteem and respect the hearty sailorman, for his many good points, and kindly and genial manner; these, then, will miss him. In addition to those who were acquainted with him, professionally, there is a large number who will miss him equally, from the social life of which he was an earnest, and willing supporter. With the educational life of Barry, Captain Davies had ever associated himself, and as an example of his staunchness in this direction, we may remark that, for some twelve years, he was a member of the Barry School Board—up to the time of its merging into the newer-fangled arrangement. We tender our sincere condolences to those who are left to mourn the hearty sailor's loss.

MARITIME MARK MAKERS.

AMMON BEASLEY, Esq.
(General Manager, Taff Vale Railway Company.)

In introducing to our readers, the subject of our this week's biographical sketch, we may as well admit, at once, that we by no means wish it to be understood, that we are giving more than the barest outline of the work of Mr. Ammon Beasley. When a man's work has extended over practically half-a-century; when that stretch of time has been passed, exclusively, in responsible positions under great railway companies: when the last thirteen years thereof, have been occupied with the duties which gravitate around the position of general manager, of an important line such as the Taff Vale Railway Company: then, it would be the veriest pretence, to attempt to more than touch lightly, on the doings of such a life of work—in one column of The Maritime Review. Furthermore, the faithful historian has already been ahead of us; has told much that is good of Mr. Beasley—even as the historian, who claims to be equally truthful, has written much that is other than good! Among the latter, may be found the gentlemen who will go down to posterity, under the title of trades unionists, "labour leaders," or some similar appellation; and when it is remembered that Mr. Beasley taught those same "leaders," the lesson of their lives—well, you will not wonder that their history anent this lesson-giving gentleman is somewhat biassed? However, to touch on the points of the career of this "Maritime Mark Maker" who has made it possible—by attending to an ample supply of fuel—for other "mark makers" to graduate in the commercial world, we find that, for thirty-five years, Mr. Beasley was with the Great Western Railway Company, and under their go-ahead rule, filled many important rolês. When called on to fill his present niche in the commercial temple of fame, this strenuous labourer found, that the work to which he had been called, was anything but that which is popularly supposed to surround the business of a railway manager. Most railway managers find their position already assured; their work established as a going concern; and all that is necessary is to carry on, where "the other fellow" left off. Not so, in this instance, for the whole of the line had to be reorganised, and how well that reorganisation has been effected, is common knowledge to everybody in this district; and to a large number in districts much more remote. But we do not intend to follow along in the path of the typical scribe; shall not go into a labyrinth of figures which may, or may not, give you pleasure; and mainly for the reason that the figures referred to, are comeatable on all occasions; are just figures, and no more. We wish to give you some inkling of the man, himself; and of the esteem in which he is held, by his colleagues, and competitors. For a fairly-good representation of Mr. Beasley, as he appears on ordinary occasions, we cannot do better than refer you to his photograph, which we are glad to reproduce on our front page. For the man, himself, then, we believe no better tribute of his sterling worth could be found, than his recent unanimous election to the presidency of the newly-formed Bristol Channel Dock Owners' Association. This, as we explained in a recent issue, includes the docks of Cardiff, Penarth, Barry, Newport, Port Talbot, Swansea, Sharpness, Bristol and Milford—a combination which represented, in 1904, a due-paying net registered tonnage, approximating into 19,000,000 tons. And in summing up the whole of the work carried out by this Maritime Mark Maker, we might well be inclined to re-echo the character that was given him, at a local gathering, in the near past; a character which amply showed that his thoroughness was understood, and appreciated, by those with whom he comes in contact: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy heart, with all thy might, and with all thy soul." It is a quotation; we admit it; but in connection with the undertakings of Mr. Ammon Beasley, it is a more than usually apt one.

SHIPBUILDING.

It cannot be doubted that the signs of the times point to a slump in shipbuilding. The freight markets continue very disappointing, and from a shipowner's point of view, the outlook is still unpromising, and what is to be done with the large quantity of new tonnage now building, and soon to come into the market, is a problem difficult to face. Many of these are speculative boats, which their owners are anxious to sell, and some of them are offering at prices which must mean a heavy loss to the sellers. There will, no doubt, be important orders for new warships, both from Russia and Japan, but only the few selected builders will participate in this class of work, and at the present time inquiries for steamers of the ordinary tramp type are almost non-existent.

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The steel screw steamer *Dicido*, lately owned by the Trinidad Steam Shipping Company, Ltd., London, has been sold to Messrs. Stewart & Harkness, of Liverpool. She was built by Messrs. Craig, Taylor & Co., Stockton, in 1903. 1,478 tons gross. Dimensions, 250ft. x 37ft. 2in x 21ft. 2in.: carries about 2,650 tons deadweight: with engines 19in., 31in., 51in. x 36in. stroke, by the North Eastern Marine Engineering Company, Ltd. This steame has been laid up in the Tyne for about two years; owing to the low freights offering, the late owners considered it advisable to lay her up rather than run at a loss. It is seldom we hear of a bran new boat lying idle for the first two years of her life. She has now been sold at about £18,500, which is considerably less than she cost to build.

✦ ✦ ✦

The steel twin screw passenger steamer *Deerhound*, lately owned by the North Pier Steamship Company, Ltd., Blackpool, has been sold to the West Cornwall Steamship Company, of Penzance, at £9,000. She was built by Messrs. John Jones & Sons, Liverpool, in 1901. Dimensions, 189ft. x 26ft. 1in. x 10ft. 7in.: 482 tons gross: fitted with two sets of triple expansion engines: cylinders, 16in., 26in., 38in. x 24in. stroke: steams 15½ knots: carries 645 passengers on No. 4 certificate.

✦ ✦ ✦

The steel screw steamer *Mathilda*, lately owned by Mr Jacob Christensen, of Bergen, Norway, has been sold to Japanese buyers, at about £22,000. She was built by Messrs. W. Gray & Co., Ltd., West Hartlepool, in 1895. Dimensions, 325ft. x 47ft. x 27ft. 4in.: 3,436 tons gross: with engines 24in., 38in., 64in. x 42in stroke, by the Central Marine Engine Works.

✦ ✦ ✦

Messrs. Henry Samman & Co., of Hull, have sold their steel screw steamer *Sturton*, to Greek buyers, for £16,250. She was built by Messrs. W. Gray & Co., Ltd., in 1897, 2,128 tons gross. Dimensions, 290ft. x 42ft. x 21ft. 9in.: carries 3,500 tons deadweight, on 18ft. 6in. draft: with engines 21½in., 35in., 58in., x 39in. stroke, by the Central Marine Engine Works.

✦ ✦ ✦

The iron screw steamer, *T. E. Forster*, lately owned by Messrs. J. O. Scott & Co., Newcastle, has been sold to Messrs. T. Pallister & Co. She was built by Messrs. T. & W. Smith, North Shields, in 1866. Dimensions, 218ft. 4in. x 28ft. 3in. x 16ft.: 796 tons gross; with engines, 25in., 49in. x 30in. stroke, by Messrs. R. & W. Hawthorn.

✦ ✦ ✦

The Iron screw steamer, *Circassia*, owned by Mr. W. C. Gray, of West Hartlepool, is reported sold to Swedish buyers, at about £5,250. She was built by Messrs. W. Gray & Co., Ltd., West Hartlepool, in 1878. Dimensions, 241ft. x 33ft. 3in. x 18ft. 2in.: 1,878 tons gross: with engines 27in., 55in. x 33in. stroke, by Messrs. T. Richardson & Sons.

✦ ✦ ✦

The iron screw steamer *Rockton*, lately owned by the Australasian United Steam Navigation Co., Ltd., of London and Sydney, has been sold to Japanese buyers, at about £10,000. She was built by Messrs. Napier, Shanks & Bell, Glasgow, in 1882. Dimensions, 270ft. x 37ft. x 22ft. 7in.: 1,978 tons gross: with engines, 41in., 78in. x 54in. stroke, by Messrs. J. & J. Thomson.

✦ ✦ ✦

The steel screw steamer *Argus*, lately owned by Messrs. A. Currie & Co., Melbourne, has been sold to Japanese buyers at about £19,000. She was built and engined by the Palmers Company, Limited, Newcastle, in 1889. Dimensions, 325ft. x 40ft. 4in. x 25ft. 2in.; 2,792 tons gross; with engines 26in., 43in., 70in. x 45in. stroke.

✦ ✦ ✦

The steel screw steamer *Donegal Castle*, lately owned by Dr. J. Martin, of Newry, has been sold to Messrs. G. Webster & Co., of Glasgow. She was built by Messrs. J. Shearer & Son, Glasgow, in 1895. Dimensions, 135ft. x 22ft. 5in. x 10ft. 9in.; 291 tons gross; with engines 17in., 36in., x 24in. stroke, by Messrs. Hutson & Sons.

✦ ✦ ✦

The iron screw steamer *Cam*, lately owned by the East Coast Steam Shipping Company, Ltd., King's Lynn, has been sold to Mr. W. Aiston. She was built by Messrs. J. McArthur & Co., Paisley, in 1883. Dimensions, 120ft. 4in. x 20ft. x 10ft. 6in.; 180 tons gross; with engines, 15in., 27in. x 21in. stroke.

✦ ✦ ✦

The Dampfschiffs-Reederei Union, Hamburg, have ordered four steamers, each of 5,000 tons deadweight, from the Irvine Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, Ltd., West Hartlepool. The machinery will be supplied by Messrs. Richardson, Westgarth & Co., Ltd.

✦ ✦ ✦

It is reported that the Kosmos Line, Hamburg, have bought a steamer of 9,000 tons from Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., Newcastle, and another of 7,200 tons, from Messrs. Wm. Pickersgill & Sons, Sunderland. Both vessels are in course of construction.

✦ ✦ ✦

Messrs. Gourlay Brothers, & Co., Dundee, have received an order from the London and South Western Railway Company, for a steamer of about 520 tons gross. She will be employed in the cargo trade between Southampton and the Channel Islands.

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The iron screw steamer *Dispatch*, lately owned by Messrs. Steel & Bennie, Ltd., Glasgow, has been sold to Mr. J. Sheils, of Belfast. She was built by Messrs. R. Duncan & Co., Port Glasgow, in 1870. Dimensions, 119ft. x 21ft. x 10ft. 6in.

✦ ✦ ✦

The steel steam trawler, *Lynx*, built by Messrs. Mackie & Thomson, Glasgow, in 1896, for the Grimsby and North Sea Trawling Company, Limited, Grimsby, has been sold to Spanish buyers.

✦ ✦ ✦

The iron screw steamer *Emily*, 156 tons gross, built at Liverpool, in 1868, and owned by Messrs. Burnett Bros. & Sons, of London, is reported sold to British buyers.

✦ ✦ ✦

Messrs. Scott Brothers, Limited, of Newcastle, are the purchasers of the steamer *Amphitrite*, reported sold in our last issue.

The Maritime Review
An Illustrated Weekly Journal

FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1905.

ON SHIP-REPAIRING AMENITIES.

IN our issue of April 21, we had something to say, concerning the alleged dry dock "ring" in the Bristol Channel, and suggested that the whole question had resolved itself into one of "Tinkering the tinker." Moreover, we wound up our comments with: "There is as much favouritism, in certain quarters, as there is soup-and-bouilli-can work in others; and Cardiff—to say nothing of other Bristol Channel ports—is altogether too big a spot, for a continuance of such tactics to be permissable." Judging by later examples of the pretended discussion, and which have appeared in various quarters, we believe it will be admitted that our remarks on the occasion referred to, were anything but wide of the truth—even as we knew, at the time of writing. Indeed, we knew that it was because of their power to touch the spot, so to speak, that so much soreness was exhibited, by those unfortunates who carry the said spot! However,—! It is now more than a fortnight, since one "Justitia" spread himself in the columns of a local "daily," and in that spreading, laid claim to a certain and well-defined amount of "inside knowledge," concerning that portion of Bristol channel ship-repairing, which is attended to by the London Salvage Association. To the time of this present writing, we have seen no disclaimer from the Association, nor from any of its individual members, so we naturally conclude that the books of the London Salvage Association are open to this "Justitia" who, obviously, is one of the tinker brigade. Of course, we do not suggest that the gentleman may simply stroll into the offices of the Association and, at his own sweet leisure, cull from those books, anything which pleases his passing fancy. That would be to suggest an absurdity. But when a writer undertakes to inform the world (or as much of it as happens upon his lucubrations), that, "to confine one's self to actual facts, the work accomplished on behalf of the London Salvage Association (whose surveyors supervise practically the whole of the underwriters' work) represented in 1904, considerably over half-a-million"—well, do you blame us for wondering if the time has arrived, when those underwriters would be acting in their best interests, if they had a sort of Spring-clean, in the administrative portions of their Association? In other words, seeing that—from dry rot, or other, and more subtle cause—there are leaks in either the London, or the local, offices of the Salvage Association, shouldn't those leaks be attended to by a repairer who is neither a dry dock man, nor a tinker? We think so, anyhow; for when one tinker is in a position to trot out the combined figures for a whole district; is able to tell what each dry dock does, as well as the share carried out by each individual tinker; then, in our opinion, the statement anent favouritism in this connection, needs no further accentuation? Under the circumstances, therefore, we should like to know whether this "inside information" came from the local offices, or from the head office, in London? If from the local office, then, was it with the consent of the head office? On the other hand, if the London office of the Salvage Association knew nothing of the occurrence, until "Justitia" had persuaded our contemporary to give him a run for his money, if we may put it thus; have they (the London folk, you know), taken any steps to provide that such a leakage of what should be private matters, does not again transpire? We ask these questions, because we are interested; for the reason that we have more than a nodding acquaintance with the methods obtaining with sundry tinkering concerns; that, in short, and to quote "Justitia," who is evidently *persona grata* with the Association (or with some of its units ?), we have "not exhausted the data," at our disposal. Continuing our questioning, let us ask if the "inside information," had anything to do with the amiable results, which crystallised around the non-dock-owning firm, that walked off with the 20¼ per cent. of the whole of the repairs which were attended to (no, supervised), by the London Salvage Association's surveyors? Or did a lack of "inside information," tend to the paucity of results, that were shown by the "private dry dock firm," which merely assimilated a paltry 10¼ per cent. of the whole? You see, as shipping people, we have a right to seek enlightenment on these points—particularly in view of that "data" which we are saving for another time, and season. As we are neither dry dock folk, nor tinkers, it will be seen that we have no axe to grind in the matter; that all we are aiming at, is the elucidation of a seeming mystery; and the tabling of the truth—if there is any such hanging about it—of the situation. Leaving the phase of knowledge gathered, somehow, from the Association, let us consider another side of this "knowing" (and data-gathering) person who has achieved immortality, under the *nom de guerre* of "Justitia." Here is a quotation: "At the present moment, Mr. Monroe, the hon. secretary of the Employers' Association, has in his possession an agreement signed by the principal of (and binding) each firm in the Bristol Channel, not to send an unsolicited quotation to any shipowner, and yet, despite this agreement, two of the firms in the present 'ring,' sent, only last week, unsolicited quotations for drydocking and painting"—'fore all the world as if those dry dock "ringers," were merely the common or garden sort of tinker men? But how did "Justitia" get his information? Was it handed to him, because the recipients of the "unsolicited," happened to be concerns in which "Justitia's" affair had "invested"—"so that we may, at least, get the repairs, even if we do not get any dividend?" This, you know, is a bit more of the "data," to which we referred, 'way back. You'll be surprised, one of these days, when we give you our data. When we quote for your enlightenment, from the agreement which provides that all repairing shall be handed over to the investor (in this case), when the *Festive Fan* comes to "our port." We might also show you how paint firms write, "we shall be willing to take five hundred shares, if So-and-so will undertake to give us the bottoms and boot-toppings." Bide a wee, and the dry dock "ring" will be as nothing, when compared with other merry little dodges which materialise, for the purpose of "spoofing" the silly person who puts his money into shipping, merely as an ordinary investor. Moreover, we, like "Justitia," shall confine ourselves to actual facts; shall give you quotations; and all that sort of thing! Reverting to the tail-end (to keep to the local colouring of the business!) of this latest Mentor's screed, we find that, "The above figures (the percentages roped in by tinker, etc., you'll remember) are startling enough, and would not have been given (was "Justitia" half-inclined to believe that, in his wrath, he was, even then, "queering his own pitch?") had they not been courted by the 'ring's' unhappy special pleaders (yea lor'!)" You know we are half sorry for poor "Justitia." Mainly because his writing ability is on a par with his diplomacy—and they are, both of them, bad. It never dawned on him, that it is sometimes necessary to stoop to conquer; to draw the herring across the trail, when "out" for facts which may not be garnered, otherwise! For ourselves—and possibly we are ranked among those "unhappy special pleaders," for you never know, when "justice" is on the rampage?—we have already told you that there is as much favouritism, in certain quarters, as there is soup-and-bouilli-can work, in others; but we were anxious to obtain corroboration. To emphasize our

previous remarks. "Justitia" admits that "these facts were not known to the members, generally"—that is, the facts which dealt with the percentages of work done for the London Salvage Association, by the various ship-repairing concerns, in the Bristol Channel. Of course, they weren't! It would appear to be necessary to pose as a "curly-haired boy," ere you may hope to pick up the information as to what salvage associations engage in? And being on the search for information, may we ask if the same "curly haired" propensity, had anything to do with the 20¼ per cent. of the Salvage Association's work, that was obtained by the non-dock-owning concern prattled of, by "Justitia," even while the next best dock-owning firm merely got 15¼ per cent. thereof? "Save us from our friends," is a jape that has been handed down from the ages which have gone. It is just as applicable to-day: and to our mind, it would pay those disseminators of "inside knowledge" to pause, before trusting their figures outside the office, in future; and having paused, to genteelly declare that they wouldn't any more—for fear of the shuffling of the cards, all 'round, which might ultimately follow. That is our opinion, and we give it in all seriousness, even as we ask, once more, whether the new marine engineers' institute-that-is-to-be, will offer any inducements to super-men who are connected with tinkeries: inducements that may be calculated to increase the percentages of work done thereat; and to add yet another curl or so, to the heads which have been fairly-well adorned therewith, in the past? We write of what we know, for, like "Justitia" (once more) we have, by no means, exhausted our data (which is a good word—for a tinker?). Really, the tinker is taking himself too seriously: and if he isn't being aided and abetted by somebody inside the Salvage Association, then, that concern should make it plain to the world, by saying so. When an anonymous correspondent takes it upon himself to make public statements, concerning an Association which, hitherto, has been above reproach; and, if such statements are calculated to mislead the community; well, in common fairness, such Association should speak, and in no uncertain manner? It might be said, that seeing the "Justitia" spleen is anonymous, it is unworthy the serious attention of the Salvage Association. In the majority of instances, this would be *en regle*: but when the anonymity is nearly as thin, as is the cover which is placed over the favouritism of which we have written; as a body of business men, the Association should let the world hear from it. Is not this good counsel? It is ill, fouling one's nest, at any time; but supposing there are different degrees of fouling; the mere fact that a number of persons have elected to take themselves seriously: to pose as little tin-gods, in a district where the genuine golden article would not be unduly worshipped; it is surely time that something were done in the matter—if only to save the dignity of the district? We write this in no carping spirit; but solely for the reason that we are seeking the greatest good for the greatest number. It cannot be pretended, that the tinker is of much consequence, viewed as an employer of labour—and when we write "tinker," we do not mean the efficiently-staffed concerns which, although having no dry dock of their own, are yet in a position to undertake, practically, any repair job that ambles along. Our ideas of a tinker-man, is that happy-go-lucky individual who undertakes, as agent, the repair of a big job—or, for that matter, the rebuilding of a salved steamer—only to try to unload her on to somebody else, when the go-between's reward, is a gratuitous advertisement in a local "daily."—a reward of questionable value; and the swelled-head that is consequent on having rushed in, where (metaphorical) angels feared to tread. You know the class of individual to which we are referring? He who puts most of his time in, treating Mr. Super with questionable whisky and worse cigars; and fairy tales that are calculated to make Super believe that he is a heaven-sent genius. In addition, there are other items which need not be enlarged on—just at this stage of the proceedings. If a cobbler, having a shanty up a back-lane, has the hardihood to send you a touting circular setting forth his abilities as a high-class shoemaker, what line of conduct do you pursue? You dump that circular, even as you comment on the gall of some people? For a "sole and heel" job, you admit the cobbler is *facile princeps;* but when it comes to reconstructing a new shoe around an old lace-hole ——! So, with tinker. For a handful of rivets; or the squaring-up of a few firing-tools; well, and good. But as to putting in new bottoms, supplying large forgings, or reconstructing big engines—well, if wise, you'll shun the tinker. This, by way of conclusion.

RUSSIAN PIRACY.

THERE is no getting away from the fact, that the poor Chinee has been sadly over-rated. For "ways that are dark, and for tricks that are vain" he is simply "not in it," when compared with the ingenuous soul who wanted to be a Chinaman, in effect—the Russian. Here is another instance—in the sinking of the *St. Kilda*—of the child-like and bland propensity referred to. It is of little use to pretend that, at the best, the Russian is other than a pirate. He has conclusively shown this, in his late attempt to steer a fleet from Libau, to glory. Nothing was too "low down" for this native of a "Holy" land; he was game for anything—from murder on the high seas, to running amuck in a neutral's territory. Indeed, there was but one thing for which the Russian seems, by nature, to be unfitted—and that is "square" fighting. Once round him up in this direction, and if there is a possibility, he'll run. But coming back to the sinking of the *St. Kilda*, how is it possible to pretend that she was sunk by a Russian "cruiser?" The sinker was a pirate, pure and simple, and as such should prove a lovely target for some of the unemployed British men of war that are kept in the Chinese hurly-burly, in anticipation of these little tricks. If a Chinese junk undertakes the job of rounding up a British vessel, then, supposing the said junk is catchable, there is but a short shrift given to the picturesque ruffians who participated in the "fun." Why should a Russian "junk" be given any different consideration? It cannot be pretended, under any circumstances, that this converted "Volunteer" vessel which is pleasing herself, by playing high, low, Jack, and the game, generally, has any legal *status*. As the *Times* remarks, "It is merely an armed vessel drifting about the ocean and apparently ready to display its prowess by sinking, off-hand, any British ship which it pleases to declare to be carrying contraband." Of course, and if the steamer implicated carried doll's eyes and hen's teeth for cargo, but had a couple of hundred tons of coal in her bunkers, your "converted" Russian alleged cruiser, would be just as anxious to sink that steamer—after the bunker coal had been confiscated. It is rather a mild way of expressing the true inwardness of the situation, when you put it this way: "A vessel preying in this lawless manner upon neutral commerce, while dependent for its coal supply upon neutral ports, and having no Russian port within reach, is simply a public nuisance which all neutral Powers are interested with ourselves in abating." Fudge! Why not put the matter in plain English? A Russian pirate has sunk a British steamer; the only way to "abate" such a nuisance, is to seek out and sink that pirate. If the thing may not be done openly and above board, then, it is surely possible to work up an "accident" in which that alleged "cruiser" is principal boy? Floating mines have been useful in this connection in the past, and supposing it is still essential that the "Mistress of the Seas" should dissemble, well, a "floating mine" (even if, during the hours of daylight it wears the St. George's—and other—cross, aft) could easily attend to the matter. Thus would a "public nuisance" be effectually "abated."

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *June 14, 1905.*

OF course, in coal land, every exponent of coal selling is a "good" man. That is one of the peculiarities of the business! We never remember running up against a seller of this kind, who didn't lay claim to a clean bill of health, and consequently free pratique, when the layer-out-of-mankind—one Azrael, you know—intimated that he was about to call. Indeed, the words "coal seller" and "one of the elect," are synonymous terms. And your success in coal selling, is likely to be in exact ratio with the number of chapels you support. Time was, that the good old coal-men at the Docks, supported the Docks chapelries—and trade simply hummed.

HOWEVER, the past week has been merely a pretended business time. Our little list below, will convince you of this. When sundry columns in that list are marked off as holiday, and others are of the merely nominal kind—well, you do not expect to find much doing? Not that the holidays are responsible for all the wickedness that is about, just now, and there is a providence which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may (try to). That is how it comes about that Whit Monday in Wales, is, nine times out of ten, rainy. It's a kindness vouchsafed to the native. You see when the rain is falling in torrents, you cannot summon up the courage to be very wicked, can you? Everything is too beastly damp, and uncomfortable.

THEN, again, "syndicates" are too fashionable, these days; too fashionable, and too varied. There are "syndicates" in everything you can mention—or nearly everything, and they are playing the deuce with coal prices. There is the anthracite syndicate, down West; there is the calico syndicate, also down West; the motor car syndicate, once more down West; in fact, most of the "syn"-dicates are to be found in the same direction, and thus it happens that coal prices are fousty.

A MAN cannot serve two masters—coal and sin—er—syndicates; and thanks to the education that has been vouchsafed us, syndicates (especially when decked out in something tasty—though, perhaps, "loud") generally get the pull over coal. That is, right up to the point when more ooftish is required by the "syndicate," and then coal gets an innings. At the moment, the money is easy, and thus it happens, that coal prices are in the same condition. Sometimes too, the political situation is responsible for low prices. It would appear to be at the present time. Germany, having lost her job in attempting to foment trouble viâ the Russian Fleet, is now busily engaged in working it up with France, and Morocco.

SOMETIMES, we are sort of sorry for Germany. Almost as sorry for it as we are for the syndicators alluded to above! But sorry, or otherwise, we are sure that the political situation affects the coal trade—and of which, just now, there is mighty little about. True, our own private coal expert assures us, that there has been a slightly better demand for prompt shipment—but, bless you, we don't believe him. He merely has to fill in his coal report with something—even as we are doing, here! When he cannot find any coal trade about, in quite big chunks, he—well, he does exactly as we are doing. What that is, we shan't explain!

YES, our expert insinuates that there is a slightly better demand for prompt shipment, "but the transactions which have taken place are, in the main, small and unimportant." We should smile! In other words, that expert friend of ours really means, that there is no coal trade; but being a loyal sort of kritter, he wants to let you down lightly. For our part, we should scorn to aid and abet in any such fashion. There is no coal trade, and we don't care who knows it. In fact, we sometimes wonder if there ever was a coal trade! Naturally, there is a string of quotations on tap. These have to be worked up, with skill and with care, every morning. But that is merely so that the world shall not see the hollowness of the local industry, you understand.

WE suggested, at our last time of writing, that the stoppage would have little to do with price-raising, and—we were right. Work has been partially resumed, but seeing that there is no incentive for a proper grade of work—as understood in South Wales—the colliers might just as well keep on at their play. Then, again, the supply of tonnage to hand, is anything but of startling proportions, and even as is remarked by our expert man, "any immediate hope for a change for the better, is further prolonged." That's a fact, only we shouldn't have put it quite like that. Really, the situation is, that the foreign buyer is not coming along with any orders; and with few exceptions, the coal seller knows precious little about re-awakening the foreign buyer. However, particularising for a little bit, we find that

BEST CARDIFF ADMIRALTYS are, on an average (which is a coaly way of putting it) fairly steady at 'round about 12s. 9d. That is to say, the colliery man puts the quotation thusly. Indeed, we can assure you that, in a few instances, somewhat higher figures have been trotted out, and although the trotting has been merely a species of bravado, there you are! When there is precious little hope of doing business at any rate, it is as well to crack your wares up, as to depreciate them, don't you think? Anyhow, 12s. 9d. is about the outside value of BESTS, just now, and we have an open mind as to whether a real purchaser couldn't improve on that.

SECONDS, for prompt shipment, can be obtained at 12s.—which figures represent the actual value of the grade. This section is by no means firmer than has been the case of late. This is only to be expected, for business therein is not on the increase, and mere demand therefor, is but limited. Then, again, supplies are more than plentiful—being in excess of the demand. Of course, there are individual units in this merry-go-'round, whose engagements are sufficiently good to keep them regularly employed—especially in connection with the better class SECONDS. And in their case, the average quotation is from 12s. 6d. to 12s. 9d.

ORDINARIES. Here, we do not find the situation in any way changed since our last. Indeed, they as a class, are about identical with the state as explained to you, last week. As to price, you may take these, quotably, as 11s. 6d. to 11s. 9d. But business would chip them down at least a threepennypiece.

DRYS are in the same old boat which has carried them now, for seeming ages. Collieries sadly lack stems; supplies are plentiful; nobody seems to want 'em, so BESTS are easily arrangeable at 11s. 9d., with INFERIORS from 11s. 3d. to 11s. 6d.

MONMOUTHSHIRE COALS are, to all intents and purposes, a steady branch of the industry, inasmuch as recent figures have been maintained. More especially for immediate shipment, as collieries, in this particular, are in possession of good stems. Furthermore, sellers have been helped in their efforts, by a decent supply of tonnage at hand, the docks, at present, being fairly full for this grade. This

should have the natural result of depleting stocks, which, together with the holiday-like restriction of output, should keep prices steady. A consideration of actual figures show that BLACK VEINS are ticketted at 11s. 3d., although it is by no means impossible to "knock" this for threepence. All the same, the figures given, may be accepted as the average worth of the grade.

ORDINARIES remain at about 11s., and for anything required at an early date, the quotation is fairly firm. Still, this section is anything but strong, and the seller maintains his quotation more for the reason that he has received no temptation to do otherwise, than that he is blessed with a hard heart and plenty of business.

SECONDS are no firmer than at our last time of writing, albeit we find that their figures of 10s. 3d., are being rigidly adhered to—in appearance! Bookings have been recorded at these figures, and a fair business has passed—fair, for a holiday season, you understand. Anyhow, there is any amount of room for an improvement here, and the devotees of the section are devout in their hopes that it will materialise.

RHONDDA No. 3's have remained stationary at about 13s. 9d. Collieries, here, are busy, and there are no immediate signs of a lapse. Rather the reverse, and prices should be maintained, as collieries have sufficient engagements to keep them fully employed. THROS are also a steady market at 11s. 6d. to 11s. 9d.; while SMALLS are at 9s. 9d. to 10s.

RHONDDA No. 2's have shown but little variation since our last, and this market is still a weak one. Stocks are accumulating, demand is weak, prices decline—and may be assessed at 9s. 7½d., easily.

SMALLS, on the other hand, have remained very firm throughout, and supplies are still scarce on account of the restriction of output, and the slackness of LARGE. There is a fair request, but the present good state of this section is more on account of the limited available quantity, than because of a great demand. Prices, however, have been easily maintained, with BESTS at from 8s. 6d. to 9s.; SECONDS from 8s. 3d. to 8s. 6d.; and ORDINARIES at 8s.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d.	HOLIDAY.	Quotations only nominal.	12s. 9d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.			12s. 0d., 12s. 3d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.			11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.
Drys ,,	11s. 7½d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.			11s. 7½d.
Best Newport ,,	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 0d., 11s. 3d.			11s. 3d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	11s. 0d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d., 11s. 0d.			10s. 10½d.
Seconds ,,	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.			10s. 3d., 10s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,,	15s. 3d.	15s. 0d.	15s. 0d.			14s. 9d., 15s. 3d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,,	13s. 9d., 14s. 0d.	13s. 10½d.	13s. 9d.			13s. 9d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,,	9s. 7½d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.			9s. 7½d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro."	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.			11s. 9d.
,, 2 ,,	8s. 9d.	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.			8s. 6d., 9s. 0d.
Smalls:						
Best Cardiff	8s. 9d., 9s. 0d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.			8s. 6d., 8s. 9d.
Seconds	8s. 6d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d.			8s. 3d., 8s. 6d.
Ordinaries	8s. 0d.	8s. 0d.	7s. 9d.			7s. 10½d.
Best Newport	7s. 9d.	7s. 6d., 8s. 0d.	7s. 9d.			7s. 6d., 8s. 0d.
Seconds	7s. 3d.	7s. 0d.	7s. 0d.			7s. 3d.
Rhondda No. 2	7s. 3d., 7s. 6d.	7s. 4½d.	7s. 3d.			7s. 6d.
,, No. 3	10s. 0d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.			10s. 0d.
Foundry Coke:						
Special	21s. 0d., 21s. 6d.	21s. 3d.	21s. 3d.			21s. 0d.
Ordinary	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.			17s. 6d.,
Furnace Coke	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.			16s. 3d.
Patent Fuel	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.			12s. 6d.
Pitwood (ex ship)	18s. 9d., 19s. 0d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d., 19s. 0d.			18s. 0d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *June 14, 1905.*

IN giving a consideration to the market hereaway since our last, there is certainly a better tone in evidence. Shipments for the week just ended, it is satisfactory to state, have shown an increase on the recent averages, and there is also an improvement noticeable in the enquiry. But so far, insufficient has been transacted to warrant an immediate improvement.

ANTHRACITE LARGE quotations are unaltered. For prompt shipment there has been a better demand, and stems are more satisfactory. This coupled with the stoppages, has given prices a steady appearance. Best Malting Sorts range from 18s. upwards, according to the quality sought, and the position of the colliery implicated. OTHER SORTS—RED & BIG VEIN—are a trifle harder, but the current figures are a maintenance of the last, 9s. 9d. to 10s. 9d.; but these are now steady.

MACHINE MADE COALS are nominally unchanged. This department remaining in a state of easiness, and there is no improvement in the demand. PEAS & NUTS however are moving to a better tune, and the figures given below are being firmly adhered to.

CULM continues a sound market. A good demand is in evidence, and this, coupled with the scarcity of supplies, keeps prices in a state of firmness.

DUFF is ruling round about 3s. 3d., a little higher, or lower, as the case may be!

STEAMS have undergone no startling change. Supplies are plentiful, but the demand is not so, and therefore prices cannot be expected to show an improvement while this state of affairs lasts.

BELOW, we give the average prices for the week:—

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:				HOLIDAY.	Quotations only nominal.	
Best Hand Picked	18s. 6d., 19s. 0d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.			18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.
Malting Large	16s. 0d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.			16s. 6d.
Seconds do.	11s. 3d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.			10s. 9d., 11s. 3d.
Big Vein Large	9s. 9d.	10s. 0d.	9s. 6d., 10s. 0d.			9s. 9d.
Red ,, ,,	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 6d., 16s. 6d.			15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.
Machine Made Cobbles	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.			16s. 0d.
,, ,, Nuts	10s. 9d., 11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	10s. 9d., 11s. 3d.			11s. 0d., 11s. 3d.
,, ,, Peas	5s. 3d., 5s. 9d.	5s. 6d.	5s. 6d., 5s. 9d.			5s. 6d.
Rubbly Culm	3s. 0d.	3s. 3d.	3s. 3d.			3s. 0d., 3s. 6d.
Duff						
Patent Fuel:	11s. 6d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 7½d.			11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.
Steam:						
Best Large	12s. 9d., 13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d.			12s. 9d.
Seconds ,,	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.			11s. 9d.
Bunker ,,	10s. 0d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.			10s. 0d., 10s. 3d
Thro' and Thro'	8s. 9d.	8s. 7½d.	8s. 7½d.			8s. 6d.

Coal Freights and Fixtures.

CARDIFF, *June 14, 1905.*

As already stated in our coal report, the tonnage coming to hand during the past week, has been anything but of a phenomenal character. By the same token, as our Hibernian friends might remark, it would appear that the amount fixed, and therefore placed in preparation for coming along later on, doesn't amount to much! It is altogether unnecessary to pass rude remarks anent the holiday season, for you may see, by referring to the subjoined alleged freight list, that a pretty large-sized holiday has been about?

THE Briton might really take his pleasures sadly, as one of our young men has remarked elsewhere; but even so, he takes it in fair measure, and makes it spin out to a considerably greater extent than would be possible, were the wildly hilarious trait too much in evidence. However, the holidays—for a few weeks—are over. Some folk declare that they are glad, in consequence: others, again, are of opinion that life, in the shipping swirl, is just one long holiday. You, dear reader, may accept that doctrine which best suits your ideas of the fitness of things; or, an' it pleases you, a brand new one, better fitting for the occasion, may be adopted. In either instance, the fixtures which have transpired, are much about as follow:

Week Ending, (Wednesday), June 14, 1905

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Seychelles, *Kincraig*, 4,000 tons, 14s. option **Zanzibar.**

WESTWARD, Etc.

Rio de Janeiro, *Archbank*, 9s.
Santos, Steamer, 3,800 tons, 12s.
Las Palmas, *Onslow*, 3,500 tons, 6s. 3d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, Steamer, 5,500 tons, 6s.
Genoa, *Algorteno*, 3,100 tons, 6s. 4½d. (s).
Venice, *Constantinos Embiricos*, 4,000 tons, 7s. 3d.
Steamer, 5,000 tons, 6s. 3d. option **Ancona.**
Appledore, 5,800 tons, 7s. ,, ,,
Minerva, 4,800 tons, 7s. 4½d. ,, ,, (s).
Constantinople, *Lady Iveagh*, 2,800 tons, 5s. 9d. option **Haida Pasha.**
Leghorn, *Trewellard*, 2,800 tons, 6s. 7½d. Genoa terms.
Torre, *Anna Moore*, 3,600 tons, 6s. 1½d. 1,000
Steamer, 4,000 tons, 6s. 9d. 400
Barcelona, *Earnwood*, 2,800 tons, 7s.
Lisbon, *Everest*, 2,000 tons, 5s. 9d. fuel.
Marseilles, *Carrara*, 2,900 tons, 7·50 francs.
Piræus, *Bacchus*, 4,400 tons, (N).
Malta, *Rowtor*, 2,800 tons, 4s. 6d. (Admiralty).
Bizerta, *Gwalia*, 1,500 tons, 9·50 fcs. coal, 10·50 fcs. fuel, (s).
Vigo, *Paris*, 650 tons, 5s. 9d. spot. (s).
Alicante, *Cuba*, 650 tons, 8s. 3d. or 8s. 6d. (s).
Seville, *Rapid*, 1,200 tons, 5s. 10½d. (N).

BAY, Etc.

Nantes, *Clarence*, 1,400 tons, 5 francs. (s).
Swansea, 1,200 tons, 5 fcs. (s).
Bordeaux, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 5 francs.

COASTING, Etc.

Caen, Steamer, 700 tons, 4s. 3d.
Ivanhoe, 1,000 tons, 4s. (s).
Seagull, 800 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
Rouen, *Saxon*, 620 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Boulogne, *Sprightly*, 1,050 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
Hamburg, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 4s. 1½d.
Dartmouth, *Katherine*, 260 tons, 3s. 10½d.
Passage West, *H. Craig*, 400 tons, 3s. 6d. (N).
Devonport, *Throstlegarth*, 2,100 tons, 2s. 3d. (Admiralty)
Sheerness, *Inver*, 1,100 tons, 3s. 1½d. ,,
Portland, *Stokesley*, 1,200 tons, 2s. 1½d. ,,
Pembroke, *Paragon*, 410 tons, 3s. ,,
Belfast, *Harrington*, 400 tons, 3s. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Newport, *Tredegar*, 843 n. 4s. 3d. ppt.
Milazzo to Cardiff/Newport/or Port Talbot, Steamer, 2,300/2,500 tons, 5s. 6d. Burnt Ore.

THE Mercantile Marine Service Association, has recently been in communication with the Newfoundland Government, with reference to the need of a fog alarm at Ferryland Head, near Cape Race. The Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, in reply, points out that during the last seven years, the lighthouse stations and fog signals, on these coasts, have been very largely increased, until it is now considered that the local and coastwise traffic is fairly well guarded, although it is not pretended that all that is necessary, in this connection, has been accomplished. The Deputy Minister adds: "A fog alarm at Ferryland Head would be of enormous value to our foreign and coastwise vessels, as also to many ocean steamers which desire to make, and take, a departure from Cape Race, and the matter will no doubt receive, at the hands of the Government of Newfoundland, the attention it deserves." Masters of vessels engaged in the North Atlantic trade, will, doubtless, be glad to hear that there is some prospect of a warning signal being erected in this important locality; and which, considering the number of wrecks in the neighbourhood of Cape Race, is a much needed improvement.

YEA, lor'! This is an age for schemes! The American friend is going in for a very big "thing" in tunnels—if one may attach any importance to some of the statements appearing in the American press. What is the matter with boring under the Behring Strait, and thus making a sort of worm-hole connection between America and Asia? Nothing, is there? Moreover, it is competent to ask for the suggested reason of this great exploit? Anyhow, Paris and St. Petersburg are to be asked to co-operate in the undertaking, and although we do not wish to appear as if we were bent on throwing cold water on a praiseworthy attempt at universal union, we yet must hazard the opinion that Russia has quite enough to do, in squaring-up her old obligations, without venturing off on a new bore. Frankly, poor old Russia has been bored enough, and for our part, we should imagine that the American financier had nearly enough in hand, to see the Panama thing through, first?

5,331 05—BERGERT—*Improvements in means for distributing mine residues and for other similar purposes.*

This invention relates to means for dumping material in a distributed manner on elevated heaps. Supported on rails which rest on the dump heap, and which are adapted to be extended upwards as the heap rises, is a rectangular carriage which carries at its front upper end a circular track. To the middle of the lower end of the carriage a long lattice-girder boom is connected by a universal joint situated at the centre of the circle of the track. The boom is likewise suspended from the centre of an arched carriage which can travel on the circular track. The boom is provided with a continuously travelling conveyor belt adapted to upset its contents at the upper end of the boom. The method of support of the boom which is adopted will permit the middle plane of the boom which is vertical when the arched carriage is in the centre of the circular track to remain vertical also when away from the centre to the right or left, and thus prevent the conveyor from spilling its contents during transit to the top of the heap.

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

AT a time like this, when all the world, and a goodly portion of his wife, has been holiday-keeping, making, or otherwise manufacturing, is it of use to pretend that interest surrounds anything appertaining to a money market, real or alleged? Never a bit, and for our part, we are not going to keep up a pretence on the subject. As a matter of fact, by the time this is in your eager hands, most of you will be sitting down, to count up the cost of these so-called holidays which are unloaded on to a long-suffering public, by a paternal legislature which ought to know better.

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IT has been said that the Briton takes his pleasures sadly, and come to think of it, there is an amount of truth in the statement. For, when a country is so serious-minded, that the law-makers have to step in, and force the whole nation to lay its tools aside for, at least, some half-dozen times in a year—well, it is taking the pleasure sadly, and homœpathically, don't you think? It strikes us that way, in any case, and as far as we can see, if a down-trodden chunk of humanity indulges in no more of hilarity than the legislature insists on—the poor fellow is not going to have a particularly hilarious time, is he?

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BUT never mind. The law says you have to play, on Whit-Monday—as well as on sundry other days; and even if we are all agreed that the law is a Hass, it makes no difference to the net result, once you have returned from your legally-enforced holiday, does it? For instance, the legality of the proceedings makes no appreciable change in the empty pocket which you might strike against on Monday night—nor in the Turkish bath-towel which you might imagine you have in your mouth, on Tuesday morning? Cause and effect fit in here, as in most other places, and it is utterly useless for you to hunt around on Wednesday, in search of enough of the needful to carry you on until Friday.

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YOU see, the law merely does half the work. It commands you to refrain from all money-making work on Whit-Monday; but it doesn't provide for the natural contingency which results. That is, if you wish to find some means of raising "the ready," or of staving off the ill effects of the pernicious regulation which made you bang all your savings upon that (give her your own description, please) on Monday; well, you have to patronise private enterprise, and that is what brings us down to the feature which floated before our mind's eye, at the commencement of this page. We believe we have, ere this, remarked that the Cardiffian is resourceful and original. If not, then, we hasten to remedy the oversight on our part.

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THE Cardiffian is exactly what we have written, a couple of lines above, and we don't care who knows it. Moreover, he is exactly the individual who may be depended on to do the right thing, exactly at the psychological moment. What could be in better taste, or more after the manner of arriving at the correct moment, than a limited liability concern, glorying in the all-embracing title of Easy Payments, Limited? Personally, we consider it a stroke of absolute genius, particularly in view of the fact that the first intimation which was vouchsafed to the native, hereaway, came to hand on Whit-Monday morning, as ever was.

EASY PAYMENTS, LIMITED! Why, it is the very thing! Pockets empty, tongues—and other parts—awry with Whitsuntide weariness; you feel that you have at least a hundred different needs, on the Tuesday and Wednesday; but precious little opportunity of satisfying either; and then, just as you are despairing of the attainment of your wishes—along comes Easy Payments, Limited. Supposing, on the Monday, you beguiled "her" with a tale that you would take her out in a trailer on Saturday, next; told her, even as you knew, for a dead cert., that you hadn't the ghost of a chance of fulfilling your promise. Under ordinary circumstances, you would have probably dodged out of sight, on the Saturday?

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BUT with the advent of Easy Payments, Limited, your trouble is gone; it hath went; for Easy Payments, Limited, is going to sell "upon the hire, or deferred, or periodical payments systems, bicycles, motor cycles, cars, and launches, trailers, and automobiles of all kinds, etc." Now, then, isn't there enterprise in all this? Don't you agree with us, when we remark about the resourcefulness and orginality of the Cardiffian? We are almost sure that you will. And for ourselves, we are fain to congratulate the promoters of this happily-named company, and wish them every success in their new undertaking. When a concern comes out in true colours; when it has the courage to plunk its reasons of existence, right into the title under which it trades—that is where it wins our admiration.

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BEING original people, ourselves, we can admire the same trait in others! That is our little Whitsun goak, you know—as far as it concerns us. But seriously, the stumped individual may now anticipate the approach of Saturday, with a gladsome heart. "She" won't necessarily be disappointed. That trailer is possible, although in the exuberance of his heart, "he" didn't believe so, on the Monday—when he made the promise? But there is one little crumple in the rose-leaf. You'll probably have to be quick in placing your applications. At least, that is how it strikes us. We note that the capital of Easy Payments, Limited, is but £1,000—for a start?—and we are not quite clear as to how many "bicycles, motor cycles, cars, launches, trailers, and automobiles of all kinds, etc." you are able to purchase for a thousand pounds.

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NOT that it matters much, after all, for shipowner, who usually goes in for a twelve-hundred-guineas motor-car, will hardly be the man to swamp Easy Payments, Limited, with orders? No, no! Shipowner will be more likely to get his motor-cars, where and how he gets his ships—from easy payment companies; but companies that usually have a more swagger name? That is mainly why we admire the local group of traders who have plumped for the business openly, and fearlessly. This being so, you "hard up" members of the race, need not fall over each other in your rush for the offices of Easy Payments, Limited, which are situated at 31 Castle Street, Cardiff.

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TAKE your time, and do it well, for £1,000 sensibly expended, will go far in securing options on "automobiles of all kinds," even if you omit the "etc." We are sure that the sensible trait will be in evidence, for the concern which has sense enough to "come straight out" in its title, will be sure to have a heap of the commodity left for catering successfully to your needs—aye, supposing you want a motor-launch for Roath Park Lake, instead of a trailer for a trip to Whitchurch. Dear, dear! We are at the bottom of the page, and we wanted to tell you of other easy-payments-secured items. Never mind, it will keep.

Around the Dry Docks.

ALAS, that it should be written, but to stroll around the dry docks, in these days of depression and sin, is anything save an inspiriting undertaking. Where, in the "good old days" which appear to have gone beyond recall, was heard the merry clatter of the rivetter's hammer; the jocund remarks from the "black" squad, and eke, again, from his friend of the "white" persuasion; now, is there silence, sadness, and sorrow. The walls of the various properties are being upheld, by the manly shoulders of a mob which is "looking for work;" the harried manager is wondering how it is all going to end; the various foremen withdraw them to snug and out-of-the-way corners where, in bated breath, they whisper of the good old have-beens; and—

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WE had to break off, just there! Our emotional temperament could not possibly survive a continuance on that lay; dwelling on the thusness of the situation, might gar us greet; so, switching off the Whitsuntide-like train of thought; dropping out of the poetical vein which is altogether out of place in these prosaic days; coming down to real, every-day language; let us intimate to you, that the dry docking business is in about as deplorable a condition, as is consistent with its continuance as an industry—yes! Yet, in spite of all this depression, the shout is ever for more dry docks; and because of an alleged scarcity in this connection, a soul-harrowing cry is ever around on the ambient air—heaven help it!

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THAT the country is going to the dogs—and at express speed; with never a possibility of putting any kind of a brake on to the mad revolutions which are being made; these—these are the tales which meet you if, peradventure, you toboggan into one of the small-fry members of the ship-repairing entity. After the manner of the showman who assured the small boy that, "on the left he could see Napoleon Bonaparte crossing the Alps in an open boat, and on the right deployed the Duke of Wellington," we will undertake to personally conduct you "Around the dry docks." Very well, then! This one on the left—empty; not usually its fate; but even so, to-day. Times are bad, you suggest. Perhaps they are—but you need more dry docks.

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AROUND the corner, where yon broad expanse of corrugated iron and match-boarding, marks what once was a busy hive of industry—on a small scale; what is its fate? Silent! See that man standing at the door; twig his contracting (no pun, mind) brows; dost think of the days of thy youth, and of "patience on a monument?" Why is he standing thus, and why, oh why, do his brows contract in such painful manner? Simply because he cannot get a ship-repairing contract—and he has to contract something, or burst. Beyond, again; look beyond! More corrugated iron; more match-boarding; more standing-at-ease; more contracted brows; more scowls. But in the midst of it all, you must please remember that, to-day, the crying need is "more dry docks."

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COME on! This place? Oh, this is a commercial dry dock. Empty? How often? We give it up, and coax you to come around this way. Eh? That's a pontoon. What? Why it pontoons steamers, of course. Why? Don't be silly. Principally because the steamers can't help it. You see, they drop the pontoon underwater. Then, the steamer which is to be operated upon, meanders along as if she didn't belong to anybody—much. She hesitates, a bit; and as is usual under the circumstances, is lost, so to speak—only to find herself on that blessed pontoon which has been quietly coming up under her all the time. Creepy things, pontoons? And powerful-looking, too? Rather! Has a splendid group of workshops belonging to it—over there, look! Replete with every modern convenience. Not very busy? Well, not for this particular pontoon. Still, the need, to-day, is more dry docks.

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HOLD on, a bit! See this man coming? He's a tinker. "Ship-repairer," you know. We'll dissimulate. Ask him the name of the Mayor's big dog, or something equally interesting. Then, we'll say "dry docks," get our pencils ready, and—here goes: "Morning, SIR" (always accent the word, when used in connection with a tinker, for he is a serious individual, and with his honours thick upon him, is not to be treated like a mere dry dock manager)! "Maw'nin'!" quotha, as he attempts to pass on. This is encouraging? Try him thus: "Grand lot of dry docks scattered around over the landscape, SIR?" Did you hear his sniff? Lovely! And expressive? Here, let up a bit. He's speaking! "Are we interested in the business? Yes, SIR!" See, Tinker is looking the words "How much?" but our business is to gain information, not give it.

✦ ✦ ✦

REITERATING our former remark, we say, again, "Grand lot of dry docks." Then, Tinker lets out! Listen! "Grand lot of dry docks, eh? Ain't half enough, an' what there is, all lined up into a 'ring.' That's wha's the matter. 'Ring!' But you wait!" and the command is given with a look that is powerful enough to cut-out counter-sunk rivets, supposing you have never a chisel! Timidly, we agree to wait. Tinker is a biggish sort of creature, and we—well, we are small, and lightish in physique. But now that Tinker has eased himself of some of the burden which is sagging away most of his manhood, he passes on into that portion of the world which is focussed around a certain Exchange. You and us? We'll walk across to yon point, where other dry docks show up out of the impalpable something which is around and about us.

✦ ✦ ✦

FINE dock this? It's a parallelogram? Of course! What did you think it would be? Round? Why? Because that Tinker said they were all in a ring? Nonsense! That chap was merely repeating what some other fellow had told him. Generally considered, there is not an overdose of originality among tinkers. Were it otherwise, they would quit being tinkers, striking out, rather, as ship-repairers on a fairly-decent scale. You know the old saw concerning "small men, small minds?" Well, small minds usually potter around on small jobs. Bigger minds? In this connection, bigger minds usually go in for managing dry docks. See that dredger, there? Well, the chap in charge, is a ship-master; so is he who is bossing that liner, on the other side of the Basin. You follow the line of thought?

✦ ✦ ✦

BUT this dry dock is empty! T'other one, away over yonder, has one boat in, when to be busy, there should be four—at least. Still, you want more dry docks! Tinker says so, and he ought to know. The trouble of the matter is, that tinker is out of drawing, in the picture of to-day. He is always in want of a dry dock, and for the simple reason that he has none of his own. The want, then, has been repeated so often in his hearing, that he has it on the brain, so to speak. In the morning—he wants a dry dock; lunch time, he calls for a dry dock, instead of for the taste of limburger; with his soup at dinner, he says dry dock; and retiring, the same thought is about, e'en as he drops—but never mind. You follow the line of suggestion, don't you?

✦ ✦ ✦

MIND you, the Tinker is a decent sort of fellow—when he'll deign to remember his reason of existence. We wouldn't have you think that we have a poor opinion of the cult; not for worlds! Why, on one occasion, a tinker offered us a new hat—at least, he said it was the price of one. We were working for a tinkery sort of owner, and this particular tinker offered us the whole of seven-and-sixpence—in small silver. Don't you be rude. He wasn't the deacon of a chapel. As already explained, he was a tinker, and if his ability was somewhat limited, we took the will for the deed—and dropped the silver into the life-boat that was screwed up to one of the bulkheads in his office. Tinker's alright. His middle distance is a bit weak; so much so, that, at present, his perspective appears to be falling into the fore-ground. But he'll recover, bime by, and then he'll give up yelling for more dry docks. Going, now? So long!

✦ ✦ ✦

THE foregoing is, we know, playful—and Whitsuntidey. All the same, there is a quantity of truth concealed about the pleasantries set out. If those with most concern therein, will just assimilate for themselves, as much as is essential to their peace of mind—and ultimate trade salvation—we shall not have written about that supposedly personally-conducted tour, in vain. The "small man" is an essential feature of the landscape; but it is as well for him to remember that he isn't all the landscape. We have, ere this, commented on the ridiculousness of obtaining a steam-hammer, for nut-cracking purposes; we call attention to the fact, once again, with the hope that the gentlemen who merely go in for (metaphorical) nuts, will take the lesson to themselves.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on June 1, 1905, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

10,365/04—EVANS—*A new or improved brake apparatus for rudder heads of vessels.*

This invention relates to a friction brake for arresting ships' rudders on breakage of the steering gear &c. It consists of a quadrant mounted on the rudder head and having a peripheral friction surface. A horizontal right and left handed screw shaft is mounted alongside the quadrant. Two brake blocks, having profiles to correspond with the peripheral brake surface of the quadrant, are mounted each on one of the screw threaded portions of the shaft so that on the shaft being rotated by a hand wheel they are caused to approach each other and brake the rudder, or recede from one another and release same respectively.

12,099/04—HUTCHINGS—*Improvements in and relating to means and apparatus for the generation of motive power by floating bodies such as ships, buoys, floating docks, and the like for purposes of propulsion and other uses.*

This invention relates to the generation of motive power by utilizing the rocking motion of vessels and employing the power to propel same. According thereto a series of compartments, open to the external water are arranged along the sides of the vessel. In these compartments floats are mounted. Piston rods extend upwards from the floats and connect same to fluid compressors. The compressed fluid is utilized to drive a propelling turbine. The Piston rods are hollow and their upper ends which are closed by caps extend through the compressors, and they afford a means of letting out the air from tank portions of the floats whereby owing to water being admitted through perforations in their bottoms, their degree of buoyancy may be regulated. The bilge keels are pivotted in sections and are connected by links with the piston rods, so that the effect of the rolling of the ship on the bilge keels, may be employed to supplement effect on the floats.

16,204/04—ROBY—*Improvements in miners' safety lamps applicable also to other oil lamps.*

This invention relates to that class of oil lamp in which the amount of exposed end of the wick is regulated by a sleeve sliding over the wick tube and end of the wick. This tube is raised and lowered by being secured to a nut which traverses a screwed spindle mounted vertically in a tubular bearing in the oil vessel, and rotated by a milled head at the bottom of the lamp. The improvements consist in forming the screw portion of the spindle separable from the shaft, by means of a squared socket on the former and a squared end to the latter, so that the nut screw and burner-sleeve may be readily removed to adjust the wick in the fixed tube. There are also other minor improvements.

17,414/04—RONDEBUSH—*Improvements in and connected with rock drilling engines.*

This invention relates to a percussive rock drill driven by fluid pressure. The improvements consist in forming the hammer piston of the drill of varying diameters, and with an internal bore which, co-acting with the varying diameters of its cylinder and the inlet port, operate the hammer piston without requiring special valves. The exhaust takes place through a circular row of holes in front of the drills, so that the exhaust fluid will impinge on the surface of the rock and blow away the drill chippings and dust. The feed of the drill is effected by prolonging the hammer cylinder rearwards, by means of a rod connected thereto, the end of which is formed as a ram or piston, working in a cylinder which is connected to the same source of fluid pressure which works the hammer. The drill is supported in a clamp mounted on a vertical column fitted at the top with an enlarged cap, and at the bottom with a screwed spindle. The lower end of this spindle is formed with a spherical end which bears in a spherical cup of a foot piece. The column is adapted by this means to be jammed or wedged between the roof and floor of the mine gallery. The working face of the bit is formed with radial V shaped ribs, and is provided with a central bore for conveying fluid to carry away the chippings.

28,808/04—*Improvements relating to the manufacture of di-nitro-glycerine.*

This invention relates to the formation of di-nitro-glycerine, whilst avoiding the formation of tri-nitro-glycerine. This is stated to be effected, by separating (by means of either and the like) the di-nitro-glycerine out of the solution formed when nitrating glycerine with acids rich in water and sulphuric acid, and poor in nitric acid, by which means the formation of tri-nitro-glycerine is retarded.

916/05—MAY—*Improved process for making fuel from garbage.*

According to this process the garbage is first spread over a picking table, where inert matter such as glass, nails, &c., is removed by hand. Whilst still spread on the table a disinfectant consisting of equal parts of oxide of calcium and ammoniacal salts, in the proportion of 3% to the ton, is distributed over the garbage. The material is then reduced by a grinding operation, and is subsequently dried and partially carbonised in drying apparatus. During the carbonisation a chemical re-action occurs between the disinfectant and the garbage, resulting in the coagulation of the contained oily and fatty matters. To the finished material 6% to the ton of crude oil may be added. The fuel may be briquetted, 10% to the ton of pulverized oxide of calcium being employed as a binding material.

5938/05—FRIED KRUPP AKTIENGESELLSCHAFT—*Improvements in or connected with tip waggons.*

This invention relates to a means for holding the sliding locking bolt of a tip waggon in the operative or inoperative position. It consists of a weighted lever formed near its pivot with two shoulders, one of which engages with a laterally projecting stud on the bolt to close same and the other to open same. The angle of movement of the weighted lever is such that the weight tends to remain where placed. When the lever has been thrown into the position to unlock the tipping bucket, the latter, after passing the nose of the bolt, strikes a laterally projecting stud on the weighted lever and returns it to the position for locking, and, when the tipping bucket returns it is able to pass the projecting nose of the locking bolt on account of the latter being bevelled and able to be temporarily retired.

These applications for patents are, until July 17, 1905, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

The following applications for the registration of Trade Marks relating to the shipping and coal trades were advertised on June 7, and are open to opposition by interested parties within the period ending July 7th.

Class 20—*Explosive substances.*

No. 272,516—5th May, 1905—PRIMAX—for explosive substances. Kynock, Ltd., Lion Works, Witton, Birmingham; Manufacturers.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

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OCEAN (MERTHYR) COAL CO., LTD., 11, Bute Crescent, Cardiff, proprietors of Ocean (Merthyr) Steam Coal.

UNIVERSAL STEAM COAL CO., LTD., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Proprietors of "Universal Steam Coal."
Telegrams: "VERSATILE, CARDIFF."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

VIVIAN, H. C. & CO., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole European Agents for "The Puritan Coal Mining Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A."
Telegrams: "VIVIAN, CARDIFF."

WATTS, WATTS & CO., Cardiff and London. Contractors for the supply of Coals at all Depôts abroad.
Telegrams: "WATTS, CARDIFF."

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THE CARDIFF RAILWAY COMPANY, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Ship Repairers.

SHEARMAN, JOHN & CO., LTD., Cardiff, and at Barry Dock.

THE BUTE SHIPBUILDING, ENGINEERING, AND DRY DOCK COMPANY, LIMITED, Roath Basin, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "GAISSON, CARDIFF."

THE CARDIFF CHANNEL DRY DOCKS AND PONTOON CO., LTD., Cardiff and Barry Dock.
Telegrams: "Entrance, Cardiff." "Channel, Barry."

THE MERCANTILE PONTOON CO., LTD., Roath Dock, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "MERCANTILE, CARDIFF."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

Miscellaneous.

LEWIS & TYLOR, Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole patentees and manufacturers of "Gripoly," a patent woven belting; and "Burals," a semi-metallic packing.
Telegrams: "BELTING CARDIFF." Telephone, Nat. 231.

Steamship Owners.

DAN. JENKINS & CO., Steamship Owners and Brokers, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Stonewall, Cardiff."
Nat. Telephone: 1318.

BARRY.

Dock Owners.

THE BARRY RAILWAY CO., Barry.

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THOMAS EVANS, Esq.

(Commercial Manager, Ocean Steam Coal Company, Limited.)

(See Page 94.)

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MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF.

Thursday Afternoon.

THE International Maritime Conference—so-called—has held its long-talked of séance, and the Liverpudlian is said to be proud in consequence. We suppose it is rude, on our part, but these gatherings of nautically-minded 'longshoremen ever give us mirth. Of course, we quite understand that the greatest maritime nation on earth, has given but scant attention to this hotch-potch which indulges in an annual outing, and that International Maritime Committee is as near as any of us, in this country, may hope to get to the business that was undertaken—this time—in Liverpool. All the same, the Dicky Sams put their Town Hall at the disposal of this I. M. C.; while the Chambers of Commerce, their friends of the steamship owning fraternity, the Bar, and the Law Society clubbed together for the wherewithal for a banquet: the Cunard Company "stood" another banquet in mid-river; and taken altogether, the happy little coterie of would-be nautical advisers, did themselves remarkably proud, in this particular year of grace. One of these odd days, a heaven-sent genius will suggest that the first step in these little conferential pow-wows, should be the inclusion of a number of men who really know something about shipping—sailormen, to wit.

MEANWHILE, we have to consider these arrangements, as they are: not as, under happier circumstances, they would be. So! The apples, so to speak, on this occasion, were (1) Limitation of Shipowners' Liability—which is merely another method of writing "Easing the Underwriter," seeing that shipowner unloads the whole of his liability on to that accommodating friend. (2.) Mortgages and Maritime and other Liens on Ships: (3) Conflicts of Laws as to Freights. There would appear to be but a so-so method of officering this Maritime Conference, for the three days allotted to the three subjects (when the banquetting time, and things, were deducted) were altogether insufficient, and item (3) was unavoidably held over. Now, if these good people were serious in their efforts to bring about a better ordering of matters maritime, would not they start off with the Conflicts of Laws as to Freights? A ship is created, primarily, for the purpose of earning freights, while such points as mortgages and liens, as well as underwriters' liability, are merely subsidiary items? Probably, this is one of the chief reasons why the British Government is so careless, about the machinations of these otherwise estimable people, who set out from a far land, for the purpose of having a talkee-talkee with the "abominable Briton."

WE have it on the authority of sections of the daily press, which are probably as well posted on maritime matters as were some of the amiable gentlemen who, in the lump (if we may put it thus), went to make up the International Maritime Conference, that the meeting was a success. Of course, reasons are adduced for this success; but being busy people—and having but a limited quantity of space at our disposal—we have no time to bother with those reasons. We are more concerned, with ways and means for obviating the accidents which lead up to this alleged shipowners' liability, than with the safeguarding of same, after it has once been established. That is, if the shipowner were constrained to send nothing but well-found, and well-manned ships to sea, his liability for accidents done, would amount to a raw bean. But when the *Ipsy Fip* is sent off with a rudder that jambs; with a steering-gear that won't work for Father Peter; with a set of engines that will not reverse, even if you offer them eighteen-pence per revolution; with a compass that is about as faithful as are some of the owners which we could mention, and who have a "fixed pole," so to speak, in every second street which crosses their homeward track; well, what do you expect, in the matter of "accidents?"

THIS, really, is where the joke eventuates. Shipowner—some of him, at least—will send any mortal thing afloat, that may be calculated to get clear of a dock gate. Ill-found as suggested: manned with a nondescript combination of useless humanity, which is sweated to death and woefully inefficient, always; then, when the "staunch and true" *Ipsy Fip* runs into a dock gate, and wrecks a host of ships which were on the far side thereof; or toboggans

into some other kind of nautical monstrosity, and sinks it; shipowner wishes to pretend that his £8 per ton liability is altogether too much—because the foreigner, under somewhat similar conditions, is enabled to waltz away with a mere £4 per ton as liability. And the £8 per ton man jibs, although in numberless instances, the book value of his prime old crop of nautical freaks, is "down" at anything reaching to £15 per ton. This is another cause for mirth—to us; and for the stand-off which, so far in the merry game, has been contributed by the British Government? Reverting to those reasons for the success of the Conference, and for which, in the preceding paragraph, we remarked that we had no time, we must, after all, touch on one of them.

THE reason suggested, is that "the meeting was essentially one of business men, representing every interest connected with our maritime trade, rather than of lawyers." Personally, and more or less respectfully, we must beg to differ. The meeting did not contain representatives of every interest, and as a natural consequence, it was merely of the nature of a mutual admiration society, after all. The seagoing interest was not represented—other than tentatively; and gainsay the fact who will, a maritime conference which is not well-supplied with nautical men, is just an attempt at playing *Hamlet* without the Prince. As a matter of fact, it is this misguided ignoring of the seagoing element, which makes International Maritime Conferences necessary. Business men are all very well in their place; but when it comes down to a solid seafaring job, you need sailors—much as the statement might vex you. True, Great Britain was represented by some 40 members, and we note that these were divided up as 25 business men and 10 lawyers—while, presumably, the remainder were old ladies? You might think that we are inclined to treat this august assemblage lightly; are averse to give it its right and proper meed of praise.

WELL, you are not far wrong, for we number ourselves among those good people who are convinced that the International Maritime Conference is just a name, and no more. We are not unduly bothering about the fact that its next meeting will come off somewhere in Italy, and mainly because we happen to know that, from a banquetting standpoint, Italy takes a lot of beating. Moreover, we are certain that a conference could fall on worse lines than are to be found, in the land where la bella Ida has long, silken lashes to her e'en. Then, there is the Tower of Pisa, the Ruins of Pompeii (where the Conference would be suitably surrounded?), the Forum—to say nothing of wine and things—the Appian Way, and, bless us, there are heaps of quiffs in Italy, that are worth a visit. But if you want us to pretend that we have any belief in a sensible, and business-like return for all this tinkle-tankle-talkee—then, you do not know much about the subject, or about us. But as the Liverpool meeting appears to be anxious for immortality, we hasten to assure you that the 25 business men already referred to, were beautifully representative in their power, might, and majesty.

FOR instance, they represented among them, the following august, and serious-minded institutions: United Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom; Liverpool Steamship Owners' Association; London Steamship Owners' Mutual Insurance Association; United Kingdom Mutual (lot of "mutual" about it?) Steamship Owners' Association; London and Liverpool Chambers of Commerce; Institute of London Underwriters; Glasgow Underwriters' Association; Liverpool Average Adjusters' Association, etc. Really, the etc. stands for the general manager of the Bank of Liverpool, and a Mr. Harrison, for the Liverpool corn trade. We should like to give you a sample of some of the speechifying and arguments, for many of them were dref'fly funny, and judging by the apparently good-natured feeling that was about, there is never a wicked foreigner on earth, who is desirious of putting a sprag in the wheel of British commerce—oh, dear no. One gentleman remarked that "by being represented at the conference, the Government did not necessarily commit the country to anything," and to our mind, this was a neat method of placing it on record that the Conference amounted to mighty little, anyhow?

NATURALLY, there was a resolution worked off on the crowd, and it was as follows: "That the representatives of the British shipowners, merchants, and underwriters attending this conference are of opinion that in the interests of the international commerce of this country it is of the first importance that his Majesty's Government should be represented at the international conference convened by the Government of Belgium to consider draft codes relating to collisions at sea, and salvage; and that the secretaries are requested respectfully to submit a copy of this resolution to his Majesty's Government." Eh? That ought to fetch 'em, didn't it? But it won't, you'll see—not if the word "respectfully" were written in italics. The mere words "draft codes," appears to have tickled some of the gentlemen above a bit. For instance, there was Mr. McArthur, M.P., who reminded the assembly that the British Government had promised to give their careful consideration to those two codes—presumably, the Government has done so, and this is one of the reasons why it will have none of the notion? But surely the gentleman went a bit over far, when he claimed that "it was the strong and considered wish of the public of this country," that its Government should take part in such conferences?

PERSONALLY, we much doubt if the public of this country cares a twopenny swearword, as to whether there is an International Maritime Conference, an International Maritime Committee, or merely an International Maritime Confusion—for it will be all the same, fifty years hence, don't you think? Of course, we are willing to admit that these gentlemen should take themselves seriously. But then, not over seriously? Mr. F. S. Watts, too (and his respected father was about as clever a shipowner as the United Kingdom ever possessed), remarked that the two codes (there it is, again!) were the work of picked representatives of commerce, and such a fact, alone ought to convince his Majesty's Government. But lor' bless us! That's the worst of being young and ingenuous! Later on in life, and after rubbing with the world, on his own, say, Mr. F. S. Watts might realise that his Majesty's Government (being picked men, themselves!) take a quantity of convincing—when they are averse to the process, yes! Coming down to a consideration of the Limitation of Shipowners' Liability, we find that from a conferential point of view, cargo-owners were merely indirectly interested, seeing that all cargo is—or is said to be—insured. This, of course, was the definition offered by the cargo-owner, himself!

ON the other hand, if shipowners benefitted from the new dodge—or the new hoped-for-dodge (or should it be hoped-for-new-dodge?)—their benefit, eventually, would be shared in by cargo-owners, who would get lower freight-rates. This looks bad, for if the cargo-owner is hopeful of securing lower freight-rates than have obtained for the last

two or three years, heaven help us! This by the way. But underwriter was of opinion that the rate of premium would be unaffected by the suggested code—so where is the use of carrying on the Conference? Cargo-owner has only an indirect interest; shipowner isn't going to agree to lower freights; and underwriter will see 'em all jiggered before he will submit to a lowering of his premiums! Didn't we remark, 'way back, that some of the arguments were dref'fly funny? We meant to, anyhow. And in effect, the whole contraption will be nothing other than a fizzle, for the simple reason that on the Continent, the shipmaster is still paramount in matters of this kind; while in dear, foolish, old Britain, he is about the last man consulted—thanks to his continued supineness in everything which affects his position, conditions of service, and *status* generally.

If you doubt us, let us quote you from a London "daily" which has made a quantity of "copy" out of the deal—*Times*, to wit. Here you are: "The chief question before the conference, was, whether amongst the liabilities, for which limitation was to be admitted, there should be included 'engagements entered into by the master in virtue of his legal capacity (it would appear, from this, that the shipmaster still has a legal capacity?)'—*i.e. (inter alia)*, contracts of carriage, for repairs, supplies, etc. This provision is in accordance with Continental law; but, in deference to British views (which mark the shipmaster down as a person of no importance, and will continue so to do, until he arises and brings about the alteration which is, and ever has been, in his power), the delegates of foreign nations unanimously agreed to waive their rule and adopt in its place a category of liabilities based upon the British Merchant Shipping Act, 1894, section 503." There you are, sirs. Not satisfied with knocking the Old Man's feet from under him, in maritimely supreme Britain, the killers of the geese that lay the golden eggs, are bent on inaugurating a similar system on the Continent. Don't tell us about the scarcity of the dref'fly funny particular, in connection with this International Maritime Conference!

Indeed, the whole fit-out appears to have gone no farther on the suggested road, than is included in a mild attempt to belittle the foreign shipmaster, even as has been belittled, his British colleague. In the old days; days when our minds were free from the faked log-books which sickened us of the sea; days when the power of a feloniously-inclined super had no terrors for us: in our happy school-days, to be exact; we learned an old tag which lilted along after the following: *Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*, and this, being freely translated, signified that those whom God has a mind to destroy, he first deprives of their senses, what? We aren't going to argue the point about the purity of the Latin which is involved; it was good enough for our old Dominie, so 'twas good enough for us; but concerning the absolute truth of the quotation, there can be no possibility of doubt. To prove it, size up the rotten state in which British shipping is and has been, more or less, for a decade or so. Has been, in fact, since the shipmaster was relegated to a back seat—because some of him had conscientious scruples about faking a log-book more'n once in a round trip. Eh? Isn't this the truth?

However, and in view of another old tag which occurs to us; a tag which explains things concerning the impossibility of making a silk purse out of a sow's ear; the conference to which we have given this extended consideration, fizzled out, even after the manner provided for such affairs. That is to say, that after a quantity of alleged discussion; when heaps of nice things had been flung around on the ambient air; when our amiable friends from ze Continong had exhausted their by no means inappreciable stock of polite inanities; when the wine (and whisky) had been duly sampled and approved of—for there were banquettings, you'll remember; when the inevitable dead-lock had been reached; it was decided to refer the whole discussion to a sub-committee, whose business would be to consider the whole caboodle in detail, after which they would report to the big—or original—committee. So that is alright, for in other words, the "code" and its acceptance, was relegated to the Greek calends—praise de lor'! If, after that, any sane man wonders at the Government's alleged supineness in the matter—we are sorry for him. Governments are not usually anxious to hold themselves up to ridicule—unless they are absolutely bound to? This happens sometimes; but not when International thingamys are on tap. Take it away, please. To Italy, an' it suits you.

The last Act in the drama known as the "Loss of the Workfield," befell on Saturday, last, when the inevitable "off with his head" took place in connection with the captain. A local Marine Board inquiry had the matter in hand—why, we are unable to state, unless it were in accordance with honourable (or dishonourable) tradition. The inquiry on this occasion, was constituted even as obtains on most other occasions, which is to say it was no better, and no worse, than the majority of these inquiries. A number of 'longshoremen, a lawyer or so, "the culprit" already condemned, the so-called witnesses lumped together by the Board of Trade whose chief reason of existence in matters of this kind, is to find a scapegoat—and there you are. This is a great country; everybody realises it; and when a Board of Trade inquiry has already put the first jab into the character of a shipmaster, it naturally follows that a Marine Board arrangement dare not disagree with the Head Barnacles? In the whole series of this alleged "trial-by-jury," how many of the jurors were there who had as much as a nodding acquaintance with the sea, or with the conduct of the foreign stuff which passes muster as "British seamen," these days? Was there one, we wonder?

We do not wonder, really, for we know that all these little affairs are decided "on the evidence;" common-sense is brought to bear; and 'tis simply marvellous to note the dead set, which this class of common-sense has against the Old Man—no matter from where he hails. In this instance a couple of "squareheads"—through an interpreter, ye gods!—declared that the Old Man was drunk on certain occasions, and although the chief and second officers of the vessel were emphatic in their declarations to the contrary, the "squareheads" were believed. That is, these men were considered as good enough for the position of "British seamen," afloat, and their "English" was quite good enough, to enable a number of officers to get their ship around in safety; but when it comes to a Marine Board inquiry, an interpreter must be engaged, and nobody appears to see the wickedness, or the incongruity, of it all. Indeed, some English gentlemen who adorned the Marine Board inquiry of this occasion, are shipowners, managers, style-'em-what-you-will; have numbers of the same kind of foreigners on the vessels which they manage; and yet they have the bad taste to sit at an inquiry, as "principal boys," so to speak, and question these "British seamen," through the agency of an interpreter! It's a free country, mind.

As our readers are aware, the charge was that the captain

was drunk and unfit for duty, on the day when the *Workfield* struck a submerged object and ultimately sunk. Previous to this, there had been a question of 150 dollars handed to the captain, for distribution among the crew—the source of the dollars doesn't matter in the least. The men didn't get these alleged dollars, and after the manner of their kind, decided to "make it hot" for the Old Man. It is all so straightforward and forecastley, that one is aghast at any credence being placed on the words of these "make-it-hot" gentlemen. There appears to be malice all through the business, for as a beginning, a number of the crew signed a paper (free education, again) asking the chief officer to take charge of the steamer—an honour which he refused because, according to his evidence, the Old Man was neither drunk, nor incapable; the steward of the vessel deposed that he had heard the yarn about that 150 dollars, and had also heard the firemen declare that they would make it hot for the captain; yet in face of this conflicting "evidence," the case was gone on with; the thing was carried to a finish; and that finish the only one possible, in these degenerate days—"Off with his head."

To say the least, the Captain's version of the accident, and the items which lead up to it, were as worthy of belief as were the conflicting statements made by the crowd that had decided "to make it hot" for him; and the carelessness which admitted of the departure, for sea, of two of the ship's officers—the first engineer and second mate, to wit—was not the least questionable action in the conduct of the Board of Trade. If the Board were intent on seeing the thing through as became a national institution, the mere fact that the retention of the engineer would cost a few pounds should not have stood in the way. The cost of maintaining the foreigner who had to be examined through the help of an interpreter, did not debar the Board from keeping them in metaphorical clover until wanted for the execution. Of course, not. The foreigners would give "evidence" against the Old Man; the first engineer, apparently, was inclined to plump for him. So were the navigating officers, but as they are both of them potential shipmasters, and therefore the pariahs of the service, their evidence was discounted from the beginning. As a matter of fact, the second officer was allowed to be absent from the Marine Board inquiry, although he had been retained for the B.T. sample.

It occurs to us to ask, if the engineer and second mate were allowed to clear out, because it was known that their evidence was on the side of the Captain? In view of the remainder of the matters surrounding this unsavoury case, one has a right to ask. Mr. Miller, the Liverpool solicitor who looked after the interests of the captain of the *Workfield*, pointed out a number of discrepancies in the evidence, and remarked on the small quantity of spirit that had been consumed on the voyage. He also touched on the fact that the two important witnesses who had been allowed to go to sea, instead of being retained to speak for the man who had everybody, practically, against him, was a "cruel injustice." And we entirely agree with Mr. Miller, for it is "a great wrong that, in an inquiry like this, fostered behind the master's back, two material witnesses are not produced by the Board of Trade, or opportunity given to the master to produce them." Of course, a nine months' suspension followed, and presumably, the Board of Trade is glad in consequence? This is exactly where the Department can be depended on to show its authority. But it is about the only place, and that is probably why the shipmaster is sure of a suspension, under nearly any circumstance.

The master of the *Workfield* might have been drunk, or he might not have been. But it is very certain that the alleged evidence offered by the selection of men who had decided to "make it hot" for the Old Man, was in no manner conclusive, and under the circumstance, the supposed culprit should have been given the benefit of the doubt—which was large enough, in all conscience. But the shipmaster is entirely to blame for all these travesties of justice. He has, and has ever had, the power of squaring these matters up; of showing these Jacks-in-office that the day is over for preferential treatment; and that, henceforth, he must be treated as a human being; as one of the community; instead of always posing as the "under dog," whenever it suits the Department to have a field-day against him. On this occasion, the solicitor for the Board of Trade asked if the suspension was to commence from the day of the trial—so-called—and was informed that this was a matter for the Board of Trade to deal with. Now why need this estimable lawyer ask any such thing? If it were necessary, from a professional point of view, to settle the matter, couldn't that lawyer have asked if the suspension dated from the loss of the steamer?

In our opinion, these lawyers ever act as if their continuance in the employ of the Board of Trade, depends not so much on their legal acumen, as upon the vindictiveness displayed against "the culprit." The Captain is a blackguard; the Department has instructed us to proceed; *ergo*, it wishes us to get as much out of him as possible; failing this, we shall not be justifying our employment; this, to our mind, sums up the argument brought in (on the quiet, of course) by these supporters of "the Department." However, the Board of Trade should be satisfied over the roasting of its latest victim. On the words of a number of would-be mutineers—for that is what the signing of that paper amounted to—he is condemned to a nine months' suspension from work; the sentence will ease the strain of the underwriters who have to pay for the loss; the Board will work up a certain amount of smug superiority; will pose as a concatenation of humanity which may be depended on to raise Cain with the helpless; will issue other notices to mariners; draw big salaries among it, generally; and the mere fact that they are hastening on the day when there will be no British seamen, and therefore no salaries earned for this puissant Board of Bulldosers, never seems to flit across their mighty brains.

That day is coming, all the same; when it arrives, the Board will not even have the satisfaction of remarking that nobody told them about it. The trouble of the whole arrangement is, that the Marine Department has outlived its day of usefulness; it is moribund, and should have been buried, long since. Furthermore, it works up all its details from a 'longshore point of view; it cannot, under any circumstances, assimilate the one fundamental fact that a sailor is as different in his reasonings and conduct from the landsman, as is light from dark. That is, the Board of Trade is as a dog-fancier who is idiotic enough to trade in bull-dogs and mechanical puppies at the same time. In the stress of modern conditions and circumstances, he forgets himself—or never knew, which is about the same thing, here—and one time he will be found giving oil to the bull-dog and biscuit to the mechanical puppies; at another, he forgets both oil and biscuit. That the end will be disastrous, is plain enough, for ultimately the metaphorical dog-fancier will have neither bull-dog nor puppies; merely a good old has-been, in their place. So will it be, with the Board of Trade, unless a big alteration is rapidly engineered. When is that Ministry of Commerce coming in to save the

situation, and will sailormen then be entrusted with the conduct of nautical matters?

THE Canadian friend is certainly seizing the golden opportunity of opening up his trade with the Old Country, in a truly colonial manner, and not least among the efforts in this direction, is the present visit of Canadian manufacturers to these shores. The gentlemen referred to, are members of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, and thanks to the *Victorian's* comparatively poor passage, they were a day and a half behind their scheduled time in arriving at London. Perhaps this loss of time will not be altogether thrown away on the voyagers, for it might show them, as a personal experience, that it costs money to build steamers that may be depended on to cross the Pond with the regularity of a railway train. This bit of nautical wisdom, is exactly what the Canadian is most in need of. He has been humbugged in the past, with so many schemes that have been going to revolutionise his trade methods, that at length, he has become sceptical about most "fast line" ideas. So sceptical, indeed, that he has ended up by offering the price of a tin-steamer line, with hope to get a real, eighteen carat, and twenty-one knot group of steamships. This by the way, and as a shippy sort of introduction to the gentlemen who have come across to tell us, all about Canadian manufactures.

POSSIBLY the greatest pleasure that will befall our Canadian friends while on this side of the Atlantic—the greatest, that is, after a large booking-up of orders!—was the gracious reception accorded them by the King and Queen, at Windsor Castle. With the details of the function, we have no concern, but the remarks of the Duke of Argyll, when addressing our relatives from over the sea, are worthy of attention. In animadverting on topics which were current some 25 years ago, his Grace remarked that he remembered a Secretary of State of that time, who was of opinion that only fools could think of manufacturing, in Canada, any agricultural machinery which could compete with the machinery imported from the United States; and that such Canadian machinery, would be ill-made, and dearer than the other sort. That he has been proved woefully wrong, is certain. But that Secretary of State was not altogether to be blamed, for his pessimistic feelings in connection with Canada. He would have been a daring prophet who declared, a quarter of a century ago, that in such few years, the Dominion would have leaped ahead as it has done. Still, there is no reason for a "let up," in the procession. Canada has certainly done much; but she has yet much to do?

INDEED, it is with this idea foremost, that the Canadian Manufacturers' Association have inaugurated the present deputation to the Old Country. The Canadians have grasped the fact that the more they see of the Briton, and the more the Briton sees of them, the better esteem will each hold for the other. And with this class of esteem, comes business. The stay-at-home Briton usually receives his inspirations concerning Canadian progress, from the letters of those of his own people who have gone there, to stay. Naturally, those inspirations are of an evanescent character, and mainly for the reason that the colonist is usually too busily engaged, to afford much time for letter-writing. Personally, we are glad to repeat the words of the Duke of Argyll, on the occasion already referred to: "The more discussion Canadians have with the people they meet, the better will our people be able to understand the position of the Colonies. I hope you will not keep your mouths shut, but will fully explain the position." That is, his Grace is fully convinced of the virtues surrounding our old advice of "Keep a hollerin'." It is good advice, and may be depended on to "get you there," on every occasion. If the Canadian "keeps a hollerin'" loudly (and long) enough, he will ultimately be the possessor of a fleet of ships, that will do him proud.

COMPARISONS are odious! Contrast the treatment meted out to the skipper of the average British steamer which manages to be lost, but in which "every soul was saved," with that following on the treatment given to his American brother in a case like that surrounding the loss of the *General Slocum*, on June 15, last. There was an appalling spectacle of official greed, carelessness and corruption! And with it all, there has been but one attempt to bring the wrong-doers to justice. In this particular instance, it was an assistant steamboat inspector who was trotted out to face the music, and to the credit of the American be it said, he refuses to make a scapegoat of this man who, in all probability, had as much power of veto in the case, as had we, ourselves. Anyhow, this intended scapegoat has been twice tried, and in each instance, the jury disagreed. As a *finale*, it is now stated that the Federal District Attorney will do nothing further in the matter. There may be—and is—a certain amount of official monkey-work in the States; but in view of recent examples on this side of the water, Britain is not altogether blameless in the same connection?

BUT the American will not have a lesser functionary blamed and punished, even while the big offenders scoop in the dollars, and go scot free. Such tricks are reserved for what is said to be the free-est country on earth—Britain to wit. A shipmaster, in his struggles to earn a living, may find himself on an old crock that is a positive disgrace to humanity, and a menace to everything which floats near her. But his representations will be unavailing. He might be ass enough to tell his employer that the ship is unseaworthy, but if he is, then, you may bet a fairish-sized sum of money that he will soon be numbered among the unemployed. The boss will suggest that as the crock has been "passed" by a Board of Trade which has not probably troubled with her since she was launched, the skipper has no right to twist himself over the matter. In the result, the Old Man goes away with her; comes to grief, and for the first time in his life, perhaps, realises that he has a legal *status*; that as a shipmaster, he is master of the crock, and also responsible for her shortcomings. It's English, you know, quite English—but it isn't American, we are glad (for the American seaman's sake) to admit.

HERE we are again! More junkettings for the shipping man, and more free advertisement for the Port of Antwerp! Somehow or other, the Belgium gentleman is a 'cute individual, and if, so far in the history of the world, he hasn't done a deal to be proud of, he is by way of altering all this. The great awakening in Belgium, dates from some three years ago, when the International Maritime Conference was launched upon the gaze of an admiring world. The conference idea caught on; it offered possibilities for a number of estimable men who, under other circumstances, would be born, reared, and would die, leaving never a foot-print in the sands of time. Such a life of obscurity was not to be contemplated, so heigho, for the conference! Most of us understand the potentialities which have hung around that conference. Why, in the past, if a man were asked if he knew the position of Antwerp, he would answer, at once: "Antwerp? Of course! That's the place where the 'pally indy' flourishes,

and the big organ, to say nothing of the decolle—" but never mind. We do not wish to give the place away; not us. We think too much of the smartness of these free-advertisers who bluff dear, slow-going old Johnny Bull. That is what's the matter, yes!

ANYHOW, the conference was good; it worked—immensely; and now we have the dock extensions at Antwerp to play upon. We don't mind giving our quota to the general free advertisement that is about, hence our remarks. But the British Shipping Federation—whatever that is—has been "doing" Antwerp. Has it gone over there to measure up things; to test the waters of the port—when mixed cunningly with waters that are not of the port; to size up the situation, generally, and then come home to tell the Missus all about the customs of the place (and to hide from her too inquisitive gaze, the other customs which have not been imported—viâ the Custom House, let us suggest)? We have admitted that we are willing to give Antwerp a free advertisement; but then, we are not going to trot out a whole page of figures, like some of our contemporaries are doing. All the same, we don't mind repeating what Mr. Devitt, the president of the Shipping Federation, said at the Zoological Gardens (bit of fitness, among the crowd, don't you think?) banquet, one day, last week. Here is Mr. Devitt's pronouncement: "We build as good ships in the old country, as they build anywhere." We do, and we also build (and run) as great a sample of rotter, don't forget.

THE foregoing was merely a portion of the Devitt statement. The beginning of that portion to which we have turned our attention. Here is the cream of the dairy, if we may put it thus: "There are, however, other countries which are running us very close, and, though we may have every good feeling towards them, what we ourselves have to do, is to wake up and keep alive." Eh? "Wake up and keep alive," the gentleman said—and that is partly what we have to do. Without any shinnannakin, too. The hypercritical might remark that it would be in the natural order of things, if we were to keep alive and wake up—but that is a mere detail. It doesn't alter the fact that there is a rousing sadly needed, somewhere in the ranks of shipowning. Of course, you understand that the parties who have "to wake up and keep alive," are they who do not happen to be ship managers; those people are very much alive—especially that portion which went across to Antwerpen to see the dock extensions, and things. But don't forget about the good ships that we build, please; nor the good men to man them which we don't build; nor the laws which are slowly but surely driving the few good men that are left, into the arms of the nations who make it essential for us to "wake up and keep alive." The advertisement of Antwerp is now "off."

AFTER a tremendous amount of popular excitement, the court-martial held to inquire into the loss of submarine *A8* has been held, and adjourned, and as far as we can see, there is altogether too much old piffle concerning horizontal rudders, and their action under certain conditions, to be good for the brain of the average reader. We suppose that, to the "Service mind," this technical detail is of surpassing interest; but to the mind of the folk who find the money for these disastrous experiments, it would probably be more reassuring if disaster were less in evidence. In plain language, are these experiments placed under the care of a number of men who are too youthful for the undertaking, or are they not? Nobody wishes to say one unkind word against the poor fellows who find they are in a place where they are likely to be done to death; but everybody would like to know if they are the victims of a pernicious system, or what really is the matter? To say the least, it is disconcerting to note that these submarine accidents appear to be altogether a British curse, for although other nations have a number of the new freaks, accidents to them are almost exclusively confined to the British sample.

PERSONALLY, we are inclined to the belief that the horizontal rudder and its peculiarities, have little to do with the main issue; the rudder is merely a detail in the situation. The point around which the whole miserable business appears to revolve, is that a number of more or less raw youths are allowed to flop around in charge of these instruments which, to date, are more dangerous to Britain, than they are ever likely to be to Britain's foes. We note that Sir William White, when lecturing a few days ago at the Royal Institution, suggested that it would be best for everyone to wait until the facts were known; that the survivors would tell the truth "*so far as they knew it*, and that a full enquiry would be held." This is all very nice, and nobody wishes to contradict such an able authority. But in every sample of the enquiries concerning these lamentable affairs, so far in the history of the cult, all attention has been centred on the merely mechanical consideration of the happenings. That is, if it isn't a rudder that is discussed, it is a petrol tank and its possible leakage; failing that, something has gone wrong with the mechanism, somewhere else; and the end-up has been, that the whole calamity has been carried out according to Cocker.

OF course, this is all very proper, and Servicey; but it isn't bound to be common-sensey. Naval training is a grand arrangement, and may be calculated to effect some wonderful—nay, miraculous—ends; but up to now, it has never succeeded in placing old heads on young shoulders, and to our mind this is where the screw is loose. Speaking from personal experience, we say, most seriously, that it is utterly ridiculous to suppose that any number of callow youths, are fit to be trusted with the care of a costly engine, and a number of human beings, in a manner similar to that which obtains in the officering and manning of these submarine mysteries. Does it meet the situation, to dismiss the subject with words such as; "I think the lesson is that the Navy never fails to meet all risks; neither officers nor men drew back because of what happened to *A5*, and they will not do so because of the present trouble." Thus Sir William White, on the occasion already referred to. It is highly probable that never a man in the country, wishes to suggest any such thing. On the contrary, rather, and all honour is due the men who willingly sacrifice their lives, for their country's good.

WHAT the country would like to know, is whether such a sacrifice is necessary? Admittedly, submarines are kittle-kattle, at the best. They take a quantity of knowing; and even after they have been studied exhaustively, their nature is then but imperfectly understood. Under these circumstances, then, is it wise to entrust them to a number of youths who will assuredly act on the lines of the old saw, which presupposes that "familiarity (with danger, as with anything else) breeds contempt?" Most certainly not, and this is where the drowned sailors are not so much the victims of a hard fate, as they are victims to a rotten system. A system which eternally keeps a Navy in a state of experimental youth and devil-may-careism. In other words, the system which aims at training a number of youths into nautical geniuses, and then, just as they have

grown into the useful stage, to put them on half-pay, and start afresh with another chunk of youthful inexperience. This is where the trouble lays, and all talk of horizontal rudders, reserves of buoyancy, deflections of this, that, or the other piece of mechanism, are merely little attempts to dodge the main issue.

PUTTING a number of inexperienced boys in charge, has proved eminently disastrous; so why not put staid men at the job for a trial? At the most, they can do no worse than deflect the blessed thing to perdition; at the worst, they can do no more than drown all hands. On the other hand, older men; officers who have been taught through weary years, to leave nothing to luck; that in sea-life, as in every other phase of existence, heaven helps those who help themselves; these men, then, might be supposed to know enough to take no unnecessary risks; to attend to detail on practical lines; and in the end, to bring their tricky arrangement safely through? It is admitted that "the delicacy of the conditions involved in the submersion of the submarine"—which is a fanciful manner of putting it—demands sustained skill and vigilance "to maintain it at the prescribed depth of flotation;" and this being so, it is mighty poor policy to put a number of boys in charge of the operations; boys who might be chock-a-block full of college quiffs; but who haven't lived long enough to know how to keep their heads, and to appreciate the difference between foolhardiness and bravery.

As it is with submarines, so is it with torpedo-boat destroyers, and both samples of marine architecture are looked upon as the natural training ground of the youthful units of the Fleet's executive. In the case of the t.-b.-d., it is admitted that they are about as tricky as it is possible for a steamship to be; that they are merely boxes of intricate machinery; and yet they are placed in charge of the youngest members of the navigating and engineering staffs. Don't take our bare word for it. Do as we have done—drop alongside the little vessels, and size up the situation for yourself. If you do this, you will find that in the vast majority of instances, it is a case of youth at the helm, even supposing there is mighty little beauty at the prow; and the inevitable consequence is, that you get a continued series of collisions, strandings, etc., from the navigating side of the entity; and a concatenation of burned boilers, furnace crowns, disarranged condensing apparatus, and what not, from the mechanical side of the undertaking. Frankly, it is time that a little less of the amateur sailor were in evidence, in the national shipping. Amateur Parliamentarians are bad enough; but the same kind of sailormen and engineers are a positive menace to the country, and that they exist in far too great numbers, is to be seen in these continued "deplorable accidents," which are for ever crystallising around the "greatest fleet on earth."

WE are informed that the Annual Congress of the Scottish Shipmasters' and Officers' Association will be held, this year, at Aberdeen (to-morrow) when representatives from the various British ports will be present. A number of questions of great importance to mariners and the shipping industry, generally, will be brought up for discussion—and particularly those which have to do with the Russian raids on British steamers. Then, the more efficient lighting of the coasts of the United Kingdom will be considered; electric bell signalling; the alien invasion of British shipping; and the long-sought-for restriction of navigating certificates for British subjects. All these, and more, will be discussed by practical men, the nature of whose business gives them more than the amateurish knowledge which is usually brought to bear on these subjects. We note, too, that the question of the proposed colonial conference to enquire into a means of applying the Merchant Shipping Acts to Colonial as well as to Imperial shipping, will be considered; as will also, the supply of Mercantile Marine officers, and their remuneration; compensation to seamen; light dues; boy sailor schemes, etc. We shall be glad to receive the report of the Congress, for when the sailor himself, undertakes to have a word or so on his own business needs, then, that "word or so" is always of interest—and should receive considerably more attention than is generally meted out, with disastrous results to the country's only screen which is between it and the deep sea, so to speak.

THIS is good reading, isn't it? The reading which tells us that Russia has been called to account, for the outrage of sinking the *St. Kilda*? We have it on good authority that the Russian Government "deeply and sincerely deplores" the outrage referred to—exactly as it did the North Sea sample. Presumably, too, the same Government is keen on offering all manner of promises that "they'll never do so any mo-oo-ore"—again, as exactly followed the North Sea, the *Knight Bachelor* and other outrages? In the end, as the Russian Government hasn't any means of communicating with its "remainder" of what was once a fleet, it is a case of will Britain once more oblige, by sending a cruiser along to explain the heinousness of the conduct of these "Volunteer" pirates—if they are catchable? Of course she will, and with the soft answer which is calculated to turn away wrath, the pirate will be exhorted to run away home, as it is unseemly for him to be geehawking about the waters, all by his little selfski. Presumably, the pirate will man the gangway for the British messenger; will salaam sahib according to prescribed rule; and as soon as the messenger has departed, with a glow of unctuous rectitude spread all over it, the merry pirate will hunt up another "outrage," which it will send to the bottom of the more or less deep blue sea, which exists out that way? So be it.

WE learn that the Scottish Shipmasters' & Officers' Association are in active correspondence with the Foreign Office, and with the Admiralty, regarding the sinking of the steamer *St. Kilda* and the imprisonment of her officers, by the Russian converted cruiser *Dnieper*, with a view to obtaining the early release of, and compensation for, the victims. Also, with a view to having steps taken to prevent a repetition of similar outrages. The Association has taken a very active interest in obtaining recognition of the rights of neutral shipping during the present war, and in obtaining compensation for those who have suffered at the hands of either belligerent.

DEAR, dear! Here is *Daily Chronicle* unburdening itself of a wail concerning the "evils of a monopoly." It's like this: Seeing that the Elder, Dempster Line hold the whole of the carrying trade of the West African Colony within the hollow of their fairly-large hand; and that in consequence, any kind of freight which pleases that concern, is accounted as "current;" it follows that the price of the coal which is needed for use on the West African Railways, is abnormally high. And it isn't only the poor private trader who is being mulcted in this wicked manner; the Government is treated in precisely the same way—and not with the least bit of regard for the amiable manner in which it has advertised the great firm of Elder, Dempster and Co. It's dref'ful!

On Saturday last, the steamer *Vigo*, built by Earle's Shipbuilding and Engineering Co., Ltd., Hull, left the yard for her official trial. Her dimensions are 336ft. x 48ft. 3in. x 25ft. 4in. moulded; she has been built to the British Corporation's highest class, under special survey; and to the Board of Trade requirements for grain carrying. The vessel is constructed on the deep-frame system, having one deck laid, and with shelter deck above—all fore and aft: and ample accommodation for the captain, officers and crew has been provided in the most up-to-date manner. The deck machinery consists of five powerful steam winches, steam windlass, and steam-, and hand-steering gear. The main machinery consists of a set of triple expansion engines, and two large single ended boilers working at a pressure of 195lbs. per square inch, the engines having cylinders 20in., 32in., 54in. x 42in. stroke; the boilers are fitted with a superheater and uptake. After several runs, during which the mean speed of 10½ knots was attained, the vessel returned to the Alexandra Dock, to load.

A Steel screw steamer for Messrs. Crosby, Magee and Co., was launched, on the 17th inst., from the yard of Messrs. Robert Stephenson and Co., Limited. The dimensions of the vessel are: Length, 352ft.; breadth. 47ft., and moulded depth, 29ft. 10in. Built to the highest class in Lloyds' Register; with a deadweight capacity of about 6,300 tons: fitted with a cellular double-bottom, fore-and-aft, and large after-peak tank; the vessel has also a centre longitudinal steel grain division bulkhead, running right fore and aft, and extending from the tank top to the spar deck. She has a cargo poop and large bridge amidships, while deckhouses are fitted for the accommodation of the captain, officers and engineers, and a top-gallant forecastle for the berthing of the crew. With four large hatches to cargo holds, and others to poop and bridge spaces; seven steam winches of latest type; and with special gear to facilitate the rapid handling of cargo; the vessel will be a valuable addition to the business of Messrs. Crosby, Magee & Co. The propelling machinery is of the triple expansion surface condensing type, and is supplied with steam from two single-ended boilers, having a working pressure of 180 lbs. On leaving the ways, the vessel was gracefully christened *Teesbridge*, by Mrs. John Magee. After the launch, the usual felicitations were indulged in, and the traditional toasts duly honoured.

Patents – *continued.*

22150/04—Ilbery—*Improvements in shackles for chains, wire ropes and the like.*

A smaller U-shaped shackle is fitted within the open end of an ordinary U-shaped shackle, so that one shackle pin is common to both.

25,851/04—Sommer—*Improvements in and relating to apparatus for the stopping or damming the workings of mines and the like.*

Mine workings are stopped up by means of sludge tailings, sand or refuse, conveyed by pipes together with water under pressure.

26,409/04—Brompton—*An improved otter board for trawling nets.*

This improvement consists in forming the bottom edge of an otter board, with a longitudinal groove, in which a sole plate preferably formed in three sections of length, fits by means of a longitudinal tongue. The middle section of the sole plate, is formed with a corrugated under surface in order to better resist excessive wear.

MARITIME MARK MAKERS.

THOMAS EVANS, Esq.

(Commercial Manager, Ocean Steam Coal Co., Ltd.)

SEEING that he is among the best known, and most highly-esteemed men at the Docks, Cardiff, our this week's Maritime Mark Maker will need but scant introduction to the business men of South Wales. Indeed, if we were circumstanced as are some of our local contemporaries; had nothing more than a purely local outlook; well, we should merely reproduce the photograph of Mr. Thomas Evans, with never a word of comment, or a legend of any sort, underneath. Under the suggested conditions, a legend would be altogether superfluous, for everybody who looked, would merely say, "Why, it's Thomas Evans, Ocean!" and that would be all that necessity would demand. Assuming, however, that we go farther afield; that Mr. Evans is still a young man; that there are yet a number of business men outside of "gallant little Wales," who do not know him as well as they will, later on; we feel that, in the interests of those outsiders, we must explain matters, a little. To begin, then. Our Mark Maker was born at Cardiff—and it is a fact of which he is sufficiently proud. When that birth transpired, is a matter that need not concern anybody—especially as we have already told you that Mr. Evans is a young man. However, after having his education duly—and carefully—attended to, by the Rev. William James, M.A., our young Cardiffian was ultimately considered fit to embark on a commercial career, in the offices of Mr. Matthew Thompson. Here, was laid the foundation of a commercial training that was to stand him in good stead, and later on, we find this energetic young man actively employed as agent for a Monmouthshire colliery—a post which he retained for some years. That was in the "good old times"; before the strenuous life of to-day was thought of; but even so, they were the days in which our present commercial giants were shaping out, and preparing themselves for the heat and burden which, at present, they are so ably bearing. That this energetic Cardiffian's education, right through, has been of the dependable kind, is amply evidenced by results, for some twenty years ago, we find Mr. Evans giving up that connection with the Monmouthshire colliery, and throwing in his fortunes with the Ocean Coal Company; joined them as chartering clerk, and is now their commercial manager. These are the sort of lads who are a credit to old Cardiff. That the business of seeing the Ocean Coal Company safely through is no sinecure, may be understood when we state that its yearly output approximates into the two-and-a-half-million tons per annum stage; that its coal is to be found in most places where good fuel is needed; that it is scattered over the earth, and may be found in the bunkers of the Royal Yachts; on the stokehold plates of vessels just leaving their builders' hands, and consequently doing their utmost to put "the best side to London;" in the fussy little torpedo-boat destroyer, one of which (and thanks to this product of Wales) rolled off her 32·294 knots per hour; in the tramp of commerce—in fact, we should not like to have to learn where the stuff is not! We merely mention this diversity of uses, for the purpose of showing the ramifications to which the commercial head of the company supplying the coal, has to attend. That Mr. Thomas Evans will ever be found in a position to give the necessary attention is—humanly considered—certain. Our Mark Maker is a Benedict, having married the daughter of Mr. Walter Evans, Hayston Hall, Haverfordwest, and in private life, he is equally as much esteemed and respected as is he in his business capacity.

THE MARITIME REVIEW.

FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1905.

SOUTH WALES COAL TRADE.

UNDER the above heading, a correspondent to Monday's issue of the *Times* something-or-other *Supplement*, eases himself of that which is wise—as well as of a by-no-means inappreciable amount of that which is otherwise. After intimating to all and sundry, that with the expiration of the present year, will also expire the present agreement "regulating wages in the South Wales coal trade," the writer referred to undertakes to give a general history of the facts, which led up to the initiation of the regulating-thing that we have put in inverted commas. At the first glance, one is almost constrained to believe, that the usually dignified *Times* has embarked, upon a career of "comic journalism"! For who among us, here, at Cardiff, is going to believe that there is any agreement which regulates wages; or that there has been any such thing, since the lapse of the sliding scale? Of course, wages have been allowed to romp along in some fashion; but to dignify that same fashion with the style of "regulation," is merely to promulgate an absurdity. If to listen to a quantity of twaddle from the masters, to-day, and an equally enlightening quantity from the men to-morrow, is to be blessed with the name of "regulator," then, has South Wales had plenty of wage regulation during the past two or three years. Of course, we all of us know that the alleged "Conciliation Board" was inaugurated in March, 1903, and that it was to run for three years. We also know that the owners accepted it as an experiment; but what we do not know, is (to quote the *Times* young man) that "as an experiment it has by no means proved unsuccessful." Indeed, most of us here, at Coalville, have altogether other opinions; have decided, long ago, that the "Conciliation Board" is about the biggest fiasco which has eventuated, in a trade that has had considerably more than its share thereof. The latest Mentor admits that "In some respects, the machinery has proved faulty (we should smile), but on the whole"—well, on the whole, it has been just the reverse of satisfactory, don't you think, and without attaching too much importance to the "political bias" of the *Times* genius? Mind you, this writer who is receiving our attention, has reasons for assuming that "C.B." is a gem of the first water. Here is one of them; "During its existence, the peace of the coalfield has never been seriously disturbed," and we are fain to admit the soft impeachment. When the collier is allowed to buck along in in his own sweet, happy, way, there is little fear of a disturbance of industrial peace, in as far as the South Wales coal trade is concerned? It is only when the coalowner insists on having a share of right meted out to him, that Dai jibs; tells everybody that he is a down-trodden animal; and that the employer is a soul-less monstrosity. We know, because we have studied him, and are not going to take any points from a man who, for reasons that are not stated, elects to preach contrarily from his own text. With that text, we shall deal directly. Meanwhile, let us give you a quotation, or so. Here you are: "There are few British coalfields which have had so chequered a history as that of South Wales." One would imagine that the coalfields of Britain were as plentiful as the sands on the shore, or as the Tatcho-needing spots on the heads of certain journalistic jokers of our acquaintance! But leaving the few British coalfields which have never excelled that of Wales as suggested, we are told that "the agreement of 1903 was the result of a gradual and often bitter process of negotiation extending over 50 years," and if that doesn't sound almost good enough for one Mr. D. A. Thomas, M.P., the one-time exponent of restriction of output—for others—then, we apologise! As a matter of fact, the agreement of 1903 was the result of the action of a few irresponsibles who elected to style themselves, a "young blood" party; and who, in the fulness of their ignorance, couldn't appreciate the absolute impossibility of placing old heads on young shoulders. Not, mind you, that this particular clique was at all unique in its alleged reasonings. On the contrary, rather, for there are numberless concatenations of human nature, where the same disabilities exist. However, the *Times* young man goes on to give his patient readers a synopsis of the situation which, to those in South Wales, is about as touching as would be information concerning the demise of Queen Anne. Leading the reader along from the year 1875, our Mentor ultimately brings his explanation on to July 1, 1902, when collierdom gave notice to terminate the sliding scale, as from January 1, 1903. Thus, we learn that "The threatened strike was averted, and the wages agreement of 1903 was concluded." The unhappy writer doesn't seem to appreciate the fact that, in collierdom, there are worse affairs than strikes; and that to give the miner his head, so to speak, is merely one of the methods of committing commercial suicide? There are many other methods, we admit; but the one indicated is about as good as most of them. As proving this, let us give you the text to which we referred away back. You all know that, according to the "young bloods" (and their butties, the collier men), the sliding scale was the incarnation of everything that was wicked; that it was the means of practically passing the coal trade into the hands of the baneful middleman; and that if the everything-that-was-hateful scale could but be abolished; the resultant state of living in South Wales, would be but one remove short of Utopian. Very well then. As everybody at this late date knows, the passing of the sliding scale made room for the new agreement which gave the miners a *minimum* wage assessed at 30 per cent. above the standard of 1879, and a *maximum* of 60 per cent. above the same standard; decided that 11s. 10d. should be the average selling price on which the *minimum* rested; that an independent chairman should be employed to say aye or nay, to the demands arising from the ranks of either employers or employed; and that the name of Sir David Dale was indissolubly mixed up with the first stages of the flutter. Now let us see the result. At the time of the institution of the new agreement, and thanks to the efficiency of the sliding scale, the coal trade was in a prosperous condition; so prosperous, in fact, that with the advent of the agreement, the colliers were still receiving 48¾ per cent. above the standard. And now, *Times* gravely asks us to remember that, "Among the coalowners there were none who foresaw the course which prices have since taken," and herein the *Times* is wrong; woefully wrong. There were quite a number of coalowners who spared no pains to explain that what has happened, was inevitable; and among their number, was the originator of the sliding scale, Sir William Thomas Lewis, Bart. As a matter of fact, most of the coalowners—if we ignore the number who elected to pose as "young bloods"—knew only too well, that the present deplorable situation would eventuate; and most of them are agreeably surprised to note, that the inevitable has been staved off for so long a period. Still, we have no wish to engage in the pastime known as flogging a dead horse, and shall be satisfied to remark that this "Conciliation Board," which was going to do so much for the district, has been proven as useless; nay, as a most pernicious arrangement; for where, at its inception, the wages were, as already stated, 48¾ per cent. above the standard, at the present moment they are but

3¾ per cent. above; and in yet a little while, they will have touched *minimum*—while the collier is simply shaking for fear the said *minimum* will be lowered a notch or two. Naturally, the exponents of the so-called new agreement, are busy in thinking up reasons for this deplorable state of affairs; go out of their way to prattle of Boer Wars, Russo-Japanese ditto, or anything else that occurs to their colossal minds; but the true inwardness of the situation—well, they do not like to acknowledge that they have been wrong, all to pieces; have had, in a most effectual manner, the wool pulled over the eyes which they believed had such good sight; and that, in effect, the collier has exploited them for all they are worth—and a bit over. Yet this is the true explanation. The colliers' bosses—the "labour leaders," you know—realised that they would have an easier time, if they could but do away with the labour-saving device known as the Sliding Scale; and true to their beliefs, they spared no pains in attaining that end. Everybody knows that trades unionism is antagonistic to labour-saving devices—the absence thereof, in Welsh collieries is ample proof: and yet a number of men who should have known better, could not see that the agitation against the sliding scale arrangement, was merely a desire to do away with an automatic regulator. Under the Sliding Scale, wages rose or fell, without any outside interference, and according to a well-defined, and equally well-understood provision. But then, it gave the "labour leader" no opportunity of hoodooing his paymasters: the latter knew as much about it as the former; so, as a matter of course, sliding scale, if at all possible, had to go. It went, and then instead of automatic regulations, there were meetings to consider the masters' proposals for a reduction; other meetings to place these before the men; yet others to attend before the independent person who would say aye or nay, according to which side pleaded the best case; and every-one of those "meetings" meant remuneration for the "leader," what? The labourer is worthy of his hire, and the one great mistake made by the coalowners has been: They tried to fight a few professional agitators, who had nothing else to do, save sit down together and think up ways of bluffing the employers; while the coalowner had to fill his time in, with attempting to sell coal, and betweenwhiles, to endeavour to counter the devices of the first-named, who had all their time to scheme with. Isn't this the solid truth? Have we over-stated the case? And is there one sane man among us, here, who really believes that any device is going to successfully militate against a lowering of the selling price when the demand is poor; or against the raising of that price, when the demand is good? Going further, did the exponents of the Sliding Scale ever declare, that it was going to regulate more than the selling price, only? We wot not! They merely claimed—and with absolute truth—that the sliding scale would automatically regulate the wage question, according to the natural, and easily understood fluctuations which must, inevitably, transpire in a trade of the colossal dimensions of the Welsh coal trade. Those same exponents also claimed—and with the same absolute truth—that the "Conciliation Board" could never affect the selling price of coal worth a cent.; nor that it could regulate the wage question, other than at great expense—which would have to be wrung out of the employers' side of the industry. To-day, it is admitted that the Sliding Scale people were right: the only dissentients being the originators of the split in the first instance—the professional agitators. It is quite unnecessary for *Times* to undertake to give us points; all of us, here in South Wales, unfortunately, understand the true inwardness of the situation, without going to London to learn it. Indeed, it is highly probable that the man in the street, hereaway, could give *Times* lovely pointers on the situation. Summing the matter up, we find that since the inauguration of this expensive "Conciliation Board," the selling price of coal has gradually dwindled down until it is but a mere ghost of its former self: the miners' wages have dwindled along with it; the trade of the whole district is stagnant, and shows no sign of recovering; and that the only persons who have gleaned any benefit from the calamitous state, is the "labour leader" who has been paid to attend the meetings which have brought it all about. At times like this, straight talk is essential; and if South Wales wishes to emerge from its present deplorable condition, then, it will end the "Conciliation Board"; will clip the wings of the professional agitator, at the same time teaching him his proper position in the economy of nature; and then, will see to it that the sliding scale is reinstated, when, at the worst, the local man will merely have to worry about the laws of supply and demand. At present, he has to worry about those laws, and about a disquieting element, which makes it practically impossible, for any profitable coal business to be engaged in—the new agreement, otherwise known as the "Conciliation Board."

SUEZ CANAL COMPANY.

THERE would appear to be a quantity of unconscious humour in the statement made at the Annual General Meeting of the Suez Canal Company, held in Paris, the other day. It might have been conscious humour, of course, for one never knows what is really about, when a lovely little cluster of monopolists sit down to prattle of their business. To our mind, there is a quantity of jocularity in the following: "The same circumstances which caused the growth of the traffic in 1903, have contributed to the results obtained in 1904; they have been charaterised on the one hand, by an exceptionally keen activity in the exportation of the agricultural produce of India, and of corn, in particular; and on the other hand, by a marked growth in coal exports for the Far East." Eh? "Marked growth in coal exports for the Far East" is good, even if it is a bit wide of the truth? One may hardly speak of war material as exports? And the "coal exports" referred to, are war material that will certainly not figure in the year's balance sheet—unless the very unexpected happens? However, we note that "The simultaneous appearance of these two factors have not allowed us to consider as absolutely normal the increase in receipts obtained in 1904," which is precisely where the humour comes in? And seeing that the directors—no, the Administrative Council—"are keeping faithfully to the line of conduct which we have drawn up for you on many occasions, and which consists in harmonising your present with your future interests;" well, you will not be surprised to learn that an additional 5,000,000 francs have been added to the extraordinary reserve, and which will be used up to make good any losses that may be caused by the contemplated rebate? Truly does the Suez Canal Company play against the British shipping industry, with a double-headed half-penny. No matter how the coin spins, the Canal Company is ever a winner! Here, again, is more humour: "It is interesting for you to notice the extreme prudence (ahem! nothing like a due sense of self-appreciation, is there?) with which we propose to you to employ the profits of 1904. We shall be able to guard completely, in 1906, against the consequences of the rebate, should the loss shown as the result of it, not be compensated for by a growth of traffic." What? Isn't it a princely sort of financial manipulation? Here, look at this, too: "The total receipts are placed at Fr. 119,176, 398·45, showing, by comparison with the total receipts of 1903, an increase of 12,300,532fr·50, which is the result of the growth of traffic." See, the increase is not consequent on sweating the shipowner; nor does it result from the demise of a rich aunt, or so, connected with the industry; no, it is all the "result of the growth of traffic." Then, the total expenses are placed at 41,038,470·34 francs, so you will see that it takes in "administrative councils" and things, one-franc-and-a-canal-property to earn three francs—providing a sufficiency of "extreme prudence" is about.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *June 21, 1905.*

THE lack of excitement in connection with Cardiff (and other) Coal continues. Indeed, the market is deadly dull, apathetic, tiring, disappointing—anything, that will indicate a practical absence of business. The new lease of life which has been prophesied in this branch of local industry, continues in the prophetic stage; and but little wonder need be expressed, that the colliers are viewing the demise of the so-called "new agreement," with mingled feelings of hope and regret.

THE hope is resultant from the idea that now a fair trial has been given to the alleged panacea that was offered for all coal ills, away back, it will be, incontinently dropped—like the proverbial hot spud; the regret comes in, when the men remember that they were misguided enough, to accept a quiff that has driven wages down from a respectable eminence, to a level that is—well, we don't care to hazard a try at the correct word. Our vocabulary is fairly comprehensive; but it is altogether inadequate for the demands made upon it, at times. This is one of 'em.

OF course, we do not mean to suggest that the coal trade has left altogether. It is still with us; but it by no means leaves anything like a fair return, for the energy that is necessary to carry it on. Tonnage—of the prompt variety—is scarce; stocks are accumulating: so are loaded wagons, and colliery office *dementia*. Taken altogether, the outlook is anything but encouraging, and if it were not for the approaching festivities, up town, and elsewhere, the prevailing colour would be even that which is popularly associated with the deep, deep, sea. Blue, you know.

ANYHOW, we are not going to pretend to analyse the market prices. We admit that there are such, but seeing that they are merely trotted out to maintain honourable tradition, we shall discuss none of them. We have culled a true and unbiassed list of prices which have been offered, from day to day; those prices are below; but we are perfectly certain that if a buyer came along with positive business, he could easily make the majority of them look remarkably sick; could chip corners off most of them. And he needn't imagine that a threepennypiece represents the outside mark in the chipping process—because it doesn't. However, "quotations" are even as we set them out, below. Size up the values, according to your own ideas of prevailing conditions.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 13s. od.	12s. 7½d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	12s. od., 12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.	12s. od.	12s. od.	11s. 9d., 12s. 3d.	12s. od., 12s. 6d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	11s. 6d., 12s. od.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.
Drys ,, ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.
Best Newport ,, ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 1½d.	11s. 1½d.	11s. od., 11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	11s. od.	11s. od.	10s. 9d., 11s. od.	10s. 10½d.	10s. 10½d.	11s. od.
Seconds ,, ...	10s. od., 10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. od., 10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	15s. od.	15s. od.	14s. 9d.	14s. od.	14s. 6d., 15s. od.	14s. 9d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 6d., 13s. 9d.	13s. 7½d.	13s. 7½d.	13s. 6d., 14s. od.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	9s. 7½d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.
,, 2 ,, ...	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	9s. od.	9s. od.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d., 9s. od.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	8s. 6d., 8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 7½d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 3d., 8s. 9d.
Seconds ...	8s. 3d., 8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 4½d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d.	8s. od., 8s. 3d.
Ordinaries ...	8s. od.	8s. od.	7s. 10½d.	7s. 9d., 8s. od.	7s. 9d	7s. 9d.
Best Newport ...	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 7½d.	7s. 7½d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.
Seconds ...	7s. 3d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. od., 7s. 3d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	7s. 6d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 9d.
,, No. 3 ...	9s. 9d., 10s. od.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	21s. od., 22s. od.	21s. od.	20s. 9d.	20s. 9d.	21s. od.	21s. od., 22s. od.
Ordinary ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.
Furnace Coke ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.
Patent Fuel ...	12s. 6d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d., 12s. 9d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ..	18s. 6d., 19s. od.	19s. od.	19s. od.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 3d., 18s. 9d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *June 21, 1905.*

FOR some occult reason, the market hereaway, has maintained a steady tone—for Swansea—and there is positively a slight improvement in the amount of business passing. At least, our "expert" from that quarter assures us that these are the facts. All the same, we note that prices are even as at our last time of writing—supposing they are "harder." You know, when there is no business to brag about, it is fairly safe to "harden" your price; or to "soften" them, for that matter?

ANTHRACITE LARGE quotations are steady at last levels. MALTING descriptions are a shade busier, and MACHINE MADE coals are awakening, somewhat. Still, the supplies are plentiful enough, so no worry need be experienced on that head. PEAS are said to be scarce, but this is probably a dodge to work up that "hardening" particular? CULM values are as firm as ever, for the enquiry continues lively; but DUFF is in the same position as at our last. STEAMS are a shade brisker, although prices, generally, are unchanged. PATENT FUELS are fairly steady, at prices given below.

BELOW, we give the average prices for the week:—

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	18s. od.	18s. od.	17s. 9d., 18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.
Seconds do. ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. od.	17s. od.
Big Vein Large ...	11s. od.	11s. od.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	11s. od.	10s. 9d., 11s. 3d.
Red ,, ,, ..	9s. 9d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od.	16s. od.	15s. 9d., 16s. 3d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
,, ,, Peas ...	11s. od.	11s. od.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. od., 11s. 3d.	10s. 9d., 11s. 3d.
Rubbly Culm ...	5s. 6d.	5s. 6d.	5s. 6d., 5s. 9d.	5s. 7½d.	5s. 9d.	5s. 3d., 5s. 9d.
Duff ...	3s. od., 3s. 6d.	3s. 3d.	3s. 3d.	3s. 6d.	3s. 6d.	3s. 3d., 3s. 6d.
Patent Fuel:—	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 12s. od.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ..	13s. od	13s. o l.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 13s. od.	12s. 9d.
Seconds ,, ..	12s. od., 12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. od.	11s. 9d., 12s. 3d.
Bunker ,, ...	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 9d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d., 8s. 9d.	8s. 7½d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d., 9s. od.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

CARDIFF, *June 21, 1905.*

CHARTERING, since last we had the privilege of addressing you, has been more than ordinarily "cussed," and that is admitting much. In the main, a fairly-good assortment of tonnage has been taken up, but no two days in succession, showed any similarity in the demand—although the supply, heaven knows, is as plentiful as you might well wish.

VIEWED right through, the market has been steady enough—what there has been of it; but when you come to a consideration of values, that is where there is a difficulty. Most of the varied phases of the chartering kaleidoscope have been represented, and in one or two instances a slight advance over late rates is manifest. But the happy result is more because of the prevalence of blarney in the cases referred to, than for the reason that there is really an improvement to hand.

SOME of our sanguine friends assure us that the dark cloud is about to pass. We hope they are right, even as we trust that the promised brightness will not be of a too brilliant character. After such a continued spell of depression, it will be bad for all concerned, if, when the cloud passes, it goes with a bang, in a manner of speaking.

Week Ending, (Wednesday), June 21, 1905

N denotes Newport, S) Swansea, P. T. Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Singapore, *Manaton*, 5,900 tons, 9s. 4½d.
Cape, *Hilltown*, 11s. basis 400 dely.
Perim, *Baron Ennerdale*, 8s. 1½d.

WESTWARD, Etc.

Las Palmas, *Lord Erne, or sub.*, 5,000 tons, 6s. 3d. option **Teneriffe.**
River Plate, *Felix de Abasolo*, 4,100 4,400 tons, 7s. 6d.
Steamer, 3,500 tons, 7s. 6d.
Harmonic, 7s. 7½d.
Monte Video, *Auldmuir*, 3,400 tons, 7s. 3d. (N).
Rio de Janeiro, *Fernmoor*, 3,750 tons, 9s. 4½d.
Teneriffe. *Lord Lansdowne*, 3,000 tons, 6s. 3d.
Porto Rico, *Dunstaffnage*, part cargo, 800 tons, 8s. 6d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Swindon*, 5,700 tons, 6s.
Steamer, 5,200 tons, 5s. 9d.
Clarissa Radcliffe, 6,500 tons, 5s. 9d.
Genoa, *Loch Lomond*, 3,300 tons, 6s. 9d. optn. **Savona.**
Dunbarmoor, 5,500 tons, 6s. 7½d. ppt.
Themis, 3,550 tons, 6s. 9d.
Istok, 4,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Steamer, 5,000 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Margaret Jones, 3,600 tons, 7s. spot.
Jose Martinez de Pinillos, 3,500 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Gondelian, 1,500 tons, 7s. 1½d. (s).
Caramian, 1,500 tons, 7s. 1½d. (s).
Steamer, 3,300 tons, 6s. 9d.
Natalie N., 3,400 tons, 6s. 9d. (P.T.)
Salento, 3,300 tons, 7s., spot.
Veerhaven, 2,600 tons, 6s. 9d.
Venice, Steamer, 2,700 tons, 7s. 3d. spot.
Cresyl, 2,700 tons, 7s. 6d. coal, 8s. 3d. fuel, (s).
Valencia, *Elsa*, 1,000 tons, 6s. 9d. coal, 7s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Constantinople, *Vassilakis*, 3,000 tons, 6s. 4½d. ppt.
Alexandria, *Northam*, 5,600 tons,
Rugberan, 6,000 tons, 5s. 10½d.
Syra, *Cardiff*, 3,900 4,100 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Reggio, Steamer, 2,900 tons, 7s.
Malta, *Mendelssohn*, 3,300 tons, 4s. 6d. (Admiralty).
Corso, 2,100 tons, 4s. 6d. "
Margit Groedel, 3,400 tons, 5s. 3d.
Loyal Briton, 3,000 tons, 5s. 3d. (N).
Steamer, 3,500 tons, 4s. 6d. (Admiralty)
Steamer, 2,800 tons, 4s. 6d. "
Gibraltar, *Rudolf Retzlaff*, 1,650 tons, 5s. 6d. (N).
Catania, *Rembrandt*, 2,200 tons, 7s. coal, 7s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Barcelona, *Reading*, 2,700 tons, 7s.
Haslingdon, 2,500 tons, 7s.
Oran, *Valin*, 1,800 tons, 7·50 fcs.
Iolo Morganwg, 1,550 tons, 7·75 fcs.
Auckland Castle, 1,400 tons, 7·95 fcs. coal, 8·95 fcs. fuel.
Cette, Steamer, 8·75 francs.
Tunis, *Clymene*, 1,700 tons, 9·25 fcs. coal, 10·25 fcs. fuel.
Lisbon, *Sharon*, 1,800 tons, 5s.
Steamer, 1,500 tons, 5s. (reported)
Emma, 1,600 tons, 4s. 10½d.
Radnor, 1,650 tons, 4s. 10½d.
Sicily, *Nellie*, 6s. 10½d. (N).
Civita Vecchia, *Sidra*, 2,600 tons, 6s. 10½d. ppt.
Algiers, Steamer, 3,000 tons, 7·50 fcs.
Steamer, 3,800 tons, 7·75 fcs. coal, 8·75 fcs. fuel. (s).
Santiago, 2,600 toss, 7·75 fcs. ppt. (s).
Marseilles, *Sirius*, 4,100 tons, 7·50 francs.
Porto Empedocle, Steamer, 2,900 tons, 7s. 4d. 250 10d. ppt.
Oporto, *Quickstep*, 1,100 tons, 5s.
Bona, *Girgenti*, 2,700 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Naples, Steamer, 2,400 tons, 6s. 6d.
Palermo, *Duchess of Cornwall*, 2,100 tons, 7s. 6d. ppt.
Beyrout, *Byron*, 2,600 tons, 7s. 9d. coal, 8s. 6d. fuel (s).

BALTIC, Etc.

Cronstadt and/or St. Petersburg, *Leipzic*, 1,700 tons,
Cronstadt, *Weardale*, 4,100 tons, 4s. 7½d.
N. F. Hoffding, 2,100 tons, 4s. 6d.
Carol Ier, 4,500 tons, 4s. 6d.
Copenhagen, *Oscarshal*, 1,500 tons, 4s. 6d.
4s. 9d. coal, 5s. 3d. fuel. (s).
Caudebec, *Senga*, 520 tons, 4s. 10½d. (s).
Stettin, *Airedale*, 1,300 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).

BAY, Etc.

Bordeaux, *Pluton*, 1,300 tons, 5 francs.
Chantenay, *Abertawe*, 1,700 tons, 4·75 francs. (P.T.)
St. Nazaire, *Jeanie*, 2,300 tons, 4·25 fcs.
La Pallice, *Abanto*, 2,000 tons, 4·10 fcs.
La Rochelle, *Clieveden*, 2,100 tons, 4·15 fcs.

COASTING, Etc.

Rouen, *St. Kevin*, 730 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Raloo, 1,300 tons, 4s. 7½d. (s).
Henry Brand, 900 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
St. Malo, *Iron King*, 460 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
Jason, 980 tons, 4s. (s).
Honfluer, *The Princess*, 680 tons, 4s. (s).
Hampshire, 830 tons, 4s. (s).
Foscolino, 1,300 tons, 3s. 10d.
Caen, *Argus*, 1,450 tons, 4s. option **Honfluer.**
Havre, *Solent* or *Henry Brand*, 1,000 tons, 4s.
Auricula, 1,000 tons, 4s.
Ambient, 2,100 tons, 3s. 9½d.
Brest, *Castleford*, 2,400 tons, 3s. 7½d.
Belfast, *Volante*, 580 tons, 3s. (s).
Steamer, 230 tons, 3s. 3d.
Devonport, *Throstlegarth*, 2,100 tons, 2s. 3d. (Admiralty)
Portland, *Maywood*, 1,550 tons, 2s. 9d. "
Bangarth, 1,900 tons, 2s. 9d. "
Knightsgarth, 4,100 tons, 2s. 6d. "
Gransha, 1,550 tons, 2s. 9d. "
Holyhead, *Cameo*, 350 tons, 3s. 6d. "
Rochester, *Algores*, 380 tons, 4s. 3d.
Londonderry, Steamer, 300 tons, 3s. 9d.
Warrenpoint, *Jane*, 220 tons, 3s. 6d. (s.)

HOMEWARD.

Pomaron to Swansea. *Cymrian*, 1,400 tons, 5s.
Almeria Pier to Newport, Steamer, 3,250 tons, 4s. 9d. f.d.
Bordeaux to Swansea, *Ben Macdui*, 700 tons, 5s. 3d.
Villagarcia to Cardiff, or Newport, *Whimbrel*, 393 n. 7s. ppt.
" " " " **Barry,** *Irwin*, 1,200 tons, 6s. 9d.
Onton to Newport, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 4s. 3d. ppt.

SHIPBUILDING.

THE steamers *Ionian*, *Cornbank*, and *Cambrian*, which were managed by the firm of Messrs. G. H. Elder & Co., Newcastle, whose affairs are now in bankruptcy, are reported sold by the mortgagee to Germans, at £25,000. The *Ionian* was built by the Grangemouth & Greenock Dockyard Company, Grangemouth, in 1901. 869 tons gross. Dimensions 185ft. x 31ft. 2in. x 14ft. 8in., carries about 1,100 tons deadweight, on 13ft. 9in. draft, with engines 13in., 25in., 40in. x 30in. stroke, by Messrs. Lidgerwood. The *Cornbank* is a sister ship to the *Ionian*. The *Cambrian* was built by Messrs. Mackie & Thompson, Glasgow, in 1900. 934 tons gross. Dimensions 210ft. x 30ft. 5in. x 14ft. 9in., carries about 1,200 tons deadweight, on 13ft. 6in. draft, with engines 18in., 29in., 48in. x 33in. stroke, by Messrs. A. Stephen & Sons.

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THE trial trip of the cross Channel steamer *Viking*, has proved another triumph for the turbine. She is an exceptionally fine modelled steamer, and a run of about seventy miles gave every satisfaction, and resulted in an average speed of 23½ knots an hour, one of the highest speeds yet recorded in turbine vessels of her class. She has been built by Sir W. G. Armstrong Whitworth & Co. Ltd., Low Walker on Tyne, for the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company, and is intended to run to the Isle of Man from Liverpool, Fleetwood, Belfast, and Dublin. She has accommodation for about 2,000 passengers. The machinery supplied by the Parsons Marine Steam Turbine Company, with boilers by the Wallsend Slipway Company, consists of three sets of turbines, each driving its own shaft, and a reversing turbine.

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THE Palmers Shipbuilding and Iron Company, Jarrow-on-Tyne, have booked an important order from the Hamburg American Company, for a new steamer of about 500 feet in length, with a deadweight capacity of between 9,000 and 10,000 tons, and to have quadruple expansion engines of considerable power. This order, following upon the four 5,000 tonners which the Irvine Shipbuilding Company West Hartlepool, have been commissioned to build for German owners are particularly welcome, and it is not without its significance that Germany, which is now regarded as our most important rival in shipbuilding, still finds it necessary to come to England for ships.

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THE steel screw steamer *Nord III.*, owned by the Finska Company of Helsingfors, and which has been laid up in the Tyne for some months past, has been sold to Japanese buyers for £23,500. She was built by Messrs. Sir Raylton Dixon & Co., Ltd., Middlesbrough, in 1903, carries about 1,250 tons deadweight, and has accommodation for first-class passengers. Dimensions 240ft. x 35ft. 2in. x 20ft. 7in. moulded, with engines 22in., 35in., 59in. x 39in. stroke, by Messrs. Richardson, Westgarth & Co., Ltd.

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THE steel screw steamer *Venus*, lately owned by the Cornhill Steamship Company, Ltd., (Messrs. Harris and Dixon, London, managers), has been sold to the Britain Steamship Company, Ltd., (Messrs. Watts, Watts & Co., London, managers), and has been renamed *Hampstead*. She was built by Messrs. Russell & Co., Port Glasgow, in 1896. Dimensions 339ft. 4in. x 46ft. x 25ft. 8in. 3,558 tons gross, with engines 25in., 40in., 64in. x 45in. stroke, by Messrs. Rankin & Blackmore.

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THE steel screw steamer *Scottish Monarch*, lately owned by Messrs. Raeburn & Verel, Glasgow, has been sold to the Nederland Steamship Company, Amsterdam. She was built by Messrs. Napier & Miller, Ltd., Glasgow, in 1904; 4,240 tons gross. Dimensions, 385ft. x 48ft. 8in. x 27ft.; carries about 7,000 tons deadweight, with engines 27in., 43in., 72in. x 48in. stroke, by Messrs. Dunsmuir & Jackson. We understand the price paid is about £49,500.

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THERE are very few orders being placed just now, but enquiries for new tonnage now building, are fairly numerous, and several steamers have recently changed hands, as readers will have noticed reported in the column. We now hear that a steamer of about 7,000 tons deadweight capacity, building on the Clyde, for Glasgow owners, and now nearly ready for launching, has just been sold to a Continental firm for £50,000.

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THE steel screw steamer *Croxdale*, lately owned by Messrs. G. H. Elder and Co., Newcastle, has been sold to British Buyers at about £26,500. She was built by the Tyne Iron Shipbuilding Company, Ltd., Newcastle, in 1902: 2,842 tons gross. Dimensions 325ft. x 45ft. x 25ft. 3in.; carries about 5,100 tons deadweight, on 22ft. 6in. draft, with engines 24in., 40in., 64in. x 42in. stroke, by the North Eastern Marine Engineering Company, Ltd.

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THE iron screw steamer *Huguenot*, lately owned by Messrs. A. P. Harrison & Co., Newcastle, has been sold to Messrs. Austin, Elliott & Co. She was built by the Edwards Shipbuilding Company, Ltd., Newcastle, in 1892. Dimensions, 225ft. 4in. x 31ft. x 15ft. 11in.; 1,032 tons gross; with engines 18½in., 30in., 49in. x 33in. stroke, by Messrs. George Clark, Ltd.

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THE steel screw steamer *Planudes*, lately owned by Messrs. G. V. Fowler & Co., Middlesbrough, has been taken over by Messrs. W. B. Peat & Co., Middlesbrough. She was built by Messrs. R. Williamson & Sons, Workington, in 1900. Dimensions, 165ft. 5in. x 26ft. 6in. x 12ft. 10in. 542 tons gross, with engines 18in., 40in. x 33in. stroke, by Messrs. M'Kie & Baxter.

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IT is reported that a high-class cargo steamer, now under construction by Messrs. Sir James Laing and Company, Ltd., has been sold to the Rotterdam Lloyd, and will be employed in their Java cargo service. She has a carrying capacity of about 6,650 tons, and will be launched early in July. The machinery will be supplied by Messrs. George Clark & Co.

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THE Smith Dock Company, Limited, of North Shields, have received orders from France, for four large steam trawlers, which will be specially equipped for service in the Newfoundland cod fisheries.

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THE Palmers Shipbuilding and Iron Company, Jarrow-on-Tyne, have been commissioned to build a cargo and passenger steamer for the Tyne-Tees Shipping Company, Limited.

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THE steel steam trawler *Gertie*, built by the Earle's Company, Ltd., Hull, for the Fleetwood Steam Fishing Co., Ltd., has been sold to Spanish buyers.

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WE understand that Messrs. Donald & Taylor, of Glasgow, are the purchasers of the steamer *Lady Armstrong*, recently reported sold.

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MR. J. G. COUTZIS, of Piræus, is the purchaser of the steamer *Sturton*, reported sold in our last issue.

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

"BUSINESS on the London Stock Exchange was limited, and there was a drooping tendency in prices," is a fair rendering of the tale of those who give attention, to the alleged Money Market. Moreover, the limited business is about all that is possible with the wars, rumours thereof, and scares, generally, that are about. In addition to the wars, you have the war stores wickednesses, tales of German aggression, disasters to the men of war that go to make up the British Fleet, tall yarns concerning the supercilious Russian, who doesn't seem to care a dump whether his poor serfs are blown to smithereens, or otherwise, so

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"BUSINESS on the London Stock Exchange was limited." The same thing applies, with varied degrees of force, to other stock exchanges, and, locally, we are told that "No new feature presented itself to-day, and the tone of the Stock Market was listless in all departments." There you are! Limited business; no new features; everything listless and don't-care-a-hangified; stock manipulators thinking more of summer holidays, than of chasing the merry oof bird; and the local man bothering himself with thoughts of future functions, instead of bulls, bears, and other animals, which belong to the Sacred Phalanx.

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EVEN the cult which is so keen on the establishment of new dry docks—at other people's expense—is silent, and sit-on-the-fencified; won't have anything to say in favour (or otherwise), of the offers of sites that have been made; and taken altogether, the situation is about as heartless as it is possible to be. Every second man one meets, is filled with tales of passing-good investments—but he hangs on to his share of the collateral, for all he is worth; smiles indulgently if you suggest the advisability of his backing his fancy; says he isn't having any, himself; but doesn't object to bluffing the other fellow into taking some, if possible.

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TIMES are unequivocally bad—there is no getting away from the fact; and neither the regular man, nor the bucket-shop gentleman, appears to have one little kick left in his financial personality. The former goes away home, early; the latter puts his afternoons in, in the tea-shop of commerce. The regular man is too proud to cry "Wolf," and refrains from fairy tales of any kind; the irregular gentleman—the guerilla fighter, if we may put it thus—is willing to waste your time (and his own) with dissertations as to what he is going to do, when the times harden up a little. For then, Mr. Buckets is going to float dry docks, steamers, theatres, chapels, cosy corner coteries, and heaven knows what beside.

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BUT it is all going to transpire in the sweet by and bye! Meanwhile, Buckets will talk of anything; will engage in anything; will explain anything; will deal in anything—save those little items which pretend to touch on finance. His cyclostyle is silent; touting circulars are "off;" the postage thereon is being saved; and the poor printer-man is neglected; for, as we have already remarked, the times are unequivocably bad. And they are pretty bad when Buckets cannot see a gleam of sunshine, anywhere—of that you may be sure! Buckets, generally considered, is the saving grace in the financial world, and nineteen times out of twenty, he can see possibilities of securing filthy lucre from anything.

TO-DAY, in the cult of his twentieth time, for there is nothing doing! And poor old Buckets is refraining from telling you that he is a seller of this, that, or the other thing; omits to suggest, even, that he is a buyer of something that nobody wishes to sell; and so the merry game of bluff is hung up; is stoppered; is put off—until the rain, and the depression, has passed. The bookmaker, too, wears an air of respectable dejectedness—mainly because his supporters are either working on three-quarter time, or not at all; and the "dead certs" of the world are even in the same condition as the certs, which are other than dead ones.

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THAT reminds us! There is nothing to write about in investments, but we might do worse than point the moral concerning "dead certs." Here is a story with a moral. It merely concerns a small undertaking; but its moral is applicable to very big deals, yes. 'Twas this way. There was a function at the Sophia Gardens, a few days ago, and some engineering students were by way of forsaking their school for one afternoon only, so that the function might be duly attended to, by themselves. They met in Queen Street—a number of them. The question was: Shall we, or shall we not attend the function? Said the financial member of the crowd, "Let's toss for it," and he offered a penny for the purpose suggested.

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"I'LL spin this coin," said the f.m., "and if it comes down, we attend the function; if it doesn't, we go to school." Being engineers; knowing something concerning the laws of gravity, and the inherent tendencies of weighty affairs to return to Mother Earth; the crowd accepted the offer. If the penny came down after being spun in the air, it meant a holiday; if that penny didn't come down, then, the fates ordained that school was the correct place for that particular afternoon. Looked like a "dead cert." for a holiday, didn't it? Yes! So up goes the coin, even as a gentle smile spread itself, over the faces of those students. But alas for the hopes that were to be dashed. That penny hasn't come down, to this time, and the school was attended to, even as the function was neglected!

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HOW did it happen? Well, you see, those students had foregathered at a point directly beneath the three golden balls of a local mont de piété, and when the coin was spun, it, somehow or other, became entangled in the said golden balls. Anyhow, it failed to return to Mother Earth, and thus was an apparent "dead cert." hoo-dooed. The moral is obvious enough; it coruscates around; vibrates, so to speak, and has an awful similarity with other "dead certs." which we could mention. Need we continue? Is it necessary to insinuate that you should look above, when about to indulge in "dead certs?" Never a bit is it, for you can apply the deviation, at your own sweet will. Metaphorically considered though, there are a number of engineer students knocking about, don't you think?

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INDEED, there are so many of them, and they have all placed their capital on apparent "dead certs." which failed to hand back the penny, that to-day, the state of the money market is about as sick (and penniless), as makes no odds to anybody. If the older flutterers would cease in their onward rush, for long enough to remember that not only have they to deal with the laws of gravitation; that there is a figurative pawnbroker's sign in the vicinity of their tossing pitch; well, we should hear less of the quotation with which we started this page—business on the stock exchanges of the land, would not be nearly so limited?

Around the Dry Docks.

COME to think of it, this is an awfully queer world, and try as one may—and sometimes does—it is impossible to please everybody! In our last issue, we undertook a personally-conducted tour of the local dry docks, and metaphorically, introduced our readers to a number of good things. But, do you think we pleased the dear people who have been twaddling about "rings," and things like that? Well, we didn't! On the contrary, rather, for some of the folk implicated, have been saying all manner of unkind things about our remarks. But 'twas ever thus! As far as we can see—and to put the matter as plain and above-board as possible—there is just a little too much of the superman about, to-day.

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WE know that like the poor, he has always been with us; but then, his degree of being, has been kept within certain limits, so matters repairy didn't suffer unduly. As things are now, he is all over the landscape—certain portions of him, that is; and while we are glad to include among our acquaintances, a number of highly intelligent supers; men whom we are proud to know; on the other hand, we have a nodding acquaintance with a few of the cult who—well, we aren't a bit proud to know, see, hear, or speak to 'em. Moreover, we could tell you some awfully interesting matters about some of the gentry—and one of these days, we intend doing so; for we hate to think that you might be hobnobbing with a man who, if he had his just dues, would be lingering longer Lucy, so to speak.

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WHY, we know one chunk of super-flesh who is the dry dockman's *bete noir* (whisper: We know several of the sort, to be exact; but we do not wish you to think the world is awfully bad, at the first hit, if we may put it thus) and most of them would as soon see a certain old party whose name, in polite society, is *tabu*, as they would that super. All the same, he works for a fairly-decent set of shipowners, and if, once in a while, they have a haunting fear that their steamers are dogged with the rottenest kind of luck, imaginable; they are sure that their Mr. Super is a fine fellow—and at squeezing out a decent lot of stuff from an underwriter, he takes some beating. Between ourselves, he does!

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Now, at some time in the dim vistas of the past, we happened upon a more than usually dirty piece of monkey-work which emanated from this same Super's brain, and we told him about the heinousness of his crime; suggested that if he didn't give over, he would come to grief—or to jail, which might amount to the same thing; and what do you think his lordship offered us? Well, he offered us drinks, and things like that. Said, he meant no offence; hoped we wouldn't think so, for a moment; declared that he had always admired our style, and penchant for writing the right thing at the right time (eh?); and well, he had a friend, somewhere-or-another, who would be glad to know of the beauties of THE MARITIME REVIEW, as an advertising medium, yes!

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You might think that we are going to recapitulate the monkey-work referred to? We are not, though. That monkey-work will keep, and we have started out to tell you of something else. It's like this: We overheard the superman to whom we have referred in this good-tempered manner, remark, "Of course, you read the rot? But still, I shouldn't take any notice of it, if I were you. It's only that fellow who writes for THE MARITIME REVIEW, and he doesn't know everything—fortunately." When a superman undertakes to label our little bits of badinage as "rot," then we chuckle—even as we realise, fully, that our lessons have gone home. We have studied the superman of commerce, and can conjugate him in most of his moods, and in all of his tenses.

+ + +

FOR this reason—and perhaps for one or two more—we are glad to know that our Whitsuntide kindness was not wholly thrown away. But coming along to that same superman, we might suggest that he is just a bit too thick in with one or two of the lesser luminaries who manage a certain tinkery; and what with lincrustaed walls and ceilings; paintings and paperings; fittings and fakes—especially the latter; well, you should understand that things are not always what they seem, in the ship-repairing line. Of course, we are willing to admit that if his employer receives the value of sundry tail-shafts that were never supplied; propellers that didn't come off; big engine repairs that were never undertaken; and work about the deck that was never attempted ——!

+ + +

UNDER those circumstances, the Super should get a bit "for himself," shouldn't he? It might not be a strictly moral arrangement—as revivalled morality goes; but from a tinkering point of view, it is distinctly alright. The only portion of the business to which we feel we have a right to object—until the Super is caught in the act, that is—is that in which the Super poses as a good man. Is so mightily particular about his "fair name"—he styles it; and tells you, in bated breath, whole heaps about the wickedness of the super attached to another fleet of boats. One of these odd afternoons, we are going to lay ourselves out to tabulate a few of the "fakes," which have happened across our path; and the whole of which have been engineered by this gentlemanly superman.

+ + +

GADS, but they'll be good reading, don't forget! And some of them are so eternally thin, if we may be forgiven for putting it thus, that the underwriter must have a digestion like an ostrich—or he would have jibbed long since. However, the dry dock difficulty continues, and our Super (ior) friend is exercised in mind, as to how it is all going to happen out, in the end. Tinker, too, is by no means reassured at the turn of events; and if underwriter is really of opinion that he may continue playing tinker off against the dry dock man; super off against both of them; and shipowner off against all three—then, he must be a very confiding person. Meanwhile, and for the purpose of making both ends meet, the "fakes" continue as of old, and the only one who doesn't seem to care a jot, is the man who pays for all—the underwriter.

+ + +

BROADLY considered, he is outside the need of pity, for the limited liability craze has altered his position, even as it has the shipowners; and between them, they both depend on the same patron saint—more or less. It's a wicked world, sirs, as well as a queer one, and not the least wicked portion thereof, is that which deals with strandings that never came off; and repairs that were never undertaken. All of which goes to show, that the Super of commerce is worth the whole of the £25 per ship, which he sometimes receives as a part of his mechanical emolument. It also shows that the certain old party already referred to, is sometimes kind to his own? Don't smile please, for to smile at a Superman of the kind alluded to, is rude—in the extreme.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on June 8, 1905, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

11,982/04—SHERMULY—*Improvements in deep boring apparatus.*

This invention relates to a deep boring apparatus, in which alternatively a reciprocating or a rotary motion can be imparted to the boring rod. The apparatus consists of a sole plate mounted over the bore hole, in which a crown ratchet wheel, or cam disc, is journalled so as to rotate in a horizontal plane. The teeth of this crown wheel are directed upwards, and engage the downwardly directed teeth of a similar wheel, clamped between the two halves of a beam above the sole plate. The boring rod is secured to, and suspended from this upper wheel, and passes centrally through both. Springs are interposed between the plate and beam for lessening concussion, and bolts are provided for preventing relative rotation between them. Accordingly as to whether the lower disc rotates in the one direction so that the crown teeth of each wheel mutually ride over each other, or in the other direction so that the two wheels interlock and rotate as one, a reciprocating or a rotary motion will be imparted to the boring rod. In the former case the upper crown wheel is secured against rotation by being clamped between the two halves of the beam, and in the latter case is rendered free to rotate by loosening the clamping bolts which draw the two halves of the beam together. In modifications the reciprocating motion is indirectly imparted to the boring rod by suspending same from the end of an oscillating beam, or by connecting same with the apparatus by means of ropes led over pullies.

14,219/04—HOPFNER—*Improvements in, and in the manufacture, of artificial fuel and apparatus therefor.*

This invention relates to the manufacture of weather resisting fuel briquettes, by a process which consists in grinding up and incorporating dry, quick, or slaked lime with the combustible materials, such as coal dust, &c., and working the mixture into a homogeneous paste by continued kneading with water and subsequent drying. An apparatus for effecting this process is described.

14,981/04—QUANOUNE—*A method for protecting propelling gear and other apparatus on ship-board from air used for facilitating the propulsion.*

This invention relates to vessels, in which a layer of air is emitted from a perforated conduit arranged around the sides of the vessel below the water line, whereby the skin friction is reduced by the film of air. The invention consists in protecting the propelling gear, such as paddle wheels or screws, and the ends of pipes through which water is drawn into the vessel, such as condenser feed pipes from contact with the film of air. This is effected either by interrupting the air conduit at these points, by interposing screens, or, in the case of intake pipes, by carrying or projecting these pipes outside the air zone.

15,198/04—DAVIS & CO., LTD., & BOOTHNAN.—*Improvements in and relating to indicating apparatus in connection with controlling valves of steering and such like engines.*

This invention relates to an electric switch which is adapted to close a circuit whereby a visual or audible signal will indicate to the steersman when the controlling valve of a steering engine is not in its central or neutral position. The switch consists of two members. One is a metallic roller, connected with one of the circuit leads, mounted to rotate in a vertical plane, and secured to and moving with the controlling valve spindle. The other switch member is a metallic rod, connected with the other circuit lead, and mounted on a fixed portion of the engine frame so as to project and be traversed by the roller. An interruption is provided in the continuity of the the surface of the rod along which the roller travels, at a point which will be opposite the roller when the valve is central, whereby, when in this position, the circuit is broken.

15,838/04—ROWBOTHAM—*An improved device or apparatus for use as a Stevedore's sling.*

This invention relates to a device whereby a loop is formed in a rope, for hoisting, &c., by a crane, in a manner that will distribute the strain more equally than in the usual method, which consists in forming the loop by girding the rope around the timber and passing the hook over the pope suspended from the crane. According to this invention two lengths of rope are employed. One, suspended from the crane terminates in a hook, as usual, but over this length of rope a sliding sleeve is threaded. This sleeve is provided with a lateral lug in which a second hook is pivotted. The second length of rope is provided with a loop at each end. The bight or loop for girding the timber is formed by passing the second length of rope around the timber and securing the loops at each end over the hook on the end of the first length of rope and hook on the sleeve respectively. The hook on the sleeve may be constructed as a slip hook to facilitate dumping.

16,254/04—STACEY—*Improvements in connection with winches and hoisting machines.*

In this winch the crank handle shaft is connected with the barrel shaft by means of pitch chain gearing. The bearings of the crank shaft are adjustable in guides for the pitch chain to be tightened.

16,414/04—RAKY—*Improvements in tubbing or lining for sinking shafts by the employment of the freezing process.*

This invention relates to joining shaft linings at the point where a shaft decreases in diameter, by means of a ring having flanges for connection to the terminal rings of each section of different diameter. The invention claimed consisting in providing such junction rings with holes and stuffing boxes through which freezing pipes pass.

16,415/04—RAKY—*Improvements in tubbing or lining for shaft sinking by the employment of the freezing process.*

This invention relates to joining shaft linings of two different diameters, by means of a ring having flanges for connection to the terminal rings of each section of different diameter. The junction ring is provided with holes for inserting the ends of freezing pipes. The junction ring itself is claimed.

16,416/04—RAKY—*Mine shaft winding engine arrangement.*

This invention relates to mounting the winding engine directly over the shaft in or on the gantry, so that it is exposed to vertically acting stresses only.

16,576/04—BATES—*Improvements in or relating to coal mining.*

This invention relates to providing a low pitched haulage road along which shallow vehicles are adapted to be hauled by an endless rope, &c., where the depth of a seam is not sufficient to permit of the usual corves being admitted to the face. By this means the usual parallel haulage ways for the corves for conveying coal away from such narrow seams may be situated at much greater intervals.

These applications for patents are, until July 24, 1905, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Patent Office or through the under-named.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

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CARDIFF—*Continued.*

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THE Bute Shipbuilding, Engineering, and Dry Dock Company, Limited, Roath Basin, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Caisson, Cardiff."

THE Cardiff Channel Dry Docks and Pontoon Co., Ltd., Cardiff and Barry Dock.
Telegrams: "Entrance, Cardiff." "Channel, Barry."

THE Mercantile Pontoon Co., Ltd., Roath Dock, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Mercantile, Cardiff."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

Miscellaneous.

LEWIS & Tylor, Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole patentees and manufacturers of "Gripoly," a patent woven belting; and "Burals," a semi-metallic packing.
Telegrams: "Belting Cardiff." Telephone, Nat. 231.

Steamship Owners.

DAN. JENKINS & Co., Steamship Owners and Brokers, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Stonewall, Cardiff."
Nat. Telephone: 1318.

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THE MOST HONOURABLE THE MARQUIS OF BUTE AND EARL OF DUMFRIES.

(See Page 112).

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MARITIME MURMURS.

Docks, Cardiff.

Thursday Afternoon.

There might certainly be a quantity of truth within the saying that the law is a Hass, but even so, one cannot help admiring the infinite variety which is concealed about its assinine administration. As a point of fact, law is simply filled with variety—save in one particular. That is, it doesn't matter a tinker's anathema who is employed to interpret the law; one needn't unduly worry as to the ultimate results of that interpretation—which are bound to be diametrically opposite to each other, in any two given instances. You may be reasonably certain, that if the first Court says "Yes," the next one will say "No," while the third (and probably the last) will insist that No. 1, and No. 2, were, at one and the same time, both right and wrong: and anyhow you'll find that the whole undertaking has cost a pot of money—which is the one particular in which there is no variety. In the end, too, you usually find that you are no nearer a solution of your difficulty, than you were "before you went to law"! All the same, you will probably indulge in the same old game, directly a fresh opportunity comes your way—and this is where the legal gentlemen have a safe annuity. You see, the good people who are allowed to make laws, are also entrusted with the job of administering them; and seeing that a modern saw which secures much support, these days (especially in legal circles) is "Be kind to your ainsel', John"; well, it follows that the lawyerman (even if he is named Algernon Fitzmaurice Smith, instead of plain John, of that ilk) is going to act up to the saying, in view of the fact that he has a "corner" in the whole business.

Like a certain famous general, the lawyers never advertise—and pay cash therefor; it is against the etiquette of the profession. Who would think of employing a legal interpreter who was low enough to pay so much a word for his publicity—exactly as would the man who sells you margarine, or Mother Waggitt's wool for your unmentionables, say? The whole idea is preposterous. Advertising—when you have to pay for it—is a low, common-place sort of undertaking: at least, that is what the legal fraternity affect to believe: but if they are enabled to annex a column or so of newspaper print, through merely acting as a freak in this, that, or the other particular; and if the said columns of print convince a few strugglers-after-interpretation that the "puffed" individual is a genius: then, this is exactly as it should be. It is free advertisement, and the Law Society, or other combination which attends to the morals and ethics of its brotherhood, is satisfied. All lawyers are said to be equally endowed with forensic knowledge (although we all know it is a pious sham) so it is highly indecorous for one of the cult—through the help of a clever ad.-writer—to pretend that he has the bulge on another of his cloth; that is, of course, if the pretender has to pay for the services of the said ad.-writer.

In America, the lawyer is allowed to obtain his publicity, on the same manly and business-like lines that obtain with any other trade or profession; may pay for it, and may insert, in his own particular journal, a business card, exactly as does his baker or grocer. But then, America is peculiar—if somewhat more honest, in many things, than is this effete Britain of which most of us are so proud, what? The newspaper-man, too, is not nearly so 'cute as he would have you believe! If you try to work in a "news par" which deals with the virtues of somebody's soap; or the dyspepsia-avoiding qualities of So-and-so's special flour, or biscuits; what happens? You are referred to the advertisement manager; are informed that the journal implicated doesn't advertise for fun; and that "our rates" for this class of "news," is so-much per line, "according to position." This is exactly as it should be, for a newspaper is a business undertaking, and can no more afford to trade for love, than can a lawyer, say. All the same, however, it can hardly be placed as "news," to give the names and titles of every man who had to do with, for instance, a collision case; or who fought out the pros and cons of a disputed labour bill?

With the decisions and the facts, the public have a right to be interested; with the names of the combatants (unless they pay for the insertion) nobody ought to bother. It is the principles of law which are interesting—mainly because of their variety; not the men who work off those principles? Very well, then. We trust that now we have entered a protest in this connection, the Law Society will see to it, that their members either pay up like men for

value received; or that, in future, the names of all advocates are omitted from law cases. If a doctor of medicine endeavoured to work in cunning little pars. concerning his treatment of a case of measles, say, he would soon hear about it. His Society would be down on him, like one John Smith; and if he were foolish enough to "report" a second case of measles—well, he would soon cease to be a doctor, although he had lost none of his one-time heap of medical skill. The foregoing is the result of a conversation with an eminent medical man, who rightly enough, is "down" on all this free advertisement, which is given to a profession which claims that it doesn't advertise. Come we now to a consideration of the collison case which started us off on the reminiscent lay.

You might, or you might not know, that on February 15, 1905, the German steamer *Wega* and the British steamer *Belliver*, being both in the entrance to the River Humber, and not a great distance off the Bull lightship, which is stationed thereaway, "set to partners," in a manner of speaking; or collided, to put it nautically. As you will naturally suppose, there was damage resultant from the collision—there nearly always is. Again, as you will naturally suppose, *Wega* was sure it was all the fault of *Belliver*; while *Belliver* was equally certain that *Wega* was solely to blame. Furthermore, *Wega* reckoned that if any misguided person should declare that the fault of the collision lay with her, then, the wickedness was consequent on her having to employ a compulsory pilot person. So that you may be in possession of the whole of the facts—or as much of that "whole," as turned up at the Admiralty Court, one day last week—we will inform you that, at the time of the collision, the weather was fine, the wind somewhere about W.N.W., and therefore off the land; that the tide was gentle, being on the ebb, and running at anything between one and two knots.

The *Wega*, moreover, is a vessel of 521 tons net register; carries a crew of 16 hands—which is by no means bad, when you remember that a 7,000-tonner of British nationality usually manages with 23 hands; and was on a voyage from Hamburg to Grimsby in ballast, by which you will observe that she was engaged in the amiable pastime of filching from the Briton, a certain quantity of cargo which that Briton should be allowed to carry, eh? So far, so good, and once more impressing on your notice that the *Wega* was a foreign vessel, engaged in the British coasting trade, we will state that the *Belliver* is a British steamer of 755 tons (gross, this time); that she had a crew of 15 hands; was on a voyage from Goole to Torquay; and was also in charge of a duly licensed River Humber pilot. Of course, the weather, wind, and tide to the *Belliver*, were the same as for the *Wega*—with this difference, however; *Wega* had wind and tide ahead, so was in a better position to yank herself along, than was *Belliver*, who had wind and tide coming along behind. Very well then. With the claims of either *Wega* or *Belliver*, we shall not bother you.

You know, that *Wega* saw *Belliver* first, and did the correct thing under the circumstances; you also know that *Belliver* saw *Wega* first, and also did the correct thing under the circumstances. Possibly, the only thing which you do not know (in connection with this case) is, that as both *Wega* and *Belliver* did the correct thing, how the collision came about. We are afraid that we cannot enligthen you thereon. We know that there was a collision. And in the words of the *Wega* people "the *Belliver* came on, and with the bluff of her port bow struck the bluff of the starboard bow of the *Wega*." Exactly how much bluff of a bow was implicated, is not stated—merely the bluff of two different bows, so as you have paid your money, you may take your choice. Giving *Belliver's* version of the catastrophe, we find that "When it seemed that a collision could not be avoided by the action of the *Wega* alone, one short blast was sounded on the whistle of the *Belliver*, and her helm was put hard-a-port in order, if possible, to ease the blow"—which was good seamanship. But you needn't think that *Wega* cared a toss for "one short blast." She didn't, in the least, for we learn that "The *Wega*, however, still came on and the collision occurred."

See, there was nothing in this instance, concerning bluffs of bows, either port or starboard; merely the plain statement that "the collision occurred." Mind you, that plain statement—or the collision which demanded it—was all-sufficient, for it made a nice little law case for the delectation of a number of legal gentlemen who argued the case on either side, from instructions received. This is probably as good as any alternative method, and for our part, we are not going to cavil about it. Stripping the incident of all fancy work, it would appear that *Belliver* was navigating the Humber in a seamanlike manner; that she was on her own side of the road; but, at the psychological moment, she had to port, or get ashore; that by porting, she naturally put her red light where, up to then, her green light had shown; that *Wega*, being on the wrong side of the channel, had no chance to port in time, and—that's how it happened, even as it has happened dozens of times, before *Wega* or *Belliver* were thought of. As far as we can see, the learned Judge who had to consider the knotty points involved, was of the same opinion as ourselves, for we note that "In the opinion of the Court, the *Wega* was in fault for being on the wrong side of a narrow channel, and also for not porting, and not stopping, and reversing her engines sooner."

But here is the gist of the situation—from a sailorman's point of view: "All these faults were, however, to be ascribed to her pilot, who was compulsorily in charge, and for whose negligence the plaintiffs were not responsible." As there is a quantity of doubt in the minds of seafarers on this point; as numberless shipmasters are under the impression that the master is always the master, and responsible; that the pilot is, under no circumstances, the navigating officer of the ship, but merely assists the master with local knowledge; well, it is as well for the shipmaster to remember that, according to yet another authority, directly a compulsory pilot comes on board and takes charge, he is the man who takes the blame—and the credit. So far, *Wega* has been getting it up against her. Now, with a delightful impartiality, *Belliver* takes a hand in the game. With regard to the navigation of the latter steamer, the Judge was of opinion that those on board "were justified, at first, in assuming that the *Wega* would comply with her obligations under the narrow channel rule, and in keeping on. When, however, she saw that the *Wega* was not obeying the rule, they ought, at once, to have done all they could by stopping and reversing their engines to bring their vessel to a standstill."

This is alright, from a Court point of view, we suppose. And possibly "There could be no justification for their keeping on at full speed under a hard-a-port helm." All the same, seeing that we have been in similar circumstances, we are of opinion that nine steamers out of ten, would have done as did the *Belliver*. According to book tactics, it is easy enough to monkey your vessel around—

say on a Court-room table, with a model vessel, and where there is neither wind, nor tide. But when another vessel is about to plunk into your bows, it is all Lombard Street to a China orange that hard-a-port and full speed ahead will take you out of the danger zone; while backing and filling will simply keep you in position awaiting the fatal thump. Of course, we appreciate the fact that from a legal sense, it is always good business to "keep to the Rule of the Road," for then, if the circumstances have been too heavy for you: if you are sunk, and ducked under water for the third time; even so, you will have the satisfaction of knowing, at about the third second before unconsciousness overtakes you, that you are a man, and a sailor; that you are being drowned in a thoroughly legal manner; and hang all expenses.

ALL the same, these tricks are bad for trade, and for the underwriting fraternity, who are so keen on upholding the purse-strings of the legal profession, even as they endeavour to work off their losses, on to the other fellow. Rules of the Road are all very well; but they usually take the form of arbitrary enactments that are merely of use when a Rule is a negligible quantity. In other words, the Rule of the Road is a fairly safe arrangement, under ordinary conditions; but when the pinch comes, it shouldn't be followed too slavishly. We quite realise the fact, that a certain article provides that nothing in the others, shall interfere with the special circumstances of the case, or the common practice of seamen; but when the special circumstances of the case are so involved, that it takes three different Courts to decide as to what would be the common practice of seamen thereunder; you don't need to wonder that a mere sailorman elects to be run into, according to law, when, if he were sure of a little more leniency from 'longshore sailor tribunals, he would "risk it, and dodge it," nineteen times out of twenty. It takes a sailorman to reason these things out successfully, and we take some credit that way, ourselves.

HOWEVER, there were matters other than what had to do with "I did." and "You didn't." in connection with the waltz between *Wega* and *Belliver*. Matters which are of considerably more importance to the country, as a maritime combination, than will the fact of hard-a-porting or hard-a-starboarding, or reversing engines and what not, in the case which we are discussing. It appears that the pilot of the *Wega* claimed that the sailors thereon—the look-out, you know—had not reported the *Belliver's* lights. The German captain said "Yes," but admitted that the reporting was carried out in German—naturally. On this portion of the case, the learned Judge "was inclined to make the observation that a pilot ought not to have been put upon this German ship unless he knew something of German." Whatever for? We know that his lordship gave a reason; but to our mind, it doesn't amount to more than a very little, in view of the practice of modern shipping undertakings, these days. That is to say, the other—and larger—portion of the lawmaking fraternity are not of the same opinion as Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane, who on the occasion to which we are referring, said that the pilot was placed in a false position "if he had to rely upon the assistance of the crew of the vessel and did not understand what was said to him."

MIND you, we are proud to rank ourselves under the same banner as Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane on this occasion, and we have, for ages now, expressed the same opinion in the columns of THE MARITIME REVIEW. But we never hoped to get a learned Judge to back us up, so to speak. In all probability, two-thirds of the British Mercantile Marine is in the position that was deprecated by the Judge, in the case of the waltzing *Weda*. That is to say, the officer of the watch is just as dependent on the look-out man who couldn't report a light in English, if his soul depended on the transaction. If then, a pilot under these conditions, is in "a false position"—and of course, he is—what sort of position is the British Mercantile Marine in, may we ask? Perhaps, after this, you will understand that we are engaged, at all times, in giving you the plain unvarnished truth. That our strictures, in this connection, although somewhat unpalateable, are right on the spot, so to speak. Moreover, we give you those opinions from years of practical experience; not merely as a bit of academical verbiage, which has been culled, more or less, from the brain-pans of a couple of Elder Brethren from Trinity House—who may, or may not, know a deal of modern sailorising.

ON the *Wega*/*Belliver* trial, we find that Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane laid a very great amount of emphasis on this inability to understand the language of the country to which the ship belonged. "He thought it ought to be generally understood that no pilot should be put on a foreign vessel, unless he understands something of the language, and care should be taken to see that a pilot who boards a foreign vessel, understands something of the language spoken by her crew." This opens up a terribly big vista of possibilities. A vista for which, at the moment, we have no space. Still, we presume that if a pilot should not be put on a foreign ship unless he is cognisant of enough of the language for working purposes; the same argument would provide that no foreigners should be shipped on a British vessel, unless they, too, have a working knowledge of English? If this were carried out, there would be weeping and gnashing of teeth among certain "contract men" of whom we wot. Harpies who will brazenly trot a number of non-English-speaking larrikans into a British shipping office; will act as interpreter for them; will declare that they reside at a given number in Butey Roadey; and when any trouble materialises, will pose as interpreter for the same gentry, at a Local Marine Board, or elsewhere that "justice" is dispensed.

IF the situation were not so parlous, one would have to smile at the whole conglomeration of nonsense. One British sailor boards a foreign ship, and he is "in a false position:" twelve foreigners board a British ship and are all the crew which is there—but their position is right and proper; is connived at by the powers that be; and an unspeakable "sweater" is allowed to march those "poor foreigners" up to the shipping office counter; to go surety for them; to draw emoluments for the meritorious action which he is engaged on; and mainly because the rubbish which he "supplies," is cheap and docile. Docile, that is, until it gets an opportunity of jabbing a knife into an officer—when no one is looking, and there is consequently no fear of having to face another kind of Court. But even if the Court job is a spot affair, then, in far too many instances, the knifing monstrosity is fussed over by a number of hysterical persons, who are sure that it had a terrible amount of provocation; and that anyhow, it is a stranger in a strange land; is a "poor foreigner," and as such, is deserving of the help accruing from what are termed ameliorating circumstances. But reverting, once more, to the *Wega*/*Belliver* affair, we find that in the result, both vessels were held to blame—which was nice, and impartial? But the *Wega* was held to have established her plea of compulsory pilotage, so in all probability, the underwriters of *Belliver* do not look upon the case as an unqualified success? And *Belliver* didn't establish a compulsory pilotage plea, although she was in charge of a "duly

licensed River Humber pilot." You see, *Belliver's* man, was of the take-him-or-leave-him persuasion. Funny, isn't it?

MELBOURNE'S *Age* has been having a bad attack of nerves, over the handful of Chinamen that has been imported into the Rand. Our contemporary has lashed itself into a terribly frothy state over the matter, and flings around such epithets as "rank infamy," and "unscrupulous capitalism:" talks of the "degradation" of white labour, and says that for "economic iniquity it has not been exceeded by the misgovernment of Russia or any other country on earth." We suppose the *Age* imagines that it is an authority on these matters, and in comparison with some of the other would-be Mentors, its language is mild! All the same, our contemporary would be doing itself much more credit, if it would spare the same space to a quantity of straight talk to its colonial friends who are guilty of far more "rank infamy," in the matter of ruining Australia's chances of commercial success, by pandering to the hob-nailed mob who appear to have the throttling of every phase of Australian progress. The Rand is a long way from Melbourne; mighty little of Melbourne's money is invested there: indeed, Melbourne, so far is little other than a glorified Cape Town, say: and viewed all 'round, the *Age* has a better chance to achieve immortality, if it will attend to matters that lay nearer to its offices. Of course, these ravings go down with a certain number of admirers—and anyhow, a circulation must be flogged up, somehow. Poor *Age!*

DEAR, dear! After we-forget-how-long, the question of the legality of making the poor charterer stamp the copies of his bills of lading, and charters, is receiving attention. So much so, that at the monthly meeting of the Cardiff Chamber of Commerce, held—but we forget when it was held: time was, that the secretary of the concern thought us worthy of a circular concerning the auspicious event: but that is in the "goneness of the past," alas! As things are, we have to think up the matter, according to the remembrances of sundry of our young men. But let us get on. The chamber is going to see about the legality or otherwise, of that bit of Inland Revenue "bluff." It's a funny thing, but in our issue of June 1, 1904—more than twelve months ago, that is—we remarked, in connection with those stamping notions: "Personally, we are of opinion that the mere word 'copy' on top, and the magical 'We certify this to be a true copy, etc.' deleted, with signatures prefix by (Sgd.), will quite meet the case, when Stamps will e'en go on as before." Of course, we admit our limitations: realise that we are merely writer folk: but somehow or other, we are continually receiving confirmation that our words are, after many days, acted upon—to the ultimate good of the actors.

IT might be, that this is merely another instance of the similarity between great minds—you never know, you know? But whatever the reason, it would appear that Mr. E. Franklin Thomas, ex-president of the Cardiff Chamber of Commerce, and popularly credited with the possession of more than the ordinary allowance of so-called common-sense, has been consulting an "eminent firm of solicitors," who state that in their opinion, the charge of stamping mere copies, is an illegal one. Exactly as we suggested in the writing which we have re-produced? Furthermore, on the occasion referred to, we wound up our remarks with the words: "That is, the whole thing is a bit of official 'bluff'; an anticipated dance on a 'play of words.'" There you are! You cannot get away from it, can you? But never mind, that is merely one instance of which our advice has been acted upon, as already suggested. We note that the "eminent firm of solicitors" indicated in this non-advertising manner, have suggested that, "If necessary, a test case should be made by a combination of merchants" and are disappointed in consequence. We are not going to attach any importance, to the "eminence" of any firm of solicitors that would advise such action that is here set forth.

WHY is that? Well, principally because we realise, thoroughly, that at any epoch on this side of the millennium, it is impossible to rake up any such combination as is indicated in the advice of the solicitors. Mr. Franklin Thomas is at liberty to undertake the business, *pro bono publico*, an' it so pleases him; but if he hopes that anybody else is going to join him in the banging of sixpences, then, we are much afraid that he will be doomed to disappointment, yes! Each, for himself, is, unfortunately, the motto which finds most adherents in Coalville, and *pro bono publico* is merely a tag used to drop in at the bottom of letters to the local press, to save the expense of having to pay for a half-column growl—at ordinary advertising rates! True, Mr. Thomas suggested that the council of the chamber should be allowed to go in on the new drift, and to take such steps as prudence says is proper: "to port or starboard, back, or stop her," so to speak. Going still farther, we find that Mr. F. H. Lambert seconded the ex-president's proposition, which was "carried unanimously." That is to say, it was carried through the chamber. Whether it will be carried any further, remains to be seen. For ourselves—well, we shall maintain an open mind; and of course, an open eye.

EH? What's this? Ice cream for sailors! Do you wonder that Uncle Sam is making such a big show at mopping up a fleet of warships, fully manned with hardy sons of the sea? It's all very well for you sceptical folk to declare, that it is a bit tough to carry out any strenuous exertions on a padding of ice cream. That is just where you sceptical folk are a bit unkind. Ice cream, as a set off, and in beastly hot weather, is a fine thing—even if it does muss up the teeth of partakers thereof, to say nothing of its proneness to "lower the tone of the system" which is concealed about the same persons. Anyhow, the whole is said to have come about in this way. Admiral Evans, having been twitted with the yarn that his seaboys were ill-fed, and that in consequence, the navy was unpopular with the nation, laid himself out to publish a few menus, taken, hap hazard, from different warships. We are gravely informed that "strawberries, ice cream, asparagus, and other luxuries appear frequently on the lists." Eh? What? You might suggest that the foregoing merely applies to the officers' mess, and in all probability, you will be about right. Still, to a daily paper genius, a sailor is a sailor, you know. And the main point to remember is, that Uncle Sam, to-date, has had no overwhelming application for lower deck ratings—ice cream notwithstanding!

CONTINUING with the high living idea, it is interesting to note that—according to yet another "daily"—"cooks are to be trained in special classes, which are now being established at Portsmouth and Devonport," and for the purpose of being better able to cater for the needs of the British Handy Man. There is no mention of giving him ice cream, and notions of that character; but if we are to believe the nautical authority which we are quoting, "The ship's cook is not responsible for failing to do an impossibility. He cannot successfully boil and stew for his shipmates, without the proper facilities." At the first glance, one was constrained to believe that it was the cook who was about to get a shaking-up; on second thoughts, it must be merely the galley—for therein are the facilities, or the lack

thereof. Naturally, the new notions are placed to the credit of Sir John Fisher. As mere sailormen, we were under the impression that naval cooks were trained men; every one of them. Apparently, we were wrong. They have been, in the past, merely culinary experimenters, and thus it comes about, that dyspepsia, bad teeth, and one or two other complaints which need not be dilated upon, are somewhat more common than need be, in the warships of the nation. Still, better days are coming.

BUT there is an awful similarity about these good people, who more or less regulate the sailorman, don't you think? They have been told, so frequently, that all Jack troubles about, is "little Mary," until at last the dear old fossils have come to believe the nonsense. Mercantile Jack drops on shore, and declares he'll see everybody concerned, in Hades, before he'll return—and the Board of Trade at once suggest a matutinal kipper. "Let him smell the aroma, dear boys, and he'll return, never more to roam." The succulent kipper's sniffyness is thrown around on the breeze, but yet Jack shies at his proper business! "Offer him another half-pint of water; he gets but three quarts per diem for all purposes, at the moment: hang it, give him another quart: tell him he shall have four quarts of fresh water daily." They do so. Explain that if he gives the cook the whole of two-and-a-half quarts per diem, for cooking purposes, he will still have the whole of three pints for drinking purposes, and to bath himself with—down in the tropics. But even then, the foolish man will not recognise the heaven-sent chance of keeping clean, and not thirsty, which is his. He continues to shun the sea, so they offer him an extra "biscuit" each day! Makes you smile, doesn't it?

SOMEHOW or other, we feel that the birth—or construction—of a second sort of President Roosevelt on this side of the Atlantic, would be a godsend to the Briton. The American President makes it fairly clear that he wants none but business men, in the offices belonging to the Government, and the same action is exactly what is needed, here. Think what a splendid state of affairs would result, if it were possible to weed out the be-trousered old ladies, who cumber up the chairs in the Board of Trade's Marine Department, for instance! Why, we should begin to imagine that the millennium had really dawned! Shipping business would be carried out on business lines; the shipping trade would buck up, with a thousand horse power buck; the loafing thousands of British seamen who are now on shore, would return to the element which was their's from their birth: and the 'longshore Briton would hardly know himself, in consequence. There is no getting away from the fact, that red tape is slowly but surely strangling all that is best in British commerical life—even as it has come dangerously near to doing, in America. Columbia, however, has been given a saviour; by and bye, this country might be vouchsafed another?

COULD anything be better descriptive of the methods which are current with the Marine Department, than the following: "There is a type of bureaucrat who believes that his entire work, and the entire work of Government, should be collecting papers, referring to cases, commenting with eager minuteness on each, and corresponding with other officials, with reference thereto. These people care nothing for the case, but only for the documents of the case"? It couldn't, surely, and yet the quotation was first launched, to describe the working of the American official mind. This country might be somewhat effete, according to the American Brother's ideas; but it can run him that close on a bureaucratic race, that it's a toss up as to who will come in first. If you don't believe us, just you send along some grievance, and see how it is received. First of all, you will receive a polite tarradiddle to the effect that a secretary has been instructed by the Board, to acknowledge the receipt of your communication. There is no Board, so those instructions may not be given in the manner indicated. The gentlemanly correspondent will declare that he is "Your obedient servant"—but don't you attempt to trade on the amiable fiction; for if you do, you will soon learn that he is your exalted Boss.

VERY well, then! you keep on waiting—perhaps for a week; possibly for a month. At the end of either period you will receive another communication, written on paper that is probably about six times as expensive as the business warrants—but as it is all paid for with your money, it doesn't matter in the least; and you will learn that once more, the Board instructs this "obedient servant" of yours, to state that the matter is having the consideration of somebody or other in the Department. Right, you think! You'll sit down and wait. Time to you, is pressing; but you imagine that a Government official is worked to death—another of the pious fictions with which you are fed; and someday, they will have time to write. You wait until your patience is exhausted, when you might venture on another screed. Good business! Along comes a reply—same expensive paper, and same old tale. The Board has once more instructed "your obedient servant," somehow or other; and with the experience which you have already gained, you cuss a bit, but decide to go on waiting. When the official wheel has revolved until your name and address are on the front cog, you get another letter, informing you that "y.o.s." has again been instructed to tell you that "the Board" has either no jurisdiction in the matter; or that it "believes" that you are wrong in your premises. You cuss again; give it up; soulfully long for a President Roosevelt, and there you are!

HOWEVER, you cannot very well blame a department of an alleged Board of Trade, for acting, what Jack is inclined to style "the goat," if much higher sections of Governmental more or less efficiency do likewise. For a considerable time past Lord Muskerry, as the mouth-piece of a very large section of Mercantile Marine navigators, has been attempting to get from the Gilded Chamber, a little of the treatment that will be calculated to keep the same Chamber in existence. But do you think that it is probable that his Lordship will get what he and his constituency—if we may put it thus—desire? Well, they won't, and mainly for the reason, that the pressing need is to make it impossible for an alien to have command of a British vessel. When their Lordships—of all kinds of carat—sit down in the House of Lords, they give us the impression that their job has been specially underwritten by Providence; that come weal or woe, they will still be members of the Patrician Parcel; and that if war eventuates, then, it will be merely necessary to suggest to the advancing conqueror, that some of the gentlemen's forbears came over with another Conqueror—when the whole thing will simmer down, once more.

IF you undertake to explain to any of those Big Wigs, that in war time, it will be a menace to the State—and therefore to the continuance of their highly respected jobs—if a homeward-bound steamer, laden with grain or other food, is under the command of a foreigner; those gentlemen will assume the superior look which used to count in the long ago; but which to-day is understood to cover a mere vacuum. Indeed, these highly respectable persons appear to be imbued

with the notion, that what was good enough a hundred years ago, is bound to be good enough to-day. Having delivered themselves of this weighty pronouncement, they merely turn a set of aquiline features to the north-west corner of the room, and—well, and the "discussion" is closed. Thus far, in a general sense. Turn we now, to a little of the particularising which we had in mind, when starting in on this writing. We have already referred to the efforts of Lord Muskerry in attempting to get a law which shall make it impossible for a foreigner to steer our argosies of golden (or other sorts of) grain, into the enemy's ports in time of war. Let it be understood that his Lordship is one of the workers in the hive, instead of being merely one of the—shall we hazard the word "ornaments?"

A SAILOR himself, and intimately connected with sailormen of all sorts and conditions: equally well posted on the needs of the shipping industry, and realising to a minute fraction, the ills that are gradually destroying the British Mercantile Marine: Lord Muskerry is exactly the authority to which the House of Lords should give attention. Of course, it gives no such attention, and mainly for the reason that it knows but little of the subject with which his Lordship treats. You see, to speak about foreigners as being in command of the national bread-wagons; indeed, to speak of such common affairs as bread-wagons in the "Gilded Chamber" at all, is simple desecration. The idea! Bothering those gentlemen with such common-place affairs, as the "Give us this day our daily bread"—it's preposterous! When the bread fails—if fail it must—then the fates will send us along manna (and quails on toast) for the preservation of these gentlemen who are committed to protect the policy that was laid down a century back. Ye gods! You must know that Lord Muskerry moved the second reading of the Merchants Shipping (Aliens) Bill, and particulars of which, we have given in recent issues of THE MARITIME REVIEW. Lord Ellenborough—another seaman—supported the Bill: and you might think that it received careful attention.

BUT, bless you, it didn't. The Lord Chancellor announced that the Government could not accept the Bill, because here take a huge breath—"It would involve a complete alteration of the Navigation Laws *and of the policy laid down a century back.*" As a matter of fact the Lord Chancellor didn't use those exact words; 'tis a local contemporary that affects a knowledge of shipping who put it thus. But 'tis near enough anyhow. Moreover, "the noble lord very much exaggerated the danger to the State!" This conclusively proves what we have ever claimed: That this portion of the legislature are too tired, or are too busy on other matters, to give any serious attention to the needs of to-day. A certain thing was, a hundred years ago; it is, at present: *ergo*, it is good enough. A hundred years ago, stage coaches were "the thing" when a journey was anticipated, and the traveller "got there" too. Some pushing atom was ill-advised enough to invent steam engines, motor cars, and the like: and now, everything is in a beastly bustle and confusion. A hundred years ago nine-tenths of the world had no education, and so was "stuffed" into believing that these setters back of the clock of progress, were divinely placed in their seats in the Council Chamber Chamber of a mighty nation. A hundred years ago, there were but mighty few British vessels about, and practically none belonging to any other nation, so it didn't matter a toss who ran those ships.

A HUNDRED years ago, too, a voyage to India occupied three years—and lots could happen in that time; at present, the same journey can be made in not much more than as many weeks; but what was good enough in the old days, is good enough, now? "A century back," a naval war was calculated to last along to anything approaching thirty years; to-day, it would be probably decided, one way or the other, in as many minutes. Once more "a century back," the population of the present United Kingdom was self-supporting in the matter of grain; its daily bread was grown in its own fields; and any suggested shortage didn't amount to a very great deal. In the present year of grace, the country could probably support itself, in a normal state, for about three weeks, and yet a Lord Chancellor will tell us that to place a foreigner in charge of a British ship, is an exaggerated danger to the State. Of course, we didn't suppose that the Aliens Bill would be accepted, merely for the asking; that would be too much to expect—in view of the neglect which is ever meted out to the Mercantile Marine. It is fairly well understood that, in these days of luxurious ease, our so-called statesmen pursue the line of least resistance.

PATRIOTISM is a word for the hustings, only—especially if to define the real meaning of the word, demands a little hard work. In future, as long as a thing can be proved to have been in force a century back, it is useless to try to change it. The wonder is, that these sapient rulers of ours do not sell out all the warships of the period. We know that they have sold off as many as possible, and that they are losing sundry others of those that remain; but then, it is just as well to do the thing openly; to own up that as wooden walls were *de riguer*, "a century back," the same kind of arrangement would be just as good to-day. Never mind selling as "obsolete," one lot, and exonerating those who silently "drop" the remainder, on the quiet, so to speak. If "a century back" argument is good enough for the Aliens Bill, let us have the same fair-and-above-board decision concerning telegraphs, telephones, electricity in all its phases, radium quiffs, and the thousand-and-one notions which were not in existence "a century back." However, it is as well to drop the theme. It is by no means an exalted one. And one of these days, when the bread-wagons have been steered into a foreign port, by the foreign skipper which, "a-century-back"-Government wet-nursed—well, there will be a large-sized capital T sort of trouble about, don't you think?

WE are in receipt of a copy of the twenty-eighth annual report of the Scottish Shipmasters' and Officers' Association—and it makes good reading. We cannot afford, at the moment, the space for an extended review thereof; but one of the points therein which catches our eye is, "Nor would we wish it to be understood that merely by becoming a member of this Association, a Master or an Officer has a guarantee of a clean record unequalled by any other body of shipmasters, or in any other profession calling for the same amount of resource in times of difficulty." All the same, we are of opinion, that when an Association of educated men has pluck enough to table such a statement, it is on the road to rapidly acquire the very guarantee alluded to. And after all a "guarantee of a clean record" is the one great desideratum? Another good result is to the credit of this Association: The decision as to the shipmaster' liability for the incompetence, carelessness, what you will, of a licensed pilot. We have already touched on this phase of nautical muddling; the doubt which appears to hang around the nautical mind, as to the powers, privileges and perquisites of our friend the pilot; but the Scottish Shipmasters' Association have certainly done service in fighting to a finish—and at a big expense—this pilotage question.

It appears that in the case to which we are referring, the decision given, was: "That a master is not responsible for bad navigation by a licensed pilot; and that a master is not responsible for bad navigation by a licensed pilot even when the pilotage is not compulsory." To our mind, this is the only sensible decision which can be arrived at, and while admitting that it has taken a number of years to get —well, it is better late than never? Here is another quotation which "touches the spot." if we may put it thus: "We are proverbially blest with the pabulum of contentment, and adverse to disturbing the rusty antiquity of ancient institutions, or we should have swept into the sea of oblivion a Board (of Trade) which in the past has contributed so largely to the discomfiture of shipmasters by harassing enactments, irritating instructions, and unjustifiable prosecutions, if not persecutions." Here is the truth, and if the shipmaster would but appreciate his power in this direction: his absolute ability to have his wrongs redressed by boldly demanding that redress, instead of snivelling for a little help, kind sirs—well, our friends of the Scottish Shipmasters' Association understand our meaning.

Ere leaving this subject, and at the risk of offending the good people who are doing such yeoman service to their country, by placing on a workable basis that country's mainstay in peace or war; we yet must say that we should be better pleased, if the different agencies which are attending to the undeniable needs of the shipmaster and his mate, would join up their ranks; would stand shoulder to shoulder for the common good; and would realise that it is only by a united front, that the miseriers of the past, and the dangers of the present may be ameliorated. It is useless to expect the rulers who are pandering to the inanities of the "Board," to attach any importance to the claims set up by shipmasters, if the different combinations put in the greater portion of their time, in attempting to convince each other, that each one has done more than its colleagues? There can be no gainsaying the fact that competition is good for trade—in every grade thereof; it is equally true to say, that since the advent of the different shipmasters' societies, a better ordering of affairs maritime, has resulted. However, there is yet much to do, and by pooling issues, that "much" will soon be brought down to little, after which, the various units may join in a friendly rivalry as to who did most?

In other words, bury the hatchet, until the fight is won. In fighting, the hatchet is obsolete, and is best buried? You need something better than a hatchet these days. To quote the words of the present Lord Chancellor, "A century back," the hatchet was good enough: to a Lord Chancellor it might prove all sufficient to-day; but to a number of navigators who are seeking due recognition of their importance in the scheme of creation, the hatchet is best buried. Join up, and convince the world that you have advanced with it; that you have become tired of merely asking for justice; show them that, in great measure, you are responsible (although unwittingly) for the dangerous condition which has materialised; and that, as you have recognised your responsibilities in the national whirl, you mean to make all and sundry, recognise them, as well. You cannot do this, if you waste your best efforts in having "sly digs" at one another; the "digs" need to be put into the human obstacles which have brought the country so close to ultimate ruin, that it is merely a question, now, whether she will weather it, or have to go to loo'ard. You know that your interests are ours; you also know that we are writing the truth. There are commercial diseases as well as physical ones. Sometimes a seidlitz powder is sufficient; but a seidlitz powder is of little use in treating with cancer?

We note that Mr. Seddon, the New Zealand Premier, has been having a drive at British statesmen, and while we are of opinion that the latter gentlemen lay themselves open to the treatment, we are not quite so sure that the objurgation is seemly, when coming from the children "down under." It is all very pretty for the New Zealand friend to run on, about the Heathen Chinee who has been introduced into South Africa, "After the colonies' sons have fought to save the country," but there is just a little bit of impertinence in the "run on," all the same? The colonies did help the Old Country, of course, and that was exactly as it should be; but the size of the help must not be forgotten. When all is said and done, the Old Country does considerably more to maintain her colonies, than do those colonies to help the Old Lady. Mr. Seddon is of opinion that New Zealand would fight, again, in a similar emergency. Of course it would. Again, and again; and mainly for the reason that the integrity of the Empire is just as essential to New Zealand, as it is to us, at home. Why, here is the gentleman bewailing the fact that "at present, British subjects are being wedged out of the New Hebrides," because British policy has failed.

The same thing is supposed to apply in connection with Samoa and Hawaii, and in the result, the mail service, which was at one time—and not so long ago—British, is now American. But surely Mr. Seddon will not be misguided enough to place all these little fluctuations at the door of the British statesmen? The latter unfortunates had nothing to do with that idiotic cry of "white Australia," neither had they a word to say in the freezing out of the British steamer lines. It is all a question of cash, and if the good folk "down under" must go mad over a metaphorical "white Australia," then, they must pay for it. The fact of the matter is, to the New Zealander, himself, an all-British steamer line is a weighty possession; but to the people at home, any such an arrangement is merely an episode. This is where our esteemed friends get adrift, and somehow or other, nobody—in the past—has thought it worth while to point the correct moral. It is somewhat late in the day for Mr. Seddon to spread himself, on the dire wickednesses which surround the question of American predominance in the Pacific. If the gentleman would leave the poor Chinamen to their not-altogether-dolorous fate, and would use the same energy in attempting to awaken his friends and countrymen to a due appreciation of facts—well, New Zealand would soon buck up?

For thorough-going ingenuity in the matter of spoiling the Mother Land, our Canadian friends would be hard to beat! While some of us, here at home, are wasting a terrible quantity of fustian over the "to be, or not to be" of Protection, the Canadian man and brother, is simply walking away with the bread before our very eyes. Walking away with it, even as he spins us pretty little tales concerning what he means to do on the mutual lay—by and bye. The latest piece of ingenuity coming from the Dominion, is a tax on the drummer of commerce—the commercial traveller who represents a house that has no place of business in Canada. Ostensibly aimed at the wicked American, it will strike with equal force, against the representative from home; and by the time the merry gentleman has paid his £60 per annum tax—for that is what his value is assessed at; has fought down the colonial prejudice which meets him at all corners; has made a book for the people at home; well—he will have fairly earned the ten per cent. or so, of profit, that will remain to him. The newspapers "out there," are by way of thinking that the tax is conceived in a narrow and restrictive spirit; and are of opinion that it will strike a hard blow at British trade with Canada. We should smile!

GENERALLY speaking, a man has quite exhausted the gamut of human misery, ere he will condescend to face the hades that is mis-named stokehold: and while we know that there are exceptions here, as elsewhere, we also know that the fireman is usually an individual, who understands nothing save *force majeure*. It might seem unkind to put it thus, but it is the absolute truth, nevertheless. For pity's sake let us have the facts of the situation. Don't let the country go to pieces, because nobody has the pluck to fit the right boot on the right foot. We could go on almost indefinitely, giving personal reminiscences of where the fireman was the terror of the ship—below the fiddley grating; but where, above that grating, he was the quintessence of politeness—fireman politeness, you understand. The trouble was, that below the grating, nobody seemed to think it incumbent on them to insist on discipline, and through the mistaken belief, that discipline meant low fires and poor steam. Thus it came about that the terrors of the ship (below) were Jack, Tom or Bill, while on deck, they were oftener "you there," than anything else: and as little evidence of the sweat rag as possible, was insisted on.

WE are constrained to the foregoing, through reading an interesting screed in the *British Australasian*, concerning the great question which romps along under the title of "Is the Caucasian Played Out"? Obviously, our contemporary's sympathies are with the sailor, and we are proud to notice the fact, even as we could wish that a few more were in the same boat, so to speak. In animadverting on Australia's bid for the "white" particular of which we have frequently written, *British Australasian* admits that "from a nation as young as Australia it is only reasonable to expect youthful faults." We then read, that "the adolescent enthusiasm of the Commonwealth is responsible, for instance, for the curious blend of youthful arrogance and Quixotic chivalry with which the policy of a 'white Australia' was developed." You know, that is really a kindly method of expressing an unpleasant fact, and we congratulate our contemporary on its ability in this connection. It is unnecessary for us to harp upon the "white Australia" string; we have tuned up sufficiently thereon, in the past. What we wish to show, is the amiable manner in which other journals touch on these nautical subjects which effect most seriously, the whole of the nation.

WE know that the Caucasian is not played out. So does *British Australasian*, for it remarks that "The British Government is quite capable of looking after the British seaman—in due time, it will probably be forced to do so." That's it, and everybody realises the connection between force, and mad dogs? However, we are informed that "A month ago, the first mailboat employing white labour reached Australia, and the *Daily mail* promptly published a cable from its Sydney correspondent, which made it appear that the British sailorman was quite unworthy of the sacrifices the Australian Government had made on his behalf." Our contemporary then goes on to give us the whole of the mighty ha'porth's "message"—heaven help us—with scare-heads, and all. In brief, we are informed that the first steamer arrival under the new cantract, reports that white labour is unsatisfactory. Of course it is! Did anybody believe it would be any other, when it was—metaphorically—forced down the necks of the good people who objected thereto? Anyhow, *Daily Mail* laid itself out to give the whole sickening alleged details, which, after all, had nothing to do with British seamen, but rather British firemen—and the subtle distinction involved is, naturally, too much for the self-sufficient ha'porth from Carmellite Street, and elsewhere.

CONTINUING, we learn that "the purser and officer spent hours at Adelaide Police-court... in connection with drunken firemen... the engine-room was often left in a disgraceful condition... the men were accustomed to coming on board... in such a state that the utmost difficulty was found in raising steam... stoking was generally characterised by incompetence. The chief engineer emphasises the fact that the present crew consists of members of the Shipping Federation, which guarantees the qualifications and characters of its members, and is subsidised by the shipowners." Pretty, don't you think? Especially the guarantee from Shipping Federation! Won't somebody tell *Daily Mail* that Shipping Federation is not subsidised by shipowners; that, instead, it is wholly supported by them, in their interests? What we wish to emphasise is, that if *Daily Mail* had written that rubbish concerning a shoreman, there would have been a libel case on tap, and we should have probably seen a sneaky little paragraph in some unconsidered corner of the alleged journal, expressing profound regret that they had been misinformed, etc. You know the kind of climb-down to which we refer. We have one before us as we write, although it doesn't concern a shipping case you bet.

HOWEVER, one yarn is good (even if it is a *Dally Mail* yarn) until you hear another; and after the ha'porth referred to, had vented its bit of paltry spleen on sailors who attend to furnaces, we are treated to a letter from the chief engineer who was alleged to have emphasised the twaddle spread out in quote marks above; and that letter is an equally emphatic denial, to the whole of the *D. M.'s* wail. Mr. Kenneth McInnes—the engineer in question—wrote to the Adelaide *Argus* after the following: "I deny that I made any comparison between white and black stokers as far as their ability went... I never sailed with a steadier or more obedient lot of men, and I hope to be able to say the same at the conclusion of the voyage." Of course, the chief engineer who sailed with those "drunken firemen," those "incompetent" fellows who left the engine-room in a "disgraceful condition;" that chief engineer, then, couldn't possibly know as much about the circumstances, as could the Australian "lion" who tootles for the *Daily Mail*, could he now? The *British Australasian* is kind (if somewhat sarcastic) when it remarks that "It is probably a relief to the *Daily Mail*, to find that the British seaman is not quite useless...—at least, we hope so." Fancy anything being a relief to *Daily Mail!* That is, as long as the relief hangs about a human being who is too poor to employ a solicitor. Its presiding genius is probably a hairless and cappy—no, we didn't mean that; 'twas a slip. What we meant, was that its presiding genius is probably a careless and happy individual, heaven bless him—and keep him safely from the haunts of "British seamen."

IT would be nice to know what the opinion formed by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is, now he has had an opportunity of seeing the able manner in which the Bute Docks is prepared to coal the Fleet of which he is an Admiral? That the merry workings of the Lewis-Hunter cranes, to say nothing of the other up-to-date features which abound, would strike His Royal Highness as being something to be proud of, goes without saying; and the Cardiffian is justifiably proud of the fact, that our future King has had an introduction to this portion of the possibilities of "gallant little Wales." There is another feature we should like to touch on; and we would, only we happen to be a mere shipping paper, and are therefore outside the pale of fashion discussions; pretty frocks: tasty ankles; and dainty bottines! But, dear us! there was a bewildering profusion of the whole lot around on the landscape, on Wednesday last—and that's a fact!

The Maritime Review
An Illustrated Weekly Journal

FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1905.

EPOCH-MAKING AT CARDIFF DOCKS.

THAT Thursday, June 29, 1905, will be a day long-remembered at Cardiff Docks, is certain, for on that date was officially opened, by the Most Honourable John Marquis of Bute and Earl of Dumfries, the "Royal Hamadryad Seamen's Hospital"—Cardiff's method of celebrating the sixtieth year of reign, of her late Majesty, Queen Victoria. It will not be amiss, if we give the resolution which was unanimously passed at a Town's Meeting, on February 24, 1897, and which read as :

"That this meeting of the inhabitants of Cardiff rejoices at the opportunity of loyally and dutifully celebrating the sixtieth year of the Reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, the longest in the history of this Country, and hereby pledges itself to make every effort to raise a fund for the purpose of erecting and completing as a Momento of Her Majesty's long and most successful Reign, a permanent Seamen's Hospital for the Port of Cardiff, in the place of the 'Hamadryad Hospital Ship.'"

That the "every effort" referred to, was well and truly carried out, was evidenced, yesterday, when the Marquis of Bute opened the building which his lamented father's generosity, in large measure, made possible. It must be remembered, that previous to the Town's Meeting already referred to, the late Marquis had contemplated the building of such an institution as now flourishes under the title of the "Royal Hamadryad Seamen's Hospital," and when the people of Cardiff showed a desire to perpetuate the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria as already explained, he gave his prompt and hearty assistance to the scheme. To what extent the late Marquis was prepared to go, in bringing to a successful issue, this scheme which was dear to his heart, is evidenced by his Will, dated July 13, 1894, and which contains a provision as follows :

MAIN ENTRANCE -New Seamen's Hospital.

"I direct and appoint my Trustees to apply a sum of Twenty Thousand Pounds or so much of that sum as may not have been expended by me in my lifetime in erecting or completing the erection of an Hospital at Cardiff to come in place of the ship *Hamadryad* at present used as an Hospital declaring that in the event of such Hospital not having been completed during my life any sum or sums given or paid by me towards the erection of such Hospital shall be held to be payment *pro tanto* towards the total of the said sum of Twenty Thousand Pounds hereby directed to be applied towards such erection and my Trustees shall pay the balance only of such sum or such smaller sums as may be necessary to complete such Hospital my intention being merely to have such Hospital completed although it may be at a less cost than Twenty Thousand Pounds and in the event of my Trustees finding it unnecessary to expend the whole of the said sum of Twenty Thousand Pounds either by reason of payments made by me during my life or by reason of money being available for the purpose from other sources the balance unexpended by them shall revert to the residue of my estate And I further direct and request my Trustees upon the said Hospital being completed to arrange that the sick received in the said Hospital shall be served by Sisters of some Roman Catholic Religious Order if such an arrangement can be made."

In the result, we find that the total donation given under the foregoing provision, amounts to £13,500—no mean gift to the suffering seamen who visit our Town and Port? Indeed, it may not be amiss if, at this precise period in our writing, we suggest the desirability of similar action on the part of the local shipowners. To the present, their donations for this relief of their worn-out, or otherwise wasted servants, have been by no means munificent ; and if they would but endeavour to work on the belief that (in such a connection as this), it is better to give than to receive, then, their names would go down in honourable history, even as does that of the large-hearted gentleman whose works, here, do follow him. But leaving the largely problematical for the actual, we find that the General Committee of the Hospital, is to consist of a president, vice-presidents, patrons, life members and *ex officio* nominated and ordinary members, and of which Committee the Trustees for the time being shall be also members. The first president of the Hospital, is Sir William Thomas Lewis, Bart., and the first vice-presidents are, the present Marquis of Bute, together with Messrs. John Moore, David Jones and Joseph Larke Wheatley—all well-known, and highly-esteemed Cardiffians. The Trustees are : Sir W. T. Lewis, Bart.; Alderman David Jones ; Alderman W. J. Trounce ; Mr. John Moore, shipowner; Mr. E. L. Downing, shipbroker ; Mr. William Jones, (W. and G. T. Jones) shipowner ; and Mr. T. M. Heywood, shipowner. From the foregoing, it will be admitted that the conduct of this newest undertaking could not be placed in abler, or more painstaking hands, and the General Committee which commences its duties from to-day, may be depended on to carry the whole matter along, in a manner which would have received the encomiums of the Founder of the Hospital, had he been spared to live to see the fruition of his wishes in this particular direction. The first General Committee of the Hospital, is to consist of the President, the Vice-President, the Patrons, the Life Members, the Trustees, and the following *ex officio* nominated and ordinary members :

The Mayor of Cardiff for the time being (*ex officio*),

Two Members to be nominated by the present Marquis or other the owner or owners (being a descendant or descendants of the First Marquis of Bute) for the time being of Cardiff Castle and in case of the incapacity of any such owner or owners by the Trustee or Trustees or other persons or person having for the time being the actual control and management of Cardiff Castle.

Two members to be nominated by the Cardiff Railway Company.

Six of the Consuls or Vice Consuls in the Port of Cardiff.

The President for the time being of the Cardiff Chamber of Commerce (*ex officio*).

Two Members to be nominated by the Barry Railway Company.

Two Members to be nominated by the Taff Vale Railway Company.

The Chairman for the time being of the Cardiff Shipowners' Association (*ex officio*);

and the following (all, for the time being, and *ex officio*): Chairman of the Cardiff Pilotage Board ; Dockmaster of the Bute Docks ; Dockmaster of Penarth Docks ; Dockmaster of Barry Docks. Alderman David Jones, J.P., for his life ; Ebenezer Beavan, Esq., J.P. (who was Mayor of Cardiff in the Jubilee Year, 1897), for his life ; the Town Clerk of Cardiff, for the time being (*ex officio*) and the following twelve ordinary Members : Messrs. J. Cory, H. J. Edwards, W. R. Hawkins ; James Hurman, Esq., J.P.; Count Lucovich ; Philip Morel, Esq.; J. W. C. Schroeter, Esq.; Edmund Handcock, Esq.; Dr. W. Taylor ; Rev. J. T. Wordsworth ; L. R. Turnbull, Esq.; and W. J. Tatem, Esq.

We haven't the space for a detailed list of the various subscribers to this good cause, but including the sum of £13,500 already stated to have been the necessitated

Photo by. THE ROYAL HAMADRYAD SEAMEN'S HOSPITAL. [H. J. B. Wills, Cardiff.

amount of the late Marquis of Bute's munificence, we believe that the sum total paid (and promised, which, perhaps is hardly the same thing?) is £29,129 4s. 7d. Of this sum, some £26,000 goes for the cost of the building, unfurnished, and on reference to the illustration which we are able to give, herewith, it will be admitted that the money's worth is obviously there? In this connection, we cannot pass on without referring to the able and continued attention which has been given to the undertaking, by the architect, Mr. E. W. M. Corbett; not merely the work that is included in the ordinary duties of an architect; but the gratuitous services; the constant care; the effort that has been forthcoming at all times; the all-pervadingness, if we may put it thus, which may not be paid for in hard cash—all these have been brought forward in no mean, or grudging manner. And coupled with the name of Mr. E. W. M. Corbett, in this connection, is that of Cardiff's Town Clerk, Mr. J. L. Wheatley, whose persistent and careful attention, has been quite as unremitting. Indeed, the Hospital Committee are indebted, in no small manner, to both the gentlemen named, for the success which has undoubtedly fallen to the new "Royal Hamadryad Seamen's Hospital." We know that it is unwise, in circumstances of this nature, to make what might be considered as invidious distinctions; but we are sure that the gentlemen who are associated with the work which we are discussing, will ungrudgingly bear witness to the truth of our statement in this particular; and will be just as willing to thank both Mr. E. W. M. Corbett, and Mr. J. L. Wheatley, for the work which they have freely rendered, over and above that which was "in the bond," so to speak. Concerning the opening ceremony we have but little to say. It was a local function; and our Cardiff contemporaries have probably told the local man (and his wife) most of what was worth knowing; but we feel sure that the chief personage connected with that opening ceremony, must have felt proud to have been in a position to put the finishing touch, on what his father's brain and hand had begun; even as he experienced regret, at the knowledge that it was impossible for that father to be present, at the crowning point. However, it was eminently fitting that the son should complete, that which his father had commenced; and we are perfectly sure that the sympathies of the whole of commercial Cardiff, were with the Marquis of Bute yesterday. For a detailed description of the new Hospital, we shall await a future occasion; but we may remark *en passant*, that it has accommodation for 54 patients—18 beds on each floor, and three floors in all; that it is replete with every detail which modern medical science can suggest, it is substantially built; thoroughly sanitary in every particular; lighted throughout by a splendid installation of electric light, with current drawn from the town mains; is, in short, an up-to-date and efficient Temple of Healing; a retreat withdrawn from the madding crowd, and entrance to which, for the Jacks of all nations, is solely conditional on their need for medical help: a help which will be promptly forthcoming from the able hands of the Medical Superintendent, Doctor A. Dewar. Ere leaving the new Temple for a short consideration of the old, we might usefully remind our readers that Sir W. T. Lewis has already endowed a bed in the New Hospital; one that is to be known to future generations, as "The Lady Lewis Bed," in memory of one who has gone before. It occurs to us to ask, if any of the Merchant Princes of Cardiff, have a dear one in the Great Beyond, whose memory would be suitably enshrined, by a similar endowment? As a matter of fact, there are many such at the Docks, and we know of no better manner for perpetuating the memory of one who has gone before, than by the endowment of a bed in the New Hospital. Moreover, among such numbers of really wealthy men who flourish at the Docks; and who have made colossal fortunes, through the agency of the sailors for whom this Hospital has been established; it should be easily possible to see to it, that at least one of the floors—with its eighteen beds—contained nothing but endowment affairs. Indeed, the Dockite has earned for himself, a world-wide reputation for doing the the right thing at the right time; and with all the faults which have been placed at his door, that of niggardliness, or a deaf ear turned to suffering humanity has never been among the number. Moreover, we are of opinion that they never will, and a fitting culmination to the splendid building which has now been opened for its mission of mercy, would be the placing, in two rows, on the walls of the ground-floor ward, of eighteen nice little brass plates. Their business would be to inform the visiting world, that even as the late Marquis of Bute had a kindly interest in the sailor, so have the large-hearted gentlemen who remain with us. Sir William Thomas Lewis has set the example; there are considerably more than eighteen wealthy men amongst us, here, in business; they have often shown that they realise that as they have been given much, then much is expected of them—is it necessary to say more? Surely not, if we may be permitted to add that this Hospital is no "party"

affair; has nothing to do with religion, with politics, or with any of the burning questions which, from time to time, convulse the neighbourhood. It is not even a local affair—outside of situation; for as already stated, the Hospital is open to the whole world, and the only condition that is imposed, is that the entrant be a sailor, and in need of medical help. The Taff Vale Railway Company have passed over the land; the Marquis of Bute has given the major portion of the money; others, at the Docks have, between them, supplied the remainder of the needed capital; who is going to fill one ward with endowed beds? Ere leaving this part of our discussion, we shall be doing no harm if we repeat, that he gives twice, who gives quickly. And now let us give a brief consideration to the noble work, which, without ostentation, has been carried out by the poor old *Hamadryad*, whose "curfew tolls the knell of parting day." Built to sink and destroy her country's seagoing enemies, the irony of fate ultimately brought her, into a state which has proved an unqualified blessing to suffering nautical humanity. Without wishing to suggest that there is a positive analogy between the one-time man-of-war, and Goldsmith's man who "came to scoff" but "remained to pray," we must yet submit that the circumstances are as near thereto, as it is possible to get when comparing the animate with the inanimate. To us who know our Cardiff, the word *Hamadryad* naturally recalls the well-known figure of Dr. Hughes, the strenuous worker who did so much to make the old ship's name, as familiar in the mouths of sailormen—the world over—as the proverbial "household words." Whether the untiring and always cheery medico, was spared the pain of having to leave the old "workshop" for the new; or if his ambition would have been better satisfied, to have found his sphere of usefulness enlarged, as it would, undoubtedly, have been; we care not to say. The labourer has gone; the scene of his years of labour follows; and ours be the privilege of stating, in cold figures, the aggregate of that labour. To give the total of the human sympathy; the kindliness; the ever-ready word of encouragement, is beyond us; so we shall make no attempt. Indeed, it is altogether unnecessary, for it is impossible for a man to spend a number of years in the alleviation of suffering—especially when that alleviation extends to the seagoing inhabitants of the whole world—without making an indelible impression, on the minds of those with the greatest interest. Personally, we have heard the word "Hamadryad" spoken, in every quarter of the globe; have seen it act as a bond of sympathy between seamen, the world over; have noted the different methods of pronouncing the word, "Dr. Hughes;" and have heard eulogistic remarks concerning the gentlemen who attended to the financial part of the undertaking—have heard it on, practically, every beach on earth. For let it not be forgotten that the sailor is a grateful animal, and much as he is maligned by some of those whose chief reason of existence is to exploit him; he is easier "touched" by a kindly action, than is the 'longshoreman, generally—a fact that is worthy of remembrance, and continued experiment. But coming down to figures, we find that from the time when *Hamadryad* first took up her position as a Seamen's Hospital—on November 1, 1866, that is—to the present date, her number of in-patients treated, amounts to 17,464—a present average of about 450 per annum; while her out-patients number (over the same period) 237,928—or a present average of some 9,000 per annum. As an example of her all 'round utility, we find that in addition to British seamen, there are those from every corner of the world—not excepting the almond-eyed Chinee, or the swarthy Arab. The list is too long for reproduction, but as in-patients in 1904—and outside of Britons—there were representatives from twenty-six different nationalities; and the number of ships (including British) which sent those broken sailors to be mended, amounted to no less than 1,026 vessels. Truly a noble record of alleviated suffering? Reading down the list of diseases recorded, one comes across a goodly sample of well-known ailments; and a number that one will probably meet for the first time—in that list! For instance, there were two cured cases of beri-beri, and one is constrained to wonder which nationality supplied the sleepy ones? Then, there is a solitary instance of contagious petticoats—no, no, *impetigo contagiosa!* However, we will leave this part of the business, as we have a haunting fear that it is somewhat removed, from the line which we usually pursue! And coming along to the financial side of the institution—the side, which, in the majority of instances, causes more trouble than all the others put together; we find that the good ship *Hamadryad* has been one of the pleasant exceptions. Her Committee of Management—or whatever title these able gentlemen are known by—are to be congratulated on the success of their work; and that the old ship was most economically administered, is proved by the fact that, instead of having to plead a shortage in her accounts, there is a substantial sum to be handed over to the New Hospital. In leaving the subject, THE MARITIME REVIEW, on behalf of the host of nautical men which it numbers among its friends, begs to wish the New Hospital which has now been officially opened to the world, a long, and as proportionately helpful and prosperous a career, as the "sheer hulk" which it has been destined to relieve.

Photo by] THE OLD "HAMADRYAD" HOSPITAL SHIP. [H. J. B. Wills, Cardiff.

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

IS anybody going to believe that there is anything worth writing about in connection with Maritime or any other sort of Money Matters? Well, there isn't, you'll find. You will also find that there are numerous reasons for this hapless state of affairs. Look at the political horizon. What do you find, there? Clouds, threatening clouds. Germany wants the earth—so does everybody else, as far as we can see! "Notes" are pending, and while they are on passage, the few remaining folk who have been left a pound or two by the Income Tax people, are simply holding on to it. Not too tightly, perhaps; but tightly enough.

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MIND you, here locally, the money earners have been banging it a bit; have been decking her out in a fashion deserving of a Royal Visit; and if anybody in this locality has any money left, at all—then, it must be the drapers! Some misguided folk are of opinion that Cardiff, for instance, is a shipping place. Well it is, to a certain and well-defined extent. To the extent of 20,000,000 tons per annum—of outward cargo, and other notions. But it isn't—other than indirectly—a shipping place for money. If you doubt us, take a consideration over what you saw on Wednesday and Thursday. Eh? Did it speak well for the abilities of the local dry goods men?

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IT did, then, and that's a fact. Don't tell us about Tuesday's Stock Exchange carrying-over. That was nothing to the "carry-over" that some of the heads of families will have to provide for, as the result of the week's festivities. The embroidery that will be apparent in some of the banking accounts, will put the same article which appeared on other accounts (in the street, mainly) to the blush, you'll find, and Papa will have to hunt around for some of the cigar-ends which, absent-mindedly, he shoved in under the clock in more affluent days! Poor Papa! He has our sympathy, and we know that, for a day or so, he will limit himself to one liqueur where erstwhile, he had a dozen.

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YES, we can quite understand that on most of the Stock Exchanges, "prices opened dull." We happen to know that they were dull at mid-day, too; also that they were more dull at closing time. Home Railways have the pip, and their quotations are mainly around the mark which suits your own ideas. You are at liberty to quote 'em as you will, but you needn't think that business will result. Not by a very long way, for the "other fellow" has his own ideas about quotations; and it is terribly surprising to note the quantity of difference of opinion that exists, between the quoter, and the "other fellow." Moreover, the "other fellow" has the money, and that is exactly where the bother eventuates?

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CERTAIN would-be well-informed persons, are trying to persuade us that the American market is the only section, which shows any pronounced strength. And yet the American is not unduly fond of onions, as an article of diet, is he? This makes us wonder where the strength materialises? Now, if we was told that Newfoundland business was humming, we should be inclined to believe the soft impeachment. Our experience of the Newfoundland man, as a whole, is that you may stuff him into believing anything—as long as you mix enough of yellow metal in the stuffing. Yes! Education is a great thing; but so far in the history of the world, the Newfoundlander hasn't got much beyond the notch which was his, in the old days when seven-and-sixpenny muskets were unloaded upon him at thirty-shillings a time.

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OR for the matter of that, when molasses were dealt out to his wife, at four-and-sixpence the gallon. We know, because we have studied the gentleman in Newfoundland. As far as that goes, there appear to be other good people who have studied him, to far better advantage than ever befell us. Yes, the American market is alright—for the American. It might be right for one or two sapient kritters in the City; but for the common or garden investor—well, he had better keep clear of the giddy throng, just now. Indeed, if he must bang his good money, why not invest in more embroidery stuff? It is quite the thing, at the moment? Moreover, it is somewhat tasty-looking, on occasion—and some human beings!

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BUT reverting to shipping shares, and floating investments, did most of you see the two man-of-war vessels that came here, to keep the peace against all comers? We suppose you did, and consequently you are satisfied that the £40,000,000 which you so cheerfully "put up" among you, is really spent as indicated in the Annual Report of the Naval Department? Of course, you would be excused for doubting that the dear old land owned any warships. You mighty seldom see them, and bar an accident now and then (every other day, about?), you just as seldom hear of them. However, in view of the two leviathans which have been sent to Britain's premier coal port, you realise at last, that there are such things as British warships.

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WHAT did you think of 'em as dividend earners? Tidy vessels, weren't they? Hardly tidy enough to warrant your falling over each other, in a mad desire to acquire shares therein, perhaps? Still, they were a sort of voucher. A proof that if Britannia means to go on ruling the waves, she needn't hope to do so with the craft which you own, manage, or run, here, at Cardiff. You know most about the tramp of commerce, don't you? You have also heard that the liner, is a lidy? Of course; and that the ordinary warship is a sort of Empress of the Deep. But never mind. It did your hearts good to see old Cardiff's streets under the feet of a crowd of Handy men. It did ours, anyhow, and we couldn't think how much nicer it would be, if the Authorities (capital A) would develop sense enough to send 'em along oftener. Do you think with us?

✦ ✦ ✦

YOU see, we have all become so used to the tramp steamer, and its uncertainty in the matter of dividend, that we have almost forgotten to be thankful for the small mercies vouchsafed to us. That is, we search through a balance sheet so sceptically, that when we notice that the loss, so to speak, is because one Norah Macartharty threw the deep-salt-sea-wather-bag over the battlemints, and the bag in question was lost—well, we are inclined to sniff. But bless you, if you had a little more knowledge of Naval expenditures, you wouldn't grumble at the poor tramp manager, who failed to make a ten per cent. dividend out of three shillings to Malta, and eight shillings from the Black Sea—when the whole round trip occupied four months.

✦ ✦ ✦

WE told you at the beginning—at least we suggested it—that there was nothing worth writing about in connection with Maritime Money Matters. If you didn't believe us, and have struggled through to this exact point, you might side with us now. If not—well it doesn't matter, for this "money" page is quite as full of high-class hints, as are most money pages; and it is a derned sight more full than many of 'em. That is our opinion—and yours, we are nearly sure.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *June 28, 1905.*

The lack of animation in the market which has to do with Cardiff and Other Coal continues, and the demand—for certain—has shown no advance on what has been in evidence, for weeks past. Under these circumstances, then, you will naturally conclude, that we have but little change to record. All the same, coalowners are adhering pretty firmly to present figures—if only for the reason that but small inducement exists, for any other kind of conduct.

POSITION—which, at most times, is the governing factor—is everything, to-day. Thus, where buyers are enabled to suit the colliery man's ideas in this respect, an improvement on the figures given below, may reasonably (and successfully) be sought for. Again, accumulations for forward shipment are very slow in manifesting themselves, and the outlook is the reverse of rosy. No wonder the colliers' "leaders" are beginning to cast about, for some reason to boost the Conciliation Board, which is mainly responsible for the rotten state that exists. For far too long a time, now, the coal trade has been carried on from a hand-to-mouth standpoint, and everybody admits that this is the reverse of conducive to good business.

BEST CARDIFF ADMIRALTYS are steady at recent figures, in spite of the fact that there has been no influx of new business. Stems cannot be regarded as satisfactory, although the collieries which work the better class coal, have, for a week or so, been fairly well off in this respect. Generally speaking, the exponents of this grade are hard at 12s. 9d.—a price which has really been obtained. Other sorts in the section rule at about 12s. 6d., at which they are being upheld. But there is precious little doing, even at that.

SECONDS are beautifully easy. So are the collieries involved—and the prices are no better. Quotably, they range from 12s. to 12s. 6d.; but as we have remarked, ere this, quotations are merely a delusion, and do not always apply! They would not here, for anything prompt—and that's a certainty. The prompt buyer could work those quotations down to the extent of threepence, at least; and without turning a hair, so to speak. Stocks are heavy; are increasing; there is no present prospect of other conditions; so, *qui voulez vous?*

ORDINARIES continue even as they have been of late—unprofitable. Prices, it is true, have not declined any further; but that is mainly for the reason that the seller has experienced no temptation in this direction.

DRYS are still unworthy of attention, and for all actual use or profit, they may as well be deleted from the list. They have a quotation—but then, so have a number of moribund industrials, for that matter. Those industrials and DRYS would appear to be in the same boat, if we may put it thus.

MONMOUTHSHIRE COALS have not varied appreciably, remaining an easy department. BEST BLACK VEINS are being offered at 11s. 3d.; but the offer is merely a "try on." Here and there, it is possible to bump up against a seller who keeps his hat on, so to speak; but he is a rarity—and is treated as such. As a matter of fact, buyers with spot tonnage, are easily able to book at 11s.—or a trifle under.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 7½d.	12s. 7½d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	12s. 0d., 12s. 3d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 3d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d., 12s. 3d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	11s 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.
Drys ,, ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 6d.
Best Newport ,, ...	11s. 0d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 1½d.	11s. 1½d.	11s. 0d., 11s. 3d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	10s. 9d., 11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	10s. 10½d.	10s. 10½d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.
Seconds ,, ...	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	15s. 0d.	15s. 0d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 6d., 15s. 0d.	14s. 6d., 14s. 9d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	13s. 9d., 14s. 0d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 7½d.	13s. 7½d.	13s. 6d., 13s. 9d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.
,, 2 ,, ...	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.	8s. 9d., 9s. 3d.	8s. 6d., 9s. 0d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 4½d.	8s. 3d., 8s. 6d.
Seconds ...	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 0d., 8s. 3d.	8s. 0d.	8s. 0d.	7s. 9d., 8s. 0d.
Ordinaries ...	8s. 0d.	8s. 0d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 7½d	7s. 6d.
Best Newport ...	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 7½d.	7s. 6d., 7s. 9d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.
Seconds ...	7s. 6d.	7s. 0d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 0d., 7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	7s. 3d	7s. 3d.	7s. 0d.	7s. 0d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 0d., 7s. 6d.
,, No. 3 ...	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d., 10s. 0d.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.	21s. 3d.	21s. 3d.	21s. 0d., 21s. 6d.	21s. 0d.
Ordinary ...	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 0d., 18s. 0d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.
Furnace Coke ...	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d., 16s. 3d.	15s. 9d., 16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.
Patent Fuel ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ..	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d., 18s. 9d.	18s. 6d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *June 28, 1905.*

HERE, too, the improvement since our last is inappreciable. ANTHRACITE LARGE is ruling fairly steady at last quotations, but the demand is considerably below the supply. For figures, we refer you to the list.

MACHINE MADE COALS are not in brisk demand, although a few of the varieties have moderately fair engagements. Prices, however, have undergone no change, which statement applies, equally, to DUFF, and the figures for which is still the old, old, 3s. 6d.

CULM, again is scarce, and there has been no slacking off in the enquiry therefor. This naturally upholds the value—this being from 5s. 6d. to 5s. 9d. STEAMS are weak. Stems with the collieries are slack, and with no immediate prospect of better conditions, the value of BESTS work out to 12s. 9d. SECONDS are easy, while LOCAL BUNKER QUALITIES are quiet at 10s. 6d.

BELOW, we give the average prices for the week:—

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.
Seconds do. ...	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.
Big Vein Large ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	10s. 9d., 11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.
Red ,, ,,	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d	9s. 6d., 10s. 0d.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d., 16s. 3d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 6d., 16s. 6d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d., 16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.
,, ,, Peas ...	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d., 10s. 9d.	10s. 7½d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d., 11s. 0d.
Rubbly Culm ...	5s. 9d.	5s. 9d.	5s. 6d.	5s. 6d.	5s. 7½d.	5s. 6d., 5s. 9d.
Duff ...	3s. 4½d.	3s. 6d.	3s. 6d.	3s. 3d., 3s. 9d.	3s. 6d.	3s. 6d.
Patent Fuel:—	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 0d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ..	12s. 9d.	12s. 9 .	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 7½d.	12s. 7½d.	12s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ..	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.
Bunker ,, .	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 3d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	8s. 7½d.	8s. 7½d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 3d., 8s. 9d.	8s. 3d., 8s. 6d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

CARDIFF, *June 28, 1905.*

AGAIN, the tale which must be spread, is that the same old step-and-fetch-it continues in the freight market. There is an Eastern phase, thereof—you'll see its beauty, below.

FOR the matter of that, there is a Western freight market, but it would appear to be in the hands of a distinctly small number of people. The prices, too—really, they are unworthy the use of good type! You may pick them out for yourselves, seeing that we are giving you all there is in this connection. Some of our contemporaries are of opinion that chartering has been "fairly active." As far as we are concerned, we should like a little explanation of the feature.

TRUE, the Mediterranean, as usual is saving the shipowner—or a large piece of him—from closing down his business altogether. What there has been done in this direction, is scheduled, lower down.

IN leaving the subject, for this occasion, we should like to hear a succinct account of what is meant by the words "fairly heavy," in connection with chartering. We should, indeed! Is the adverb to be considered, merely, in a comparative sense; or as a positive piece of language?

Week Ending, (Wednesday), June 28, 1905

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Colombo, (via Cape), Steamer, 8s. 4½d.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Ballochmyle*, 4,200 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Felix de Abasolo, 7s. 6d.
Llanthony Abbey, 8s.
Tonbridge, 8s.
Glenalmond, 8s.
Laura, 3,600 tons, 8s.
Steamer 4,500 tons, about 8s. 1½d.
Steamer 8s.
Rio de Janeiro, *Manchester Spinner*, 9s.
Lord Curzon, 9s.
Buenos Ayres/La Plata, *Otoyo*, 4,300 tons, 8s.
Monte Video Buenos Ayres La Plata, Steamer, 3,500 tons, 8s option **Rosario**, 9s.
San Feliu, *Cymrian*, 1,200 tons, 8s. 3d. (s).
Dakar, *William Adamson*, 2,200 tons, 7s. 6d.
Rosario, *Chingford*, 2,900 tons, 7s. 6d. (c. or s.)
Vera Cruz, Steamer, 7s. 3d. fuel.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Genoa, *Sofia Braulli*, 3,400 tons, 6s. 9d. spot.
Limairn, 5,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Michael, 3,100 tons, 6s. 9d.
Llanishen, 3,600 tons, 6s. 3d. (P.T.)
George Rowle, 3,200 tons, 6s. 9d. spot.
Busturia, 3,200 tons, 6s. 6d.
Steamer, 4,200 tons, 6s. 3d.
Steamer, 3,400 tons, 6s. 3d.
Steamer, 5,200 tons, 6s. ppt.
Wingrove, 4,200 tons, 6s. 1½d. spot.
Constantinople, *Trevorian*, 2,[illegible] tons, 7s. 4½d.
Penmount, 3,300 tons, 6s. 3d.
Naples, *Erika*, 2,900 tons, 6s. 6d.
Gorbea Mendi, 3,500 tons, 6s. 6d. option **Leghorn.**
Corvin Matyas, 1,200 tons, 6s. 1½d. ,, ,,
Alexandria, *Sidmouth*, 5,800 tons, 7s. 9d.
Dansborg, 3,300 tons, 6s. 6d. spot. (N).
Exmouth, 5,600 tons, 7s. 9d.
Chulmleigh, 5,800 tons, 6s. 3d.
Kirkwall, 3,000 tons, 6s. 9d. ppt.
Civita Vecchia, *Charles T. Jones*, 3,000 tons, 7s.
Syra, *Southport*, 5,200 tons, 8s. 10½d. option **Piræus.**
Smyrna, *Penpol*, 3,400 tons, 6s. 9d.
Venice, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 7s. 4½d.
Rhodesia, 5,500 tons, 7s. 3d.
Steamer, 2,900 tons, 7s. 9d. coal, 8s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Iddesleigh, 5,800 tons, 7s. 3d.
Bari, *Tregenna*, 3,200 tons, 6s. 9d.
Douglas Hill, 2,400 tons, 7s. 7½d. coal, 8s. 4½d. fuel, (s).
Bona, Steamer, 1,100 tons, 8·25 fcs.
Cap Spartel, 8·25 fcs. (N).
Corcubion, Steamer, 750 tons, 6s. 7½d. (s).
Ancona, *Buda II.*, 3,000 tons, 7s. 6d. (s).
Gibraltar, *Rhio*, 3,300 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Auguste, 1,700 tons, 5s. 6d.
Malta, *Lydie*, 3,600 tons, 4s. 6d. (Admiralty).
Lisbon, *Irwin*, 1,100 tons, 5s.
Elorrio, 1,500 tons, 5s. (N).
Collvaud, 1,800 tons, 5s.
Belgica, 2,800 tons, 5s.
Pasages, *Santurce*, 1,600 tons, 5s. 6d.
Oran, Steamer, 2,450 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Anne Thomas, 2,200 tons, 7·75 fcs. coal, 8·75 fcs. fuel. (s).
Marseilles, *Dolcoath*, 2,150 tons, 8 francs. (s).
Rosina, 3,900/4,000 tons, 7·25 fcs
Phillippville, *Hawthorn*, 1,000 tons, 9·50 fcs. coal, 10·50 fcs. fuel. (s).
Aguilas, *Sargasso*, 1,500 tons, 7s. (N).
Marans, *Hazelmere*, 1,400 tons, 5·75 fcs.
Leghorn, *Orianda*, 1,800 tons, 6s. 9d, 6½d, 500.

BALTIC, Etc.

Cronstadt, *Earl of Dumfries*, 1,800 tons, 4s. 6d.
Steamer, 1,900 tons, 4s. 6d.
Thirby, 2,450 tons, 4s. 3d.
Steamer, 1,500 tons, 4s. 3d. (N).
Stettin, *G. Koch*, 2,200 tons, 4s. 7½d.
Kœningsberg, Steamer, (Foreign) 850 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).

BAY, Etc.

Charente, *Ingoldsby*, 1,600 tons, 4·87½ fcs.
Helene Lohden 1,500 tons 5·25 fcs, option **Rochefort** 5·75 fcs. (s).
La Pallice, *Olizarri*, 2,000 tons, 4 fcs.
Greenhill, 2,900 tons, 4·20 fcs.
Sables, *Skald*, 1,500 tons, 4·75 fcs.
Bordeaux, *Rocio*, 1,700 tons, 5·50 fcs. coal, 6 fcs. fuel, (s)
Bayonne, *Maliano*, 1,650 tons, 5·50 fcs. coal, 6 fcs. fuel. (s).
Chantenay, *Castleford*, 2,300 tons, 4·62½ francs.

COASTING, Etc.

London, Steamer, 700 tons, 3s. 10½d. optn. **Rochester,** 4s. (s).
Elaine, 1,000 tons, 3s. 9d.
Cork, *Volente*, 360 tons, 3s. 6d. (s).
Newry, *Buffalo*, 260 tons, 3s. 6d. (s).
Belfast, *Crofthead*, 400 tons, 3s. (s).
May, 250 tons, 3s. (s).
Dublin, Contract 5,000 tons, 3s. 7½d. voyages up to Dec. 1905, shipment per Steamers of 300/400 tons. (s).
Limerick, *Stockton*, 400 tons, 5s. (s).
Portland, *Rochefort*, 1,100 tons, 2s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Haulbowline, *Vectis*, 1,000 tons, 2s. 9d. ,,
Cherbourg, *Yewdale*, 500 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Caen, *Theodora*, 1,150 tons, 4s. (s).
Sultan, 700 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
Rouen, *M. J. Craig*, 800 tons, 4s. 8d. (s).
Curran, 1,450 tons, 4s. 7½d. (s).
Princess, 680 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
The Princess, 700 tons, 4s. 9d.
Alice M. Craig, 1,200 tons, 4s. 8d. (s).
St. Kevin, 730 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Bass Rock, 850 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
Havre, *Argus* or *Curran*, 1,450 tons, 4s. (s).
Sprightly, 1,000 tons, 4s.
Dieppe, *Borrowdale*, 1,300 tons, 4s.
Steamer, 1,500 tons, 3s. 7½d.
Steamer, 600 tons, 4s. 1½d.
St. Malo, *Skeldon*, 1,750 tons, 3s. 7½d.
Speedwell, 1,200 tons, 3s. 10½d.
Free Lance, 1,500 tons, 3s. 7½d.
Hamburg, *Hansa*, 850 tons 5s. (s).
Honfleur, *Iron King*, 500 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Cardiff, *Eastgate*, 3,400 tons, 4s. 1½d.
,, ,, ,, *Axpe*, 857 n. 4s. 1½d. ppt.
,, ,, **Briton Ferry,** *Baracaldo*, 1,600 tons, 4s. 6d. ppt.
,, ,, **Newport,** *Sardinero*, 1,274 n. 4s. 4½d. ppt. ore.
Tunis to Swansea, Steamer, 2,200 tons, 6s. 9d.

SHIPBUILDING.

The steel screw steamer *A. J. Hocken*, built by the Grangemouth and Greenock Dockyard Company, Grangemouth, in 1901, for Messrs. R. Hocken & Co., London, and recently taken over by the builders, has been sold to foreign buyers at £17,500. Here is an example of the great difference between prices ruling when this steamer was contracted for in 1900, and the present time. She cost about £29,000 to build, and after four years' trading, is sold at £17,500 and this price includes the passing of Lloyd's No. 1 survey, and a new patent donkey boiler which has just been fitted. Similar steamers have recently been contracted for at £21,500. The *A. J. Hocken* carries about 3,100 tons deadweight on 17ft. 3in. draft. Dimensions 270ft. x 40ft. 6in. x 20ft. 6in. moulded; with engines 20in., 32½in., 53in. x 36in. stroke by Messrs. S. & H. Morton & Co., Leith.

+ + +

A new steel screw cargo steamer now under course of construction by the Northumberland Shipbuilding Company, Ltd., Howden-on-Tyne, has been sold to Messrs. Howard Smith & Company, Ltd., of Melbourne. The steamer is 372ft. x 48ft. x 30ft. 10in. moulded, and is building under special survey to the highest class at Lloyd's spar deck rule, with extra strengthening for special freeboard. The machinery will be supplied by Messrs. Richardsons, Westgarth & Co., Ltd., consisting of engines with cylinders 26in., 42in., 72in. x 48in. stroke, and three large single ended boilers. She will carry about 7,000 tons deadweight, and steam about 10 knots loaded. We understand the price paid is about £37,500.

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We understand that Messrs. Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd., have sold a spec. steamer, building at their own shipyard, at West Hartlepool, to Messrs. Harris & Dixon, of London. Her dimensions are: 340ft. x 47ft. x 29ft. 10in. moulded: deadweight capacity about 6,300 tons, on about 24ft. loaded draft. Triple expansion engines will be supplied by Messrs. Richardsons, Westgarth & Company, Ltd., Hartlepool, the cylinders being 24in., 39in., 65in. x 45in. stroke, taking steam from two boilers 16ft. by 10ft. 9in. long, 180 lbs. working pressure. The price paid is said to be about £33,000.

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It is reported that the steel screw steamer *Cavalier*, owned by Messrs. Papayanni, Stewart & Co., Ltd., Liverpool, has been sold to the Union Steamship Company, of New Zealand, Ltd. She was built by Messrs. S. P. Austin & Son, Ltd., Sunderland, in 1903. Dimensions 247ft. x 36ft. 5in. x 19ft.; 1,376 tons gross; with engines 20in., 33in., 54in. x 36in. stroke, by the North Eastern Marine Engineering Company, Ltd. The price paid is said to be about £20,000.

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The steel screw steamer *Marietta Ralli*, lately owned by Messrs. Foscolo, Mango & Co., of London and Constantinople, is reported sold to Greek buyers, at about £11,500. She was built by Messrs. Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd., West Hartlepool, in 1891. Dimensions 290ft. x 38ft. x 22ft. 5in.; 2,239 tons gross; with engines 22in., 36in., 59in. x 39in. stroke, by Messrs. W. Allan & Co.

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The steel screw steamer *Kestor*, lately owned by Messrs. E. J. Caiger & Co., London, has been sold to Mr. R. H. Holman, London. She was built by Messrs. W. Gray & Co., Ltd., West Hartlepool, in 1890. Dimensions 290ft. x 38ft. x 22ft. 2in.; 2,289 tons gross; with engines 21½in., 35in., 58in. x 39in. stroke, by the Central Marine Engine Works.

+ + +

The iron screw steamer *Helen Otto*, owned by Mr. George Otto, of North Shields, reported sold to foreign buyers at about £6,000. She was built by Messrs. J. Readhead & Co., South Shields, in 1883. Dimensions 249ft. x 36ft. x 18ft. 9in.; 1,433 tons gross; with engines 29in., 54in. x 36in. stroke by Messrs. Readhead.

+ + +

By order of the Lords' Commissioners of the Admiralty, Messrs. Fuller, Horsey, Sons & Cassell, will offer for sale by auction, at the Dockyard, Portsmouth, on Tuesday, July 11, several obsolete war vessels, hulks and other craft.

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The iron steam trawler *Boronia*, built by Messrs. J. P. Rennoldson & Sons, South Shields, in 1892, and lately owned by Mr. C. C. Morley, of Milford Haven, has been sold to Dutch buyers.

+ + +

The iron steam trawler *Aries*, built at Grimsby, in 1881, and lately owned by the Grimsby & North Sea Steam Trawling Company, Ltd., Grimsby, has been sold to Swedish buyers.

+ + +

Messrs. Ferguson Brothers, Port Glasgow, have received an order from the Kurrachee Harbour Trust, for the construction of Hopper barges of 800 tons each.

+ + +

We hear that a new steel screw cargo steamer recently launched by Tyne builders, of about 7,000 tons deadweight capacity, has just been sold to German owners.

+ + +

The Clyde Shipbuilding and Engineering Co., Ltd., Port Glasgow, have received an order from a Chilian firm, for the construction of a cargo and passenger steamer.

+ + +

Messrs. Cochrane & Sons, Selby, have received an order from Mr. Wm. Watkins, London, for the construction of two powerful tugs for delivery in the autumn.

+ + +

The steamer *Maylands*, recently purchased by Messrs. Van Uden Brothers, of Rotterdam, from Messrs. J. F. Wilson & Co., West Hartlepool, has been renamed *Veerhaven*.

+ + +

Messrs. Elder, Dempster & Company, Ltd., Liverpool, are the purchasers of the steamer *Groxdale*, recently reported sold. She has been renamed *Nembe*.

+ + +

Messrs. Mackay Brothers, of Alloa, have received an order from a British firm, for the construction of a cargo steamer to carry about 600 tons deadweight.

S/S *Kiruna*.—This vessel, built by Messrs. William Doxford & Sons, Ltd., Pallion, for the Trafikaktiebolaget-Grangesberg-Oxelosund, left Sunderland on Saturday, the 24th inst, with full cargo aboard for Stockholm. Previous to proceeding on her voyage, she ran a most successful trial trip on the measured mile.

S/S *Gellivare*.—This vessel, a sister-ship to the *Kiruna*, and built for the same owners, was launched from the yard of Messrs. William Doxford & Sons, Limited, Wednesday, the 21st inst.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on June 15, 1905, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

11,922/04—VIGIE—*Improvements relating to ships' bunks.*

This invention relates to temporarily fitting cargo boats with removable bunks, when such vessels are employed as troop or emigrant ships. The invention consists of a tubular iron column or upright for a bunk, having a rod or extension piece telescoping in its upper end. This rod tends to be forced outwards by a helical spring which surrounds the rod and bears against a nut thereon and the upper end of the tubular upright. The lower end of the column and the upper end of the extension piece is fitted each with a foot padded with wood or leather whereby the column is adapted to be fixed upright anywhere between decks, without requiring special permanently fixed sockets. In a modification the extension rod is adjustable in the column and held in position by a pin passed through both, in which case in the place of a foot, the upper end is fitted with a laminated spring of T shape.

13,594/04—THWAITE, DENNY & COMMANS—*Improvements in apparatus for dealing with dust in mines and the like.*

This invention relates to means for exhausting, in mines, dust laden air from bore holes, or air laden with noxious fumes arising from blasting operations and after purification of such air, re-discharging same into the workings. For this purpose the air is withdrawn through a hose from a circular hood, which is supported so that an annular pad on its face is in close contact with the face of the rock being drilled. The hood is provided with a central hole and a lateral gap for the passage of the drill shank. In the case where air is exhausted from the neighbourhood of an explosion, a perforated pipe is fitted by means of terminal extension screws across the mine gallery. The air withdrawn along the hose, encounters first a gauze screen fitted in an enlargement at one of the unions of two sections of hose. This screen separates the grosser particle of dust. The hose is led to a portable carriage, which is fitted with a washer tank containing water water, mixed with lime, or water mixed with lime and a disinfectant or deodoriser. The air is drawn through the washer tank by a fan also mounted on the carriage, and is finally discharged through a slag-wool or sawdust filter. The purpose of the lime in the washer is to absorb C 02 produced by explosions.

14,249/04—BIBSON—*Improvements in or connected with percussive rock drills.*

This invention relates to the class of rock drills in which the piston of the drill is reciprocated by air, alternately compressed and exhausted in a pair of flexible pipes communicating each with the drill cylinder at opposite sides of the piston, their other ends communicating with opposite ends of a compressor cylinder located alongside the drill. It is usual to fit each end of the compressor cylinder with a non-return valve, communicating with the atmosphere to supply air in the place of that lost by leakage. Now this invention consists in providing a single non-return valve, for this purpose on the cylinder at about the centre of the stroke, so that there can be no leakage past the valve at the latter or heaviest half of the stroke of the piston, owing to same having past the valve, whilst the valve is then placed in communication with the suction side of the piston. A second feature of the invention consists in mounting the driving motor, preferably electric, of the compressor in the plane of the axis of the cylinder thereby increasing the inertia of same and reducing longitudinal oscillation.

15,174/04—GRIGIONI—*Improvements in marine sounding apparatus.*

This sounding apparatus acts on the principle of the Bourdon pressure guage. It consists of a circular casing adapted to be sunk to the sea bottom, enclosing a Bourdon tube, provided with an inlet opening. This tube actuates a pointer moving around a dial. The connection between the tube and the pointer actuating quadrant lever, is by means of a slotted link, so that the tube can return to zero without the pointer which is held by a detent and returns under spring influence when released by hand.

23,877/04—LE MEITRE—*An automatic cord or rope check for use with roller or venetian blinds, skylights, rigging and the like.*

This invention relates to a device which automatically prevents the passage of a rope in the one direction whilst allowing it to freely pass in the other direction. It consists of a base plate for mounting against a wall, &c., provided with a hood shaped piece having two parallel side cheeks, and a front face inclined to the base plate. This hood piece is open at the top, where it is narrowest, and bottom, and forms a wedge shaped channel in which a ball is contained. The ball is too large to issue from the open top of the channel, and is prevented from dropping out of the lower end by a pin passed through the sides. The cord is threaded through the channel and is clamped between the inner front surface and the ball. To release the cord it is drawn downwards to allow the ball to drop and allowed to slide through the channel by holding its free end so as to be clear of the ball.

25,768/04—BIERMANN—*Improvements in and connected with life buoys.*

This invention relates to a life buoy in which both acetylene and phosphuretted hydrogen are generated, the former as an illuminant and the latter as a means of ignition of the former. The buoy itself consists of a hollow pear shaped body inside which, at the base two chambers are concentrically arranged, one containing calcium carbide and the other calcium phosphide. These chambers are closed by perforated stoppers to admit water when thrown overboard, and communicate by concentric pipes with burner orifices at the apex of the buoy. Handles are fitted to the sides of the buoy.

26,541/04—LIHON & IRVINE—*Improvements in boat raising and lowering gear.*

This invention relates to providing davits with a multiplying gear, and a reducing gear, and means for bringing either into operation, whereby slack may be rapidly taken up, whilst heavy boats requiring great purchase can also be handled with facility.

2,195/05—REID—*Improvements in devices for lubricating sheaves.*

This self lubricating sheave is provided with longitudinal grooves, formed by boring holes parallel to the axis at such a distance therefrom that the section slightly overlaps the hole subsequently bored for the shaft, thus forming undercut grooves. These grooves are filled with fibrous packing and communicate by means of holes with an annular oil chamber formed in the body of the sheave.

3,622/05—FORBES—*Improvements in and relating to distance recorders, or indicators for ships.*

This distance recorder for ships consists of an intake pipe, provided with a scoop projecting into the water near the vessel's bottom, and containing a rotator which is operated by the inrush of water to actuate a recording mechanism.

These applications for patents are, until July 24, 1905, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Patent Office or through the under-named.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

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CARDIFF—*Continued.*

VIVIAN, H. C. & Co., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole European Agents for "The Puritan Coal Mining Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A."
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THE CARDIFF CHANNEL DRY DOCKS AND PONTOON CO., LTD., Cardiff and Barry Dock.
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CARDIFF—*Continued.*

Miscellaneous.

LEWIS & TYLOR, Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole patentees and manufacturers of "Gripoly," a patent woven belting; and "Burals," a semi-metallic packing.
Telegrams: "BELTING CARDIFF." Telephone, Nat. 231.

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Telegrams: "Stonewall, Cardiff."
Nat. Telephone: 1318.

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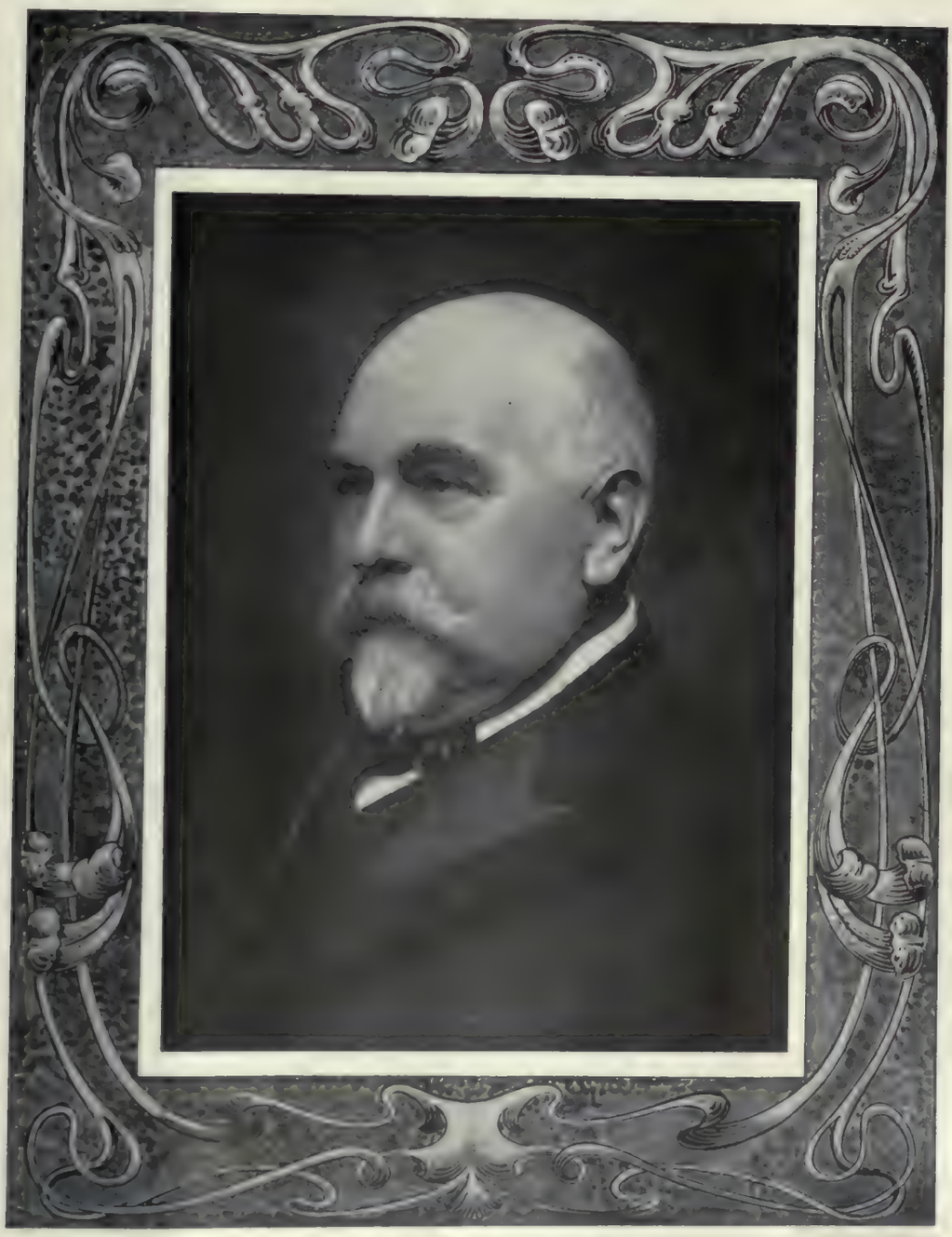

JOHN MACAULAY, ESQ.

(General Manager, Alexandra—Newport and South Wales—Docks and Railway Company).

(See Page 128.)

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MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF.

Thursday Afternoon.

IN view of its perennial claims to earthly superiority, you might think it strange that we experience a difficulty in accepting Shipping Federation, Limited, at the valuation which is usually claimed therefor, by some of the estimable persons who, more or less, "boss" it. All the same, that difficulty is with us, and if we have ameliorating circumstances in our favour; if we have had personal dealings with the contraption: know it more for what it is, than what (and thanks to the bleatings concerning it, which is periodically indulged in by sections of the press which would be better employed in other directions) it would appear to be; well, you mustn't blame us, unduly. Of course, we acknowledge, right away, that our difficulties in this connection, are our misfortune. And the misfortune, perhaps, is accentuated by the fact that, at times, and when considering the doings of "the" Federation, we cannot divest ourselves of a remembrance of an old song which had a vogue, some year or so ago. You remember that old lilt concerning "Mineself and God Almighty?" It was rather a wicked song. Possibly that was one of the reasons for its popularity. But anyhow, its old tag always comes to our mind, when Shipping Federation moves are toward.

IN the world of shipping, "the" Federation is *alpha*; the remainder of the powers—spiritual and temporal—fall in, anywhere, behind; this is our straight opinion! In fact, were it not for this combination of geniuses, the British Mercantile Marine would be—Great Scott, we shouldn't like to suggest what it would be! But you may take it from us, that it would be considerably more of a national institution, than it is at present. Mind you, we are of opinion that the Federation has quite as much right to exist at the expense of shipping shareholders, generally, as have a majority of its paymasters who have embarked on "shipowning," without knowing the first thing about the business. You see, in the "good old days," when shipowners were men who had learned their trade; when businesses passed along from father to son, in orthodox fashion; and when a shipowner knew enough to manage his affairs, without having to pay a sort of stick-carrier; there was need for no Federation. Moreover, the Mercantile Marine was then a national institution, for although it had a smattering of foreigners in its forecastles, that smattering had not assumed the dimensions of a national danger.

FOR it must not be overlooked that, in the old days, the foreign element was the result of accident. British Jack died during a voyage; his place had to be filled, from a foreign strand; the only "filling" comeatable, was a foreign one; so the alien was in evidence to a small extent. But since the advent of this bolsterer of the modern shipmonger; this Shipping Federation, Limited, which is employed as a metaphorical policeman and backer-up of a number of inept and untrained ship managers—the foreign element has been imported, wholesale. Indeed, the Federation is the natural corollary to the laws which admit of anything with an aptitude for fairy tales, to become ship managers. In most trades, these days, it is necessary for the exponents thereof, to know something of the business on which they are to be embarked—with either their own, or other people's money. Shipowning, is probably the only exception to the rule; and thus it comes about, that you find Mincing Lane tea brokers; other lane "dripping" sellers; in short, anything that doesn't quite know which end of a ship goes first, "going in for" (that is how they put it!) shipowning! To back them up, and help run the new undertaking, "the" Federation comes in—and has to be paid for, by the accommodating persons who find the money, which starts "shipowner" off on his merry lay.

VERY well, then. Under these circumstances, you do not have to wonder because the combination has fastened itself upon the shipping industry; or that its chief officer's job has become, a sort of hereditary grand prince "pass-me-along." Neither need you express any surprise at the idea, that quite a number of its officials know their value to their alleged employers—and act accordingly? Of course, not! If you pick up a man from anywhere; deck him out in livery; ask no awkward questions as to whence he came; take him at his own valuation, so to speak; and simply ask for unquestioning obedience, in return for the soft living you undertake to provide for him; well, if you

ultimately find that the "unquestioning" particular, is merely in evidence just while you are looking—and for no longer period—there is no necessity to say anything, is there? If, in the result, you find that shipowners may come, that shipowners may go, but that the holy Federation goes on for ever—are you going to pass rude remarks about it? Certainly not! Why, to belong to the Federation, is now a mark of commercial respectability. It's like joining a trade club, and the mere fact that each of "your" steamers have to earn so-much-per-ton, by way of a subscription that shall enable "our" combination to emulate the Brook—well, this is as it should be?

You know, any man of ordinary intelligence can start a shipowning combine—and having had a short life and a merry one, can find himself "sold up." But it takes some brains, to successfully float a federation, that is calculated to stay for long enough to pose as a family affair, and in which the Salic Law alone, would affect the succession. Therefore, when the necessary brains have been forthcoming, and a federation has been started; we oughtn't to be surprised, that "Mineself and God Almighty" comes in to a certain extent, did we? What started us off on this expression of opinion? Well, you know that a two-cent strike has been in evidence, at Liverpool, for some little while, past? That a few dockers have endeavoured to work a modicum of excitement into their otherwise uneventful existences? That either a "serious dislocation of trade," or a paltry flutter in the labour world—according to whether you are a Federation official, or simply the man in the street—has transpired? That viewed dispassionately, the whole fitout is unworthy of the consideration of most of us, although if you have to make capital out of such happenings, then, you can put the "strike" up as a tremendous affair—and thus justify your existence?

Anyhow, there has been a strike among the Liverpool dockers; that is admitted. Shipping Federation, Limited, has been called on to show shipowner what to do under the circumstances; sections of the press have reported the existing conditions, as they have appeared to their own young men; and among those sections, a London daily paper has become entangled. As is natural under the circumstances, Mr. C. Laws, hereditary grand duke of the Sloperies—no, no, general manager of Shipping Federation, Limited, has been writing "corrections" to that misguided daily paper. We needn't bother you with what the paper said; it is immaterial? No mere newspaper could hope to know as much about the matter as the grand duke—er—general manager referred to. Anyhow, the Federation man puts his little remarks on the leeside of a set of figures-in-brackets, thus (1), and we are about to give immortality to the statement emanating from 24, St. Mary Axe, and under date of July 1—this present year, you know. Read, and as you do, remember that old song of which we have told you: "The facts are—(1) that the matter was placed in the hands of the Shipping Federation at 8 a.m. of the 29th inst., and that by 4 p.m. of the same day sufficient dock labourers had been drafted (eh? drafted, you'll note!) into Liverpool, from Glasgow, Hull and Grimsby, to replace the men on strike, and to leave a surplus of 50."

There you are! That is how Shipping Federation carries out the work for which the British shipping shareholder antés up. No shinnannakin, here! You put it into the hands of Shipping Federation, Limited, and then supposing you are a "shipowner" and also a subscriber—you may go out and see a lady about a dog; or you may buy pictures, lace fichus, or patent log-books. Federation will do the "drafting" so that it will not only carry on the work, but leave a surplus of 50 men—to carry home your purchases aforesaid? Very good, sirs! Viva Federation! Let us get on: "(2) No men from Hull or elsewhere requested to be sent back (we should smile). All the imported men knew the purpose for which they were engaged, and most (most, you'll note) of them have already worked for the federation during many previous strikes." Eh? You object to the words "many previous strikes?" Right you are! The same objection fluttered over ourselves, but we shouldn't have mentioned it, unless you had insisted. This is a proof that Shipping Federation does a terrible lot of unobtrusive good in the world? None of us know about half the "previous strikes" that are around on the breeze, and that's a fact. No, we cannot tell you what these labouring gentlemen do, in between strikes, so to speak; but we are not going to believe that Shipping Federation keeps them hung on to a retaining fee, not us.

The retaining fees in this world, are not for the mere labouring gentry, you may be sure. They are reserved for higher ratings than are those of the corduroy-clad brigade. However, time passes, so come we now, to "(3) The imported men are dockers of the usual class, who earn their living by working at the docks." This disposes of the retaining fee idea, doesn't it. The men were dockers, and earned their living by working at the docks. Marvellous! Stupendous! One is almost constrained to remark "Crickey," and "Oh, laws!" Think of the calamity that would have been flung around on the summer zephyrs, if those dockers had earned their livings as—here, say, as managers of federations, and things like that! But they didn't, for we have it on indisputable authority, that the men were dockers, and earned their living by working at the docks. At any docks, you understand. It is all the same to those dockers—at least to most of them—whether they work at the docks in Liverpool, Glasgow, Hull or Grimsby. They are dockers—and earn there living at the docks, 'fore all the world like the local coal-trimmers earn their living at trimming coal. We remarked, a few lines back, that most of these dockers found similar conditions, no matter where they worked?

We did; but some of them found the conditions a bit different, for on the words of hereditary grand duke Laws—that is, of general manager Laws, "One or two men have been badly assaulted by union pickets and taken to the hospital in consequence." Such wickedness is greatly to be deprecated, and for our part, we are surprised that such a hefty combination as the Shipping Federation, couldn't see to it that its lambs were duly protected. Union pickets, at the best, are merely of limited numbers? They do not usually come down in the scene, like Byron's wolf came down on the fold, do they now? They might be in twos or threes—or even more. But then, if they had come down in their cohorts, Shipping Federation, Limited, with its brass-bound-and-beautiful-henchmen, should have been able to supply the necessary protection, what? Judging by the able manner in which those same henchmen have hustled the wily Greek, or other Dago, in our presence, we should have thought that mere union pickets would have been a sort of pastime. Obviously, they were not, and now we are wondering if this is one of the reasons why Federation favours the Greek, and Dago generally, so much? Are foreigners brought over in big consignments, because they are easier to kick than is the Briton?

You know we are not to be altogether blamed for asking

such questions, for if, like us, you had seen the lordly manner in which the Federation's Jacks-in-office will dictate to the Greek alleged sailor; and will then remember that a union picket is allowed to "badly assault" one or two dockers, so that they have to be taken to the hospital in consequence; well, you would see some reason in our inquiries. In our opinion—and as we have ever declared—Federation favours the foreigner for this precise reason. The foreigner is willing to take any kind of treatment which a professional bully is willing to offer. British Jack, on the other hand, will have none of it. Indeed, we have seen him place the outer edge of his knuckles so close up against the nose of the bully referred to, that you couldn't get a piece of tissue paper in between, so to speak! We have, indeed, and, as emphasising our paganism, we suppose, we have simply gloried in the sight! Moreover, we are convinced that you, too, would have gloried to exactly the same extent, could you have but realised the conditions, and have marked the results. When a Briton seeking work in a manly fashion, is bullied and passed over for a foreigner—well, we ought to look the other way, while that Briton undertakes to prove the fact, that he is a worthy Briton? This is how it appeals to us!

However, we are of opinion that we have exemplified the fact that Shipping Federation, Limited—according to its own claims—is a dependable institution; that when matters are placed into its hands, you may usually consider the thing as good as done: and that viewed all 'round, it is worth the charge to which the shipping investor is put, for its maintenance? At the same time, we should be more inclined to give it our approval, if it attended to matters, a little better, from its head office; if it saw to it, that there were less of the contract man on view in its provincial offices; that continuous discharge books were treated with a little more respect; and that generally speaking, there were a little less of that "Mineself und God Almighty" apparent. To the people who are running it, we are inclined to believe that the Federation is a good job; is worth looking after, in every particular; is considerably better than shipowning may ever hope to be, while the depression is on; and that a really wise man nurses a good thing when he has it? That the nursing is not unduly pronounced, these days, and in connection with this particular Federation, may not be gainsaid. Whether this is on account of the hereditary succession idea that is on tap, we do not care to suggest. But the safest way to have your own rights respected, is to respect the rights of others? *Verb. sat sap!*

By the way, it is a bit rough on the stranger, when he is allowed to come to Cardiff, and be treated exactly as would a native? There was that *Times* man, for instance, who had difficulty with a St. Mary Street barrier, during the festivities, last week. It's a jolly shame, that's what it is! Fancy treating the respectable representative of a respectable journal in any such a manner! Had it been one of the Hooligans attached to some of the "rags" which we could mention, it would have been up another street, in a manner of writing; but the *Times* young man—or even the *Times*' middle-aged, or old, man; the thing ought to be seen into, yes. At the first glance, we were afraid that the natives had eaten the *Times*' genius, but this could not have been so, as we learn from the same amiable authority, that "Cardiff lives on coal: it talks and thinks coal, it eats and drinks and dreams of coal," so, under those circumstances, it wouldn't be satisfied with any such questionable *panem*, as might be found inside the clothes of a *Times* man, would it? The fact of the matter is, that the growling individual came down here without his "tally." He must have meandered around as if he were in small and circumscribed London!

Next time he comes this way, it will be better for the pessimistic one, if he carries a card on his behind portions; a card bearing the legend, "Note. This is a *Times* man," and then all will be well—or as well as might be, when a *Times* man is involved with the circumstances. Meanwhile, we have been given sundry screeds in the columns of "the Thunderer," and all more or less connected with Cardiff doings. This, by the way of a set-off, for daring to jamb their young man against the barrier referred to, eh? One of the screeds, appeared in one of the supplements for which *Times* is gradually becoming famous, and was said to concern "Welsh steam coal in foreign markets." Personally, we are not cavilling about the title which we have quoted. It is as good as any other title, and if it attempts merely to touch on the subject suggested, while not getting very far on with it—well, remember the barrier, and be indulgent, if you please. Anyhow, after giving the figures which The Maritime Review quoted some months ago; figures concerning the export of Welsh coal over 1904, "a correspondent" elects to go in on what he has labelled "limits to the supremacy of South Wales." Of course, the said limit is to be taken in connection with the stuff on which Cardiff lives, talks, thinks, eats, drinks and dreams—coal, to wit.

Alright, then. Having cleared the decks, a little, we'll see what this young man has to tell the readers, of the estimable bundle of reading matter which goes forth to the world, under the style and title of *Times*. First of all, we are informed that "both at home and abroad, Welsh steam coal is in great demand for naval and manufacturing purposes"; then, the reason assigned is, that "its superior calorific power combined with its weathering capabilities, have given it a peculiar advantage over other coals, for the use of mercantile steamships." We suppose it is alright, even if it is rather a naive manner of putting it? "Weathering capabilities" is a good expression, and when a steamer is on a lee shore, with the boss of her propeller oftener out of the water, than in it, the coal that will "weather" her through the gale, is not to be sneezed at? Really, you know, our writing friend means, that the reason for the great demand with which Welsh coal is favoured, is that it will burn well when placed in a furnace, and will keep well, when stored up, for any length of time. Of course, the young fellow might have said so, right out; but then, such a style of writing would be too simple; too bereft of ponderosity, shall we say, for *Times*?

However, we'll get on. And after noting that although Welsh coal, "both at home and abroad," is in great demand, we are told that what really has to be considered, "is the disagreeable fact that this great trade is vulnerable practically at all points." This is where the trouble is bound to come in? Here have we Japan, Australia, and New Zealand, "rapidly ousting British coal . . . and are competing with each other and with Cardiff in other markets." It is right enough, when you see it in the *Times*, so nothing need be said on the point. Nothing, that is, outside the fact, that the ousting process is no more pronounced to-day, than ever it was. Nobody is foolish enough to suppose that you can profitably send coal from Cardiff to Australia, for use on the coast, there, unless the price of the local stuff has "gone up," beyond all reason? With the advance in steam propulsion, handy coal-fields are getting a look in; but this is not because their local coal is worthy of comparison with good old

Welsh: for it is simply a question of carriage—the question that has ever been in existence.

To put the matter simply: If one ton of Welsh coal is worth, f.o.b., at Cardiff, say, 10s. per ton; if its freight to Australia is worth 20s. per ton: if Australian coal f.o.b. in Australia, is worth also, 10s. per ton, then, unless the Welsh variety is good as a steam-raiser, even as three is to one against the Antipodean, naturally, the latter is going to have the bulge on the former? Welsh coal is good; but not to the extent of three to one against the other sort. Here, is the vulnerability, and if the fact is a "disagreeable" one, it has been in existence from the beginning; but with this difference: In the old days, Australia used precious little coal, but that same little was Welsh. Since Australia has grown wise enough to need more coal, she has used her own—mainly; but more for the reason that, in view of the distance which Welsh coal has to be brought, the colonial brand is cheaper, and not that it is better, or more economical, ton for ton. This is the little point which the collier and his friend has overlooked; is overlooking; and will continue so to do—unless a miracle intervenes. We most of us remember the "old, old, bogey man;" have had many a quiet smile at his expense; shall probably go on smiling in the same manner; and principally because bogey-men are instituted for that reason?

But 'tis when the financial aspect of the coal trade is reviewed by the *Times* man, that he becomes most amusing. He informs us, that a given group of collieries 'representing between them, some £2,300,000, averaged out in dividend, to a mere 7 per cent. over last year. Now, remembering that the group referred to, contained 14 collieries: that they thus worked out to a mere £160,000-odd each: well, it will be seen that our chiding friend has taken a very poor sample of colliery, with which to adorn his tale? Moreover, he doesn't go into the reasons, even here, as to why the 7 per cent., only, was paid. He says nothing about the number of black-coated gentlemen who have to be paid, out of the earnings of those collieries; is silent as to how many of its colliers walk off with anything up to 14s. per day, for mere labouring: doesn't even tell us if the implicated concerns are among the played out section—and, oh, there are a dozen points worthy of further elucidation. We know one or two "big colliery" concerns, which have never paid anybody—outside the black coats and colliers involved; furthermore, they never will; but nobody—outside of their own offices—considers any such freaks as representative colliery properties.

As well argue that because sundry shipping concerns never paid a cent. in dividend: never wanted to; and never mean to; then, all shipping property is non-paying? Why, when some of the concerns in our midst pay 7 per cent. on their ordinary capital, the engineers thereof positively imagine that they are universal benefactors, and look around for haloes, and things. Of course, *Times* couldn't be expected to know this? That is why it fills its "supplements" with moonshine? Then talking of the war demand, and in spite of which, the export has fallen off considerably, isn't this flogging a dead horse? Certainly! When Cardiff has to depend on a war, or on any combination of wars, then, it will be time for her to close her shutters. Here is a quotation from Tommy—no, from *Times*: "But notwithstanding this great belligerent demand, the total shipments from Cardiff in 1904 . . . only exceeded those of 1902 by about 800,000 tons, while the net result of the exports . . . is an actual decrease of 167,000 tons." Yea, lor'! Makes you smile, doesn't it? The trade in every quarter of the world is restricted because of the war: in comparison with non-warlike times, there is nothing doing; but *Times* wishes to tack the loss on to normal conditions, and in spite of the war supply of somewhere approaching a million tons!

Funny, isn't it? A war materialises and for its prosecution, say, 1,000,000 tons are needed; at the same time, it paralyses the world's industries to the extent of keeping back supplies up to 2,000,000 tons; and there is a jeremiad thrown around, to the effect that the "limitation" of the chief market is assured. Here is the jeremiad, crystallised: "There has been a slight local diversion of traffic from Cardiff to other Bristol Channel ports of shipment, but the returns of those ports only go to confirm what the case of Cardiff establishes—that the rapid growth in the foreign export trade of South Wales has sustained a severe check, and that for the past two or three years the normal trade, taken as a whole, has been practically stationary." How we are to get a "normal" trade, and one that is blessed with "a rapid growth" at one and the same time, deponent sayeth not; possibly, he doesn't know. And now, having got to the end of this consideration of the metaphorical House that Jack built, you might be inclined to ask what 'tis all about; want to seek out what the *Times* young man wishes to teach you; are wondering where the moral comes in, and what it amounts to? If so, you may rest assured. There is no moral. The "supplement" had to be filled: "a correspondent" has helped in the filling; by so doing he has earned somebody's gratitude—and there the matter ends. Let us leave it, right here?

Didn't we suggest it some weeks ago, supposing *Commercial Intelligence* does claim the whole thing for its own. What? Why, that when the members of the Thames Conservancy Board took their contemplated jaunt to Antwerp, for the purpose of seeing the place where the improvements are going to be—some ten years from now—they would come back "surprised and thoughtful?" You know we told you about it, and here is *C.I.* taking it all to its little self. But we do not object, in the least. It pleases our contemporary, and doesn't hurt us, while in the main, the statement is as near true as it is possible to get, under the circumstances. In our opinion, it is impossible to surprise a Thames Conservancy Board man. He isn't built that way. To make him thoughtful, yes. That is fairly easy, because they are naturally thoughtful persons. Indeed, this is mainly why they are picked out for the Conservancy undertaking. With the junkettings of the estimable folk, who went across to Belgium on the historic occasion referred to, we have nothing to do. We are not so frivolous, and moreover, we leave such little items to *Commercial Intelligence*, who apparently does cater for tales of luncheons, and things of that sort.

But we are glad to note that the visitors did themselves proud, and that they were placed in the hands (ample hands, those Belgians have, if you care to give the subject any consideration ?) of the City Chief Engineer, who toted them around the docks and harbour. You may be sure that the engineering gentleman called the Londoner's attention to everything that was worthy of attention—even while he forgot to enlarge upon the few points that were not quite so worthy; this is only natural—and Belgian. Still, the Conservancy men appear to have gleaned quite a number of additional ideas. For instance, we note that they were "particularly impressed by the fact that the Belgian Government and City do not work the port on a

profit-making basis"—that they are doing it all for a joke? This being so, we are wondering why the gentlemen wasted their time in going to Antwerp? They could have learned all that stuff, much nearer home; in London river, to be explicit. This, as far as we can see, is the only resemblance between the Antwerp river and that of London: Neither of them are being run on a profit-making basis. While suffering from the effects of the Belgian steamer that was placed at their disposal, one of the Conservators worked off a nice little bit of dead-knowledge.

HERE it is: "Private enterprise in the exploiting of London Docks, is the greatest obstacle in the way of such improvements in London." And now some of the good people at home, are thirsting for the name—and the gore—of the candid person alluded to. Private enterprise forsooth. Why if it hadn't been for that particular kind of enterprise, there would be no river at London, at all, by now; merely a ditch, awaiting the advent of a certain New Zealander. It is about ready for the gentleman, as things are, and we should not be surprised to hear of his arrival, at any moment. But this is the unkindest cut of all: "In presenting the party, Mr. Hertslet (the British Consul-General) gave a full explanation of the powers and constitution of the Conservancy (which dates considerably more than a "century back") which was all quite new to the Antwerp authorities (naive people!) and in part, no doubt, to some of the members of the Conservancy, themselves." If anything more unkind than the latter words of our quotation, could be thought up by the engineers of a mere weekly paper, then, we should like to hear about it. We are half sorry for those Conservators, and time was, that we never expected to be in that frame of mind over them!

THAT Sailing Ships International Union, still continues to batter away at the wickednesses which surrounds its own particular portion of the shipping entity. The concern holds a meeting occasionally, and if nothing else comes of it, the various members who attend, are by way of having a good time. At the latest meeting, held in Hamburg, there were representatives from London, Glasgow, Greenock, Nantes, Dunkirk, Bremen, and of course Hamburg. According to the statements made by the members, themselves, there are now some 800 vessels within the sacred fold, and among them, they stand for some 1,500,000 tons of sailing ship. How much of this is high-class stuff, or how much of it is middling or t'other sort, is not stated; but the gentlemen involved, carry out their business in a highly-creditable manner. For instance, on this occasion, we find that, at least, one important resolution was passed, and to the effect that, until further alterations, an abatement of the reduction on freights for direct ports shall be 9d., instead of 1s. 3d., as heretofore. The new idea will come into force on September 1, next, so we presume the gathering is by way of entering into happiness. Personally, we wish the Union every success.

FOR, after all, anything which tends to the preservation of the dear old "white wings," is worthy of support. Slowly, but surely—at least, for a period—the sailing ship is dying out; and although we number ourselves among those who by no means believe that its day is done for all time; we yet must admit that the turn in the tide is a long way off. We have seen it proposed that a sailing ship should be upheld, for the reason that it is a means for training the sailors, of which the country is so badly in need. This may be right enough—and it might be altogether the reverse. It might easily happen that there is no necessity to train foot-rope walkers, when the trickiest thing they will ever need to travel on, is a flying bridge from amidships, aft. Times admittedly change, and we have to change with them. So much so, that we are not quite sure whether this cry for sailing-ship made seamen for use on steamers, is not much after the contention that would arise if a light-headed human were to try to feed his horse on petrol; or run his motor-car on corn-and-bean mixture. We do not wish to be unkind, but we must still suggest that to train a sailor with reefed topsails, when the highest he will ever get on the vessel on which he earns a living, will be when he reaves a gantline for his funnel-boards ——!

CONTINUING with this theme, we note that Lloyd's Register Book, just out, gives convincing proof that if the shipping trade is an altogether unremunerative affair to monkey with, there are still a goodly number of people who do not believe it; or believing, haven't enough grip over their will-power, to say "No," when the tempter comes along! Anyhow, out of a world's total of some 36,000,000 tons, there are about 17,000,000 tons attached to the British flag, as Home and Colonial property. The Old Country's share is therefore a large one, although not proportionately so large as it was in the good old days, which appear to have gone beyond recall! However, this should give us anything but the hump which is so evident in some quarters? It is altogether against reason to suppose, that Britain is to go on for ever, at the head of the shipping list. Especially when everything possible is done to "bleed" the industry. The legislature is keen on legalising the Mercantile Marine out of existence, and the shipowner retaliates by squeezing the British seaman, in the same manner. What the end will be, is not by any means difficult to determine.

AMERICA appears to be our next best at sailorising, although there is mighty little to choose between it, and Germany. But in America's case, the same factor is spragging her nautical wheel (if we may put it thus) as is doing the same happy trick for Britain. That is to say, the American is not a nautically inclined individual—by nature; the Briton is no longer one—from force of circumstances. In the case of America, it has no power to alter the conditions, although it is doing everything, possible, with that view; Britain could alter the conditions to-day, or to-morrow, but is heaven-bent on assuring all hands, that she will see them jiggered first! It is a pity, of course, and pity 'tis, 'tis true. On this side of the Atlantic, the idea seems to be firmly-fixed, that as long as you have the ships, all the other items which tend to a successful shipping trade, may be disregarded. The crowd have (metaphorically) taken the bit between their teeth, and are racing along this particular road for all they are worth. If a miracle transpires, they will see the folly of so doing, before it is too late; failing that miracle, well, it is easy enough to size up the end of the journey.

ANTWERP is all very well in its way, but it is not in the way of everything! It might be pluming itself on those extensions and things, and might coax a number of London Conservators—among others—to see the follies of the port; but it will still have to contend with Liverpool, and that's a fact! The Mersey port has awakened; has realised that it will have to do something for all the tonnage which visits—or would like to visit—that awful river; and now that the local pilots are decked out in regulation blue serge, extensions, befitting such a swagger state of affairs, are to be worked up. This is as it should be, for a number of docks which were thought out, when the world was

considerably younger (and lowlier-minded in the matter of tonnage) cannot be expected to do credit to the serge and buttons alluded to. This fact is recognised on Mersey side, and the newest step in the progressive line is going to cost over £4,000,000. That is to say, the total estimated cost is going to overstep the figures written. What the actual amount will run into, is quite another matter.

All the same, it is a step in the right direction. Antwerp has had it a bit her way: Cardiff is by no means behind in the struggle—although Dicky Sam won't admit it, bless you; and there are other places with which we shall not bother, now. Mind, £4,000,000 is a lot of money to spend—particularly in view of the vast sums which have been already spent on Liverpool's docks. But it is fairly easy to work the public up to the sticking point, thereaway. It is only necessary to remark that the Board is bound to see, as far as possible, that they are in a position to cater for all that might, could, would or should come along, and all hands remark, "hear, hear." The Board must prepare increased accommodation, so they must. But after the money is spent, will the big 'uns find room for themselves? Will they be able to enter a dock, and lay there, comfortably; or will they still have to steer away the heat of the tide, while laying at an alleged anchorage? It seems to us, that with all the money that has been spent, the poor sailorman—of all grades—receives but little benefit, and his life is just as much a misery, from entering to leaving, as it ever was? But then, it should be sufficient satisfaction for a mere sailorman to remark that he has seen Liverpool, and is now willing to die! It used to be Naples; now it is Liverpool; by-and-bye, it will be—but no, we shan't divulge it.

Poor old Lloyd's! It is having a hard time, thanks to the wickednesses of the Russian rovers. Furthermore, it seems incredible that, under existing conditions, the harmless merchantmen belonging to the greatest Naval Power on earth, should thus be played with, fast and loose. One is almost inclined to wonder whether the same notions are being allowed to work themselves out, in connection with the Mercantile Marine, as appear to be in favour with the Navy. Over-production is more than a word: it is a very real grievance. Again, the loss of a few hundreds of thousands of tons of ship, would give a splendid stimulus to the building trade: so what is there to growl about in this latest move? True, the underwriter would be hard hit—if not altogether ruined. But then, underwriters were born to be hit, and it is nearly as well for the Russian to do it, as it is for some logbook-faking ship-monger, what? Beside, the Russian is doing it in the sight of man, but the faker does it in the cabin—after preparing the necessary "proofs" in the office. No, taking it all 'round, we fail to see anything in the present supposedly deplorable arrangement. Indeed, we are half inclined to believe that the Russian is a universal benefactor.

It is useless to pretend that Mr. *Terek* and Co. cannot be rounded up in style, if such a rounding up were desired. When *Terek* cut himself adrift from communication with his Holy Russia: the land which is now in such a holy mess; he undertook a job which was equivalent to shouting, against himself, "mad dog." You know, a steamer must have a source of supply for coal, and for food. Those affairs do not grow on the crest of every little wave which laps itself along under the forefoot of the one-time German liner. No, sirs! Coal is a bulky sort of commodity. You cannot even rush it through a troubled sea, without somebody knowing all about it. If you doubt us, just think up the instances in which the merry little Jap "cut off" a number of British boats. Boats whose "late cargoes," were transferred to the bunkers of the Japanese warships, when, "heigho for Rowley," was the game. We are nearly sure that if the British Government wished to put a period on the wickedness of *Terek*, it could be done before one could safely say "Knife!" It hasn't been done, so what are we to think? Simply that the poor underwriter has another natural enemy. That's all! For you may bet your last hairpin, that he will never receive a cent of compensation, no matter how heinous the *Terek's* sins might be. Rule Britannia!

Well, well, the coal-trimmers have had another meeting, and we are informed that some 500 of the gentlemen sat in the Cory Hall, on Sunday afternoon—which was extremely wicked of them. We read that "the main subject under discussion, was the tariff question." We are half-inclined to believe it would be, come to think of it! As a matter of fact, we are of opinion that the main and mizzen subject under discussion was the trimming tariff—to say nothing of the fore portion thereof. It would appear that some of the "lions" of the daily press, are under the delusion that coal trimmers are likely to meet at Cory Hall, on a Sunday, for the purpose of sizing up the best kinds of toilet soap; or how to make one billy-can hold enough "tommy" for three healthy men—but they don't. Not by a very long sight. 'Tis the trimming tariff, *et toujours* the trimming tariff, which calls these hardy souls, to the Hall aforesaid. Times are hard, and the money is dribbling down to vanishing point, so the resolution which holds sway at the moment is: "It is the opinion of this mass meeting that before any idea of stopping work is entertained every possible effort must be made by negotiation to settle the dispute."

That is alright, but is there really any dispute? If so, where is it kept? The shipowner, we know, in his usually desultory manner, has observed that £50 for the trimming so-called—of some 1,500 tons of coal in one cargo, is altogether too much: yes, by quite a half. The trimmer suggests a doubt as to the shipowner's knowledge of the subject, and his right to an opinion. The coal-man is of opinion that as he has had a certain amount of minnavellings from the business, in the past—when times were good; well, he is going to be blankettied if he is to be jewed out of his lawful "pickings"—now times are bad. Taken altogether, each side of the alleged dispute, seems to take the matter very much after the fashion in which Paddy was supposed to take the rent—"aisy;" so we are somewhat at a loss to understand the reason of the latest resolution. However, the committee from the trimmers is empowered to meet the shipowner—or anybody that is prepared to talk, we suppose?—"in order to discuss terms of settlement." It is all very pretty, and even if the whole fixing should be of the nature of a pious sham, nobody will be hurt thereby. We are prepared to stake threepence in silver, that the trimmers' grievance will be settled at the Greek calends—and that isn't for a year or two, is it?

Some time, in the sweetest by and bye, the shipowner will give over wasting his shareholders' money in going to law, and will realise from the beginning of things, that an ordinary signing-on, does not include every mortal contingency on the face of the deep, to say nothing of a few which may possibly transpire, thereunder. You will remember that case of the *Agincourt*, of which we told you 'way back? Of how the seaboys objected to run contraband cargo—for love; and of all the petty details which followed? You

will also remember that Alderman Smallman gave it as his opinion that, in effect, a mere sailorman should be paid for anything extra which wasn't in the bond at the time of signing-on. We also remarked that this was our opinion, but that we shouldn't be surprised to hear that the case had gone to a higher court. We suggested this, because, generally considered, we know shipowner. He is keen, as a rule, on law, and mainly because that although he fights with his shareholders' cash—his victims, have to fight with their own. When the victim has no money, he cannot fight, as law is one of those luxuries for which the instalment plan of payment cannot be worked—as yet. Moreover, when the victim cannot fight, judgment usually goes by default, so that, in nine cases out of ten, Mr. Shipowner is playing "pitch," with a double-headed ha'penny?

Sometimes, you hear of the odd case. *Agincourt*, in our opinion, was it. In any case, the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Darling, and Mr. Justice Jelf, jointly listened to the learned gentlemen entrusted with the arguments on both sides; and in the end the Lord Chief Justice said that he came to the conclusion that, here, the seamen were justified in declining to go beyond Singapore, with a contraband cargo; that after their refusal, the master by putting the seaboys in lodgings, had acted so as to keep their contract of employment alive; that appellants had not shown that there was any wreck or loss within section 158 of the Act—although while the Chinese substitutes were on board, it will be remembered that *Agincourt* went ashore; and that there was no proof of discharge of the crew. As a natural consequence, the decision of Alderman Smallman was right and proper; it must be upheld; and this present appeal must be dismissed with costs. Exactly as we argued months ago. We also suggested that it would be better to pay the money over to the sailors, rather than give it to the lawyers: that the seamen had risked their lives during the voyage, while the lawyers risked nothing; and in the end, both sailors and lawyers have to be paid—which is rough on *Agincourt's* shareholders? Some people are funny!

The Cardiff Bench has been getting a wrinkle or so in nautical phraseology! It has positively come along to a consideration of the words "blood money," and although there appeared to be nobody handy, possessed of a genuine and exhaustive knowledge of the mystic term, there is still hope. When the Cardiff Bench becomes inquisitive, it usually gets all it needs, in the direction indicated by the inquisitiveness. We might mention, incidentally, that the case where "blood money" was discussed, was one of desertion, and Shipping Federation appeared to be mainly interested therein. Under the circumstances, therefore, it is unnecessary to go into the details of the case; at least, no farther than is required for the purpose of explaining away the misunderstanding which evidently exists, in the minds of some of our 'longshore friends. It's like this: The Shipping Federation's lawyer informed the Bench, that because of the desertion to which we have alluded, the shipowner implicated was put to additional expense, "partly through increased wages, and partly through 'blood money' which had to be paid to the man who found the seaman." Naturally, the magistrate knew nothing about such an ominous-sounding phrase, and repeated, in a questioning manner, the words "blood money."

This was the lawyer's opportunity, for he informed the worthy magistrate that "it is familiarly called that;" and he also supposed that it meant the boarding-house master's fees, which always have to be paid. Now, it strikes us that this is playing it a bit low down on the native boarding-masters, and we are surprised that they have made no move to clinch this little aspersion against their fair name. Most of us realise that "blood money" is no "boarding house fee," for it is an unofficial poll-tax, and as such is illegal. All the same, we know of one gentlemanly supplier of seamen, who practices here, in Cardiff, and although he is nothing of a boarding-master, he exacts "blood money," on every occasion that a seaman—or even an alleged seaman—is supplied by him. That is to say, this worthy person receives a fee from the shipowner, for the supply of seamen; and he collects "blood money" from the hapless victim which he unloads upon the suffering shipmaster. A fee is one thing; "blood money" is another; and the two should not be mixed up together. Personally, we are somewhat surprised to note that Shipping Federation should allow its legal representative, to accumulate data that is so wickedly misleading!

A Lawyer might honestly take his recognised fee for defending a murderer, say; but if he were to accept another solatium for "selling" that murderer, then, the latter payment would be of the nature of "blood money," wouldn't it? And this is exactly the case where "blood money" comes in with a boarding master. His fee is for board and lodgings provided; "blood money" is a poll-tax which he, having the power, assesses as the outside and distinct value of giving Captain Smith the refusal of a sailor's services, instead of giving that refusal to Captain Brown—when both are equally in need of a man, or men. Nobody wishes to back up the pernicious system of exacting "blood money;" but it is just as well to give the truth about it, for even a sailors' boarding-house keeper has a certain amount of right hanging around him? And to say, in open court, that "blood money" is the familiar term for a boarding-master's fees "which always have to be paid," is doing a great injury to a class of men who may not be dispensed with, after all. Another point in this same alleged trial, strikes us as being somewhat sweeping. It appears that the "deserter" here, excused himself for having lost his passage, by reason that he had "taken a drop of drink over night."

This brought the brilliant, but not-too-original remark from the lawyer who worked for Shipping Federation, "that that was the excuse of every seaman." Now, we feel that we have a right to protest against such biassed testimony, and we are perfectly sure that if this legal gentleman were to use the same prejudicial remarks concerning any other trade or profession, there would be trouble on the heath, at once. This being so, what right has this man to go into court, and needlessly malign the nautical profession? Shipping Federation paid this advocate to prosecute one particular seaman, who was said to be a deserter? Of course! But from the largeness of his nautical—if not from his legal—knowledge, the gentlemanly lawyer undertook to prejudice the mind of the magistrate, by assuring him that to lose a ship through taking a drop of drink over night, "was the excuse of every seaman." Personally, we lay some legal claim to be considered seamen; we never used such paltry excuses; we know quite a number of other seamen who never used them; so what right has any lawyer to stand up and condemn, in such a wholesale manner, the very man through whose instrumentality he is earning some kind of a living? Is it fair, between man and man; or is there any gratitude in it, at all?

Some two-and-a-half months ago, a certain lawyer told us a bare-faced lie; but we should be sorry, because of that contretemps, to emulate one King David, and say in a

hasty manner that all lawyers were of the same Class and Registry. They are not—fortunately for the community. As a matter of fact, quite a number of them are really estimable persons, and it is a positive pleasure to know, or do business, with them. But then, our partiality for the class, is not going to make us blind to the short-comings of the individuals; and the mere fact that the sailorman, as a rule, has nobody to say a word in his defence; that he is helpless; is treated as if he were a pariah; a blot on the landscape; a something that the world would be well rid of; is no reason that every second man one meets, may go into a court where justice is on tap, and may make sweeping assertions concerning his quite too-too wickedness. That word gives us another simile. Sweeping, we mean. Some few shipowners—who support Shipping Federation—are quite don hands at the bye-product which is known as "sweepings;" but he would be a rash individual who declared that all shipowners would rob the main-hatch—by proxy—simply because they happen to keep hens. What? No, sirs, let us have the truth, no matter how damaging it might be; but don't let us have quite so much of the "every seaman" notion, around on the breeze.

By the way, isn't there a certain amount of "smallness" apparent in some circles where one would hardly expect to find the trait? Business circles, you know? As nearly everybody is now aware, the Prince of Wales was at Cardiff, last week, where he saw some few matters which called for his praise, and attention. Some of those matters had to do with Carciff coal: some of them had merely to do with foundation-stone laying. In connection with the latter business, the Newport Chamber of Commerce was represented by Mr. T. H. Mordey, its president. Well, in the course of the Prince's remarks, His Royal Highness animadverted on the importance of Cardiff coal, as connected with the Navy, and placed the subject in a prettily poetical manner, in as far as his hosts, for the time-being, were concerned. This, of course, was exactly as it should be? An accomplished and tactful man of the world, would hardly be inclined to visit, say, the factories where Apple Soap was in course of preparation, and then, in the middle of it all, give a learned dissertation on the beauties of Jinolia? Would he, now? A mere Malaprop might do this; but there is nothing of the male Malaprop about H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. All the same, Mr. T. H. Mordey has "had reason to believe that Newport was rather under, than over, represented at the ceremony."

Of course, we shouldn't like to contradict Mr. T. H. Mordey in this matter; but really, we were of opinion that Newport couldn't well have a more creditable representative, and we write it in all seriousness. We will go farther than that, and suggest that Mr. Mordey is needlessly depreciating his own powers. Some men are a host in themselves, and our personal opinion is, that when Newport is championed by such men as Mr. T. H. Mordey, then, her prestige is in fairly good hands. Don't tell us about under-representation, because we are not having any of it. But harking along to another portion of the same growl, we find this: "With reference to the function, on Thursday, the Prince in his reply made reference to the coalfields of Cardiff and to Welsh steam coal, but no mention was made of Monmouthshire coal." As far as we can see, there was no mention made of North Country coal, nor of, say, Pocahontas? The Prince was at Cardiff; was talking, principally, to Cardiffians; any representatives from elsewhere were merely visitors and were expected to act as such: so where is the legitimacy of this particular growl? Do you altogether wonder that we should ask you if "smallness" were not somewhat in evidence? And not the smallness of Cardiff coal! However, the protest has been entered; has received a "hear, hear;" so that is alright.

MARITIME MARK MAKERS.

JOHN MACAULAY, Esq.,
(General Manager, Alexandra—Newport and South Wales—Docks and Railway Company).

WE are glad to be enabled to give our readers a photographic reproduction of one of the most widely known, and wholly appreciated personalities in Bristol Channel life—Mr. John Macaulay, general manager of the Alexandra (Newport and South Wales) Docks and Railway Company. It is highly probable that, in recent years, no single individual has done more in the matter of rejuvenating a local industry, than has this hard-working commercial stalwart. We have no intention of entering into comparisons which, to some of our readers, might be odious. As a matter of fact, such comparison is altogether unnecessary, and mainly for the reason that everybody connected with Bristol Channel enterprise, fully realises the share which Mr. Macaulay has taken in the latter-day development of Newport. At the time when he first became associated with Usk-side, industrial progress there, had been allowed to—well, say to languish; it sadly needed a tonic. Fortunately for Newport, that metaphorical tonic was comeatable: indeed, was supplied on the very day when our this week's Maritime Mark Maker took over the reins of government, thereaway. The gentleman has had his detractors—and who is there among us worthy of attention, that has not? You see, the condition into which Newport had fallen, is best described as appertaining to a state of commercial beri-beri; it had not quite gone to sleep, you understand; but it was just about to compose itself for a fairly-long nap! Mr. Macaulay interfered with the contemplated "rest," so a number of the sleepy ones bore him a grudge therefor! Still, it need not be supposed that this particular Mark Maker, had any intention of "holding up" on that account. On the contrary, rather, for when he realised that a very big job was in front of him, he, in a truly characteristic manner, made up his mind to get in front of the job. By those that know him best, it will be conceded that this is exactly what was expected of him; nay, that it was for this very reason, that he had been persuaded to take Newport—metaphorically—under his wing. That the general manager of the Alexandra Docks and Railway is well in front of his work, to-day, is an indisputable fact. Moreover, it is generally admitted that he is exactly the individual who is going to remain in the same happy position—until other, and more weighty undertakings, perchance, shall claim his services. The foregoing might appear to be of an oracular nature? Perhaps it is; while again it might not be: and we might merely be writing in a general sense? In either case it will make no difference to Mr. Macaulay—although it might possibly make a difference to other authorities who are of the *festina lente* kind! More than this, and on this account, we shall not say; but it is by no means difficult to surprise the man in the street, these days—even as our Maritime Mark Maker surprised the good people of Newport, Mon., when first he "rung them up," to a new lease of life. To put the matter charitably, Newport, collectively considered, knew exactly what it wanted; but like numberless other places, it didn't quite know how to go about getting it. Fate intervened; showed somebody the right man, at the right minute; the tables were turned; and matters soon began to assume a definite shape; to evolve order out of the aforetime chaos. Nor let the fact be forgotten, that the same chaos was anything but of a picayune character—a chaos that was slowly, but effectually freezing Newport out of the running. The "right man" in this instance, was (and is) Mr. John Macaulay; and whether he continues to favour Newport with his able attention; or, having put it on its feet, looks around for more strenuous labour; we are sure that everybody concerned will wish him continued health—success he already has, in abundance.

The Maritime Review
Illustrated Weekly Journal

FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1905.

THE ALIENS BILL.

WITH the devious workings of this Parliamentary stumbling-block, we are not concerning ourselves, and mainly for the reason that, although the times are somewhat "hard," life is altogether too short to follow the dodgings which have crystallised around the piece of legislation—or would-be legislation—known as the Aliens Bill. We are prone to admit that as a means of showing up the intellectuality of some of our law-makers (perhaps the ribald portion of the community, would prefer to write it "lack of intellectuality!"), this Aliens Bill is more or less pre-eminent; and a gentle consideration of the circumstances and conditions involved, should go far to convince the world, that it doesn't really need a tremendous amount of brains, to enable one to indulge in the glories and advantages accruing from, the much-coveted-in-some-quarters initials, M.P. We wouldn't, for worlds, pass any unkind remarks anent the worthy gentlemen who have been rushed into Parliament, at the bidding of certain sections of the 'orny 'anded. At the same time, we are constrained to write it as our unbiassed opinion, that because a man is qualified to shine at a mass meeting of workmen, it by no means follows that his assumed brilliancy is bound to be similarly apparent, when he takes his seat in the national Talking Shop. In other words, we are gradually coming to the decision, that the House of Parliament contains more than its fair share of Tritons-of-the-minnows. It is disconcerting to decide thusly; but we cannot help it. Perhaps the atmosphere of "the House" is antagonistic to fustiany speeches; possibly the members, having once attained their ambitions, are then of opinion that it is only necessary to sit down and enjoy life; or, at the most, to rise and twaddle, just a little. In the latter event, the dear fellows will be immortalised in print; their admiring constituents may wonder what it's all about; sundry of the bigger minnows, so to speak, might mutter all manner of threats of what will transpire at the next election; but the merry game goes on, just as in manner provided. That is, nobody is idiotic enough to kick against the Parliamentary pricks; and individuality—when it is at all in evidence—must be very strenuous, before it will receive any attention. Mind you, we do not wish it to be thought, that our opinion of the hon. members of the country's Parliament works out to the belief, that they are just a conglomeration of nonentities. On the contrary, rather, for we are convinced that among the whole number of M.P.'s, there are some quite sensible men. Yes! At the same time, truth compels us to admit, that it is our unequivocal conviction, that in the same galaxy—if we may be forgiven the word—there is more than a fair share of Tritons-of-the-minnows, as already explained. Furthermore, we are glad to state that, to judge by appearances, there are many aspirants for Parliamentary honours, who could easily hocuss any number of ignorant workmen—as long as those workmen were gathered together in a slum, or on a mountain side; but as to the same results obtaining, if it were possible to collect those same workmen within the sacred portals of "the House"—well, we have our doubts: are of opinion that the workman would admit that this was another instance in which the idylls of his youth had been dispelled; that his allegorical idol had clay feet—and, yes, and the same sort of tongue! Of course, we know that the foregoing appears to be of an unkind nature; also, that it is an expression of personal opinion; but let it not be forgotten, that there are a great many persons who share the belief with us. Moreover, there were many who had doubts on the subject, previous to the introduction of the Aliens Bill; but now—well, now, they rank themselves on the same side of the fence, as ourselves. Don't think, however, that we are unduly pleased about it. We are not! As a matter of fact, we are considerably more grieved, than otherwise; for we would much rather wander along in a mistaken belief, and find ultimately, that to be a M.P. meant to possess indubitable brain power; than we would find corroboration on every hand, in which case Parliament and brains would be by no means, synonymous terms. We remarked above, that we had no intention of following the devious workings of this newest Parliamentary time-waster—and it was the truth. All the same, we mean to give a little attention to that portion thereof, which is supposed to come under the purview of the shipping community. Even here, we are somewhat prone to admit that we hardly know where to begin, for some of the Tritons already referred to, and not being satisfied with proving that they were metaphorically at sea with the business, have laid themselves out to show that they were inclined to go to the extent of being really "at sea," with their alleged discussions of the Bill. That is, the shipowner and the shipmaster have, unwittingly, been drawn into the giddy vortex. Commencing with the shipmaster, we will write—and from personal experience of the profession—that, as he has absolutely nothing to do, and heaps of time to do it in, there is no valid reason why he shouldn't be made attend, to the immigration business of the whole world. You see, outside of an attempt to navigate with a piece of scrap iron; to dodge a breeze of wind and its consequent seas; to save a rotten set of tarpaulins from being washed off his hatches; to study up the impossible, as represented by a tom-fool charter party; to threaten to kill sundry mutineering firemen or foreign seamen; to make ten days' provisions last a month; to cure a broken neck or a case of measles; to be a lawyer at the port of discharge, and an angel at the loading port; to act as chief accountant, and assistant literary-help when log-books are about; to—well, to attend to a few more odds and ends, and after which, he has practically nothing to do. Obviously, then, he could easily carry out the duties of an immigration officer? Of course! So that when an apparently undesirable alien came along with a ticket and the measles, the Old Man could joyfully roll up his shirt-sleeves, preparatory to counting the correct number thereof, for entry in the official log, what? The same thing would apply with an alien glorying in the possession of an imaginary dose of plague—bubonic, or otherwise? Again, of course, the Old Man could direct the seeming patient to stretch himself out on the deck; having got him there, and remembering that England expected him to do his duty, the Old Man could jump on the patient's groin, when, if anything bursted, it would be an undesirable alien; if the groin of the foreigner stood it—aye, even if the Old Man were merely a light weight—then, the captain could endorse the ticket, and there you are! Naturally, under these conditions, voyages would be somewhat extended, but the Old Man would be all the gainer? In addition, he would have the grim satisfaction of knowing that he had done his duty; and at some time in the dim vistas of the future, some of him might earn the thanks of Parliament, what? You never know your luck, in these strenuous days. We quite understand what is in your mind, at this precise stage of the consideration. We do, because we are dab hands at telepathy, ourselves, see? You are thinking, in effect: "This is all very well, if the various diseases have developed when the immigrant presents himself. But what is going to happen, if the fell disease breaks out after the vessel has been a week at sea"? Recognising that you are reasoning

somewhere along in that line, it convinces us that you haven't waded through the alleged discussion, which has surrounded the Aliens Bill—and we don't, by any manner of means, blame you. Once more we will admit that life is too short, for you to attempt a consideration of the piff-niff which is sometimes dignified with the name of discussion, at St. Stephens. It is far better to take it as read, and then commission us to wade through it all, afterwards giving you a précis of the whole thing, in our own inimitable style. Don't apologise, please. The weather is too sultry. But coming to business; serious business, you know: you will find that the Tritons have allowed for the disease manifesting itself, after the bonny ship is on the sea. In that case, the Old Man will be held blameless, and the common carrier—a man who never saw the blessed immigrant, and if he can help it, never will—will have to save the Government all expense, by supplying his own lazarette, doctors, etc.—especially etc. If, in the end, he manages to nurse the patient back to life; finds him a job so that he won't come on the rates; keeps his nose clean; and doesn't make a song about any of the vicissitudes through which he has passed: then shipowner will be allowed to keep the passage money, as a set-off against the other incidental expenses of immigrant carrying. You might think that we are misleading you in this respect; but we are not! It is possible that you will doubt the sanity of persons who will size up the situation in this manner. Alright! But if you care to struggle through with the nonsense which has surrounded the Bill in question, you will find that, in effect, we have given you the true facts of the case. Certainly, the legislative assembly—which is a good phrase—has put it in words other than what are set out above; that is only as you would suppose—and mainly for the reason that they haven't originality enough among them, to spread the stuff out in plain, every-day language. They "hon. member" each other; become indignant; then try, what they consider is, a wheedling manner: but you may bet long odds on the whole thing, that anybody save the Government is bound to pay. Shipowner brings in aliens; let him attend to them: dock companies assist in the disembarkation—which needs a dictionary for its elucidation, in Parliament: what happens? Well, in the words of one hon. member, "I feel pretty sure that the dock companies, wishing to attract as much custom to their docks as they can, will, in the end, be found ready to provide such reasonable accommodation as would be necessary for landing emigrants." No doubt! But then there is such a terrible amount of mystery surrounding the words "reasonable accommodation." A stone step, and an iron railing, is good enough for most of us; but if the hon. members—or any of them—are of opinion that sedan chairs, and hot-water bottles in winter are essential, where are we? Another hon. member, who is in collar for an inland—and somewhat inappreciably important—district, "appealed to the Home Secretary to require that any accommodation necessary to enable the shipowners to carry on their trade, should be provided by them, and not by the public." Prodigious, isn't it? Shipowner isn't at all perfect: we have never pretended to believe that he is: but if he were half the snivelling hypocrite which some of these hon. members would suggest, when "appealing" to their party bosses, then, he wouldn't be fit to live. Of course, it is altogether his own fault, for from time immemorial, it has been accounted a soft snap, to badger the shipowner. Somehow or other, his usual build favours this sort of thing, for, rightly or wrongly, he is catalogued among the invertebrates. Personally, we wish that he would wash in alum-water, or other astringent, after which there would be some hope of working up a better state of affairs, for everybody connected with the shipping industry. But seeing that shipowner, himself, is so hopelessly "limp," it is taken for granted that the shipmaster, his mates, and everybody concerned, must be in the same unenviable condition. As a matter of fact, if those good people would agree to join up to meet their common foe, there would soon be an alteration in the undertakings of the country. Let shipowner and shipmaster but realise that their's is a common interest: give up being played the one against the other; and we shouldn't have hon. members appealing to the Prime Minister, even after the manner set out above. If such a desirable state should resolve itself from this Alien Bill piff-niff, then, the whole tons of good paper which have been given over to it, would not have been given in vain. Let us go on hoping, for as shipping people, it is about all that is left us! And there isn't much hope, now, is there?

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

FOLLOWING our recent series of articles on Canadian progress, a short consideration of the happenings at the general court of the Hudson's Bay Company, and which was held on Monday last, will be of interest. Seeing that we have no brief for the corporation referred to, we shall not be blamed for declining to enter into a discussion of its financial "coulds," or "woulds," although much might be written with regard to both. What we are mainly concerned with, is the actual progress of the Dominion, and if we cannot quite congratulate the company to which we are referring, on all its utterances, there are still a goodly number which are worthy of careful attention. As an example of the "better left unsaid" part of the report on Monday, we note that "Owing to the non-arrival of the *Stork*, it had been necessary to carry the outward cargo to James Bay, this season, and to bring home the returns, and the board had purchased the steamer *Discovery*, which was built for and had been employed in Antarctic exploration, and was consequently specially suited for service in Hudson's Bay." Why? Is there very much resemblance between the navigation in the Antarctic, and that to be encountered in the Bay? We are of opinion that there is not, and that, to all intents and purposes, there is no more difficulty in Hudson's Bay, than there is in the Baltic, at first open water. Furthermore, everybody knows that nothing especial in the matter of steam tonnage is essential for the Baltic trade; on the contrary, rather, for viewing the matter dispassionately, and considering some of the marvels of marine architecture which essays the business, one is almost constrained to remark, that anything which can wag a propeller is good enough? However, we may safely leave this portion of the discussion to old Father Time, who has a happy knack of levelling these matters up in what, to us poor humans, is a somewhat unaccountable manner. Coming to the immigrant question, we find that from Government returns, these amounted to some 160,000 during last year, and for that portion of the country embraced between Lake Superior and the Pacific. Of this fairly-good number, some 48,000 were from the United States, and the company is of opinion, that this contingent will prove as good and loyal settlers, "even as those who come from the Mother Land." Why not? A man will hardly undertake an immigration job into Canada, by way of a questionable joke? He usually means it; didn't get caught at the business, accidentally? This being so, it doesn't appear to matter unduly, as to whence that immigrant comes? Granted, there are immigrants, and immigrants; but admitting this, it is fairly safe to assume that each sort will do all that in him lays, for the purpose of making his efforts a success to himself, in which case they will also be a success to the Dominion of Canada. Coming to the wheat crop of Canada for the year 1904, we find, as we have previously stated, that this was returned as 57,000,000 bushels; but the estimated crop for the current year, is 75,000,000 bushels: from which it will be seen that the immigrants—no matter whence they come—are giving a good account of themselves? The surest sign of progress, here?

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *July 5, 1905.*

TRUE to expectation, the Coal Market, since our last time of writing, has undergone no change—either upward or downward. That is to say, it continues in the deadly dull condition which has been its own for some time past, and failing a heavenly dispensation, it is difficult to say when an improvement will eventuate. Tonnage supplies have been fairly satisfactory; but of what use are tonnage supplies, alone? What is wanted, is vim. Not the greatly advertised stuff which stares down at you from the ornamental partitions with which the town is filled; but the real, genuine, and eighteen-carat vim which has made Cardiff what it is.

THERE is always something doing. That goes without saying. Even if the something is merely of the nature of piling up the stocks! But every second coal dealer one meets, these days, is either resplendent in a "fancy" waistcoat; or he looks uncomfortably damp, and muggy! One ribald member of the crowd, this morning, tried to work off a "poetical" jape upon us. Assured us that "Gone are the days, when ma heart could feel no pane; gone, is the buyer, an' he won't come back again." We threw rocks at the man. Do you blame us? Gone! It's all gone, or is going.

BEST CARDIFF ADMIRALTYS, for instance. What are they? Just that and no more. Fortune's favourites continue at it, yes; but it takes more than a few favourites of fortune, to keep Cardiff (and other) Coal a-humming. As to price, well, it's quoted at 12s. 9d., and the figures—in view of what is doing—are as good as any other. For that matter, so are 12s. 6d.—and if you have an exceptional gall, you might get off with your life (and the coal, of course) on a 12s. 3d. lay.

SECONDS? Let us quote you. "These show an easy tone throughout, consequent upon a limited request, and the fact that supplies are plentiful." Thus our own prophet, and he knows something about it, yes. In plain English, you may knock appreciable chips off the quotation, here, for anything of the prompt and big variety. Personally, we should mark the quotation at 12s. and stick to it, right along.

ORDINARIES are unchanged, and the grade is averaged at 11s. 6d. —if you are easily pleased, you'll pay that amount; if not, you'll pay slightly lower. DRYS, too—but we've told you about Drys right along, haven't we? They are dryer than ever, and the quotations given below, are merely printed because we do not like to see empty columns. That's all.

MONMOUTHSHIRE COALS have been favoured with a little better enquiry—probably because of the prominence given thereto, by the president of the Newport Chamber of Commerce? Still, prices keep along at the old notch, and in spite of two of the principal collieries in this group being on stop because of labour troubles, there is no difference in the price. It would be necessary to stop more than half-a-dozen collieries, before prices would jump here! Values are as at our last, for BLACK VEINS range at 11s. 3d.; ORDINARIES at 11s.; with EASTERN VALLEYS at 10s. 3d. These prices, however, are merely figurative, you understand!

RHONDDA No. 3's show a maintenance of recent figures—say, 13s. 9d.; but No. 2's are unchanged at 9s. 6d. to 9s. 9d. SMALLS opened easier; but during the latter days under review, prices have hardened. Their vagaries are to be found in the list.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 7½d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 3d.	12s. 0d., 12s. 3d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	11s. 6d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.
Drys ,, ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.
Best Newport ,, ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 1½d.	11s. 1½d.	11s. 0d., 11s. 3d.	11s. 0d., 11s. 6d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	10s. 9d., 11s. 0d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	11s. 0d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d., 11s. 0d.
Seconds ,, ...	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 3d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	15s. 0d.	15s. 0d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 6d., 15s. 0d.	14s. 9d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 6d., 13s. 9d.	13s. 7½d.	13s. 7½d.	13s. 6d., 13s. 9d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	9s. 7½d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s 7½d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.
,, 2 ,, ...	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	8s. 3d., 8s. 6d.	8s. 3d., 8s. 6d.	8s. 4½d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 0d., 8s. 3d.
Seconds ...	8s. 0d.	8s. 0d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 6d., 7s. 9d.	7s. 7½d.
Ordinaries ...	7s. 6d., 7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 3d, 7s. 6d.	7s. 4½d.
Best Newport ...	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 4½d.	7s. 4½d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.
Seconds ...	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 0d.	7s. 0d.	6s. 9d., 7s. 0d.	6s. 10½d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	7s. 6d	7s. 6d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 1½d.	7s. 0d., 7s. 3d.
,, No. 3 ...	9s. 9d, 10s. 0d.	9s. 10½d.	9s. 9d.	10s. 0d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.	21s. 3d.	21s. 3d.	21s. 0d., 21s. 6d.	21s. 0d.
Ordinary ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.
Furnace Coke ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.
Patent Fuel ...	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d., 13s. 3d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	18s. 6d., 19s. 0d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d., 18s. 9d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *July 5, 1905.*

BUSINESS here, too, has been the reverse of active—small blame to it, seeing that it has had no inducement. Shipments for the week just ended, show a decrease over those of its immediate predecessor, and the scarcity of tonnage is having a detrimental effect on values.

ANTHRACITE COAL is not in brisk demand, and as stocks are mounting up—well you realise what it means. MACHINE MADE COALS show no improvement in the matter of demand, this being very limited. NUTS are fairly steady, having moderate engagements in hand; but other varieties are somewhat neglected, so prices are largely governed by date of shipment.

DUFF is steady at 3s. 6d. and here and there, higher prices have been secured. CULM, too, is satisfactory, recent values showing no depreciation.

STEAMS are even as at our last time of writing. Demand poor; stocks big; prices—whisper it please, rotten. PATENT FUELS are steady at from 11s. 6d. to 11s. 9d.

BELOW, we give the average prices for the week:—

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked / Malting Large ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d.
Seconds do. ...	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 9d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.
Big Vein Large ...	11s. 0d., 11s. 3d.	11s. 1½d.	11s. 1½d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	10s. 9d., 11s. 3d.
Red ,, ,, ...	9s. 7½d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 7½d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	15s. 0d., 16s. 0d	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 6d., 16s. 6d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.
,, ,, Peas ...	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d., 11s. 0d.	10s. 7½d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d., 11s. 0d.
Rubbly Culm ...	5s. 9d.	5s. 9d.	5s. 6d., 6s. 0d.	5s. 9d.	5s. 6d.	5s. 3d., 5s. 9d.
Duff ...	3s. 6d.	3s. 0d.	3s. 9d.	3s. 6d., 4s. 0d.	3s. 6d.	3s. 3d., 3s. 9d.
Patent Fuel:—	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 9d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 7½d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.
Seconds ,, ...	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.
Bunker ,, ...	10s. 3d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 6d
Thro' and Thro' ...	8s. 6d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 7½d.	8s. 6d., 8s. 9d.	8s. 7½d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

CARDIFF, *July 5, 1905.*

GENERALLY considered, the tonnage taken up since our last time of writing, has been—for these times—middling, although it took the "fancy" quite the remainder of the week that was left over from the Royal visit, to recover from the jubilating effects thereof! Even when the recovery had materialised, well, there was no exhibition of undue haste, in any given direction.

TONNAGE supplies were fairly good, so that the rates, generally, were inclined to easiness; and particularly in the matter of MEDITERRANEAN business. For EASTERN ports, the tone has been firm—mainly because there has been little or nothing offering. You know, when the shipowner is convinced that he will not be throwing away a particular "fix," 'tis somewhat surprising to note the amount of stamina that he will work up! But let the proverbial little bird whisper that there is a possibility—phew! Won't the ill-used gentleman climb down.

FOR the WESTWARD, BAY and COASTING trades, rates are said to be steady. They are, in reality—but for the reasons already set out above. Steadiness is the prevailing item everywhere, at the moment; steadiness and a lack of remunerative business. All the same, there is no truth in the rumour that a number of tramp steamers have been offered to the L.C.C., for work on the river which is said to lave the banks of where, once, was a Thames. The L.C.C. has about had enough of the worries which are incidental to shipowning. Of that, you may be sure. However representative fixtures for the week, are as follow:

Week Ending, (Wednesday), July 5, 1905

N denotes Newport. S) Swansea. P. T., Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Cape Town, *Morven,* 4,500 tons, 11s. 9d. 300

WESTWARD, Etc.

St. Vincent, *Kermond,* 3,000 tons, 6s. 10d.
Rio de Janeiro, *Maria,* 4,600 tons, 9s. spot.
River Plate, *Ness,* 3,500 tons, 8s. 3d.
Caledonia, 7s. 10½d.
Daybreak, 3,200 tons, 8s. 3d.
Mukley, 2,0[illegible]3,2[illegible] tons, 8s.
Newington, 3,200/3,400 tons, 8s.
Zuria, 2,4[illegible] tons, 8s. 3d.
Penreth, 3,5[illegible] tons, 7s. 9d.
Steamer, 38[illegible] tons, 7s. 1[illegible]½d.
Las Palmas, *Lord Iveagh,* 6s. 2d.
Cape Verds, *Heslevside,* 3,[illegible] tons, 7s. ppt.
Zarate, *Hibernia,* 2,[illegible] tons, 8s. 4½d. 150
Buenos Ayres La Plata, *Lowmoor,* 5,000 tons, 8s. (N).

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Shandon,* 4,200 tons, 5s. 7½d.
Trelvon, 4,[illegible] tons, 5s. 7½d.
Cheltonian, 5,000 tons, 5s. 9d.
Genoa, *Lucetta,* 3,1[illegible] tons, 6s. 6d. coal, 7s. 3d. fuel, (s).
Ethelhilda, 3,[illegible] tons, 6s.
Lorenzo, 3,1[illegible] tons, 6s.
Viola, 4,[illegible] tons, 5s. 10½d.
Ordovician, 4,[illegible] tons, 7s. option **Savona.** (s).
Steamer, 3,[illegible] tons, 6s.
Minnie, 1,7[illegible] tons, 7s.
Marseilles, *Guildhall,* 8[illegible]1,200 tons, 7·50 francs. (part cargo).
Marsala, 2,[illegible] tons, 7·25 fcs.
Alexandria, Steamer, 3,[illegible] tons, 6s. 6d.
Westfield, 4,[illegible] tons, 6s. 3d.
Naples, *Camrose,* 3,1[illegible] tons, 6s. 4½d.
Alumna, 4,[illegible] tons, 6s. option **Leghorn.**
Venice, *Brinton,* 3,1[illegible] tons, 7s. 6d. coal, 8s. 3d. fuel, (s).
Windermere, 3,300 tons, 7s. 7½d. coal, 8s. 4½d. fuel, spot, (s).
Zichy, 2,200 tons, 7s. 6d. (s).
Barcelona, *Falshaw,* 2,700 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Algiers, *Gafsa,* 2,500 tons, 7·50 francs. coal, 8·50 francs. fuel, 400
Crimea, 2,200 tons, 7·37½ fcs.
Civita Vecchia, *Ragusa,* 2,000 tons, 7s. 4½d.
Steamer, 2,800 tons, 7s. 4½d.
Ixia, 2,400 tons, 7s. 4½d. coal, 8s. 1½d. fuel. (s).
Piræus, Steamer, 3,400 tons, 6s. 3d.
Huelva, *Ambient,* 1,800 tons, 5s. 6d. (P.T.)
Arcachon, *Comorin,* 6·50 francs. (N).
Palermo, *Savona,* 1,800 tons, 6s. 5d.
Poldhu, 4,000 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Trieste, *Wellington,* 8,000 tons, 6s.
Gibraltar, *Calgarth,* 2,300 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Ode, 800 tons, 6s.
Leghorn, *Delamere,* 1,000 tons, 7s. (s).
Taranto, *Wansbeck,* 2,200 tons, 7s. 3d. (s).
Vigo, *Lionel,* 1,400 tons, 5s. 3d., 250.
Valencia, Steamer, 650 tons, 7s.
Philippeville, *Garonne,* 1,100 tons, 8·75 fcs. coal, 9·75 fcs. fuel.
Constantinople, *Trevaylor,* 3,000 tons, 6s. 3d.
Marans, *Clarence,* 1,350 tons, 6 fcs. (s).

BALTIC, Etc.

Copenhagen, *Hungarian,* 1,700 tons, 4s. 4½d.
Mountpark, 1,350 tons, 4s. 3d.
Sundswall, Steamer, 1,600 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Stockholm, *Marpessa,* 2,200 tons, 4s. 7½d.
Pillau, *Paul Horn,* 1,100 tons, 4s. 7½d.
Stettin, Steamer, 2,500 tons, 4s. 3d.

BAY, Etc.

Nantes, *Getso,* 4·75 francs. (N).
St. Nazaire, *Hanna,* 2,800 tons, 4·50 fcs. (s).
General Gordon, 1,800 tons, 8·75 fcs. (s).
Chantenay, *Rosella,* 1,700 tons, 4·87½ francs.
La Rochelle, *Rosehill,* 2,000 tons, 4·37½ francs.

COASTING, Etc.

Rouen, *Glynn,* 1,450 tons, 4s. 8d. (s).
Alice M. Craig, 1,200 tons, 4s. 9d.
Honfleur, *G. Player,* 750 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
Ethelbert, 620 tons, 4s. 1½d. (s).
Caen, *Beacon Rock,* 600 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
Countess, 680 tons, 4s. 3d. coal, 4s. 9d. fuel. (s.)
St. Brieuc, *Lough Fisher,* 470 tons, 5s.
Hamburg, *Sinainn,* 1,000 tons, 4s.
Havre, *Borrowdale,* 1,400 tons, 4s.
Cape York, 650 tons, 4s. 1½d. (s).
Foyers, 750 tons, 4s. 1½d. option **St. Malo,** (s).
Argus, 1,450 tons, 3s. 10d.
Avon, 4s.
Lutece, 1,800 tons, 3s. 9d.
Camille, 1,300 tons, 3s. 10½d. (s).
Rochefort, 1,100 tons, 4s.
Portsmouth, *Gransha,* 1,500 tons, 2s. 4½d. (Admiralty). three voyages.
Portland, *Raloo,* 1,100 tons, 2s. 6d. ,,
Stokesley, 1,200 tons, 2s. 4½d. ,,
Belfast, *Mindful,* 300 tons, 3s. (s).
Harrington, 400 tons, 3s. (s).
Guernsey, *Progress,* 440 tons, 4s. 4½d. (s).
London, *Mercutio,* 3s. 7½d.
Dartmouth, *Abercraig,* 300 tons, 3s. 10½d.
Sheerness, *Inver,* 1,200 tons, 3s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Wallsend, 1,200 tons, 3s. 3d. ,,
Sindbad, 1,200 tons, 3s. 3d. ,,
Landscrona, *Tyne,* 700 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Fecamp, *Senga,* 500 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Alexandria to Bristol Channel, Steamer, 2,800 tons, 6s. 6d.
Bilbao to Cardiff, *Alemania,* 3,000 tons, 4s. 1½d. ppt.
Pasages to Briton Ferry, *Hazelmere,* 722 n., 4s. 6d. ppt.

SHIPBUILDING.

The directors of Messrs. John Brown & Company, in their annual report, state that the works have been fairly well employed, and that there is prospect of some improvement in trade. The large Atlantic liner *Caronia*, has been delivered to the Cunard Company, and the two other large vessels for this Company are making good progress. The battleship *Hindustan* and the first-class cruiser *Antrim*, will shortly be delivered to the British Government. The directors have for some time had under consideration, the desirability of entering upon the manufacture of ordnance, and with this object, negotiations are in progress for the acquisition of a half share in the Coventry Ordnance Works of Messrs. Cammell, Laird & Company. No further capital, however, will be required at the present time, as the existing resources of the company are sufficient for the purpose.

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The tonnage launched by Scottish builders during the half year just ended, almost equals the corresponding half year of 1902, but last month, only about 20,000 tons of new work was booked, and the prospects are that still fewer orders will be placed as the summer passes into the autumn, and it is almost certain that before the year is ended, the output will be considerably behind the record figures of 1902, viz., 534,406 tons.

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In June, the Clyde builders launched 22 vessels of 39,620 tons, those of the Forth, two of 1,220 tons, those of the Tay, three of 6,200 tons, and those of the Dee, two of 1,185 tons. These figures bring the half-year's total up to 160 vessels of 259,860 tons, as compared with 201,633 tons for the corresponding period of last year. The Clyde's total for the six months, is 123 vessels, of 234,736 tons, a total which is exceeded only by that of 1902. Of the June tonnage, no less than 14,385 tons was for foreign and colonial owners. The most notable vessel launched was the turbine steamer *Maheno*, built at Dumbarton, for the Union Company of New Zealand.

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Messrs. Robert Stephenson & Co., Ltd., Hebburn-on-Tyne, have secured the contract for docking and repairing the large oil tank steamer *Narragansett*, belonging to the Anglo-American Oil Company, and the largest oil tanker in the world, measuring 531ft. by 64ft. beam and having a total capacity of 3,600,000 gallons of oil. She is said to be the largest merchant steamer which has so far been docked on the North East coast, but the extra facilities which have lately been provided in the way of large dry docks, at Hebburn, enables even larger vessels than the *Narragansett*, to be accommodated when required.

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The new steel screw steamer *Dunclutha*, built to the order of Messrs. Arbuckle & Steele, of Glasgow, by Messrs. Russell & Co., Port Glasgow, and launched on the 24th May, is reported sold to Messrs. Maclay & McIntyre, of Glasgow, at about £38,000. She is a spar deck steamer of the following dimensions:—345ft. x 49ft. 9in. x 28ft. 5in. moulded, deadweight capacity about 6,600 tons, on 23ft. 4in. draft. Machinery by the Clyde Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, Ltd., with engines 24in., 40in., 65in. x 45in. stroke. Two single ended boilers 16ft. x 11ft. 3in.

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A new steamer building at Middlesbrough, by Messrs. R. Craggs & Sons, Ltd., for a Cardiff firm, has just been sold for about £36,000. She is a single deck steamer designed to carry about 6,100 tons deadweight, on 21ft. 3in. draft. Dimensions 346ft. 6in. x 50ft. 8in. x 25ft. 6in. moulded. The machinery will be supplied by the North Eastern Marine Engineering Company, Ltd., and consists of engines having cylinders 25in., 42in., 68in. x 45 in. stroke, and two single ended boilers 16ft. 9in. x 11ft.; 180 lbs. working pressure. She will be delivered in August.

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The committee of the British Corporation for the survey and Registry of Shipping, have now appointed an exclusive surveyor to the London district, where the society has hitherto been represented by Mr. W. Lewis, as non-exclusive surveyor. The new London offices of the Registry, 141, Fenchurch Street, E.C., were opened on Monday last. The society will in future be represented there by Messrs. A. Scott Younger, B.Sc., William James Douglas and John B. Kidston.

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There is just now a very marked dearth of new inquiries in the shipbuilding trade, and the few orders that are being placed, are mostly for vessels of a special type, but the continued scarcity of new orders for ordinary tramp steamers is becoming ominous. To a great extent, this is accounted for by the number of "spec" steamers that have been on the market, though the steady sale of these boats may make room for further orders, provided builders can quote prices low enough to tempt further speculative business.

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The steel screw steamer *Drayton*, owned by Messrs. W. & E. S. Lamplough, London, and at present lying at Cardiff, has been sold to Messrs. C. A. Coroneos & Co., of Piraeus. She was built by Messrs. J. L. Thompson & Sons, Ltd., Sunderland, in 1894. Dimensions 279ft. x 37ft. 2in. x 20ft. 9in.; 2,001 tons gross; with engines 21½in., 35in., 58in. x 39in. stroke by J. Dickinson.

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The steel screw steamer *Falshaw*, owned by Messrs. H. Baxter & Co., of Whitby, is reported sold to a Glasgow firm at about £9,500. She was built by Messrs. T. Turnbull & Son, Whitby, in 1888. Dimensions 288ft. x 38ft. 3in. x 22ft. 2in. moulded; carries about 3,250 tons deadweight; with engines 22in., 36in., 59in. x 39in. stroke, by Messrs. Blair & Co., Ltd.

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The iron screw steamer *Nero*, owned by Messrs. Thomas Wilson, Sons & Company, Ltd., Hull, is reported sold to Greek buyers, at about £3,000. She was built by Messrs. C. & W. Earle, Hull, in 1868; 1,083 tons gross; dimensions 200ft. x 31ft. x 15ft. 6in.; carries about 1,400 tons deadweight. She had new engines and boilers fitted in 1892, by Messrs. Amos & Smith, of Hull.

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The iron screw steamer *Nant Francon*, owned by Messrs. R. & D. Jones, Ltd., of Liverpool, is reported sold to British buyers, at about £3,000. She was built by Messrs. J. Readhead & Co., South Shields in 1881. Dimensions 189ft. 8in. x 26ft. 7in. x 15ft.; carries about 900 tons deadweight, on 15ft. draft; with engines 22½in., 42in. x 30in. stroke.

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The steel screw tug *Penguin*, owned by Mr. W. Rowe, of Falmouth, is reported sold to foreign buyers, at about £8,000. She was built by Messrs. Cox & Co., Falmouth, in 1901. Dimensions 120ft. x 21ft. x 12ft. 6in.; 187 tons gross; with engines 15½in., 25in., 40in. x 26in. stroke by Messrs. Cox & Co.

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The Kosmos Company, of Hamburg, who recently purchased a spec. steamer, of 8,000 tons deadweight capacity, building by Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., Limited, Newcastle, have placed an order with the same builders, for the construction of a duplicate steamer to be delivered in the early part of next year.

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

WRITING of maritime and other money matters, reminds us of a handy little booklet which comes to us from Messrs. F. S. and J. G. Thomas, Stock and Share Brokers, Cardiff Docks. The little brochure is the twelfth annual issue of an alphabetically arranged "List of Local Stocks and Shares," and although it may scarcely be termed a waistcoat-pocket treasure, it certainly will prove one for the busy man's desk. Stock and Share Lists abound, we know. We also know that, in the majority of instances, the abounding principal is practically all there is about them. That is, they are so carefully prepared; so much wealth of detail has been incorporated therein; that in the end, a business man is better without them!

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INDEED, we have, carefully folded away in one of our table-drawers, a "list" which would puzzle the brain of the proverbial Philadelphian lawyer one hears of, occasionally. This little effort is somewhere about three acres in extent—more or less, of course; and it has been thought out on the index plan. That is, if you have a curiosity to learn the value, at a given date, since the Flood, of a certain industrial, you turn up the letter for that period. Sort of Golden Letter, you know. If you succeed in finding that symbol—and it might easily happen that you won't find it in years—you trace its ancestry along through several columns of very tiny print, until you reach a number.

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THIS number is said to correspond with another number, four columns farther on. Supposing you have found the second number, you are well on the way toward learning things, but 'tis all Lombard Street to a China orange that you do, at this stage, exactly as did we—that is, fold the list up carefully, and shove it into a table drawer! As the drawer closes over it, you might soulfully remark about the number of dunder-headed cranks with which the world is filled, and then decide on going out to learn how much oof was collected, viâ the Cardiff Charivaria—no, the Infirmary Charitaria. If the bewildering dazzle of frock, puts you off your search for the figures; if you develop a sudden mania for scribbling out a general average on the cost of the frock referred to—you are not to be blamed.

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TIMES might be hard, but in the sacred cause of charity, no effort must be denied—even if some of the good hard, red, gold is. That is, if you see what our office boy described as "on old ewe dressed up lamb fashion," you must please remember that the dressing up was for Charity's dear sake. Pride had nothing to do with it. Oh, dear, no! Moreover, if a charitable soul came on the scene wearing a twenty-guinea gown—and the price, under the circumstances, is moderate—and charitariad right up to the whole of eighteen-pence-and-a-smug-look, it is still alright. Lots of people are under the impression that these "functions" have been introduced for the purpose of allowing the decimal-four-hundred, to show how much the partners of their joys and sorrows can rise to, in the matter of credit.

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CHARITY is a noble sentiment—or whatever kind of thing it is. Furthermore, you have been taught, right from your youth, up, that it begins at home? This being so, you will recognise the fittingness of the thing, when considering the frocks to which we have alluded? That is, the wearers put them on, at home—fortunately; and that is where the charitaria commenced, isn't it? Still, the business works out right, in the end. You see, the modistes—and persons of that sort—rake in a fairish amount of unearned increment as the result of these public flutters, and then, as thank offerings for being able to catch so many jays, they give largess to the Infirmary. Were it otherwise, the institution would, long ere this, have closed its doors.

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BUT bless us, we have wandered off! That's the worst of considering frock, when one should be considering finance. We hope that those misguided people who do the same thing—on the wholesale line—will pause, right here. Frock is right enough in its place; so is finance. But when a man essays to commingle the twain, in earnest, he ends up by paying a visit to a person who doesn't wear a frock—the Official Receiver, to wit. We like to point a moral, even if we are engaged on the subject of pelf; and somehow or other, the eternal feminine comes into most vistas which lead to financial fakes—don't they, now? However, we wish to get back to that stock and share list which beguiled us in the manner indicated above.

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DOING so, we dip into its informative pages, and find. What do we find? Quite a number of reassuring facts. The world is not anything so near being broken up—in a financial sense—as some worthy, but pessimistic, folk, would have us believe. First of all, it is still a good policy to put your money in the bank. Not only as a depositor, but also as an investor. For instance, Lloyd's Bank is good for a return of anything up to 18¾ per cent.; the National Provincial appears to be of opinion that 18 per cent. is good enough for anybody; so does the London and Provincial. This is maintaining the good name of banking undertakings, don't you think?

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COMING to colliery concerns, you have a wide range of excitement offered you. You might be able to dabble in North's Navigation shares which bring in anything between 10 and 20 per cent! Or you might be satisfied with Internationals and their 10 per cent.; Insoles at 6; Lockets Merthyr at 5—but that is enough of them. In local rails, you have another fine range. If you do not wish to bother about signing dividend receipts, the Port Talbot Railway and Docks Company might induce you to "come in." The ordinary shares, here, usually have the significant word, *Nil*, written up against them, while Barry romps along with anything up to 9 per cent., at latest—and you may pick nearly any rate, in between these. It's all according to the degree of excitement which tempts you.

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DRY DOCKS, too, offer a lovely scope; so do ship-repairing concerns. If you object to be worried with financial items, but have to possess shares in repairing concerns, Mordey, Carney and Company offer you every inducement. For three years, past, they have consistently patronised the word *Nil*, as dividend-expressing; and you needn't carry about too much splosh if you are out to purchase. Their lowest, in the year of sin just passed, was £2 per share—their highest £2¾. On the other hand, if you want something decent, Barry Graving Docks at 9 per cent over 1904, might suit you—if you can buy 'em. And for a sort of three-per-cent-consol-affair in the same connection, Hill's Dry Dock and Engineering scrip is the very thing. Consistency is apparent here, too, for 3 per cent. has been the figure for the past nine years on the "partly paid shares"—£18 paid out of £20. Here, for this time, we must leave it.

Around the Dry Docks.

IT HAS been said that if you give a lie a minute's start, the truth will ne'er again o'ertake it. This might mean that the twain are of an equal speed; that the lie is ever so much faster; or, if you'd rather put it that way, that the truth is much slower—because it is so much rarer and that during its travels, it has to ease up now and then, to receive the admiration of the mob. Sometimes—call it the exception which proves the rule, an' it pleases you—the lie is overtaken, and before it has well got into its stride (if lies have any sort of stride worth bothering about; if not, it doesn't matter).

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EH? What started us off like this? Well, we have, from time to time, given considerable attention to the ship-repairing industry in the abstract—and the Bristol Channel. Have told you all manner of things concerning it. Have argued the claims of sundry bad-tempered folk who ought to know better. Indeed, have told you that it is all piff-niff (by the way, that is a new word which we have copyrighted, and mainly because it is expressive. We are honest, and tell you this beforehand. Later on, you'll find a number of alleged journalists annexing that word, and they'll insist that it was their own. Look at it, well. P-i-f-f-n-i-f-f, piff-niff).

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NEVER mind. We shall get into this tale presently, so, here goes. You will remember that it has been stated that all the plums of the ship-repairing trade must, eventually, go to London, or Liverpool, or the North, and for the reason that the dry dock men had decided to stiffen themselves, a little, when the gentle tinker was out for skulls? Personally, we told you that the claim was all—that new word. Some of you believed us, principally because you had some big jobs in your docks, even while the ink on our paper was wet. Others of you didn't believe it—once more, principally because you didn't have any big ships in your docks, and you find, under those conditions, a considerable difficulty in living by Faith (capital F, mind, printer).

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COMING down to actual fact, we find that our 'fore words have been proved by the actual happenings. Eh? You have heard of the Italian steamer, *Giuseppe Accame?* Of course, you have. You also know that she had received considerable damage from portions of the bed-plate of the River Plate. You even had a nodding acquaintance with the fact that she underwent temporary repairs, out there, so that she might be enabled to come home to a dry dock, where repairs other than temporary could be carried out? Very well, then. The owner of the *Giuseppe Accame*, appears to be under the impression that, in the Bristol Channel, dry docking is even as we have suggested—a fine art.

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ALSO, that the competition of which we have heard so much, must be good for the keeping down of prices. With this in view, we find the Italian steamer dry docked at the Channel Dry Docks and Pontoon Company's place, for examination. To "lay out" that old tale about a boycott, a ring, a close borough, a—what-you-will; we may remark that every freedom and facility was accorded to intending competitors, and ultimately, the job of "sizing up," was complete. Then came the stampede usual on such occasions, for the tenders had to be delivered, personally, to the owner, at the hotel which he favoured. Here is a point for the British owner; at least, that portion of him which is so keen on toadying around to certain people we all wot of.

+ + +

THE Italian, feeling that the steamer was his'n—well, you see the force of the remark that we ought to fit in, here? Anyhow, "fierce competition," and all, notwithstanding (competition which wandered in, from all parts of the country, don't forget) the Channel Dry Docks have secured the job. Of course, it was a "fine cut" which took the *Giuseppe;* but then, some concerns are in a position to safely undertake a "fine cut." The Channel Dry Dock happens to be one of them; and in addition to this, they have, thanks to their recent acquisition in the matter of scooping in sundry properties elsewhere, a large selection of dry docks at their disposal.

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SO much so, that they may pick and choose as to which is the best dock, and where, at the moment, the job is likely to receive the closest personal supervision. That is, in the past, this concern had an enviable position in this direction; at present, the position is more enviable—as some of the cavilling friends know only too well! From what we can learn of the circumstances, it was the intention of Mr. William Jones, who rules the destinies of this go-ahead establishment, to effect the repairs at Newport, in the one-time Severn Dry Docks (for that matter, we might as well style them the Severn Dry Docks now, mightn't we? For after all, we have it as a fact, that the name has but little to do with it).

+ + +

BUT times have been hard, of late, in the ship-repairing world, and the unfortunate employés have had anything but a bed of roses. This being so, a little gentle persuasion was engineered around the general manager's chair, and to those who know the gentleman, it will be understood that the said persuasion went home, so to speak. In any case, the repairs were not sent to Newport, being placed instead, on the company's pontoon. That is to say, the *Giuseppe* was stripped of all her heavy gear and ballast, and was carefully laid upon the pontoon referred to, to the everlasting joy of "the boys" who will thus be enabled to take home another loaf of bread, as well as a sleev—but never mind. It is not our mission to "give away" the ship-repairing lads.

+ + +

IN all seriousness, however, it is but seldom that such consideration is shown to the workmen, and they, in return, should put their backs into the work, for the purpose of co-operating with the management, so that the expenses may be kept down, and the despatch for which the district has become noted, may be given the owner who decided to give good old Cardiff a turn—if possible. Personally, we find the greatest satisfaction in the fact that the Bristol Channel ship repairers can yet maintain their lead in this manner, especially as we have been to some pains to vindicate them, before the whole cult in other parts. We are but human, and therefore, are proud to note that our old-time prophetics have worked out, even as suggested. More power to these upholders of the local prestige.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on June 22, 1905, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

11,949/04—THE GRIMSBY AND NORTH SEA STEAM TRAWLING CO., LTD., & JOHNSON—*An acetylene gas light buoy.*

This invention relates to a buoy for use in trawl fishing operations, containing an acetylene gas generator, and provided with a mast on which a lamp, supplied by the generator, is supported.

12,027/04—SPARRE—*Improvements in and connected with submarine boats.*

This invention relates to a submersible vessel which is fitted on deck with a number of tanks provided with opening sides or valves for admitting and discharging water. This vessel is adapted to be drawn below the surface of the water by the action of horizontal screw propellers. When submerged the tanks are allowed to automatically fill with water to reduce the buoyancy. The buoyancy is such, that with filled tanks the vessel would ascend to an awash position should the horizontal screws cease to act. On ascending above this position, the tanks, on the valves being opened, discharge their contents by gravity.

12,575/04—CARMICHAEL—*An improved construction of hatch coamings of sea-going vessels.*

In this the plate which forms the coaming is bent horizontally outwards to form a ledge for supporting the hatch cover, and again vertically upwards and slightly inwards. At the corners of the hatch, castings or stampings of corresponding curvature are employed, these may be continued down to the level of the deck as substitutes for the usual angle bars fitted in the internal angles of the hatch corners.

12,922/04—BURNETT—*Improved method of, and means for loading and unloading and tipping coal and other minerals.*

This invention relates to a system of handling mined coal, &c., which is almost entirely automatic, comprising means for loading and unloading the cage with tubs at the bottom and top of the shaft, unloading and tipping the tubs on to screens or belts, or into wagons, &c. There are seven sheets of drawings.

15,256/04—BROWN—*Improvements in steam steering gears for vessels.*

This invention relates to a steam valve for steam steering engines, whereby only one single valve is required to perform the functions of distributing and cutting off the steam to the cylinders. The valve consists of a pair of hollow cylindrical trunks provided with suitable ports and circumferential ways, for the distribution of the steam, and working in a cylindrical casing likewise provided with suitable ports. The valve trunks are mounted on a spindle, and operate to distribute the steam by rotation effected by bevel gearing from the crank shaft, and to cut off steam by axial displacement effected by the differential or hunting gear of the engines.

15,274/04—RIGG & MEACOCK—*Improvements in apparatus for loading tender coal and other cargoes.*

This apparatus consists of a chute hinged at its upper end to the side of a pier, &c., and supported by chains secured to its lower end, so that it may be raised or lowered to accommodate itself to the height of the hatches of the vessel to be loaded, and a bucket adapted to lower the coal from the end of the chute into the hold of the vessel. The lower end of the chute is fitted with a door to govern the amount of coal discharged into the bucket. This door is actuated by a rope from the deck. The end of the chute is also provided with a horizontal shaft to which pulleys and a brake drum are secured. The bucket with a discharging bottom is suspended by ropes wound around one pair of pulleys, and ropes wound around another pair are led over sheaves at the top of the chute back to a counterweight carriage running on tracks on the chute.

15,321/04—STASNEY—*Improvements in mechanism for propelling boats.*

This invention relates to propelling boats by means of paddles hinged to and depending from a horizontally reciprocating carriage. The paddles assume a vertical position when travelling in one direction and turn horizontally on the return stroke by virtue of their manner of hingeing, and the resistance of the water. The carriage is fitted with wheels by means of which it runs on rails fitted on the inner sides of the divided hull of the boat, and it is reciprocated by endless chains led over pulleys mounted on shafts at each end of the boat which are rotated in alternate directions by chain gearing from another pair of shafts likewise provided with pulleys and an endless chain to which a handle bar for the operators is secured.

16,417/04—RAKY—*Pit and Pit-head arrangement.*

Instead of employing one shaft of sufficient sectional area to accommodate two mine cages side by side, two shafts each of sufficient area for one cage are employed. These shafts are connected together at the bottom by a transverse tunnel through which a rope, secured by its ends to the bottoms of each cage respectively, is led.

16,473/04—*Improvements in reversible propellers.*

In this reversible propeller the bases of each blade within a hollow boss are provided with a toothed bevel wheels or sectors with which engages a bevel wheel mounted on an internal shaft. To reverse or alter the pitch of the blades an endways movement is imparted to the internal shaft, which movement is translated into a rotary movement of the bevel wheel by means of helical grooves and threads, or flats formed on and in the shaft and wheel respectively. The hollow propeller shaft and the internal shaft are formed with a feather key and keyway, and a cotter and slotway, by means of which relative rotary movement between them is prevented, and the endways movement of the internal shaft is limited.

16,850/04—HANCOX—*Improvements in hulls of vessels (which float, or are driven on or in the water).*

This invention relates to building up the hulls of vessels by means of plates, the edges of which are thickened to form a bead. These beads are inserted in the hollows of bars of H or E section and are gripped by clinching the enclosing portions of the bars around the beads.

1,160/05 HINSELMANN—*Improvements in mining struts or props.*

These struts are composed of two lengths of wood with cut-away shouldered and overlapping portions secured together by a clamp composed of flanged plates and bolts and nuts. The two lengths do not butt against one another with their shoulders but are held at a distance apart by the friction of the clamp. When the pressure, approximates to the breaking point of a strut, composed of one length of timber, the two lengths yield by overcoming the friction of the clamp, and telescope together without fracture.

These applications for patents are, until August 7, 1905, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Patent Office or through the under-named.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

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Miscellaneous.

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MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF.

Thursday Afternoon.

LIKE the poor, the question of the administration of the Life-saving Appliances Act, is ever with us. An overworked Government Department finds a difficulty in coping with the necessary examinations, and mainly for the reason that the staff of surveyors remains almost stationary, no matter how the fleet of merchant ships might increase. Of course, it would never do to wantonly increase the surveying staff of the Board of Trade—at least, not while a niche for an additional junior clerk is to be found, anywhere among the sub-departments? However, we note that Lord Muskerry has been calling the attention of the House of Lords, to the number of cases in which, during the first four months of this year, the Liverpool surveyors happened upon defective apparatus, and which had to be destroyed. As most of us are aware, this was not the first time that his Lordship had called attention to the matter; but then, even as had transpired on former occasions, he was assured that the business was anything but as bad as he supposed. It appears that out of a total of 674 vessels examined at Liverpool, there were 78 cases in which the life-saving appliances were found to be defective, and had to be destroyed; and rightly enough, Lord Muskerry was of opinion that such a showing amounted to a grave scandal.

Now, it cannot be pretended that the number of vessels visiting Liverpool in four months, are sized up as merely 674? If that is all the Mersey port can look forward to, she will not need any of the talked-of dock extensions? No, sirs, so if a mere 674 inspections have taken place, and if out of these, 78 were wrong 'uns—then, the inefficiency surrounding the Board of Trade's administration of the life-saving regulations, are about on a par with the same kind of thing surrounding other regulations. As we have remarked ere this, the Life-saving Appliances Act, to us, has ever appeared a gruesome joke, and is very much of the nature of hanging a block that will hoist a ton, on to a ring-bolt that is merely good enough for a hundred-weight. In other words, the life-saving appliances, at the best, are usually fussed over, on a steamer where there are a hundred other items far more essential to the welfare of the crew, but which are totally disregarded. But reverting to the 78 cases already written of, the Duke of Marlborough—the Board of Trade's noble champion—was inclined to smooth away all anxiety on the matter, by declaring that the condemned appliances were faulty in the main, in connection with life-belt fastenings only.

THIS is highly probable, and bears out the contentions which we have frequently made. The inspecting service is altogether too inadequate to be in a position to give more than a perfunctory attention to this very essential phase of nautical life. Mr. Inspector goes aboard, "cocks his eye" on to the life-belts which are festooned around for ornamental purposes; sees that a twine seizing is wrong, here; a canvas becket is awry, there; that a slip-toggle which has been supplied, won't slip for Father Peter; and the few life-belts are condemned. That is to say, the inspector calls the mate; the latter worthy is informed of his limitations as a sailorman: the colossal wickednesses hanging around the man who puts six turns of twine where but five are sufficient, is descanted upon; the mate looks bored; is constitutionally antagonistic to this 'longshore nautical expert; a few unkind remarks are thrown around on the ambient air; inspector gets his inspecting back up: the life-belts are condemned; and the worthy Board of Trade official strolls ashore, feeling—and looking—like a man who has done his duty in a seamanlike manner, and who has taught this impertinent mate, what's what. As a matter of fact, the whole undertaking is painfully pitiful, for while straining at a metaphorical gnat, Mr. Inspector may be depended on to negotiate a veritable camel.

THAT is to say, so much time and unnecessary effort have been expended on these half-a-dozen life-belts, that other items bearing on really grave issues, have been passed over. True, some of these items are outside the power of the inspector; but it is equally true that others of them, are just as much inside. To examine a steamer in dock is one thing; to size her up, at sea, in "ballast," and when she is rolling her sides out, as the phrase has it, is altogether another item. Is there any sense or reason, for instance, in passing a vessel as seaworthy because she has a couple

of life-boats on her skids, and yet everybody admits that, when they are most needed, it will be humanly impossible to get them overside? That is to say, the Life-saving Appliances Act is administered—when at all—merely in the letter thereof; the spirit is unfortunately disregarded. You have the necessary number of life-boats; that is what Mr. Inspector is paid to determine; whether you are in a position to put them in the water for life-saving purposes—well, that is altogether another matter, and is just as altogether outside the bond! With six hands in the forecastle, and two officers to superintend the work; with a ship rolling and pitching; with green seas breaking over her, and the wind taking liberties with boat and boat-falls; with half-a-dozen different languages in use at this, the crisis of the voyage: well, you are not going to make much of a fist at boat-launching, are you?

In the first place, from the meagre number of hands which you have at your command, it is impossible to detail a few to sit in the boat, and attend to the business of keeping her clear of the ship's side. You need all the men you have, to attend to the hoisting-out business. This being so, who is going in the boat? Nobody! And thus it comes about, that as soon as she leaves the skids, she is at the mercy of the elements: and at times such as this, the said mercy is nearly as unsatisfactory, as is that which is supplied by the Department. Still, in a peaceful dock, Mr. Inspector notes that you have the regulation number of boats—and he isn't paid to bother himself as to whether you can put them in the water, say, in the Bay of Biscay. You see, the Bay is out of the inspector's jurisdiction; is not even within territorial waters; so what would you? As long as the Board of Trade looks after you, at a time when you are in need of no looking-after, then, who will, may attend to the business, when you find yourself between the devil and the deep sea. Is not this good reasoning? Of course it is! The life-belts—which oftener than not, wouldn't float a kitten anyhow—are seized up in the wrong fashion, so they they must be condemned.

Not, however, because they are unfloatable. No, sirs, for you have it on the words of the Duke of Marlborough, that "the defects are by no means of a serious nature, being connected chiefly with the fastenings of the life-belts." Moreover, the noble duke is of opinion, that what has occurred in this connection, shows that the supervision of the representatives of the Board of Trade, is "real and genuine." Furthermore, "if a high standard is insisted on, and an efficient system of supervision is carried out, clearly the number of cases required to be dealt with is likely to be higher than it would otherwise be." Eh? You don't quite see what is being aimed at? Well, that is not your fault! For the matter of that, we cannot see it—and it isn't our fault, either! To our mind, there is a little too much "if," to start with: the "high standard" is mythical in the extreme: the "efficient system of supervision" is a very questionable joke; while the remainder of the sentence is altogether too paradoxical to deserve any serious attention. We should have thought, that the number of cases "required to be dealt with," would include every ship entering a dock? It is questionable policy to examine, say, every second ship? We can quite understand that if the Board of Trade are merely out for averages, then, an examination here and there would be sufficient.

But if it is intended to inaugurate a really efficient life-saving apparatus on every vessel, then, it naturally follows, that every vessel must be examined? We know, and you know, that this is exactly what the Board of Trade doesn't believe in. It acts as if it were convinced that it is altogether sufficient to put the fear of the Lord into one shipowner's heart, for by so doing, a similar fear is inculcated in all their hearts. In other words, if you drop down, promiscuously, on the fleet of steamers; if you pick one here, and there, so to speak; the ones which you do not pitch upon, are bound to be alright, as they never know when their turn will come. From a gambling standpoint, this is very pretty, and is conducive of about as much excitement as it is possible to hope for, in this somewhat indifferent world. But from the point of view of protecting the sailor, who is unable to protect himself, we are sadly of opinion that the tactics do not amount to much. "If a high standard is insisted on," then, the only way to secure it, is by inspecting every vessel. We can scarcely see that it will unduly benefit the drowning crew of the *Sinking Shrimp*, whose life-saving appliances were not inspected, to remember, at the crucial moment, that the crew of the *Saucy Sally* will be alright if they meet with disaster—and for the reason that her appliances were inspected, and found in excellent condition.

You know, personal experience has taught us that a seafaring life, is somewhat peculiar, in this respect. That is, if the mere fact of inspecting *Saucy Sally* made her liable to nautical disaster; while the fact of not-inspecting *Sinking Shrimp* made her immune therefrom; we should allow the matter to pass without comment. As things are, though, it is usually the unexpected which happens, at sea, even as on shore, and thus it comes about, that there is but little sense or reason in the methods which provide for the inspection of a steamer, here and there, so to speak. If faulty life-boat gear were like the turnips which were under process of growth, in the fields belonging to a highly-respected farmer person known to contemporary history, under the name of Hodge, things wouldn't be so bad. In complaining about the inwardness of those turnips, Hodge remarked that he would not care if they came up as "one here, and one there"; but they didn't, unfortunately. Their state was better known as "one here, and none there." As already remarked, if faulty life-boats, and other items of a similar character, were on the same lay, then, an inspection carried out on present lines would be good enough. This is the unfortunate part of the business, and practical experience has taught us that, in connection with life-saving appliances, you will find the faults, "one here, and six there"—if a given fleet of steamers are grouped thusly.

All of which goes to show, that things in the administration of the Life-saving Appliances Act, are anything but what they seem; and that notwithstanding all that may be suggested in this direction (and to the contrary), the figures which have been quoted by Lord Muskerry, and set out by ourselves, 'way back, do show "an alarming state of affairs." If but one crew of one steamer are sent to possible destruction, the affairs which admit of such happenings are alarming, in the extreme. It is forgivable for a Government Department to waste money: but not for it to waste life; and all life that is lost from preventable causes, is a waste. As a matter of fact, there are quite enough unpreventable causes operating toward the undoing of the sailor, without the House of Lords putting a premium, in a manner of speaking, on the perpetuation of preventable causes. Everybody connected with the sea, knows only too well, that Board of Trade inspections are among the most perfunctory on earth, and for the reason that the staff of inspectors is disgracefully inadequate for

the amount of work that has to be done. Lack of funds, too, may be honestly claimed as the reason therefor.

INDEED, it is high time that the surplus which remains from the light dues—if that iniquity is to continue—should be used up for the good of the men who earn the said dues, rather than that every effort should be used, to make the said surplus as large as possible, and to hand it, by way of a Christmas box, over to the Treasury. We are willing to admit, that to use the surplus for the purpose of enforcing the proper supply of life-saving apparatus, would be after the nature of making shipowner supply a whip for his own back; but viewed in the light of past efforts, he doesn't mind this, in the least; and there is always a possibility of goading him into that state, when he will, in desperation, arise in defence of his own. For our part, we are of opinion that anything which will do this, is a desideratum worthy of a struggle. With shipowner attending, intelligently, to his own affairs, amateur legislation would have less opportunity of mussing up the country's greatest industry; the Board of Trade would have to remember the reason for which it was instituted; the sailor would have a better time all 'round; and trade would, once more, follow the flag.

ARGUE the matter out as one may, but the fact remains, that most of the ills attached to the shipping industry, are resultant from the fact that nobody seems to have any very clear idea as to where responsibility begins or ends. Shipowner is sure that he'll do no more than he is obliged to, while other folk get the credit of his work, or sacrifices; the sailor is just as certain that he won't go to sea, as long as he can get a job ashore; the Board of Trade fuss around in the manner usually associated with a wet hen, and is equally certain that as an administrative combination it cannot be dispensed with; the foreigner looks on, with a smug smile spread o'er his frontispiece, what time he reckons up the exact date when he will have "knocked" the British Mercantile Marine, for all ages; and the 'longshoreman asks his pet "daily," in a number of hysterical letters to the editor, as to what it is all about. The editor, instead of pleading with the correspondent for mercy, undertakes to give an explanation of the true inwardness of a subject about which he is as well posted, as he is on the hieroglyphics appearing on the latest Babylonian brick; and so the merry game continues.

IN conclusion, we will remark that the Duke of Marlborough stated, on the historic occasion of which we have told you, that he was able to assure Lord Muskerry that over 500 vessels were visited in the last four months of 1904; that "certain defects in apparatus were discovered, but in no case was it shown that the boats were in any way defective." Quite so, it was merely impossible to hoist them out, in view of the conditions surrounding the manning question, we presume? It is useless to ask for redress in this particular phase of life. It is an accepted axiom that, until you are worth something from a Parliamentary point of view; are worth tootling to, for your vote, that is; it is useless for you to expect anything more than platitudes, when on your way to avoidable execution. Of course, there is one way out of it. Jack might decide that as there is a question of starving, it will be as well if all hands starve together. We certainly should so starve, if the sailor decided on throwing up his job, and offered the suggestion that those who had erstwhile battened on him, should have a shy at the life which they were so positive was a good one. One of these days, this will happen, and then there will be surprise on the board. Personally, we are more surprised that it hasn't already transpired.

DEAR, dear! This is a progressive age, and there is no getting away from the fact! At one moment, we receive news that wireless telegraphy has been invented, and that it is a most wonderful affair; the next, we get an indulgent smile from a lady writer, who assures us, most positively, and from her own knowledge, that there is nothing wonderful in anything; not even in theosophy. We are also informed that the inventions to which the world has been treated, are as nothing to those which will come along, later on; and that the hidden forces of nature contain more surprises for future generations, than have ever been vouchsafed to the present, or past, groups of human nature. We suppose it is alright, and if the gifted writer alluded to, has done no more toward giving us those great affairs to which she so vaguely hints, than are to be found in a few volumes of more or less mawkish writings—well it will be all the same, fifty years hence? And coming to a calm consideration of the astral plane, or the dual existence, we are almost convinced that there is more in the claims of the prophets thereof, than meets the eye. Perhaps not altogether as suggested by the exponents of the old-and-yet-new doctrine; but, still, in a manner which commands the wonder, if not the esteem, of most of us.

"EVERY man his own Mahatma!" See the potentialities in the phrase—or the workings thereof! Consider it as connected with the men who do business in shipping. We are informed that to work the Mahatma dodge, it is merely necessary to exercise a certain amount of will-power—and there you are! Admittedly, some fellows haven't enough will-power to mahatma-ise themselves from yahoos, into respectable members of society. Others again, are so full of the stuff, that in the proverbial brace of shakes, they will turn from thirty-shillings-a-week-clerks, into high falutin'—and other sorts of—shipowners. Eh? Haven't you seen it done? Haven't you wondered at the gall expressed? Of course, you have, and this is where you were wrong. It wasn't gall, it was simply a materialisation of the astral plane existence; a thorough knowledge of the principles (or lack of 'em) underlaying the doctrine of "every man his own Mahatma." Keeping to the ill-paid clerk, and following him along to the topmost pinnacle of shipownerdom, what are the stages? They are many, sirs! But even so, every one of them follows a well-understood, and generally accepted line of resistance.

FIRST of all, there is the essential concentration of will-power, to the effect that in his own opinion, the budding neophyte is a better shipowner, than is the man who has been reared to the business. When this concentration is pronounced enough; when the feeling has commenced to vibrate, so to speak; "circulars," is the next stage of the proceedings. The word "circulars" conjures up a terrible amount of latent possibilities. There is the fairy tale writer; the printer; the Post Master General and his Department; the amiable canvasser of ooftish; the considerer of hire-purchase shipbuilding enterprises; the registration agent: articles of various sorts—but mainly of association; brass plates for the official portals; office fixtures—such as a cyclostyle, a typewriter and things; new hats—and other articles of raiment; gee-gees; motor cars; voyage accounts and more fairy tales; hopes and fears; promises of better luck next time; here, comes in a blank—a long one; then swelled

head, and a fizzle! Every man his own Mahatma, forsooth! We are taking no points on that class of teaching, not us! Haven't we seen the gentle trick worked, here, at Cardiff, until we can tell it from afar? Rather! Moreover, we read the whole thing up, years ago. In our salad days, in point of fact.

But then, we aren't everybody! We admit the soft impeachment. Again, because we noticed all these little items in our salad days, as already remarked, that is no reason to suppose that nobody else has a right to possess salad days. It isn't. A London ha'porth is experiencing them, just now, and is aghast at something which its young lions have but recently tobogganed into. Eh? Well, that London ha'porth has been (and is) concerning itself with "Falsehoods in Business." Where did it meet them? Ask us another. It might have been in Carmelite Street: it might have been in Newfoundland: and it might have been in neither. We are not concerning ourselves unduly, as to where the particular brand of falsehood was met with; and mainly for the reason, that those falsehoods have been too disgustingly common right down the ages, to cause us any wonder, at this late stage. Why, we notice that a solicitor correspondent (how is it these lawyer gentlemen have so much time on their hands? They are for ever attempting to oust the regular journalist, who depends on the business for a livelihood) eases himself as, "Witness advertisements, testimonials, adulterations, false weights and measures, fraudulent competitions, bogus companies, reconstructions, and amalgamations, etc., etc."

See? There is a double-barrelled "etc." tacked on to the liverish stuff which we have quoted, and as a *finale*, this esteemed correspondent (all newspaper correspondents are "esteemed," and this is not the least business falsehood you'll be likely to meet) writes, "The unhappy fact is, however, that truth is most unpopular everywhere, to-day." Gee-willikin! Makes us wonder if that lawyer person has been around one end of St. Mary Street. But even if he hasn't, the word "everywhere" embraces that end of St. Mary Street, and for once we are inclined to side with the "esteemed correspondent." But if the truth is really unpopular everywhere, how may we mark it down as an unhappy fact? What everybody believes in, must be right? And if all hands have gone off on the falsehood tack, then, falsehood can be nothing at all of the awful sort of thing which old-fashioned people tried to make us believe. Can it now? Really, we are inclined to believe there is an awful lot of lying about; and we should not be surprised to hear, that some of it hangs around the person who will wantonly write, that "truth is most unpopular, everywhere to-day." As a matter of fact, we know that the gentle scribe is writing what isn't true, for in the offices of The Maritime Review, truth is the most popular item on draught.

Still, it is a sign of the times, when the legal mind will allow itself to make such sweeping assertions, as that which we have twice quoted—and we are sorry for the times. We know that, in the shipping trade, there is a terrible quantity of business falsehoods about—as well as a number of lies, that are merely told for the purpose of exemplifying the depravity of the teller. That is, they are so abominably thin, that they cannot be marked down as falsehoods: for to get its just appreciation, a falsehood must deceive somebody? Why, bless us, we could give you instances of where the composition man has told shipowner the most fearsome tales of sudden death and the like, to the mollusc of the deep sea; of where the gentleman has sold his stuff, even as he fairy taled; but we are not going to pretend that it was because of the "falsehood." It wasn't! It was more for the reason that he had shares in the steamer; that he had invested solely for the purpose of supplying the compo. that was guaranteed to kill a barnacle at as great as distance as you cared to write, but on which the same barnacle waxed fat, and flourished; and thus the gentleman "worked" a profit at the expense of his fellow shareholders.

In the instance cited, there was nothing of the business falsehood about the dodge; it wasn't even a business lie—and for the simple reason that nobody concerned, believed a word of the whole yarn. A lie to be such, must claim and get belief. If it is merely smiled at, it is just a combination of meaningless words. And as far as we can see, the fellows who are mainly growling, now, are they who have essayed the gentle task of hoodooing their fellowmen and women, but have been hoist with their own petard—as the poet said. 'Tis surprising how prone human nature is, to view the remainder of the cult, in the light of its own experiences. It dons a given-coloured spectacle, and because it views the world in one ghastly monotone; well, it straightway imagines that everybody else is cursed with the same all-one-coloured-ness—if we may write it thus. Great Scott! We know a ship-chandler who would sell salt-dog to a shipmaster, even as he gave a written guarantee that the stuff was "Prime India Mess Beef"; but we are not assinine enough to believe that every ship-chandler is built on similar lines. Again, we know an optician who would give shipowner a bill for a Thompson compass, when a mere fifty shilling touch had been supplied; but then, all opticians aren't built that way, don't forget.

Same thing in coal. We have seen seven-and-sixpenny stuff shipped, and a bill tendered for the eleven-shilling article—the difference, naturally, being looked upon by "shipowner," as a perquisite. On the other hand, we know of coal sellers who would scorn such action; and we also know one or two shipowners who would thump the coal-seller, were he to suggest (even indirectly) such monkey-work. Taking the matter dispassionately, and viewing it in the same way, we are under the impression, that the world is about on a par with what obtained a thousand years ago; and with what will obtain a thousand years hence. As a matter of course, there are more people, so there must be more wickedness; but we formed the opinion, right away back, that the man who talks most about business falsehoods, is he who would tell a downright lie, providing the inducement were placed high enough. Not so high that he couldn't reach it, you understand; but just high enough to make matters simple, and easy. The truthful man is so sure of his ground; believes that his honesty is so apparent; realises that his rectitude is so obvious; that he doesn't think it worth his while to prate about it.

In the long run, too, the public think with him, and his business gains in proportion. The Johnny who, on the other hand, is for ever on the protest, is exactly like the lady of which most of us have read; you know; the one of whom it was written, "Methinks the lady doth protest overmuch?" Still, it is now the "silly season," so presumably our contemporary—in accordance with tradition that is more or less honourable—must eke out his columns as easily, and as cheaply as possible? Truth might ultimately become "unpopular," but there is a lot of it about yet; and lies, to get their fell effect in, must, of necessity.

be worked up in connection with those who are either too lazy, or too well-paid, to look for the truth. If a gabby-shallow enters a store, and commences to search for a lie, it is ten chances to one, but that some son of Adam (or daughter of Eve, an' it suits you better) will oblige. It has been said that one half the world doesn't know how the other half lives; it is equally true that one half of the same entity doesn't know what the other half says? All the same, a little careful attention to detail, will soon unmask the teller of "business falsehoods," to put it in the same mild manner as has been adopted by the London ha'porth.

The subject of pilotage certificates as connected with the alien sailor, is still receiving a little public attention albeit of the intermittent kind, as is usually the case with an important subject. The Secretary of Trinity House has been holding forth on the subject, and we are sure he will forgive us if, in the public interest, we suggest that it would be far better for all concerned, if the gentleman would give the same public the whole of the facts, with their natural corollary. Nearly everybody that has any interest in the matter knows, at this late date, that pilotage certificates are not granted under the Trinity House Charter, but rather by Act of Parliament. It is also fairly well understood, that Trinity House has no power to exclude the master of a ship from obtaining a certificate, providing he is in a position—or condition—to pass the necessary examination. We also know, that if Trinity House, or other pilotage authority, refuses to grant a certificate under the suggested conditions, then, the Board of Trade, with its usual desire to do anything that is inimical to the men who earn its salaries for it, will step in, and hey, presto, another Dutchman has a British pilotage certificate.

Now, if there were any sort of scarcity in the ranks of applicants for British pilotage certificates, one could easily understand the dead set in this connection, which is made by the Board of Trade, when a foreigner comes along. But there is no such scarcity. On the contrary, rather, for there are, literally, hundreds of men who have passed their examinations, but are unable to practice, for the reason that there is no vacancy in the district for which they have qualified. At the same time, they have the doubtful pleasure of seeing a foreigner, who has also passed, bring a foreign ship into a British port, because the puissant Board is of opinion that it is in power solely for the purpose of fostering foreign trade, at the expense of the British sample. As a matter of fact, the Board acted in precisely this manner, at Bristol, a few months ago, and of which we told you, at the time. That is to say, two foreigners "sat": one passed and got his certificate; the other failed, and didn't get it. Of course, it is useless to make representations to the Board; useless, under existing circumstances, that is. But if the seaman once obtained the power of voting for the laws which he has to obey, you would soon see the Board of Bathos make a *volte face*?

Not the least questionable feature in the whole deplorable business of pilotage certificates to foreigners, lays in the fact that "the duty of pilotage authorities is prescribed in the Merchant Shipping Act of 1854 (no more remote a period), which entitles any master of a ship who shall satisfy the Board of his efficiency to a certificate as a pilot on the ship he navigates, or any ship belonging to the same owner." There you are, the laws which were in vogue in '54, are still binding to-day—as long as the foreigner is involved; but if you ask the same sapient rulers to re-institute the "old" Navigation Laws, "thrown up" about that time, they become hysterical, and tell you tales concerning the putting back of the hands of the clock of progress. Furthermore, it must not be forgotten that the '54 toss-around, has come up for consideration in what should be considered modern time; days when the discovery of x-rays and radium; of wireless telegraphy and submarine navigation; of electric-cookers and eighty-mile-an-hour motor cars are commonplaces; so that there is absolutely no excuse for its continuance on the Statute Book. You see, some cavillers at the Act, tried to show that the original framers thereof, meant the word "ship" to convey the idea of a British ship.

But no, it couldn't be that, for some weak-kneed folk, on August 30, 1889—at a time when, in all probability, some foreign Power was engaged upon the game of tail-pulling in connection with one British Lion of which we hear, occasionally; these weak-kneed ones decreed, then, after the manner following: "Whereas doubts have arisen as to the extent of the application of certain provisions of Part 5, of the Merchant Shipping Act, of 1854, and it is expedient to remove those doubts, be it therefore enacted and declared that in the construction of Part 5 of the Merchant Shipping Act of 1854 and the enactments amending the same, the expression 'ship' includes a foreign ship." There you are! And the same brainy affair was re-enacted in 1894. Furthermore, you are at liberty to bet your—boots, we were about to write! but that is slangy, so we give you permission to solemnly asseverate, that if the old thing comes up for consideration in 2094, a re-re-re-re-re-enactment of the same chunk of maiden-lady sweetness will transpire. Yes! Anything that dates from anywhere around "a century back," is good enough for a century hence—as long as it is even distantly connected with freezing-out a British seaman.

Come we now, to a consideration of what the Secretary, already quoted, considers as the "real issue." But which, in reality, is as far therefrom, as is everything else connected with this foolish, and iniquitous enactment. We are about to give you the Trinity House's Secretary's own words, yes. Here, then; "An alien who gains a certificate must have been a competent pilot, thoroughly acquainted with the port he is qualified for, before he ever came into contact with the pilotage authority. He learns the work by observation and independent study, as he would be able to learn it in the event of a certificate being withheld." Yea, lor'! And the foregoing is supposed to be a "reason." Heaven forgive us, good people, when we pay folk who cannot see farther than their noses, and when we put them into positions of great trust, and where much depends on their acumen therefor. The foreign pilot who ultimately secures a certificate, "learns the work by observation and independent study, as he would be able to learn it in the event of a certificate being withheld"! Did you ever read anything more misleading? We never did, anyhow, and we'll endeavour to show you why, now, and right away, after which you will probably agree with us.

Here, goes! The foreign sailor, up to the time of obtaining his pilotage certificate, is merely a theoretical pilot? That is, he knows—we'll suppose—every wrinkle on the board, in an academical manner. Is he then fit to be trusted with the pilotage of, say, one of his own country's men of war, up, for example, Bristol River? Of course,

not, and his own Government would see him hanged, before they would trust any such grave issue to this certificated neophyte. And when it is necessary to navigate a foreign warship up Bristol River without employing a Bristol pilot, then, you can wager to any extent, that the issue is grave — for Bristol? Very well, then. Let us now come to the natural deduction. Your foreign friend has obtained his pilotage certificate, and straightway busies himself in becoming a practical pilot, once more at the Briton's expense. Which is to say, the old crock with which he is trusted, is insured at Lloyd's; if he comes to grief, Britain will be the loser, if he doesn't come to grief, Britain will still be the loser, in that it has gratuitously prepared a foreign pilot, who is ready to do all that is needful, the moment the time is ripe.

YET the Secretary of Trinity House would assure you, that if they didn't give the "squarehead" his certificate, he would still be in a position to learn our pilotages, willy, nilly: and merely by outside "observation and independent study!" Great Scott! Won't somebody explain to this secretarial gentleman, that is only after the issue of the pilotage certificate, that your foreign friends begin to learn the business of a pilot? Exactly as follows in the case of a British Admiral. He is never allowed to try his hand at manœuvring a fleet until his flag is hoisted; hitherto, he is a theoretical admiral—nothing more: in like manner the shipmaster—although in less degree, because he doesn't wobble along in fleets, and has but one ship to attend to; and in his case, he usually has a whole passage through deep water, in which to become used to the feeling of having to give the word of command without blushing. But in each instance, the merry gentlemen are merely theoretical "salts," and as such, may not be expected to do much in the matter of getting their work in. Yet they all learn their business as "practical sailors," exactly as would they if you took care that they never mounted a steamer's bridge.

DOESN'T it make you tired? Are you just a bit disgusted that your intelligence is set down as of such very mediocre value, that you are to be "stuffed" with a yarn which is meant to convince you, that if you didn't give these fellows permission to practice, they would still be good pilots? Good heavens, why, after a man has been actively employed as a pilot for years, the slightest change in the marks to which he has become accustomed, will play havoc with his piloting. Yet he knows every configuration of the bottom over which he sails: can tell you every peculiarity of the set of the tides and currents; knows all the soundings by heart; but if you wish to queer his pitch, you alter things a bit—and you catch him. With the foreign practiced pilot, however, you would not catch him so readily, and for the reason that he would take nothing for granted in war-time; would go slow, and make sure of his position, step by step. Is he going to pick up that knowledge, by "observation and independent study"? Not by a long way, is he, and if Trinity House doesn't know thus much of the business with which it is entrusted, then, it is in worse case than we thought.

IF it does know better, what right has its secretary to go out of his way to pull the wool over the eyes of a daily paper man who, in turn, will pull the wool over the eyes of the people who buy their heaven-sent wisdom? It is beside the question to say, that "Trinity House knows the candidates for certificates only as men professing to be expert pilots already, and desiring acknowledgment of their proficiency." Such a statement is all buncombe, and Trinity House ought to know it. Does Trinity House take the foreigner to sea, and make him demonstrate his ability to bring a ship in? No, sirs! That foreigner is merely asked stated questions, which he may learn parrot-fashion, and answer in the same manner. If he satisfies the examination person, he gets his certificate, and then, for a voyage or so, he is still enabled to employ local talent, until he feels "fit." If, after that, he comes to grief, well, Lloyd's will pay up, and ultimately, the pilot is that, in deed and truth—as you are all likely to know, at a date which is nearer, perhaps, than any of us imagine. The Secretary of Trinity House might be "at pains to make clear," that there are no alien pilots save masters and mates; that is not the question.

OF course it is scandalously wrong to allow the foreigner any advantage over the Briton, and you may be sure that if you initiate every foreign sailor on earth, into the mysteries of British coastal navigation, the foreigner will not reciprocate, by showing one Briton a quiff concerning foreign waters. But the question is a national one. Has no local significance—or none worthy of our attention. If a foreigner is allowed to practice for long enough, he will soon become perfect; and when he has become perfect, where does the inviolability of Britain's shores come in? As a matter of fact, while foreign nations are going mad over "British invasion schemes," Britain is doing its level best to make those schemes as easy as possible. We have harped on this string for ages; others have done the same, to a greater or lesser extent; but all the good which is likely to result, is an academical discussion as to whether the alien pilot is a real blessing, or merely a negative one—to his own country. If Britain did as she ought to do, she would see to it that every certificate that has been granted to a foreigner, should, as a matter of public expediency, be withdrawn at once. There would still be theoretical pilots; but their value, in war-time, doesn't amount to much.

WE passed some remarks concerning the Aliens Bill, in our last week's issue, and now we see no just reason why we should refrain from pointing a further moral in the same direction. For instance, on Monday night, the House went into Committee on this same Bill, and among other things, dealt with the advisability of making the would-be immigrant prove, that he is an undesirable, "if he cannot show that he has in his possession, or is in a position to obtain the means of decently supporting himself and his dependents (if any)." Lord H. Cecil, Member for Greenwich, moved an amendment to insert words that the intending immigrant should show that he could do the "decently supporting" act, "without recourse to the Poor Law." To our mind, the noble lord hit it, first time, when he stated that "it might be argued that a man was in a position to obtain the means of decently supporting himself if he got Poor Law relief. The words, moreover, would show to the immigration board that the sub-section was directed against pauper immigrants, and not cheap immigrants." On the face of it, we should imagine that Lord Cecil's words were worthy of attention, and in view of other ambiguities of which we could write, carried a quantity of weight.

THEY would, too, in most instances. But to Sir R. Finlay (the Attorney-General) Lord Cecil's suggestion was superfluous. Not only superfluous, but it was contended that the clause as it stands, was anything but ambiguous; and "still less that anyone would read it in the sense indicated by the noble lord." We are by no means sure of that! We have just been telling you about another

weighty law—the one which dealt with alien pilots—and we are nearly sure that the original framers thereof, never meant the word "ship" to imply a "foreign ship." They looked too well after the interest of their own countrymen, in those days! But latter-day Solons have decided that the word "ship" did mean "foreign ship;" so what guarantee have we, that still later-day Solons will not decide that a poor foreigner will be "decently supporting" himself and his dependents (if any), providing he is robbing your son, or ours, of a chunk of the Poor Law Relief which we don't mind "putting up," for the benefit of our unfortunate countrymen? And here, look at this! Read it, that is: "It was very undesirable to say that no immigrant should be excluded so long as he did not actually come on the Poor Law." Yes!

NATURALLY the Attorney-General had a reason for denying Lord Cecil, in this manner. The immigrant "might have the opportunity of making just enough to live upon under very insanitary conditions." Quite so, but his surroundings wouldn't be altogether salubrious if he were "decently supporting" himself—outside of the Workhouse—on what he could conjure up from the Poor Law Relief, would it? Then, Sir C. Dilke suggested that the very fact that the clause was receiving opposite interpretation by those who supported it, showed how vague it was. We should smile! But then, it is the mission for all Bills to be vague. To dispose of that vagueness, it is essential to have committees, Royal Commissions, and what not, in which case a goodly number of legal gentlemen are employed; and for our part, we should never expect an Attorney-General to so far forget his less-fortunate brethren, that he would be disposed to shove a Bill through Parliament, without showing everybody that it was possible to run a motor-car through it—we are up-to-date people, you'll observe? However, after a quantity of argument, for and against, the amendment was—for form's sake—put to a division. The Government won, and future historians will now be able to quote this, even as we quoted the "ship" case in the alien pilot business. Rule Britannia!

AFTER making every allowance for the excited tales which have come to hand, concerning the racing between the Bristol Channel passenger steamers, it would appear that this pernicious "pastime" is being indulged in, to a greater or lesser degree. All's well that end's well, but that is no reason why a number of shore folk—who make the paying possibilities of the various boats possible, and who, after all, patronise these same boats on "pleasure" bent—should be terrorised into fainting fits, and blue funk, generally, for the very questionable honour of being first at a given place? Far be it from us to cry "Wolf," in this matter, but personal observation has convinced us, that there is much to be desired in the struggles for a fictitious supremacy in this connection. There is absolutely no need for any racing proclivities to manifest themselves, in either of the rival fleets, and if such tactics are persevered with, the only possible result will be that intending passengers will desert, this very enjoyable means of "putting in" a summer afternoon or evening. Personally, we much doubt whether the evil is quite as bad as has been represented in some quarters; but the steamer companies will be studying their best interests, in seeing that, in future, no semblance of complaint can be hurled against them, by either interested, or disinterested, persons.

WHEN all is said, the 'live business concern deesn't attempt to gain an advertisement at the expense of its clients; at least, not openly. There are properly constituted advertising media, and when the time for a boat's departure has arrived, the words then should be, "with care," and always "with care." Fallibility is the portion of everything human; it is more than ordinarily so in connection with shipping; and if, in the future, any accident should unfortunately occur, the steamer folk may rest assured, that every little departure from strict propriety will be hurled against them—probably with disastrous effect. Everybody admits that it is in human nature to cherish a desire to "beat the other fellow," especially if the power so to do, is at hand; but the business heads could easily arrange for this little weakness, by seeing to it that, under no circumstances, could the boats ever be in a position to show which had the "prettiest turn of speed." A time table, here, is just as essential as elsewhere that large numbers of passengers are handled: furthermore, the said time table should be sized up, so that the boats may never run side by side, as they undoubtedly did, on Saturday, last.

THE skippers involved, too, should remember the jape concerning the applicant for the job of coachman to a Lord Mayor. Said No. 1, "I could drive so close, that I could keep my wheel two inches clear of the other fellow's." No. 2, went one better, by insinuating that he could go so close to another vehicle, that he would touch the paint on its wheel, without scratching it. No. 3, however, remarked that he would keep as far off the other fellow's wheel, as the width of the road allowed. No. 3 got the job. *Verb. sat sap.* Mind you, there is a certain amount of satisfaction to be gleaned, from the fact that certain of the complainants have assured a few of us that in the midst of the struggle for supremacy, the flames were shooting out of the funnel. That merely showed that the coal and the draught—were good? Beside, the natural place for all this flame (and smoke) is the funnel; but after making every allowance for the excitement which is natural to the non-nautical mind, there was certainly a little too much of the "setting to partners" idea around in the Channel, on Saturday. Wise managements would take care that it doesn't happen again?

IT'S awful, when you come to think of it! Here is the country's trade going up by leaps and bounds, and yet every second man you meet is asking for free tips on the delightful subject of dodging the Official Receiver! The Board of Trade returns show that, in six months of the present year, the increase has romped into a little better than 11½ millions of pounds, sterling, and yet the growler is with us! It isn't of much use to tell the Cardiffian anything about that increase; at least, not the Cardiffian, generally. We heard one rude man remark yesterday—when told about the continued increase in Britain's trade: "I'm somewhat of a liar, myself," and (it's rude, we know) we believe him! However, the fact of our belief in this connection, makes no difference to the man, does it: neither does it make any difference to the fact that British trade is on the boom—no matter what the local man may say to the contrary?

A BRAVE act on the part of a merchant officer has lately been performed by Mr. A. G. Large, Chief Officer of the s/s *Nicaraguan*. According to statements furnished to the Merchant Service Guild by Captain James of that steamer, it appears that the vessel mentioned grounded on a bank at the mouth of the Palma River on the coast of Mexico. The main injection pipe got choked up with sand, and there

being every indication of a coming Norther, it was deemed advisable to communicate with Vera Cruz and ask for assistance. Owing, however, to the very heavy surf breaking on the beach, it was considered impossible to land or communicate with the shore. Mr. Large thereupon volunteered to swim through the surf. A boat was manned and pulled in as near as was deemed safe, and, divesting himself of his clothing, Mr. Large plunged into the surf and was soon lost in the waste of surging water. After battling with over half a mile of heavy breakers, with the probability of being devoured by sharks, Mr. Large reached the shore, delivered a message, and commenced to return through the surf, notwithstanding the protestations of the inhabitants.

After being repeatedly knocked down and bruised, he ultimately reached deeper water, and with great pluck and determination reached the boat, and returning to the ship was received with great cheers by passengers and crew. The passengers on board handed to Mr. Large a testimonial as to their high admiration of his unremitting zeal, activity and courage, in the discharge of his duties in what might have proved a critical situation. The Merchant Service Guild have laid the full facts of his gallantry before the Royal Humane Society and Lloyd's. They have now received from the Royal Humane Society a Silver Medal for presentation to Mr. Large, and Lloyd's have addressed a communication to the Guild stating that they have much pleasure in bestowing upon this officer Lloyd's Silver Medal for meritorious services in recognition of the bravery displayed by him.

In response to the representations of the Merchant Service Guild, the Secretary of that body has received from the Committee of the Royal Humane Society a certificate on vellum, signed by The Prince of Wales, in recognition of the act of bravery performed at Barry, by Mr. A. H. Clews, Third Officer of the Canadian Pacific Liner *Monteagle*. It appears that while this steamer was lying alongside the quay, at Barry, a fireman coming on board, fell between the quay wall and the steamer. The ship's ropes were let out to give him more room between the ship and the wall. Mr. Clews thereupon jumped into the water and though there was very great risk of being crushed between the steamer and the quay wall, the rescue was successfully performed, and it is satisfactory to learn has been duly recognised.

We note that the current issue of *Syren and Shipping*, contains the first of a series of articles on "The Welsh Coal Fields," from the able pen of Sir Charles M'Laren, Bart., M.P. The first instalment of the series, covers the coal trade of Great Britain, generally, and makes particular reference to the position of South Wales. We understand that Part 2, will deal with the special features of the South Wales Coal Fields, and that subsequent articles will touch on other details relating to the coal-winning operations of the district. The series should form a valuable addition to the literature already devoted to the subject.

Messrs. C. G. Wickberg & Sons, Sunderland, are the purchasers of the steamer *Circassia*, recently reported sold. She has been renamed *Duo*.

The iron steamer *Springfield*, built at Hull, in 1893, for the Hellyer's Steam Fishing Company, Ltd., Hull, has been sold to a French firm.

MARITIME MARK MAKERS.

W. North Lewis, Esq., (Commercial Manager, Geo. Insole & Son).

We do not wish to pretend that we are the originators of the saying that "Home staying youth hath ever homely wit." We are not! But we are perfectly sure that the youth who is not of the home-staying persuasion; who, on the contrary, is enabled to visit the countries of the world; well, he is generally the youth who gives a good account of himself—and of the business with which he may be entrusted. We are constrained to the foregoing, by a consideration of the career of our this week's Maritime Mark Maker, Mr. W. North Lewis, the commercial manager of one of Cardiff's most important colliery concerns—that of Messrs. Geo. Insole and Son. A Cardiffian, born and bred, our friend has by no means confined himself, or his education, to the gleanings which are possible on his native heath, alone: for, at one time or another, we find him having a turn at most of the capitals of Europe, to say nothing of a number of cities which are not capitals; while on more than one occasion, we find him pursuing the finishing touches of that education, in the direction where, we are told, the Star of Empire travels—to the West! While on this portion of our writing, we might remark that one of those trips to the westward, was undertaken in company with a number of gentlemen who were sent to Canada, by the Cardiff Chamber of Commerce, of which body of progressives, Mr. Lewis has been long a member. For the impressions which were gathered on this occasion, we have no space. That is, other than to remark, that the erstwhile delegate is fully alive to the commercial possibilities of the Dominion, and is as keen as most of us to help foster the trade which, sooner or later, must come to Cardiff, from that quarter of the globe. In view of the terrible tales which have been spread around for the delectation of those of us who have time to consider them; those tales which have as their burden, the awful words "too old at forty;" our Mark Maker is fortunate. It is said that a woman is as old as she looks, and a man is as old as he feels. Very well, then! A casual glance at the excellent photograph which we reproduce on our front page—a photograph which, by the way, is a memento of the Canadian trip referred to, and which is also an extremely good representation of the man, himself—should convince everybody that the subject thereof couldn't possibly feel anywhere near forty? Nearer than this, we are not inclined to go! Not that it matters, greatly, for his personality is as well-known among those who do business in coal, that nine out of ten men will give you the correct figures—at the first try! However, we find that the business career of our Mark Maker is another exemplification of what is possible with hard work. Some twenty years ago, this young Cardiffian entered the office where he is now the commercial manager, as "the boy who copied the letters." His father—Mr. W. H. Lewis, J.P.—was then the head of affairs, and we have it on good authority, that the youngster was in no manner "eased," because he was working with his father. On the contrary, rather, and which fact probably accounts for much of the success which has been his. For to successfully undertake the sole sale of some million tons of coal per annum (the Insole output), is to undertake a big thing. Mr. W. North Lewis is a Benedict—and has been, for years—for he married the daughter of Mr. T. H. Ensor, one of Cardiff's best-known solicitors. If we may be permitted to mention the private life of our friend, we will remark that his one hobby is the cultivation of flowers—he is a Fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society—and a peep at the gardens surrounding his residence, "The Orchard," Lisvane, would convince you that here, as in other, and more purely business matters, thoroughness is the key note of the undertaking. Mr. Lewis is a director of several important local companies, and is also secretary of both Insoles and the Windsor Coal companies, already alluded to.

The Maritime Review
An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

FRIDAY, JULY 14, 1905.

MORE STRAIGHT TALK ON SEA TOPICS.

THESE be stirring times, and history is made with lightning-like rapidity. Jealousies are around on every hand; one nation is vieing with another; the papers of one country are amiably disposing of the problematical enemies of the other: to-day, we read that peace and goodwill is all that is sought by anybody; and to-morrow, this, that, or the other "incident" leads the whole Continent of Europe dangerously near to devastating war. In the midst of it all, we are gravely assured that the whole trouble is the result of the ambitions of one man—but each day gives a different name to that man! Alliances are discussed; *ententes* are thrown around; and look where you will, evidences of the neurotic state into which the world has been thrown, abound. At the moment of writing, the British Fleet is giving an object lesson to the Effulgent One who is chafing against restraint, elsewhere; by and bye, the French Fleet will return the compliment. Taken altogether, the scene suggests a barn-yard, where one old rooster, having become somewhat stale, is busily engaged in strutting around before some young cockerels, and solely for the purpose of showing off what is left, of the muscle which made him the old-time terror of the hen-run. Surprises follow on surprises, and not the least among them is the fact, that somehow or other, the British seaman is anything but the dissolute, drunken blackguard, which popular fancy—eked out with interested detractors and their tales—has painted him. We know that if you give a lie a start of a few minutes, it will wing its way around the world, just that exact amount ahead of the truth which is started away behind it. The plain fact of the matter is, that the countries of Europe have been blessed—or cursed, whichever way you care to look at it—with too much civilisation. The stuff has been jammed down our throats, far quicker than we have, most of us, been able to digest it. The natural outcome is, that indigestion has resulted, and the "nerves," to which we alluded. What is likely to be the end of it? A burst-up, as sure as fate? Who is to come safely out of that burst-up? Well, if you are a German—Germany will; if a Frenchman—France; if a Briton—the British Empire. This is another evidence of nerves—an inability to face facts, when they happen to be unpalatable. Obviously, if the threatened burst-up eventuates, somebody must be hurted; the nations of Europe may not all expect to come safely through? This being so, what are the probabilities? Well, that land which is best prepared for affairs of the kind suggested, will stand the best chance, won't it? Of course! There is no sense in asking any such questions! But which land is best prepared for the inevitable struggle? Once more, if you are a German—Germany is; if a Frenchman—France is; if a Briton—the British Empire is. In all probability, neither of them is prepared; all of them have left undone the things which they ought to have done; and in any eventuality, the ones who make the trouble, will be exactly the ones who stay at home, and write platitudes to the men who are doing the dying. 'Twas ever thus, and this is one of the features of human life, over which civilisation has no control. But if neither of the countries alluded to, have done everything that should have been done, there is still a matter of degree in the things which have been neglected? Seeing that we give first place to nobody in our love of country, we shall concern ourselves most with that which affects our country's ultimate salvation. What is it that affects Britain in the manner indicated? Her sailors, of course. Time was, that this country could safely indulge in the old lilt which declared that "We have the ships, we have the men, we have the money, too." But that time has gone, alas! To-day, we merely have the ships and the money, while our bitterest foes are gradually getting the men. Have you considered what usually happens to the country which has the men? Well, history teaches us that those sorts of country, usually end up by having the ships and the money, as well as the men. Yet Britain has every opportunity to gather the requisite number of men, for they are, at present, starving on her beaches. Whose fault is it? Nobody's, in particular. Everybody has had a cut at the job, and we all know that everybody's business, is merely another method of writing nobody's business. It is fashionable to blame the British shipowner for the scarcity of British seamen: but as usual, the fashion is merely true in part. Shipowners are exactly the same as other classes of employers; they rank among their numbers, good, bad and indifferent. The bad and indifferent, could easily be turned into "good," if the powers that be, thought it worth their while to make the effort. But those powers are just about as "stale," as is the remainder of the modern combination. What can be said in favour of a Government that will spend £40,000,000 per annum on a chimera? Nothing much, can it? Yet the British Navy as at present constructed, is merely a chimera. You would hardly dub a man well-clothed, if you knew he had but the suit he stood up in? You would probably style him a "dude," and would also suggest that if he had spent the same amount of money which the swagger suit cost, in two serviceable suits, he would be more sensible—and when the rain fell, would be likely to be more comfortable? Exactly! Yet the British nation has but one suit of fighting clothes, if we may write it thus. Over at Brest, it looks a terrible fit-out; but if you will try to imagine its appearance just as it emerged from a naval fight; could see funnels that were turned into seeming colanders; barbettes that were chipped and splintered; big guns that were dismounted and useless; sides all riven with the enemy's shot and shell; decks covered with dead or dying; and at the same time if you realised that there were no other ships to replace these battered hulks, and no men with which to man them, supposing you could find the ships; well, you would feel somewhat tired, wouldn't you? Not only tired, for you would begin to look around for a snug hiding place for your remaining odd ha'pence, and before the country which had seen to it that its men were in readiness ere risking a fight, came over to take charge of Britain? A little calm consideration should convince you, that we have by no means overdrawn the picture; and mainly for the reason that the picture may not easily be overdrawn. Moreover, you should remember that when the "invasion" is an accomplished fact, you need expect but scant pity. The nation which is longing to get at your vitals, doesn't know the meaning of the word, and if ever it gets the opportunity of scattering its brutal horde around on your heath, you will realise, only too well, that "civilisation" is merely a word; that it has no real meaning—when you are weaker than the other fellow; that the atrocities which are handed down in history, by no means belong to a given epoch, for they belong to all time. Don't be misled in the matter. As you have been strong, in the past, you have been inclined to be merciful; it doesn't necessarily follow that your probable enemy will be of the same calibre. He will not be. And mainly for the reason that he isn't built that way, while moreover, his whole training has been against it. You might ask how you are going to guard against the fearsomeness which we have suggested? It isn't a difficult matter—that is, providing you are willing to get away from the

"staleness" which is killing you. Collectively, you put up all the money which keeps this, as yet, mighty Empire, in a state of apparent stability. Why not interest yourselves, a little more, in the matter of how that money is spent? None of us begrudge the capital—or our own share thereof—which is needed to keep Britain afloat; but every one of us has a right—nay, it is our bounden duty—to take an interest in how the money is used. Faith in your representatives is a grand trait: but it isn't business; and Empire-running is a pretty big business, these days. In plain language, see to it that your representatives are not allowed to put all your money on one suit of clothes, so to speak; nor on keeping that suit laid away in mataphorical lavender. As sailormen, we admit that it is a pleasing sight to see a fleet of ships looking "pretty." It would be ever so much more pleasing to know that they were, in reality, what they looked: that they had gunners who could shoot: officers who could handle the vessels; and a reserve, at the back, that could be calculated to make good all the losses which will surely materialise, once the fight begins. As things are to-day, you have no such reserve, and you are satisfied to sit down, and believe the old yarns which tell you of the lovely changes which have been made: of how your reserve ships are kept in hand, manned with nucleus crews, and which could all be ready for the fray in a few hours. Fudge Sirs! The next fight's fate, will be decided in less than those few hours. You don't want nucleus crews: you need full complements. Neither do you particularly hanker after theoretical fighters, and navigators: you want them to be in a continued state of practical training. But this will cost money, you say. Of course, it will; but it needn't cost more than is spent on the job already. Men of war are constructed of "the best." This is all very well, but is anybody going to pretend that it is necessary to fit them out in a manner superior to a high-class yacht? Of course not. Strong, they must be; but their cost could easily be kept down to, at least, a half of what is charged now. Is there any sense in spending hundreds of thousands of superfluous pounds, on a ship that might be sunk at the first shot. We venture to say that a warship's present cost is out of all reason for the work which is asked of it. Why not save in the cost of material, and use up the savings on *personnel*? Let us have less magnificent "finish" on the machinery, and more coals for practice. Do with less brass-work and "trimmings" in the gun-mountings, and use the money thus saved in supplying ammunition for constant practice. Is it to be seriously supposed, that a warship is bound to have the "glitter" and "glare" that is lavished on her, and which makes her total cost somewhere about 40 per cent. more than it need be? No, sirs, it is not! And in the matter of *personnel*, is there any just reason why the Mercantile Marine should not be taken in hand by the Government: should be run as a Government side-show, if you like to put it that way? Don't be fooled with yarns—which aim at assuring you, that in this manner you will be helping the shipowner at the expense of the nation. The shipowner doesn't want your help: he merely asks to be allowed to run his business his own way: and nine-tenths of him would be glad to know that his government had created a decent supply of seamen for his uses; a supply for which he would pay, even as he does now. Why should the whole of that £40,000,000 per annum be spent on one leg of the national unmentionables, if we may write it thus? A man is hardly to be considered presentable, when he is decked-out in one trouser-leg and a broken boot-lace? Yet this is what is happening to the national man, and nobody seems to care a toss about it. Time and again, we have called your attention to the dangerous state of affairs; and just as often you have read our remarks; have commented thereon: and have then dismissed them with the suggestion that it is none of your business. Forgive us, but the business is yours, and yours only. If you wish to be able to sleep in peace; if you want to feel that your efforts may be safely handed along to your children's keeping, later on; if you would rather know that Britain was for the Briton—then, you must quickly take this matter in your own hands. Don't be imposed upon by tom-fool yarns which are worked up by folk who have never been outside their own shores, for it is this sample of the blind leading the blind, which has brought your country into such parlous state. Don't be satisfied with throwing mud at the Russian, for his case might easily be yours to-morrow. The Russian had the ships—plenty of them; you have seen that he had the money—heaps of it; but, alas for his chances of success, he hadn't the men. The plucky Japanese ally hadn't many ships; was not overburdened with money; but—and don't forget it—he had the men. Soon, the Jap will have the ships, the men, and the money. Of course, the Jap had things in his favour; he hadn't been "civilised" out of existence, or into "staleness." He believed in putting his best men into the best places, and the results have justified him, in every particular. Furthermore, Britain was the nation which taught the Jap his business; indeed, this is mainly the trouble, at home. This country is so busy in teaching others, that she allows her chances to pass her. Did you ever hear of a schoolmaster dying a millionaire? No, but you know of numbers of his pupils who have. Is it irony? No, it's just human nature; the stuff which ought to prompt you to hurry up and get a Mercantile Marine manned with British subjects; men who may be depended on, when the time of stress materialises.

RESPONSIBILITY OF OFFICERS.

IN connection with this subject, the secretary of the Scottish Shipmasters' and Officers' Association has received a communication from the Board of Trade, calling attention to the views expressed by the Court of Inquiry, held at Liverpool, and which dealt with the circumstances attending the stranding and loss of the steamer *Drumelzier*, on Fire Island Bar, Long Island, U.S.A. Those views were to the effect that an officer, in taking charge of the deck, should consult the chart for himself; should learn, at least, a portion of the hidden subtleties surrounding the course of the vessel; and that the pernicious state known as "one man navigating," should be buried for ever. The same thing has been mooted a score of times, but with the mere expression of opinion, has been allowed to die a natural death. In this instance, however, it was suggested that, in future, the officer should be held equally responsible with the master, for the safety of the vessel during the former's watch on deck, and, during the absence of the master—to the extent, that is, of notifying the latter of any danger which has materialised, since he left the charge of the vessel to his subordinate. As the Board of Trade are obviously inclined to give effect to the views referred to, the Association suggests that officers should recollect, that their first duty is to verify the position of their vessels, and to make sure—for their own sakes—that the course steered, is a safe and proper one. Failing this precaution, and in the event of casualty, the officer might find himself open to punishment for his neglect. We note, also, that it is added that masters should encourage their officers in this direction, more especially when engaged in coastal navigation. At any rate, no impediment should be placed in the way of an officer's free access to the particular chart in use, before he takes charge of the deck. In the event of a casualty necessitating the master's appearance at a Board of Trade inqury, it would be a serious matter for him, if it could be shown that a lack of the facilities referred to, was a contributory cause to the casualty. Of course, the Board of Trade does not aim at a devolution of the master's responsibility, being more intent on an endeavour to, in future, "put the saddle on the right horse." We shall return to this subject in an early issue, as there are quite a number of points which, to our mind, are worthy of ventilation here.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *July 12, 1905.*

ALTHOUGH the coal market, since our last, has undergone no startling change, prices are certainly steadier than they have been for some time past. It cannot, however, be said that there is any great improvement in business; indeed, the old trail of unprofitable dealings is still over the land, and the apparent steadiness is more on account of stoppages which have taken place in various parts of the coalfield. Owing to the most regrettable accident at Wattstown, practically all the collieries in the Rhondda Valley are, to-day, idle, and we take this opportunity of expressing our sympathy with those who have been thus hardly dealt with, in their struggle for existence. Without venturing to argue out the morality of the conditions, it is yet a fact that the stoppages are helping to harden prices—even though no new influx of business results.

BEST CARDIFF ADMIRALTYS show but little alteration, and taking them at an average, they are just steady at 12s. 9d. for the usual sorts, the colliery man being fairly comfortable in the matter of stems. All the same, the demand is anything but excessive; on the contrary, rather, for it is of a limited kind. So much so, that the quotation in anything but a certain basis of business, and there are quite a few under this particular denomination, which may safely be taken up at 12s. 6d. Therefore, the more accurate idea of value, is expressed at anything between 12s. 6d. and 12s. 9d.

SECONDS, for early shipment, are obtainable at 12s., which figures represent the current value of the grade. There is no particular amount of firmness, here, which is not to be wondered at, seeing there is no new business, and not a very great deal of enquiry. Colliery stems, too, are easy, and although prices appear to be maintained for reasons already stated, it is highly probable that lack of inducement has had much to do with the matter. Prompt business would soon show a different rendering of accounts!

ORDINARIES, as a class, are much as shown in our last account of the merry whirl. Here and there, you find a little more hardness, or t'other sort, even as you will; but in the main, they are even as at our last time of writing. Quotably, they range from 11s. 6d. upward. But what's in a quotation—these days? One or two of the well-stemmed variety are shipping the proverbial stiff lip; the remainder lack stems—which nobody seems to require.

DRYS are even as of old—round about 11s. 6d.; but the restriction of supplies is doing a little for DRYS. Not much, perhaps; and DRYS do not expect much, now-a-days! Not even in the way of demand!

MONMOUTHSHIRE COALS are a somewhat firmer market, for the enquiry continues good, and there have been a fair number of actual transactions. The continued stoppages in this section, too, have helped the seller a little, and BLACK VEINS are offered at 11s. 9d., with, it is rumoured, sales at those precise figures. All the same, 11s. 6d. more nearly expresses their value—all other tales to the contrary, notwithstanding. ORDINARIES have stiffened a bit, in sympathy for their betters, but SECONDS are even as at our last.

RHONDDA No 3's are somewhat quiet at about 13s. 9d., with No. 2's at 9s. 6d. SMALLS remain firm, with recent values easily maintained. The demand is good, while supplies are somewhat scarce—especially for prompt shipment. PITWOOD and PATENT FUEL values are unaltered.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	12s. od.	12s. 6 l., 12s. 9d.	12s. 9 l.	12s. 7½d.	12s. 9 l.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	12s. o l.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d., 12s. od.	11s. 10½d.	12s. od.	12s. od.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d., 12s. od.
Drys ,, ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.
Best Newport ,, ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6 l., 11s. 9 l.	11s. 9d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	11s. od.	11s. o l.	11s. od., 11s. 3d.	11s. 3 l.	11s. 3d.	11s. od., 11s. 3d.
Seconds ,, ...	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 6d., 15s. od.	14s. od.	14s. 6d., 14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	13s. 6d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 6d., 13s. 9d.	13s. 7½d.	13s. 7½d.	13s. 6d., 13s. 9d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	9s. 9 l.	9s. 9d.	9s. 7½d	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d., 9s. 9d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.
,, 2 ,, ...	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	8s. od.	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d., 8s. 6d.	8s. 4½d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.
Seconds ...	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.	8s. od.	8s. od.	8s. od., 8s. 3d.	8s. od., 8s. 3d.
Ordinaries ...	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 7½d.	7s. 7½d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d., 8s. od.
Best Newport ...	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d., 7s. 9d.	7s. 7½d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.
Seconds ...	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. od., 7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 6d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.
,, No. 3 ...	9s. 9d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.	9s. 6d., 10s. od.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.
Foundry Coke:						
Special ...	21s. od., 22s. od.	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.	21s. od., 21s. 6d.	21s. o l.	21s. od., 21s. 6d.
Ordinary ...	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.	17s. 7½d.	17s. 6d., 17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.
Furnace Coke ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od.	16s. o l., 16s. 3d.
Patent Fuel ...	12s. 6d., 13s. od.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d., 12s. 9d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	19s. od.	19s. od.	19s. 9d., 19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. o l., 19s. 6d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *July 12, 1905.*

HEREAWAY, the market has undergone no appreciable change, for while prices remain even as they were, it is not altogether for the reason that there is any wildness in the demand.

ANTHRACITE LARGE is in better demand for early shipment, and as stems are somewhat better, the present figures are fairly-well maintained. This, however, is all that can be said for them, insufficient having been done to warrant any marked improvement.

MACHINE MADE COALS are, nominally, unchanged. They are, however, an easy department, with but a fair business passing in a desultory manner. NUTS continue steady, and DUFF is maintained at about 3s. 6d. Collieries are fairly well stemmed, and CULM quotations remain at from 5s. 3d. to 5s. 9d.

STEAMS are receiving a little more attention, but actual business is still slow. As a matter of course, prices therein are weak, and there are no indications of a better state eventuating, just at the moment. PATENT FUELS are commanding recent figures, and are steady thereat.

BELOW, we give the average prices for the week:—

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od.	17s. 9d., 18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 3d.
Seconds do. ...	16s. od., 17s. od.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od., 16s. 3d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.
Big Vein Large ...	10s. 9d., 11s. od.	11s. od	10s. 10½d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d	11s. o l.
Red ,, ,, ...	9s. 9 l.	9s. 9 l.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 7½d	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.	9s 6d., 10s. od.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	16s. od.	16s. od.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6 l., 16s. od.	15s. 6d., 16s. 6d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	16s. 6d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od., 16s. 3d.	16s. od.	15s. 9d., 16s. o l.
,, ,, Peas ...	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d., 10s. 9d.	10s. 7½d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d., 11s. od.
Rubbly Culm ...	5s. 6d., 5s. 9d.	5s. 9d.	5s. 9d.	5s. 6d., 6s. od.	5s. 9d.	5s. 3d., 5s. 9d.
Duff ...	3s. 6d.	3s. 6d.	3s. 6d., 3s. 9d.	3s. 7½d.	3s. 9d.	3s. 3d., 3s. 9 l.
Patent Fuel:—	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d., 11s. od.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 7½d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 7½d.
Seconds ,, ...	12s. od.	12s. 3d.	12s. od., 11s. 3d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 3d.	12s. od.	12s. od.
Bunker ,, ...	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 6d.	10s. od., 10s. 6d
Thro' and Thro' ...	8s. 7½d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d., 8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d., 9s. od.	8s. 9d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

THE representative fixtures of the various markets are as follow :—

Week Ending, (Wednesday), July 12, 1905

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Colombo, *Feronia,* 8s. 6d.
" (via Cape), *Knight of the Thistle,* 8s. 4½d.
Cape, *Fernley,* 5,000 tons, 11s. 6d.
Saukim, Steamer, 3,800 tons, 9s. 1½d.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, Steamer, 3,800 tons, 7s. 10½d.
Steamer, 3,500 tons, 7s. 9d.
Ramdies, 2,400 tons, 7s. 9d.
Burdoswald, 4,100 tons, 7s. 9d.
Marie Elsie, 7s. 9d.
Ester, 3,200 3,500 tons, 7s. 9d.
Steamer, 7s. 9d.
Steamer, 3,500 tons, 7s. 9d. ppt (N).
Krioneri, *Beby,* 2,600 tons, 7s. 9d. coal, 8s. 6d. fuel.
Vera Cruz, *Roselea,* 7s. 4½d.
Pernambuco, *Ackworth,* 2,700 tons, 10s.
Rio de Janeiro, *Potomac,* 9s.
Dartmouth, 5,000 tons, 9s. 3d.
Rosslyn, 5,000 tons, 9s. 3d.
Buenos Ayres La Plata, *Ormazan,* 4,000 tons, 7s. 9d.
Bahia Blanca, *Drumcliffe,* 8s. 6d.
Drumgarth, 8s. 6d.
Buenos Ayres Boca La Plata, Steamer, 4,500 tons, 7s. 3d. 250, 1s. (N).
Santos, Steamer, 4,400 tons, 11s. 9d.
Madeira Las Palmas, *Lobelia,* 3,400 tons, 6s. 3d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Wagner* 4,850 tons, 5s. 4½d.
Genoa, Steamer, 4,000 tons, 6s.
Rockcliffe, 4,300 tons, 6s.
Roda, 3,700 tons, 6s. 3d.
Steamer, 4,400 tons, 6s. 1½d.
Oporto, *Watts,* 1,700 tons, 5s. 3d.
Arosa Bay, *Greenhill,* 2,800 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Calgarth, 2,300 tons, 3s. 9d. "
Elmcliffe, 2,450 tons, 3s. 9d. "
Venice, *Manchester,* 2,500 tons, 8s. 400
William Broadley, 4,200 tons, 7s. 400
Nagy Lajos, 3,100 tons, 7s. 6d. option **Ancona.** (s).
Oldcastle, 4,500 tons, 7s. 3d.
Marseilles, *Strdar, or sub.,* 5,000 tons, 7·25 fcs. (c N).
Steamer, 5,600 tons, 7 fcs.
Constantinople, *Wolf,* 3,300 tons, 6s.
Bosphorous, 2,700 tons, 6s. (N).
Steamer, 3,000 tons, 6s.
Naples, *Nethermoor,* 2,500 tons, 6s. 6d.
Llanberis, 3,000 tons, 6s. 4½d. option **Torre.** (N).
Algiers, *Niman Stuart,* 2,500 tons, 7·50 francs. ppt.
Evandia, 4,000 tons, 7·12½ fcs.
Nil, 2,000 tons 7·50 fcs.
Stag, 2,500 tons, 7·50 fcs. (N).
Alexandria, *Neaquay,* 2,800 tons, 6s. 3d. spot.
Vigo, *Whimbrel,* 700 tons, 5s. 6d. (N).
Almazarron, *Radnor,* 1,500 tons, 7s.
Gibraltar, *Fidra,* 1,350 tons, 5s. 7½d. (N).
Parthenia, 2,300 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Muriel, 2,800 tons, 3s. 9d. "
Catania, *Modena,* 1,850 tons, 6s. 9d. coal, 7s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Malta, *Millicent Knight,* 5,200 tons, 4s. 9d.
Llandrindod, 5,600 tons, 4s. 10½d. (N).
Zoe, 2,200 tons, 4s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Italiana, 3,500 tons, 4s. 7½d. "
Lisbon, Steamer, 1,800 tons, 5s. ppt.
Eureka, 1,650 tons, 5s.
Carnguwan, 1,535 tons, 5s.
Irwin, 1,150 tons, 5s.
Mark Lane, 2,500 tons, 5s.
Glenmore, 2,600 tons, 4s. 9d.
Ergastria, *Shelley,* 2,700 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
Porto Ferraio, *Andros,* 4,500 tons, 5s. 10½d.
Torre, *Vera,* 3,500 tons, 6s. 6d.
Seirak Bat, 3,000 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Steamer, 4,400 tons, 6s. 1½d.
Almeria, Steamer, 1,800 tons, 6s. 6d.
Varna, *Andreas,* 2,800 tons, 6s. 6d.
Brindisi, Steamer, 4,600 tons, 6s. (N).
Spezzia, *Elswick,* 3,000 tons, 6s. 9d. ppt. (s).
Palermo, Steamer, 1,600 tons, 7s. 9d. (s).

BALTIC, Etc.

Cronstadt, *Ellida,* 600 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Thor, 2,200 tons, 4s. 9d.
Stettin, Steamer, 2,800 tons, 4s. 3d.
Ystadt, Steamer, 3,500 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Wisby, Steamer, 3,000 tons, 5s. (s).
Carlscrona, *Jerna,* 1,100 tons, 4s. 6d.
Dowlais, 1,400 tons, 4s. 6d.
Stockholm, *F. D. Lambert,* 3,000 tons, 4s. 9d.
Kiel, *Eduard Grothmann,* 1,800 tons, 4s. 9d.

BAY, Etc.

St. Nazaire, *Bangarth,* 2,000 tons, 4·25 fcs.
Bordeaux, *Anita,* 1,700 tons, 5·25 fcs. (s).
Mayo, 2,800 tons, 5 fcs.
Ben Macdhui, 1,000 tons, 4·75 fcs. (s).
Nantes, *Duesto,* 2,200 tons, 5 francs. (N).
Leila, 1,800 tons, 5·50 fcs. coal, 6 fcs. fuel, (s).
Aktie, 1,600 tons, 5·25 fcs. coal, 5·75 fuel. (s.)
Charente, *Rive de Gier,* 1,600 tons, 5·25 fcs.
Abertawe, 1,800 tons, 5 fcs. (s).
La Pallice, Steamer, 1,900 tons, 4·25 francs.

COASTING, Etc.

Havre, *Raloo,* 1,340 tons, 3s. 10½d.
Rouen, *Prudhoe Castle,* 950 tons, 4s. 8d. (s).
Deerhound, 500 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Senga, 500 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Steamer, 700 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Boulogne, *Lough Fisher,* 500 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
Honfleur, *Rossbank,* 700 tons, 4s. 3d.
St. Malo, *Curran,* 1,450 tons, 3s. 9d.
St. Kevin, 750 tons, 4s. (s).
Dieppe, *M. J. Craig,* 800 tons, 4s. 1½d. (s).
Stream Fisher, 580 tons, 4s. 1½d. (s).
Bayonne, *Sardinero,* 2,900 tons, 4·75 fcs.
Caen, *Beacon Rock,* 500 tons, 4s. 3d. coal, 4s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Bay Fisher, 500 tons, 4s. 3d. option Cardiff ldg. (s).
Sound Fisher, 500 tons, 4s. 1½d. (s).
Balneil, 520 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
Devon Coast, 4s. 3d.
Brest, *Kyanite, or sub.,* 4s. 3d.
Cherburg, Steamer, 500 tons, 4s. 1½d. (s).
Shoreham, *Plover,* 300 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
London, Steamer, 700/850 tons, 3s. 9d. option **Rochchester,** 3s. 10½d. (s).
Henry Brand, 3s. 9d.
Portaferry, *Broughshane,* 360 tons, (Private terms). (s).
Belfast, *Vigilant,* 350 tons, 3s. (s).
Devonport, *Throstlegarth,* 2,100 tons, 2s. 3d. (Admiralty)
The Monarch, 700 tons, 2s. 4½d. "
Portland, *Alacrity,* 1,450 tons, 2s. 4½d. "
Sheerness, *Rochefort,* 1,100 tons, 3s. 3d. "
Chatham, *Speedwell,* 1,250 tons, 3s. 1½d. "
Kingston, *Edith,* 200 tons, 3s. 7½d. (s).
Littlehampton, *Clifton Grove,* 260 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Villagarcia to Cardiff, *Ely Rise,* 696 n. 6s. 9d.
Bilbao " " *Axpe,* 1,900 tons, 4s. 1½d. ppt.
" " " *Thor,* 2,000 tons, 4s. 1½d.
" " " *Altamira,* 2,500 tons, 4s. 1½d.
Lisbon " " *Euterpe,* 956 n. 5s. 1½d. ppt.
Almeria " " Steamer, 3,600 tons, 4s. 10½d. f.d.
Pasages to Newport, *Abertawe,* 1,900 tons, 4s. 6d. ppt.
Bilbao " " *Activo,* 1,800 tons, 4s. 4½d.

SHIPBUILDING.

Elswick, for which Sir Andrew Noble has claimed that it supplied all the guns with which the Japanese did such execution in the battle of the Sea of Japan, is now credited with the production of a new and improved type of torpedo. The secret of the special nature of the construction is jealously guarded for the moment, but it is stated that it is designed to maintain the pressure of the air by which the torpedo is propelled for a considerably longer time than is possible in any of the existing types of torpedoes, thereby increasing the striking distance and the force of the projectile. If all that is claimed for the new device is proved to the satisfaction of the representatives of the navies of the world, who will probably be present at the final trials, Elswick works are likely to be largely employed in the production of torpedoes in the near future.

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During June, eight vessels of 23,425 tons were launched on the Wear, as against four vessels of 11,335 tons in June last year, and this excellent month's work has brought the total for the half year, up to 43 vessels of 131,879 tons, which is an increase over the corresponding half of last year, of no fewer than ten vessels of 37,548 tons, and is probably a record. These figures certainly do not look like depression, though they are unquestionably swelled by the extraordinary productiveness of one firm, Messrs. W. Doxford & Sons, who in addition to other turrets, have turned out two steamers for the British India Company, of over 10,000 tons each, and two vessels of 9,000 tons each for Messrs. Tatem, of Cardiff. The half-year's production of 131,879 tons, amounts to a figure, which not so many years ago, would have been considered a fair year's work on the Wear.

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Messrs. C. W. Kellock & Co., offered for sale by auction, at Liverpool, on the 6th inst., the iron screw steamer *Athenian*, built at Liverpool, in 1875, by Messrs. T. Royden & Sons. Fitted with compound engines by Messrs. J. Jack Rolls & Co., in 1888. Cylinders 22½in., 60in. x 36in. stroke, carries 2,215 tons deadweight on 20ft. 10in. draft. Dimensions 301ft. x 31ft. 2in. x 23ft. 3in. £2,540 was the best bid, at which the steamer was withdrawn. It is reported that she has since been sold by private treaty to Messrs. J. J. King & Sons, Ltd., Garston, at about £2,600, for breaking up purposes.

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The steel screw steamer *Grosmont*, owned by Messrs. Gladstone & Co., West Hartlepool, is reported sold to Japanese buyers, at about £22,000, for delivery in the Far East. She was built by Messrs. Ropner & Sons, Stockton, in 1899. 2,840 tons gross; dimensions 325ft. x 46ft. x 24ft. 9in.; carries about 4,900 tons deadweight: with engines 22in., 38in., 63in. 42in. stroke, by Messrs. Blair & Co., Ltd.

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Messrs. Harland and Wolff, Belfast, have received orders from the British India Steam Navigation Company, London, for the building of two large high-class cargo and passenger steamers, one to be fitted with turbine machinery, and the other with reciprocating engines and twin screws. Four other steamers are about to be contracted for by the Company.

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The steamer *Scotian* recently managed by Messrs. G. H. Elder & Co., Newcastle, whose affairs are now in bankruptcy, was offered for sale by auction, in London, last week, by order of the mortgagees. £9,000 was the best offer, at which she was withdrawn, the reserve price not being reached. She is a steamer of about 1,700 tons deadweight, and cost about £19,000 when she was built in 1901.

The Alexandra (Newport and South Wales) Docks and Railway Company, Newport, have given orders for the construction of a powerful twin screw bucket hopper dredger, of 750 tons capacity, for the deepening of the port of Newport. The dredger will be fitted with all the most modern improvements, and will be constructed under the direction of Mr. John Macaulay, general manager of the Company.

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The steel screw steamer *Robert Adamson*, owned by Messrs. Adamson & Mail, Newcastle, is reported sold to Mr. James Westoll, of Sunderland. She was built by Messrs. Short Brothers, Sunderland, in 1895. Dimensions 335ft. x 42ft. x 25ft. 4in.; 2,992 tons gross; with engines 24in., 40in., 65in. x 42in. stroke, by Messrs. George Clark, Ltd.

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Messrs. Maclay and McIntyre, of Glasgow, are the purchasers of the steamer *Falshaw*, reported sold in our last issue. It is reported that Messrs. Hall, Russell & Co., Aberdeen, have received an order from the Indo China Steam Navigation Company, London, for the construction of a cargo and passenger steamer.

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Messrs. Vickers, Sons and Maxim, Barrow, have secured the order for the turbine machinery for the new battleship, to be built at Portsmouth. The machinery is to indicate about 2,300 horse-power, and is to be delivered so that the battleship will be ready by December, 1906.

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Messrs. C. T. Bowring & Company, of Liverpool, have purchased a cargo steamer now building by Messrs. R. Craggs & Sons., Ltd., Middlesbrough, and about ready for launching. She will carry about 6,000 tons deadweight.

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The New Zealand Shipping Company have contracted with Messrs. Wm. Denny and Brothers, Dumbarton, for the construction of a steel screw steamer of about 460ft. in length.

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Messrs. Gow, Harrison & Co., Glasgow, have contracted with Messrs. Russell & Co., Port Glasgow, for the construction of a steamer, of about 8,000 tons deadweight capacity, to be delivered in April next.

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Messrs. Robert Stephenson & Co., Ltd., Newcastle, have received an order from Messrs. Steel, Young & Co., London, to build a cargo steamer of about 6,300 tons deadweight capacity.

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The steel screw steamer *Valesia*, built at Kiel in 1882, 2,295 tons gross, and lately owned by the Hamburg American Line, has been sold to the Russian Volunteer Fleet Association, and renamed *Borga*.

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Messrs. Turnbull, Scott & Co., London, have contracted with Messrs. R. Craggs & Sons, Ltd., Middlesbrough, for the construction of a cargo steamer of about 6,000 tons deadweight capacity.

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Messrs. R. Jobson & Co., West Hartlepool, are the purchasers of the steamer *Nant Francon*, reported sold in our last issue.

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The steel screw tug and salvage steamer *Sars*, built in Italy, in 1904, for an Italian salvage company, has been sold to the Japanese Government.

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It is rumoured that the P. and O. Company, are about to order several new s eamers.

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

WHICH is the better investment—shipping, or industrials, generally? Of course, it all depends on the shipping and the industrial, doesn't it? But anyway, there is a terrible amount of range to choose from, and in many instances, the net result will be on a par with a successful game of chuck ha'penny? The average investor is a queer animal, and viewed in some lights, he throws an awful amount of shadow on the blind—or on the landscape, if you would rather put it that way. Moreover, it isn't always the "portliest" investor who makes the most shadow, please remember. For the matter of that, the same effects—light and shade effects, you know—are noticeable in connection with investments.

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WE have met men who, under ordinary conditions, would have to stand for a full ten minutes to make a shadow—in an ordinary light, although the time would be reduced quite two minutes in strong sun-light; but as soon as they have been prevailed on to place fourpence ha'penny in an industrial, or other, investment, eh? stand by for a quick shadow! In fact, these good people are all shadow, in the conditions suggested. You know the old jape concerning the fact that where a man's treasure is, there will the organ which keeps his circulation a-going be, also? Really, this class of individual cannot help it. They are born like it, and while some of us are merely intended to be blessings (sometimes in disguise), others of us are marked out as crosses—quite openly!

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THE same thing applies with the shadowy portion, although you would be surprised to note the dreadful similarity there is about the cult. They are generally of the brand which has done nothing in life—save eat, and dress; have managed to scrape together—sometimes by not too palpably clean methods—a few odd sovereigns; and yet, when they undertake to invest that frightful amount of capital, they at once lay themselves out to linger on the doorstep of the office where the money has been placed. You can easily fall over them, at any stage of the sun's course; and if you step on them, you cannot hurt them. In a weak moment, they parted from all the money they are ever likely to see—and, well, that is where the trouble comes in.

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BUT, really, the weather is too hot to continue on the moralising lay, isn't it? And when it is essential to keep a bath-towel under one's hand, so that the ink may not be diluted out of all reason, we don't particularly care about the moralising idea, ourselves. Mind you, there are times, when we simply dote on the particular; there are other times when we don't. This, is one of the latter. Being so, we are going to give over, even as we hunt around on our table, for something that is worthy of the occasion. First thing we pick up—such is the fatality of life!—is the account of a year's work, in connection with the Rhymney Iron Company, Limited. You have probably heard of it? If not, it doesn't matter, in the least, for we'll tell you something about it now, and just to while away your time—and our space! We have remarked, ere this, about our honesty?

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VERY well, then. The Rhymney Iron Company, Limited, is a highly respected concern, for it dates back to the year 1837. With its evolution, we are not concerning ourselves; but from a financial consideration, we note that it has a share capital of a level million—all of which has been issued; it has also a nice little stock of debentures mounting into £350,000. With a value reaching up to that height, you would naturally suppose that the investor therein, was in for a remarkably good thing? You know, it should be possible to do something handsome with a mere million, to say nothing of the unconsidered debentures? Yes? Glad you agree with us, once now and then.

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WELL, this fair-sized concern commenced the new century with a good showing—its best, in our recollection; for the dividend in that year (and also for the year following) was the whole of 7½ per cent. Not a very great deal, when considered alongside of some of our local shipping companies in the same years, we know; but the amount was something startling when compared with results which have been achieved by the same company, in other years. We have told you, ere this, that the times are bad? They are, and presumably, this is one of the reasons why Rhymney Iron Company isn't doing as well as it might otherwise do. Anyhow, it is consistent in its efforts, and shows sort of willing. That is, the flesh is willing, although the earnings are somewhat weak!

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ANYHOW, the diminution has been gradual, and went from 7½ as already stated, down to 3½, then 2½, 2, and now, we get another 2 per cent. for the year ending March 31, 1905. That is to say, the balance of undivided profit, after deducting interest on debentures, was £16,450, leaving £25,259. As already stated, a dividend of 2 per cent. is to be declared (oh, yes, clear of Income Tax), and it is recommended that £4,000 should again be carried to the debenture redemption fund, which will leave £1,259 to be carried forward. That £4,000, by the way, is exactly the amount which was paid in December of last year, for drawn bonds. Of course in view of the bad times, two per cent. dividend on £1,000,000 isn't bad, is it? Personally, we wish the Rhymney Iron Company a continuance of their good luck—eminently good luck, we should like to write.

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LET us pick up another item from a well-littered table. Eh? Balance sheet of the W. and C. T. Jones Steamship Company, Limited? Yes, that'll do. It will be a fair comparison, don't you think? Bad times will effect both equally. Here goes, then. We read here, "To share capital, 280,000 ordinary shares at £1 each." Thus, the capital to be worked in this instance, is exactly £280,000? Right! There are just eleven boats—the majority thereof new vessels—scheduled as belonging to the company, and between them, they have earned the by-no-means paltry profit of £22,573 1s. 2d. (Personally, we should have dropped out the tuppence; but it is in, so to be exact, we have to quote it). Out of this respectable total, a level £10,000 has been set aside for depreciation, and under the circumstances, it should be ample?

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THAT is to say, when one has a fleet of practically new steamers; when they are kept in first-class condition; are right up to the mark as A1 cargo carriers; then, £10,000 is a really good appreciative depreciation—if you will allow us to put it in that way? Coming to the matter of dividend, we find that this amounts to 2½ per cent. per annum, free of Income Tax; and taking it altogether, we are fairly clear as to which is the better class of investment—in good times or in bad. Seems to us, that with industrials, generally, you get but little in good times, and considerably less in bad; but in shipping investments you get a thumping big dividend when times are on the "boom," even as you get as good as the other fellows, when times are bad for both? Possibly this is the principal reason why reputable shipowners find no difficulty, in getting as much capital as they can reasonably do with?

BRITISH SEAMEN.

NOT often do we undertake to "lift" any literary matter from the columns of our contemporaries —indeed, this is our very first offence in this direction. We do so, now, for the reason that the *St. James's Budget* has been giving valuable attention, to a subject with which THE MARITIME REVIEW has ever been closely associated—the grave national danger which is brought about, by the neglect that is accorded to the seamen of the British Mercantile Marine. Personally, we are glad to be in a position to show our readers, that British Jack is receiving able attention and help in other quarters, and with the remark that the *St. James's Budget* article (a portion of which we are reproducing) was written by a British vice-Consul—and one who is, obviously, well qualified to deal with the subject—we leave the matter to your careful attention:

What is the attitude of British shipowners to the alleged scarcity of British seamen? First-class lines, paying and feeding their men well, in well-fitted, well-manned vessels, experience little or no difficulty at present in meeting with good British material, whilst the majority of the smaller lines and single owners put up with, and very often prefer, foreigners, on account of their greater amenity to discipline, greater steadiness, and less inclination to grumble as regards foods and accommodation. It must not be overlooked that shipowners are quite as justified as are other employers of labour in conducting their business strictly on business principles, one of which is to make as much legitimate profit as possible. Most "tramp" steamers can do 8½ knots, and quiet, sober foreigners, very plentiful at £3 or £3 5s. per month, can get them along safely and less expensively at that rate. Why, then, reflect the owners, should they be troubled with complaints about the scale of food, questions of overtime, quibblings about leaky forecastles, etc., capped by threatening of law and the far more potent "Mr. Wilson"?

And the readers of these lines! Are they at all interested in the question? Probably not to-day. But they may wake up some fine morning next month to find out that there is another, more acute "Morocco incident," and that although they have the ships, through that same want of interest certain powerful British men-of-war, urgently required in throes of war for the actual preservation of the Empire, are either woefully undermanned or, for want of trained naval reserve men, cannot be commissioned at all!

Is it really true? Is such a fatality possible? Who is to be blamed? And what is to be done?

It is true! It is possible! No one is to blame! and as little will be done in the future as has been done in the past. We shall jog along comfortably, self-satisfied and fatuously, tinkering the Merchant Shipping Act here and there and from time to time, and if we are ourselves unable sufficiently to hamper our carrying trade we are at least sure of foreign assistance in our inability. As for the rest, seamen will continue to lay the blame on owners for presuming to prefer steady, disciplined, and cheaper foreign labour. Owners will continue to blame and hurl epithets at the Board of Trade and at the Merchant Shipping Act, but will go on employing foreigners. The Government of the moment will continue to draw up memoranda and appoint further committees on manning. There will be more tinkering, but the crucial point, viz., the private as well as the Government manufacture of good British seamen and firemen will have received no real impetus, with the result that our naval reserve, upon which we must depend when the inevitable crisis arises, will prove inadequate for the requirements of the Empire. We shall contiue to pay our money willingly enough for men-of-war; we shall continue to teach our children that "Britannia rules the waves," but we shall decline to face the inconvenience of the manning question, because the only solution is compulsory service.

Just as England has hitherto blindly neglected to protect her commerce and industries by tariffs, whilst other nations were gradually becoming manufacturers and shutting us out of their own markets, so there has also been lacking the common-sense protection of our own seamen by legislative preference over the foreigner. The Merchant Shipping Act, passed as far back as 1854, but consolidated and revised as recently as 1894, is still bare of any paragraph enabling a superintendent of mercantile marine at home, or a consular officer abroad, to prefer a British seaman with good discharges, but who is out of employment, to a foreigner —at the same wages.

The pay of all grades of merchant seamen, which has risen very materially abroad, has steadily fallen for some years past at home. On the other hand, the remuneration for nearly all classes of shore employment has increased during the same period.

Even £1 a week and maintenance will not induce Englishmen, in any great numbers, to prefer the discomforts and drawbacks of a seafaring life to employment on shore at equivalent wages. But to foreigners, who have just completed their three years or so of compulscry service in their respective navies, during which time their pay seldom exceeded threepence a day, who have, moreover, been subjected to rigorous discipline and enforced self-control during that period, and have fallen behind in their aptitude for their previous shore employment, even could an opening for their return thereto be found, the immediate prospect of free maintenance and 2s. to 3s. a day in a calling to which they have become accustomed, and in which they are thoroughly expert, is salvation to them, and when they may be wanted by their own naval authorities, be it for defence or for defiance, they will be found still in good training and at the disposal of their respective Governments.

Swedes, Finns, and Dagos, as well as the denizens of the sea-girt countries of the Mediterranean, have always more or less found employment in British vessels. But the compulsory manufacture of seamen of all grades by half a dozen foreign nations, resulting from the navies established by them during the past twenty years, navies which are being added to almost daily, is producing an overplus of seafaring men abroad, which, under the present lack of legislative protection of Englishmen in their own vessels, must ultimately reduce the number of the last-mentioned to an inadequate minimum.

Youthful spirits and lust for adventure, aided by the natural trend of occupation of the population living in the vicinity of England's long coast-line, and upon her fisheries, not to speak of reformatories and periods of trade depression, will, of course, always provide a certain number of British seamen. But the mass return of British subjects to a sea-faring life and in proportion to British naval and Mercantile Marine requirements, will only be realisable when we too as a nation have adopted naval as well as military conscription in some suitable form for British temperaments. What is required is a State creation of seamen by some form of brief compulsory service in England, which will provide a sufficient supply of trained disciplined seamen, drilled to self-control and to sobriety, who, forced by habit and by circumstances, will later utilise their seafaring knowledge and training as a livelihood, and such men must then, as they should unquestionably be at present, be additionally protected against alien competition, by a short section in the Merchant Shipping Act, ensuring them preference when in possession of health and good discharges for ability and for conduct, and when willing to compete with their foreign colleagues at the same rate of wages offered by British shipowners to the latter.

THERE it is, and while we are not inclined to go quite to the length suggested by our contemporary's able writer, it must be admitted that, in the main, the contentions are even as we have been continually spreading out for your consideration. The word "conscription" is a bugbear to the Briton; more for the reason that he doesn't rightly understand its potentialities, than for any all-pervading wickedness which might coruscate around the condition, we know; still, it is useless to dodge facts. A miracle will be needed to bring in conscription, but is altogether unnecessary, if you merely wish to bring back the Briton to the British forecastle. As a matter of public expediency, it is simply necessary to pass a law, limiting or abolishing the employment of aliens, and the matter will level itself up, very rapidly. At present, there is little or no demand for British seamen, solely for the reason that the foreigner is supposedly cheaper. As a matter of fact, he isn't cheaper; but as long as shipowner has such a belief, it is useless to appeal to him on patriotic lines. Pass the suggested law, and in five years time, shipowner would be the most grateful of the nation's units. Money counts, on every occasion; and in the comparison between the results gained by Britons over foreigners, the "counting" would be all in favour of the former. Not just at once. We know that, as well as anybody. And for the reason that the good men have been driven ashore, or to other lands and occupations. But once allow those good men to see that there was room, and a living for them on British vessels, and they would return, in shoals.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on June 29, 1905, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

12,605/04—PRESTON AND RALSTON—*Improved method and apparatus for treating and discharging ashes and clinkers on board ship.*

The ashes, clinkers, &c., are passed through a crusher, and the crushed clinkers, &c., are discharged into the sea by fluid pressure.

13,113/04—BAIRD—*Improvements in ship's berths.*

This invention relates to ship's berths, whereby what is known as a block of berths can be converted into open berths, or partitioned off into a series of room berths.

13,205/04—FORD—*Improvements connected with experimental tanks for testing ships.*

A tank for testing model ships, in which the motive power for hauling the models is obtained from a weight running on an inclined track over the tank. The weight is connected to the model by a cord led over sheaves. The track terminates in a short steep upward incline to arrest the motion of the weight.

14,639/04—MILLER—*Improvements in and relating to coal handling apparatus.*

This invention relates to a system of transferring coal from one vessel to another ranged alongside. The coal is hoisted from bulk in the hold by a grab, discharged into a hopper, fed into sacks and transferred in sacks, to the other vessel by being hoisted and suspended from the end of a spar pivotted so as to swing angularly from a mast.

16,847/04—WHITEHEAD—*Improvements in gyroscopic steering mechanism for torpedoes and submarine vessels.*

In this invention the gyroscope wheel is driven by the re-action of compressed air discharged through radial passages with approximate tangential exits. The air is conducted to the wheel by channels formed in the gumbals.

17,052/04—DEMPSTER & SONS, LTD., & BROADHEAD—*Improvements in bucket conveyors and elevators for transporting coal, ashes, and other materials.*

This relates to bucket conveyors in which the buckets consist of hollow semi-cylindrical troughs, provided with circular disc ends, and pivotted at their axes between two parallel endless chains. The buckets remain with the bottoms of the troughs downwards by gravity and are inverted, by the circular ends rolling on tracks provided at suitable positions in their paths.

17,257/04—BOYD—*Improvements in apparatus for automatically signalling the depth of water at harbours, docks, piers, navigable channels or the like.*

This invention relates to a method of signalling the depth of water in harbours, &c., by a series of balls or lamps hoisted on a mast so as to be exposed above the top edge of a screen. The hoisting is automatically effected by means of a float secured to a cord in connection with the cords for hoisting the signals. The balls, lamps, &c., are counter-balanced.

17,302/04—DUISBURGER MASCHINENBAN—A. & G.—*Device for preventing the raising of dust from rock drills, operated by compressed air or the like.*

This invention relates to an improvement on patent No. 4,263/03. In this invention the exhaust of a rock-drill operated by compressed air, passed through a chamber before issuing to the open. The present invention relates to constructing this chamber so that its cover is rotatable, for the purpose of enabling the final exit orifice to be directed away from the operator.

17,369/04—S. PEARSON & SON, LTD.—*Improvements in skips or buckets.*

This invention relates to a construction of bucket which is suitable for depositing concrete under water. It consists of two halves, similar to a grab bucket, pivotted together at the top where the two halves meet on a spindle which extends their full width. The cover, likewise in two halves is also pivotted on the same spindle. Each end of the spindle is provided with an upwardly directed hook. The two slings for the bucket are secured to the outermost edges of same at two opposite points, and are joined up to one ring or shackle. At a point about the middle length of each sling chain a ring is included. These rings are passed over the hooks on the spindle, when the bucket, so suspended, remains closed by gravity. On striking the bottom, and the slings slackening, the rings fall off the hooks, whereupon on again hoisting, the bucket will open and deposit its contents.

17,594/04—HOOS—*Coupling device for twisted boring tools.*

This invention relates to coupling two lengths of twist-drills together. It consists of a flattened annular socket which fits over the flattened end of one length of drill, where it is secured by a set screw. The other end of the socket is provided with an inwardly directed tongue or burr. This engages with a longitudinal groove, which does not quite extend to the end, in the side of the flattened end of the other length of drill. This length of drill is inserted obliquely into the socket and then pressed over into line with the other length, for the purpose of permitting the burr to engage the groove.

18,384/04—POLLIN—*Improvements in fixing handles or shafts in hammers or other tools.*

After the hammer or pick-axe head has been passed over the end of the shaft it is held in place by the enlarged head of a rod passing longitudinally through the shaft and secured at the handle end by a nut.

24,303/04—YOUNG, CLARK, GREEN, AND BOUCHER—*Improvements in coal cutting or winding machines, and in and connected with carriages or supports for facilitating the working or manipulation and the transport of such machines.*

This invention relates to an improved construction of carriage for coal cutting machines in which the trunnion frame or standard is movable endways thereon by means of a ratchet.

These applications for patents are, until August 15, 1905, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

The following applications for the registration of Trade Marks relating to the shipping and coal trades were advertised on July 5, and are open to opposition by interested parties within the period ending August 5th.

Class 8—*Including nautical instruments.*

No. 271,517—28th March, 1905—The device of hand with first two fingers and thumb upraised; for pressure, vacuum and hydraulic gauges and other instruments of precision included in class 8. James Gibb and Co., Ltd., 99, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.; Engineers.

Class 20—*Explosives.*

No. 272,175—20th April, 1905—The device of a miner resting on a pick and observing an explosion; for explosive substances. The Explosives and Chemical Products, Ltd., 207 and 208, Finsbury Pavement House, London, E.C.; Manufacturers of explosives and chemical products.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

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LEWIS Merthyr Consolidated Collieries, Ltd., Proprietors and Shippers of "Lewis Merthyr" Navigation Steam Coal.
Telegrams: "Lewis Merthyr, Cardiff"; "Lewis Merthyr, London."

MARQUESS of Bute Collieries, Aberdare, Hirwain, and Rhondda Valley. Shipping ports:—Bute Docks, Cardiff; Penarth Dock: Swansea; Briton Ferry; and Newport (Mon.)
Telegrams: "Sema, Cardiff."

OCEAN (Merthyr) Coal Co., Ltd., 11, Bute Crescent, Cardiff, proprietors of Ocean (Merthyr) Steam Coal.

UNIVERSAL Steam Coal Co., Ltd., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Proprietors of "Universal Steam Coal."
Telegrams: "Versatile, Cardiff."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

VIVIAN, H. C. & Co., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole European Agents for "The Puritan Coal Mining Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A."
Telegrams: "Vivian, Cardiff."

WATTS, Watts & Co., Cardiff and London. Contractors for the supply of Coals at all Depôts abroad.
Telegrams: "Watts, Cardiff."

Dock Owners.

THE Cardiff Railway Company, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Ship Repairers.

SHEARMAN, John & Co., Ltd., Cardiff, and at Barry Dock.

THE Bute Shipbuilding, Engineering, and Dry Dock Company, Limited, Roath Basin, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Caisson, Cardiff."

THE Cardiff Channel Dry Docks and Pontoon Co., Ltd., Cardiff and Barry Dock.
Telegrams: "Entrance, Cardiff." "Ghannel, Barry."

THE Mercantile Pontoon Co., Ltd., Roath Dock, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Mercantile, Cardiff."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

Miscellaneous.

LEWIS & Tylor, Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole patentees and manufacturers of "Gripoly," a patent woven belting; and "Burals," a semi-metallic packing.
Telegrams: "Belting Cardiff." Telephone, Nat. 231.

Steamship Owners.

DAN. JENKINS & Co., Steamship Owners and Brokers, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Stonewall, Cardiff."
Nat. Telephone: 1318.

BARRY.

Dock Owners.

THE Barry Railway Co., Barry.

Ship Repairers.

BARRY Graving Dock & Engineering Co., Ltd.
Telegrams: "Bardock, Barry."
National Telephone No. 7. Post Office Telephone No. 7.

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WILLIAM LAW, Esq., J.P.,

(General Manager, Swansea Harbour).

(See Page 162.)

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MARITIME MURMURS.

Docks. Cardiff.

Thursday Afternoon.

There is a terribly worrying halo of beauty around Welsh coal! At least, there is an intermittent halo, and it affects the British public in a peculiar manner. Once let the poor coalowner attempt to make a living from the stuff in which he deals, and he is a wicked ghoul; is deserving of no pity from anybody; ought to be outlawed, at the least; and if he doesn't then mend his ways—heaven help him! But let the slightest suspicion of a tale flutter around, to the effect that the hated foreigner has undertaken to purchase a chunk of the coal-bearing land of South Wales, and there is a high-class fuss toward, directly. That is, if the foreigner "shows his hand," so to speak. If on the other hand, the foreign person elects to purchase the half of Great Britain, but doesn't make a song about it, nobody seems to care a toss for the whole contraption. For example, the foreigner might over-run the whole of the British Mercantile Marine, and nobody is concerned; he might dump as much of his pauper population on these shores, as pleases him; he might, in short, buy up this country, lock, stock and barrel; but as long as it is all done in the "ordinary way of business," it is alright; nobody is going to trouble.

Somehow or other, the public is to be depended on to view the Welsh coal trade, in the concrete, as a lump of concentrated wickedness. But if any units thereof pass, as in the case of the much-written-of Whitworth estate, into foreign hands, there is quite a flutter toward, and over-strung patriots are at once started off, in a holy shout as to the wickedness of the whole deal. We are not concerning ourselves with the question of whether a German syndicate has, or has not, purchased a £250,000 chunk of land down by Neath, and mainly for the reason that it will, in any case, have to be worked exactly as is the coal surrounding it. That is to say, it will be subject to the same labour troubles; the Miners' Federation will take it under its festive wing; "labour leaders" will froth over it; and ultimately, the money for its purchase, will be taken from the foreigner, exactly as the money for the millions of tons which doesn't belong to any German syndicate. There is nothing particularly funny in the nature of the deal; and if it is even as is claimed by "those who know," and the purchase is really an accepted fact—well, it is by no means the first time in the history of Welsh coal-land, where a foreigner has owned portions of the "best unworked coal stratum in the British Isles"?

But then, in this instance, it is a German "move," and for all things German, there is a nervy sort of feeling on, at the moment. We are not quite clear as to why this should be; are not even sure that the German Bosses are to be envied in the least; and mainly for the reason that things in connection with that perpetually-advertised land, are by no means what they seem. However, this is beside the question. The tale is, that a German syndicate has commenced its purchase of Britain, by taking unto itself a piece of the Whitworth estate, and there is trouble toward. The pinchbeck patriot is lashing himself into a fury, because of the scandalous waste of the "nation's heritage" which will result; is drawing fearsome (if imaginary) pictures of what is going to happen, should war eventuate; he sees (again in imagination) the enemy being assured of a constant supply of best Welsh coal, while the warships of the Briton are being "fired," on anything that comes to hand; and national disintegration naturally follows. 'Tis a most soul-harrowing spectacle, and is fully deserving of attention—in the middle of the "silly season!"

The hysterical folk who are shouting loudest about this alleged deal in coal, appear to be under the impression that, supposing a foreign syndicate does buy a portion of the dear old land, the said portion will be, at once, staked out, and will henceforth pose as a colony for the buyers. British law will have no bearing on the subject; and the British Government, in the event of war, will not be enabled to requisition the whole of the output (if desired), from this foreign-owned piece of coal-land. Needless to say, the whole contention is buncombe, pure and simple; and that a German syndicate has the same right to purchase a property which is for sale, and has been placed upon the market, as would the French syndicates who have already done the same trick. Why doesn't the public become troubled about the vast sums of foreign capital which is invested in British Shipping? We haven't time to hunt

up the exact amount which is herein involved: but the grand total runs into many millions, where the newest syndicate's purchase merely runs into a quarter of one million. Yet in the case of the shipping—and it is of a thousand times more important to this country, than is the inappreciable purchase of a chunk of coal land—there is never a word said, as indeed, is right and proper.

The home-made patriot never stops to think of the vast sums which the British investor has placed in foreign industries; nor of the gratitude with which the foreigner views such kindnesses; much less does he contemplate the possibility for being grateful when the foreigner reciprocates. Yet, as a matter of fact, any such purchase as this much-talked-of Neath undertaking, is about the biggest compliment that can be paid the country. It shows that, at least, one group of business men are of opinion, that Britain is anything but the crumbling combination which some of her own sons would wish to pretend; and that should be good hearing for all of us, in these days when "Wake up, England" shouts, are as common as Welsh coal! Viewed dispassionately, it doesn't matter unduly whether a German financial group are going to take the risk of making the Whitworth estate turn out a success, or otherwise. The Welsh collier will have to work the coal; Welsh railways will have to trundle it along to the given port of shipment; Welsh docks will have to give accommodation to the shipping that is going to bear the stuff away; and Welsh coal tips and their workers, will have to load the coal into the vessels implicated.

Indeed, the whole matter will work out in exactly the same manner, as is provided in cases of the kind; and the only difference that will be apparent, is the one which provides for a master owning a motor car, say. In this instance, the master might be a German, instead of a Gaul; and anyhow, he'll certainly buy the motor car in Britain; for notwithstanding all that is said to the contrary, the German merely manufactures motor cars for the British market; when he needs a car, himself, he can be trusted to purchase one of undoubted British manufacture? In this manner is Morocco avenged; by this means is the *entente cordiale* discounted! Still, people will not stop to think—as we have already suggested; and on the face of things, "German syndicate" has a nasty look about it, for it conjures up everything that is terrible; and, rightly or wrongly, is supposed to figure out the ultimate downfall of the United Kingdom. There is one item in connection with this theme which should not be overlooked. Here is an opportunity for Protection. Failing that desideratum, the new collieries might reasonably be equipped with "made in Germany" machinery—and that would be awful? Why,—under the circumstances, such a fitout would be a thousand-fold worse for the Briton, than if the wicked syndicate had purchased two pieces of the Whitworth estate?

The inquiry into the loss of the Liverpool four-master, *Eulomene*, was concluded at that port, on Saturday, last. It will be remembered that the ill-fated vessel foundered at sea, while on a passage from Bremerhaven to the Tyne, in ballast, and in January last. It would appear that, previous to her departure from Bremerhaven, she was aground on a "soft beach," and that after she had been refloated, "without having sustained any ostensible injury," it was decided that she should be towed across to the Tyne. With this end in view, an additional 250 tons of ballast were placed on top of the 800 tons which had already been shipped, and on January 22, a start for coaly Tyne was made. Eight days later, a hurricane ambled along, and in the tribulation which followed, the *Eulomene* became parted from her tug, whose captain kept her in sight until 3 a.m. This was in consequence of the hurricane referred to. Anyhow, at about 3 a.m., the ship's lights suddenly disappeared, and although the tug-boat at once proceeded to the spot where the lights had last been seen, no trace of the unfortunate vessel could be found. The poor souls that were on board, went with her, and subsequently, the Board of Trade had to find out all there was to find—which appears to have been precious little.

Anyhow, the Court, which consisted of the Liverpool stipendiary and nautical assessors, came to the conclusion that the vessel had foundered, and "that no blame attached to anyone." Here, you would naturally suppose the matter was scheduled to end? There was no dispensation from heaven to show what had really occurred; whether the absence of that "ostensible injury" had contributed to the vessel's ultimate loss; or whether she had shifted her ballast and had then turned turtle. Up to 3 a.m., *Eulomene's* lights were visible to the skipper of the tug-boat; thereafter, they were not; *ergo*, the vessel had foundered. Originally, the unfortunate vessel had been considered as sufficiently ballasted, with the 800 tons first shipped; but after the stranding, it was decided that there was a doubt in the matter, and the other 250 tons were shipped. Presumably the Court, for this reason, decided that although nobody was to blame for the catastrophe, "the master would have been better advised to have taken more ballast and not to have had the vessel trimmed so much by the stern, having regard to the fact that she was to be towed across the North sea, in the winter." This is a variation of "Not guilty, but don't you do it again," and is only what one has come to expect, in cases of this kind.

But why will these inquiry Courts perpetuate the pious shams, which prate of what the master ought to do in given circumstances? How much has the master to do with these little items? Writing generally, we should like to know the exact number of shipmasters who are even consulted on the subject of ballast, when about to undertake a light ship passage. It may be taken for granted that but few of them are as much as asked for an opinion, and if any of them were to be so ill-advised as to take on board a given quantity of ballast on their own initiative—well, something nearly as bad as a foundering at sea and the drowning of all hands, would transpire. In the case of the *Eulomene*, if nobody was to blame for the catastrophe, why not leave it at that; if somebody was to blame, and if the master would have been "better advised," if he had taken on board an additional quantity of ballast; why not let us know how much of it was due to the Old Man, and how much was not due to him? The *Eulomene* was by no means the only vessel on the sea; there are numberless others about, as yet; some of them will probably sail from Bremerhaven in ballast; and, may be, will have to cross the North Sea in winter. Why not tell the world the exact truth concerning these little matters?

If the master was allowed to please himself in the matter of ballast, it is only right and proper to say so; if, as is usually the case, he had to subordinate his opinions to a superintendent who knows nothing about the special circumstances of the case; why not tell us so, again? We all know, that the man who has sailed a given vessel; who, therefore, knows most of her eccentricities and weaknesses; is usually the man who is supposed to know less about the subject, than the servant who is deputed with a little brief authority, and a knowledge gleaned from a cursory study

of the blue-print supplied by the builders—the super man, to wit. In our opinion, these little wreck inquiry moves, should be given, at least, the same publicity which is accorded the case of an ill-used donkey. In other words, the Board of Trade should undertake to publish, themselves, the whole of the evidence produced at an Inquiry; and not leave it to the generosity of a pressman to cull as much as he pleases, from a case which should be of interest to everybody. When a "poor dumb animal" has been ill-used—either accidentally or on purpose—the facts are posted outside every police station in the district; why not give us a posting of the salient features which are brought to light, in the case of a foundering at sea, with its consequent loss of life?

We know that it is possible to obtain a complete history of the case; but how many 'longshoremen know how to proceed in this direction? Not many, be sure; and anyhow, a drowned sailorman is of less importance than a galled horse, for instance? If he really is not, then, the powers that be, take an awful amount of trouble in convincing you that way. "No blame attached to any one," but "the master would have been better advised to have taken more ballast." "Aground on a soft beach... without having sustained any ostensible damage." What is "ostensible damage," anyhow? Is it necessary to see that the bottom of a ship is totally gone, before the damage may be classed as ostensible? Again, if the extra 250 tons of ballast had been shipped when the 800 tons were put on board, would this have obviated the grounding on a "soft beach?" If not, why were the additional 250 tons shipped? As a matter of fact, there are a number of items of information which would be of interest to the nautical mind, but which are missing from this case in which "no blame attached to anyone," but in which "the master would have been better advised to have taken more ballast." We are strongly of opinion that, if a law were passed for the purpose of invalidating all insurance policies when an Inquiry Court found after the foregoing, then, there would not be nearly so much of the under-ballasting, and founderings resulting therefrom, which abound to-day.

When Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., gets off on the prophetic lay, he is seen at better advantage than at other times. Better advantage, in that the cult which he represents, is shown up at its true value to the national entity. The gentleman has been taking a reef out of his mantle, over the Unemployed Bill. We are not going to bother you with the detail of that monument of grandmotherliness; you have already been surfeited therewith; what we wish to show you, is how the Keir Hardies of the world fulfil their reason of existence. "Farm colonies," at the expense of that portion of the nation that will work, are "off." This is where the great trouble is coming in. For, in the words of Merthyr's junior member, "The outcome—and here I speak with authority—will certainly be a feeling of resentment of which the country will hear during the coming winter . . . The unemployed are organised as they never have been, hitherto. They are, in most cases, being led by strong, determined men. They will not be content to suffer in silence," and right here, Mr. Keir Hardie leaves the prophetic, for the humorous lay? Whoever heard of the great unemployed suffering in silence? Isn't their alleged suffering, among the noisiest affairs on earth?

And it is a terrible pity that the worthy M.P. cannot see the pathetic humour attached to his statement that the unemployed are led by strong, determined men. Man, dear, this country has no room for unemployed "strong, determined men." That class of man is ever to be found as a Boss of some big undertaking, and wouldn't waste his time in marshalling a horde of non-workers, at any price. If Mr. Hardie had told us that the leaders of the unemployed, were merely strong and determined about the jaw, but woefully weak about the spine, we should have attached more belief to his abilities as a prophet. As things are, we are bound to admit that the poor gentleman is conjuring up all manner of bogies, solely for the purpose of frightening himself. When the unemployed in any one section, can find time and opportunities to organise as suggested, then, they are a menace to the State, and should be treated as such. All that remains, now, is for the unemployed to organise, and seeing that they number quite a thousand to one of the other sort—well, we are of opinion that Mr. Hardie may possess his soul in patience, even as may the remainder of us. Any number of men who have brains enough to organise as a mob of Tired Tims, should also have brains enough to find work, in a country where plenty abounds.

For when all is said on the subject, there is no scarcity of work in Britain. The only scarcity which exists, is for a number of men who imagine they are worth a sovereign, when in reality, their value is better assessed at fourpence ha'penny. This is the real *crux* of the situation. Cheap education has convinced a number of nonentities that they are geniuses, and naturally—under the circumstances—they are seeking for the pay of a genius. The trouble is, that the same cheap education has not convinced the employer quite to the same extent, and the "suffering in silence" resolves into a refusal to take 25 shillings per week, when the genius has assessed his value at 25s. 6d. Acts of Parliament will never operate against the natural law of supply and demand. It is usually admitted that you cannot make a nation moral by Act of Parliament, so why should it be assumed that you can raise his commercial value by the same means? The plain fact of the matter is, that the unionistic idea has been neglected; has been allowed to pursue but one phase of progression. The dire need of the moment is, that the workers of the world should combine themselves into a non-Unionists Union in which case the other kind of Unionist, being in a howling minority, would soon die a natural death.

Consider the trouble that is ever to the fore in South Wales. What brings it about? Simply the misplaced indulgence which has been meted out to the leathern-lunged few, who have such a pronounced indisposition to work, that they are for ever attempting to persuade a few more irresponsibles to follow suit. Time and again, it has been proved that a "Union" gives trouble, not because its members have any grievance, but solely for the reason that the agitator shall, by this means, lay claim to a fictitious value. It is useless denying the fact. It is too self-evident for any denial to be of avail. We know of instances where men have been "expelled" from a "union," when, at the same time, they were in receipt of more than union wages; and where the only "grievance" was, that the undertaking involved, had not been handed over to the mercies—tender or otherwise—of the union's secretary. We believe in helping our down-trodden brothers; but we do not believe in helping a horde of undesirables who are merely alleged to be down-trodden. With this in mind, we suggest that the time has arrived, when the genuine workers of the nation, should band themselves into a non-unionists society; after which, they could reciprocate by "peacefully persuading" the minority which now belongs to the other sort of Union, into joining the new cult. For a time, there would be some fun, no doubt; but eventually,

reason would assert itself; the "labour leader" would see the humour of the situation: and would seek a change. He would work a little!

SOMETIME, perhaps in the dim vistas of the future, the British Empire will be known as a modern institution, in that it will have weights and measures which date from other than "a century back"—and more! The Association of Chambers of Commerce have been again busy with the subject, and have asked the Board of Trade to sanction the use of weights of 20lbs., 10lbs., and 5lbs., as aliquot parts of the cental. What is more to the point, the mighty Board has agreed to the request. You understand that it didn't put the matter so plainly and businesslike as that. Not altogether. The Board's method of dismissing the subject, was "the Board of Trade have given careful consideration to the representations which have been made, and they are prepared to assent to the application." Yea, lor'! It is somewhat of a good thing, and a better sign, when the Board of Trade is prepared to assent to anything less pre-historic than the half-time survey of the *Ark*? Anyhow, it means business, this time, for we have it on the authority of Lord Salisbury—and he is calculated to know something about the needs of the tradesman—that "Steps will therefore be taken for the preparation of standards of the same octagonal form as the present 50lbs. weight."

WE are in for a good time, after all, and if anybody can offer any genuine reason why a ton should be other than a level 2,000lbs., let him now speak, or for ever after hold his peace. That good time, too, will help the sailorman, equally as much as it will help the 'longshore brother. By and by, we shall have cargoes assessed at so many tons of 2,000lbs. each: and a hundred weight, will ultimately signify a hundred pounds. First along, the whole business will be little short of a national calamity, we know: but seeing that France and America have made a fairly good showing with reasonable and sensible weights, there is no reason to suppose that the Briton will be any the worse off? Of course, we are willing to admit that it is Constitutionally wrong to simplify the matters appertaining to British trade: but even so, it had to come, sooner or later: and the present generation might just as well claim the credit therefor, as leave it to its sons and daughters. When the weights and measures have been tried on a modern scale: when it is noted that nothing untoward has happened in consequence; it is highly probable that English money will be modernised. We mustn't go too fast—it is unseemly. And several other things, as well.

WE always had an idea that it was anything but a "great cop," being a Member of Parliament. We had a sneaking sort of notion—developed at the expense of some few of the hon. members which we have studied that most decent individuals were sorry that they ever troubled about the fictitious honour. And now we have it on the word of Mr. Thomas H. Sloan, M.P. for South Belfast, that our decision on the subject, was anything but a long way out! As a matter of fact, Mr. Sloan is sorry that he ever entered Parliament, and has no desire, whatever, to see himself back there, once again. Indeed, the gentleman is assured, is convinced, has a firm belief, or which of the various ways you would rather put it, that "no man could be honest, or, having a conscience, could live up to its dictates, and be a Member of Parliament." There you are, you good Parliamentarians. Don't you try to mislead us in any of your usually shameful manners, any more. Mr. Sloan has been in the talking shop for some three years, and that ought to be long enough to admit of his sizing you up. Henceforth, all notions toward Parliamentary honours, as far as we are concerned, are distinctly "off." That's what they are. When Tod Sloan—no, Thomas H. Sloan, Esquire, gives us a straight tip, well, we are all for taking it.

HOLD on a bit though. Does the Sloanesque strictures apply to shipping M.P.'s? And if so, seeing that they are invariably honest, is the thusness of the situation, because of their having no conscience? They do live up to the inward workings of something, we know, and, personally, we thought it was a conscience. However, we have never been to Parliament, so cannot write from personal knowledge. Mr. Sloan has, and presumably does. Doing so, he says that no man could be honest, or having a conscience, could live up to its dictates—and be a Member of Parliament. Good heavens! The sweepingness—if we may write it thus—of the declaration is dreadful to contemplate. We have a sort of feeling that some nasty people in Parliament, have been up against Mr. Sloan, considerably more than they had any right to be, and we are sorry in consequence. What connection has the continuance of the light dues; the absence of a light load line; the non-passing of a Flag Bill; the continued struggle after chasing the Briton out of the British vessel; or any of the thousand-and-one disabilities under which the shipping industry languishes, to do with the lack of conscience, we wonder? Really, any further consideration of this phase of national life, is impossible. It is, indeed!

IT would be interesting to know what this old Homeland of ours would develop into, if every crank were given a free hand in mapping out his own crankiness? Private Philanthropy (with a capital P) is now out on the war-path, intent on the establishment of labour colonies, and some of our contemporaries are labouring under the delusion, that the State might come into the scheme, and help. We note that in the event of State-help intervening, it might be necessary for the Weary Willies who are to be helped (?), to carry a "waybill"—a sort of bill of health, showing where the human derelict is bound to, whence he has come, when he last had a wash, and several other items of a similar character. Tickles you, doesn't it? You can imagine the sturdy wanderer who claims to be a man and a brother, deigning to allow you to put any such personal questions to him, can't you? Mind you, there are such colonies on the free and happy Continent; the place which is soldier-ridden and disciplined to death, nearly. And certain well-meaning, but in our opinion, eminently misguided individuals, are about to visit these Continental paradises. What the upshot of it all will be—well, you can put it down to the hot weather, and then give it up!

YOU know, it is almost impossible for us to scan the "labour" column of "London's best," without wondering why there is still room at Hanwell—or Bridgend? Touching on the recent disaster in the Rhondda Valley, the heaven-sent genius who attends—more or less—to the column referred to, is more than usually amusing. Everybody deplores the sad accident which carried off so many bread-winners, and we venture to say that not one man in the whole of Wales but would do his utmost in the relief of the distress which is consequent on the disaster, or to obviate any such deplorable mishap again occurring. All the same, there is absolutely no sense, or reason, in talking through one's hat about the matter? Poppycock will not bring the victims to life, nor will it help to stop the hunger of those who have lost their mainstay. Yet poppycock is about all that one "L.G.C.M." brings to bear on the subject—at least, it appears so to us. In one breath this would-be regenerator of mankind tells you that "the latest holocaust

(there is no originality in these writers; "holocaust" is their pet word) will scarcely disturb the average." If not, of what use is it to lash one's self into a ferment over the miserable occurrence?

You are first assured that the life-loss in coal-winning is so great, that but few people realise the magnitude thereof; you are then told that this greatness notwithstanding, 120 additional victims will not "disturb the average," which, year in, year out, is twenty per week. In view of the total number employed, this twenty per week should show that coal-mining is considerably safer, as a means of livelihood, than are dozens of other occupations of which the "daily" youth seldom or never prattles. But then, the mining industry has succeeded in looming tall in the public eye—thanks to Mr. Agitator—while the other trades referred to, are quiet, and bear their portion of the white man's burden, without a continual growl being thrown around on the breeze. Moreover, the genius to whom we have already referred, winds up his peroration as "I have often remarked how unfairly the earnings of coal-mines are divided between the owners of the mines, the shareholders of the companies, and the men who win the coal for us." Yet, in spite of the great "I's" frequent remarks, the world pursues the even tenour of its way. It's shameful. That same old world ought to stop on its axis, yea, right up to the moment when "I" is listened to, with all the veneration which his abilities command—or should command.

23But, for one reason and another, these attendants to the "popular" column of "London's best," seldom if ever write in a manner that is convincing. They bring our their cheap bit of pathos, and if they would leave it right there, no harm would result—nor any good. Unfortunately, however, they slide along over the piece of pathos, and get into—yes, into bathos; for they start writing of subjects on which they are obviously, ill-posted. When all is said and done, the collier is the one man who gets nearly all there is to get out of the Welsh coal trade. In any case, he obtains the lion's share of the proceeds. For it cannot be gainsaid but that with very few exceptions, a colliery undertaking is about the least-paying of all the industrials Yet the miner can reasonably expect to rope in a full day's work, all the year 'round; and without having to risk a penny piece; and his life is considerably less in danger than are others who are not nearly so well recompensed for their labour. In view of the fact that a colliery concern might reasonably be expected to spend several hundreds of thousands of pounds before it is in a position to earn a penny; that every cent is by way of a gamble; and that every cent, again, is paid out in wages, to the very people that "London's best" is pretending to champion; well, you can see the farce of the poppycock alluded to, can't you?

If "L.G.C.M." can be persuaded to get away from the one idea which appears to pervade his every line; can find the time, and the capital to admit of his coming down this way, for the purpose of sizing up the dividends of the collieries of which he prates so lightly; he will probably learn that the dividing of the ooftish is unfair—but not in the manner which he imagines. He will find that in numberless instances, not a cent of dividend has been returned to the long-suffering shareholders involved; and that, in effect, the collieries are being run solely in the interests of the colliers—and their officials. For the men referred to, are about all that are getting anything out of the millions which have been invested. Naturally, "London's best" young man, cannot be expected to know anything about this phase of the subject? He isn't built that way? He is the aider and abettor of sundry cliques of universal reformers; at least, he would probably wish to appear thusly. In reality, his lucubrations are useful, merely for the reason that we have used them; to fill a corner, and to pass the time away! Still, now that the great "I" has shown you the frequency with which he has approached the theme, perhaps you will do better. Will keep a bit from the collier, and pass it over to the investor?

We are more than half-inclined to believe that there is more than mere hot-weather-feeling, in the opinions given to the same "daily" as we have quoted above, by Member of Parliament T. J. Macnamara. Here is the awful warning that is given us—if we care to subscribe thereto: "It will all be just the same next time and worse (we are bound to admit that the gentleman is a bit mixed, and that he means it will be unjust the next time, and worse). All the mistakes of South Africa are, in detailed identity, but a reproduction of the disclosures of the Roebuck and Sidney Herbert Committees of 50 years ago. Nothing followed the Crimean scandals because the public forgot them even before the various Commissions had reported." In which case, the public couldn't have bothered unduly about it, could they? However, that is as may be; but there is a lot of hidden possibility in the following: "And we shall drift on in the same sweet old way (which is somewhat poetical for such a nauseous subject?) until one fine day (must it be a fine day?) we shall knock up against a thoroughly scientifically organised force like the Japs," when, what is going to happen? Something dreffful, you may be sure; and something very much out of the common—or you would not see the name of T. J. Macnamara underneath the screed.

But what really is going to happen—at least, in the opinion of the same authority—is that "John Bull will go down, cursing the stupid folly and indifference that have been his undoing." Well, well, to think of John Bull going off the world's stage, in any such indecent manner! Cursing the stupid folly—Great Scott! If the old chap were to curse the sensible folly, it would not be half so bad; but when we are assured—and by a piece of John Bull, himself; say, one of his trouser buttons, if you like—that the dear old stupid will go down, cursing the stupid folly of the fit-out, well, this is distinctly a case of "If you have tears, prepare to shed them, now?" We haven't the space to go into the side issues, and ancient history portions of the Macnamara yarn; neither is it necessary, for that matter. The worthy M.P. has opened up nothing that is new; he does but prattle along over the lines which have been followed by others. But in the midst of it all, there is the little point about knocking up against that metaphorical but "thoroughly scientifically organised force," which is going to play Old Harry with every one of us. There is truth in the statement, and when you have succeeded in stripping away the brilliant, but somewhat misleading metaphors adopted by Camberwell's elect, you have something to think about. Personally, we hope you will do the thinking.

The shrieking concerning the decision of the Board of Admiralty to sweep out the nation's dockyards, and ultimately to attempt to put them on a workable basis, continues. Naturally, those with most to say, are they who had come to look upon the Dockyard as a close borough affair for themselves. But, after all, it is unnecessary, at this late date, to pretend that the Government Dockyards have been other than public money swallowers; and that if the proper thing had been done, they would have been either closed, or reconstructed, years ago.

Then, the claim that these dockyards are the workshops of the nation, and that they have been specially constructed, at the cost of millions, for the building and repairing of the fleet, will hold no water? Men of war, directly they have come to the mark which is assessed as obsolete, are sold without reserve; they are practically given away. Why, then, should the Dockyards receive a different fate? Is it because the nation's pensioners—for that is about all that the workmen, there, really are—must be cared for? If so, it would be much cheaper for the nation to pension the whole lot off, and close down the yards. In that event, the same nation would merely have to pay a comparatively inappreciable amount as pension money, where now the establishment charges are immeasurably beyond the benefits received.

Is anybody going to pretend that a private shipbuilding yard could survive for three weeks, under the conditions of waste which exist in connection with Government Dockyards? Certainly not, and if the future should make a hurry-up job essential to the nation's safety, it is fairly safe to assume that private enterprise will be called upon, to supply the means of that "hurry-up." This being so—and it is—of what use is it to pretend that there is any need of these Government establishments? Shipbuilding is like every other thing appertaining to the sea service. Constant practice, alone, makes perfect. Now, what practice of the hurry up kind, is there to be found at a Government Dockyard? Practically none, is there? All the crowd appears to be imbued with the one idea of going home to glory, in the steps their fathers trod; and if you were misguided enough to attempt to galvanise them into real life—well, something would happen. The Dockyards, themselves, might be right enough, and under an efficient system of commercial management, might reasonably be expected to "turn a honest penny" for the nation. As things are, however, there is but little hope in this direction, and the safest way out of the imbroglio, is to close them for a time, and start afresh?

The stranding of the passenger steamer *Brighton*, off the Mumbles Head, again calls attention to the need of an efficient fog-horn on this particular portion of the Bristol Channel coast. We are not inclined to suggest that if the Mumbles had been supplied with a hundred efficient horns, the *Brighton* would have fared any better than she did, for when there is a fog about, and a tide is playing havoc with a skipper's dead reckoning, a fog horn, only, is not to be considered as essential to safe navigation. As a matter of fact, the horn of commerce is there mainly for the purpose of acquainting the navigator that, in a general sense, there is land in the direction whence comes the sound. The captain of the *Brighton* already had that information, and was therefore, to a very great extent, beyond the need of a reminder. There was nothing particularly exciting in connection with the stranding, for all the passengers were safely landed, thanks to the assistance rendered by Swansea's steam pilot boat *Beaufort*, and we note that the usual "if," is around in quite fair-sized chunks. That is to say, if the *Brighton* had taken a course "twenty yards more seaward the accident would have been averted." Quite so! Reminds you of the dog, the bone, and the hare, doesn't it?

In the House of Lords, on Monday, Lord Brassey called attention to the report of the Select Committee on Steamship Subsidies. In doing so, his Lordship went into the subject exhaustively, and reminded his audience that Lord Nelson's cry, on a certain historical occasion, had been "Frigates, more frigates." Presumably, Nelson got the frigates, for if the Home Government were a bit slack in responding to his demands, the old hero had a natty little manner of helping himself from the other side! Present-day Nelsons will not be able to do this quite so well, and for the reason that "the other side" hasn't the necessary number of frigates—or their modern equivalent. It appears that Lord Charles Beresford informed the Select Committee, that success or defeat, in the initial stages of a war, might turn on speedy information and the maintenance of long lines of communication; also, that the best kind of scouts for this particular duty, were the ocean greyhounds belonging to the British Mercantile Marine. Lord Brassey wished to know, if the Mercantile Marine, unaided by the State, could supply the ships that would be required, and then went on to show that in his opinion, it could not. For in spite of all the "Rule Britannia" with which the country is, from time to time excited, first-class ships are becoming scarcer, every year.

As a matter of fact, the Mistress of the Seas is third on the list, when she should be, undoubtedly, first. For instance, of the nine 10,000-tonners having a speed of 20 knots, and which have been built since 1895, one only—the *Oceanic*—is under the British flag. Lord Brassey had a lot to say concerning the Cunard agreement, and suggested that therein the Government had not gone far enough as regards numbers, and had been too exacting in the matter of speed. But then, the Government never will go far enough where a mere merchant ship is concerned, and it is always too exacting under the same circumstances. The plain fact is, that the Government and its officials, seeing that they have but a very perfunctory knowledge of the Mercantile Marine, have also a scant sympathy therewith. It is useless cloaking the truth, for that line of conduct will never put nautical affairs on the correct footing. There is no justification for the conduct, we know, but it is only misleading, to try to get away from the actual conditions which apply: That Governmental folk gaze upon the Mercantile Marine, its owners, and its *personnel*, as a sort of nautical natural history group. A something to be looked at, much as you would look at the skeleton of a mastodon, or the much-written-of dodo.

Such a condition is deplorable, we admit; but it is there, all the same. The Naval officer generally affects an indulgent style, when hard fate makes it imperative for him to exist, for a few moments, in company with a merchantman. That is to say, the mercantile officer is a—well, dontcherknow, he is rather a decent sort of chappie, p'r'aps, but, still, he is only a merchantman! The latter worthy, not to be outdone in this particular, is prone to look upon the Naval man, as a kind of Lowther Arcade mannikin, and until this ridiculous state of affairs is altered, there will be no better ordering of matters nautical. The Naval officer takes his cue from his owners, the Government; and they in turn, have taken their's, from nonsensical tradition. That the whole fit-out is senseless, and utterly unworthy of the progressive times in which we live, cannot be gainsaid; that the conditions are even as we have written, is equally certain. There is a way out of the imbroglio, and it is the Government's bounden duty to show that way. Let there be a little more mixing of the two classes; let one get to know the other as he really is, and not as he has been traditioned as appearing; and the first step in the road to improvement will have been taken.

In this connection, there is one great essential. Everybody concerned, should be willing to look at the subject from an unprejudiced point of view; should endeavour to

size up the actual value of each branch of the service, from a national point of view; should realise that the Navy and the Mercantile Marine are inter-dependent; and that even as the merchant ship could not pursue its peaceful path unless protected by its fighting friend: neither could the fighter exist for ten minutes, were it not that the peaceful vessel earns the money, and brings the stores which make it possible to keep a "fleet in being." Once make both sides realise that they are but nautical twins, so to speak; that the nation regards them both with the same kindly thought; and Britain's place in the scheme of creation would be trebly secure. There is no getting away from the knowledge that the nation at large, has a different feeling for the two services. Merchant Jack might march about in his thousands, and the crowd would adopt the same sort of smile that would be their's, if they were putting in an afternoon at the Zoo. But if a dozen or so of blue-jackets foregather at a given spot, the same crowd will put away the smile alluded to, even as it waxes quite enthusiastic over the boys-in-blue.

It will be a bad day for Britain, when that enthusiasm is a thing of the past; but it is just as valuable an asset, when used in connection with the merchant sailor: and if this fact would be but apparent to those with the greatest interest in the conditions, the Government would not be quite so apathetic where the Mercantile Marine's interests are at stake. It is all very well to appoint Select Committees, but it is highly probable that they are more or less tainted with the same feeling of national superiority, as is in evidence with other sections which deal with merchant questions. Under those circumstances, then, it is hopeless to expect a better ordering of affairs, for the would-be orderers start out with a wrong feeling; a feeling that the shipowner is a sort of spoiled darling: that as such, he must be made to realise his proper position in the general scheme; and thus it comes about, that every phase of the business is attacked from a prejudiced point of view. Really speaking, the subsidy committee should have had nothing to do with the idea that they were sitting in judgment on the shipowner; should have realised that their's was a national duty; that they were employed for the purpose of getting something worth having, for the general benefit of the nation; and that, anyhow, shipowner doesn't care a toss as to how any subsidy concern comports itself.

Furthermore, if a better state is really desired, the Government must give more attention to the *personnel* side of the Mercantile Marine. There is absolutely no reason that the mercantile officer shall be kept away from the nation's vessel, as if he had the plague; and the naval man would learn quite a quantity of resourceful quiffs, if he were "detailed" for service, on a Bilbao iron-ore steamer. There is nothing impossible in the suggestion, and a carefully worked-out scheme on the suggested lines, would be of incalculable benefit to the country. For in this manner, the naval man would rapidly acquire a well-merited toleration for his mercantile brother, while the latter would add a certain amount of real life to the mechanical routine of the Navy. That all hands would be gainers, goes without saying; and the biggest gainer of all, would be the nation. In our opinion, there is ever too much attention paid to the actual trade of the country, rather than to the methods which should be adopted to carry on that trade. In other words, the whole of the trade has to be conveyed, somehow; and instead of seeing that the carrying portion of the deal is in first-class order, the maximum of care is given to working up the stuff, itself, while a trust in Providence is manifested as to how that same stuff shall be carried.

The early nightingale is no more; the big gooseberry has ceased to charm; no kindly-disposed person will oblige with a sea-serpent story; "business falsehoods" have begun to pall; even the German coal deal is of little use as an irritant-of-the-moment; so threats of a big coal strike are toward. It's a gay world, good people, and if, in these sad times of stress, you happen upon "scare heads" in your own particular "daily," don't be alarmed; patiently wade through all the sickening detail; wipe away the salt-laden tear; and even as you note that the end of the particular paragraph is about reached; prepare to ship your best and most expansive smile, for—"You'll find it contradicted at the bottom!" 'Tis ever thus, if you care to give the subject a little consideration; it is exactly the same, if you don't; and thus the world wags! "And why is the threatened strike on tap?" "Oh, the owners have formed a combine to defeat the men." "How do you know?" "Why, there is a strike on at Such-a-colliery, and its trucks have been collecting coal from So-and-so's." Here friends, is the sort of clap-trap with which you are assailed, if you are misguided enough to spend a penny for certain of the "daily" arrangements.

The journalist of commerce is supposed to be an observant biped, and generally speaking, he is just that. Exceptions prove the rule, and some of our contemporaries prove the exception! Since coal trains were first made up, it has been a common sight to notice on one train, anything up to a dozen different names. Most folk are aware that this is merely a case of accommodation, between one colliery company and another; merely a case of "we'll hire yours to-day; you shall hire ours to-morrow." Now, although most people were well aware of this little item of commercial interest, one, at least, of our "daily" contemporaries had doubts upon the subject. So many of those doubts, that it actually deputed "a representative" to enquire into the apparently hidden meaning of the job. What did "our representative" find out? Simply what you, and ourselves knew, years ago. That is, the accommodation work was not, in any way, connected with a "combined movement to defeat the strikers"—at Ebbw Vale in this instance—but simply a commercial transaction. Dear us! It is hot, and sort of sultry—by day; but it is somewhat cool—at night?

The comparative figures showing the trend of the coal trade, and which are compiled by Mr. W. R. Hawkins, secretary of the Cardiff Chamber of Commerce, are always interesting. We have made the statement, ere this; but it is a true one, and the truth should be no worse, for being twice told? The total quantity of coal exported from the United Kingdom, on foreign account, and for June, of this year, shows a decrease when compared with the figures for June of last year, of 414,444 tons, the actual figures being: June, 1904, 4,243,700 tons; and June, 1905, 3,829,256 tons. As showing the extent to which Cardiff figures in the list as a coal-exporting centre, nearly one-half of the decrease is alloted to her. Coastwise, however, Cardiff somewhat redeems her character, for she is the only port in the Bristol Channel group, which marks an increase, albeit amounting to but 22,491 tons—very small figures for Cardiff. In bunker coal, there is an increase in the periods already mentioned, of 8,889 tons, and on the face of it, this appears somewhat paradoxical, doesn't it? That is, there is less cargo being carried, but there is more bunker coal being used! How do we account for it? We don't. We do but state the fact, and anyhow, it is too warm to bother about reasons in this connection. Personally, we are satisfied that this is merely one of the fluctuations. By-and-bye, it will fluctuate the other way.

We are informed that the steamer *Arran*, launched from "Earle's," Hull, was taken for her official trial trip on Monday, last. Needless to say, the steamer's engines worked smoothly and without a hitch throughout the trial, at which a speed of 10 knots was maintained: and in all probability those engines will continue to work in the same satisfactory manner, for many other trips which will not be of the official trial variety—for "Earle's" are noted for satisfactory work. We will remark that *Arran*—the third of six similar vessels which the same builders have in hand—is now the property of the Hull Steam Fishing and Ice Company, Ltd., and will be a valuable addition to their already large number of "fleeters."

3660 05 -Hailwood & Henry *Improvements in and relating to brushes for cleaning miners safety lamps or the like.*

This brush is so constructed that the hemispherical end thereof can be removed and the cylindrical body portion reversed. The brush consists of a rod forming a handle the end of which is provided axially with a screwed spindle, a hollow cylindrical bristle portion of the same diameter as the handle is fitted over the spindle and secured by screwing a shouldered hemispherical end piece likewise provided with bristles on the projecting end of the spindle. In a modification the end piece has a hook which is inserted into the hollow bristle body and engages an eye formed at the end of the spindle. The spindle is then tightened by screwing into the handle, or the three portions may screw together by threads formed thereon.

10,225 05 -Olbers—*A device for coupling and holding together chains, ropes, and the like.*

This is a device for securing two chains together so that they extend side by side approximately in a parallel manner. It consists of a ring flattened or circular, divided into two halves which are hinged together at one pair of meeting ends, and secured together when closed by a screw at the other ends, one half ring is provided with two or more internally projecting pins which enter sockets on the interior of the other half, and bridge over the space between them when closed. The pins are previously inserted through links of the chains or eyes provided on the ropes.

6,651 05—Roth—*Improvements relating to explosives containing aluminium or other light metals.*

This invention relates to means for enabling explosives containing aluminium as described in specifications 16,277 00, 3,253 04 and 4,699 04, to be exploded by gunpowder instead of fulminate of mercury. The process consists in adding mixtures of peroxide of lead, carbon, sulphur and potassium, nitrate, to the explosive and inserting same in strong shells.

"Ratshop."—Yes, dear, we saw it—after you had sent us the cutting. This is a serious journal, and we have no time to bother with the lucubrations of every two-cent sheet, which flutters, for a moment, on the metaphorical breeze of an imaginary "popular" consideration. Beside, we did the work—it didn't! On second thought, we'll ask you a question. Did you ever read a yarn concerning one Androcles and a lame lion? If so, you'll remember that the lion was ultimately grateful to Androcles, for performing the quasi-surgical operation? Well, in this instance, you might consider us as Androcles. By-and-bye, the "lame lion" will be grateful to us, for extracting its thorn of overweening-self-appreciation: at the moment the wound is too sore. Now, run away and play, dear? We're busy.

MARITIME MARK MAKERS.

WILLIAM LAW, Esq., J.P.,
(General Manager, Swansea Harbour.)

TO the shipping community, generally, the subject of this present writing needs but little introduction, for to-day, the words Mr. William Law and Swansea Harbour, are practically synonymous. We write this from personal experience, having heard the combination in most of the world's shipping ports, and if the gentleman, himself, should be inclined to say us nay—well, we should leave the subject, retaining, at the same time, the opinion which we have gleaned in the manner indicated. On more than one occasion, too, we have heard the doubt expressed as to Mr. Law being a "Geordie," and mainly for the reason that he has, in his varied experience, garnered a fair amount of that *suaviter in modo* which doesn't always accompany the North Countryman's *fortiter in re*. In all probability, the "gentleness of manner," has had much to do with the materialisation of the other portion of our tag, and this being so, we may safely leave this phase of the subject to which we are committed. Coming to the undoubted success which has followed Swansea's shipping trade, since it was placed in the capable hands of our Mark Maker, it will be of interest to recapitulate, for the benefit of those who may be outside the knowledge, the steps which ultimately led up to his present gratifying position. We are willing to admit, that with the training and experience which he brought to the business, nothing short of success was to be expected. For instance, in the golden days of his youth, the present general manager of Swansea's Harbour—and of the business for which it is responsible—commenced to glean points as an employé of the North-Eastern Railway Company, his particular coign of 'vantage, being on the Leeds Northern branch of the Company's system. This portion of his gleaning continued for two years, when we find him transferred to a subordinate position at Tyne Dock. But the subordinate idea did not continue for long. Promotion followed promotion, and ultimately we find Mr. Law in charge of the loading and discharging of vessels frequenting the dock, and attending—when necessary—to the storing of their various cargoes. After a total service of 16 years with the North-Eastern, our Mark Maker next took over the management of the then newly-opened Sutton Bridge Dock; and yet later, acted as Dock Superintendent, to the Hull and Barnsley Railway. Here was it, that the real groundwork of the knowledge which has since done so much for Swansea's progress, was laid, for the business which came to the Hull and Barnsley undertaking, had to be sought for—aye, and practically fought for. To go into dates, we may remark that the year 1892, was that in which Mr. Law identified himself with the fortunes of the port with which his name is now a household word; and as to his appointment to the office which he has so ably filled being a wise one—well, we are convinced that there was no two opinions thereon. Each succeeding year has been marked with increasing prosperity, and it may be taken for granted, that if it is within the bounds of human possibility, that same prosperity will continue. Of course, this increased trade has made greater demands on the facilities of the port, and as every shipping man is now aware, future increases are by way of being provided for, by the construction of the new dock. Of this feature of the Western Port's progress, we shall treat, later on. Meanwhile, in closing this brief sketch, we will remark that according to Mr. Law, himself, the progress has been more the result of the establishment of a genuinely progressive body of trustees, than for any inherent merit which might lay within the power of the Harbour's general manager. This might be, of course; and it might also be, that the happy results are the outcome of a combination of both conditions. Personally, we incline to the latter belief.

THE MARITIME REVIEW.
An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1905.

ONE MAN NAVIGATION.

WE are willing to admit that there is somewhat of a lack of originality in the above title; that it has been used, before—for we have used it; that it will certainly be used, again; and that, no matter how we are inclined to argue the matter out; it is impossible to kill the "one man navigator." He is usually too chuckle-headed, to take any notice of the well-meant raillery with which he is assailed; has too much of an overweening belief in the great almightiness of himself, and his calculations, generally; is, in short, too mentally dense to realise exactly how many varieties of a fool he succeeds in making himself, within the limited number of days which go to make up a latter-day steamer passage. No! You cannot convince the confirmed "one man navigator," that he is, more or less, an ass, and mainly for the reason that if he had brains enough to realise the truth of the matter, he would be anything but the freak which he undoubtedly is. Still, there are quite a number of highly respectable navigating gentlemen, who are merely of the almost-persuaded brand, and it is in their especial interest that we have undertaken this present writing. To-day, the one man navigator is a solecism—more than at any other time in the world's history; and although we are prone to admit that his numbers are on the decrease, there are yet enough of him about, to constitute a serious menace to the welfare of the service to which, no matter how you look at it, he does anything but adorn. How do we recognise the one man navigator? What are his peculiarities? Generally considered, he is among the lowest type of Mercantile Marine officer; a relic of a barbarous and bygone age. We know that he doesn't consider himself as such. On the contrary, rather, for he usually imagines that all the navigating skill, of all the navigating geniuses of the past, have been re-incarnated in himself; and that, in effect, he is a sort of nautical Mokanna—a veiled prophet, you understand? At least, if he, himself, isn't a Mokanna, then, his alleged navigation is! You might be inclined to wonder how that navigation is carried on? If so, we are sorry that we cannot oblige you, with any degree of certainty. All we can tell you, is the visible and outward tokens thereof. We have heard it declared, that this class of navigator is prone to work his varied problems out, with the help of noughts and crosses, and that is mainly why he is indisposed to admit of any spying on his copyrighted methods. Be this as it may, we do know that he is a "black-board man," in addition to his other titles. That is to say, he trigs a nicely-got-up black-board into some prominent portion of the bridge space, and on its more or less glossy surface, he inscribes—generally in terribly groggy characters—the course for the nonce. The officer, on taking charge (save the name) of the bridge, and all that the said charge implies, has to meander across to the black-board; learn the course that is there set-out; and for the whole of the watch, puts his time in, nagging the man at the wheel, and wondering why it is that a shipowner will trust a £50,000 steamer, to the care of such dunder-heads as one meets with, in this year of grace. Of course, the unfortunate officer can work up no intelligent answer to his self-imposed conundrum; so—well, he walks out his four hours, ultimately turning over the job, to the man who relieves him, and who in turn, has to "con" from the board, and keep her thus! Far too frequently, the crock comes to grief, and the learned tribunal before which the genius is brought, reads the usual little homily connected with the use of the lead; suspension or cancellation follows; the underwriters pay up; and everybody is—or ought to be—supremely happy. There is seldom a question asked, as to how the ill-fated ship was really navigated, and forgetful of the days when he was merely one of them, this all-wise navigating prodigy will anathematise about the lack of dependable officers, even as he insinuates that the moment when he was promoted to "a command," was the precise epoch when dependable mates ceased to exist. We shall not spread ourselves, unduly, concerning the rank idiocy which surrounds the notion of expecting a mate to be cognizant of knowing where the ship is, and what dangers surround her, merely because a course has been chalked up on a piece of blackened shifting-board. But we might be forgiven for remarking that, on one occasion, when the Old Man had written us up what he declared was N.E. by E., but which we, and "the other fellow," had interpreted as N. by E., and had steered it for the whole night—well, there was no end of a row, and for once in a life-time, a one man navigator was cured of his besetting sin! Still, it is impossible to touch all of the brand in this manner, so under the circumstances, the owner (and the underwriter) should see what they can do in the matter. We have already remarked that the Board of Trade have promised to attend to the little matter, but, unfortunately for most of us, the Board of Trade may act, only after the trouble is done; at the inevitable inquiry. Mind you, the shipowner is not altogether blameless in the matter, for he—albeit, and in some instances, unconsciously—puts a premium on the manufacture of the one man navigator. That is to say, in an effort to shirk his proper responsibilities, shipowner declines to supply his ship with charts, even as, in a sudden burst of misplaced generosity, he will allow the Old Man to believe that the last sovereign of wages may be considered in the light of "chart allowance." This is altogether wrong, and to a parsimonious shipmaster, is exactly the inducement toward one man navigating, which is calculated to count, every time. The worthy commander, not being blessed with an abundance of reasoning power, argues to himself, "Well, I have to pay for these charts, so they are my property. If I allow those unkempt mates to look at them, even from a distance, what happens? Well, I shall have to purchase another four shilling chart on my return, and what will the Missus do then, poor thing"? There is, as a rule, nobody about with a sufficient interest in the business, that shall supply the necessary answer, so "hands off," is the order—followed, in far too many cases, with disastrous results. We are by no means endeavouring to justify the one man navigator, in this portion of our discussion, but we are prone to admit that, in nine cases out of ten, the owner is directly responsible for the whole business. Obviously, the owner has no more right, or reason, to spot-bar the supply of charts, than has he to declare that as a set-off against the last-pound-but-one in the Old Man's wages, bunker coals, in future, will be at the shipmaster's expense? As well argue that the engineer must supply the propeller, or the log-book in which the fakes are worked? To our mind, this chart question is one which easily admits of legislation. That is, the legislature would be doing the right thing, were it to make it penal for a shipowner to saddle the master with the supply of the very essence of successful navigation. Furthermore, instead of printing out those artistic sets of rules, wherein all manner of idiotic regulations are set forth; it would be better if a plain, straight-forward notice were supplied, to the effect that the charts were the owner's property; were placed on board for the navigating of the ship; and not for the purpose of proving the heaven-sent cleverness of the master, for the time-being. Also, that if the owners became aware that the charts were used merely for the last-mentioned purpose, then, it would be in

the interests of all concerned, if the said master should charter a cab, at the final port of discharge—for, in any case, he'd need it. A notice after the manner suggested, would quickly kill off the one man navigators which remain. Don't we all know the sort of fit-out that these alleged path-finders usually carry? Of course, we do! We know that the majority of the so-called charts were purchased some twenty years ago; that, since that time, they have never been corrected; that they have been patched until it is practically impossible to lay off a moderately correct course, because of the cockling of the brown paper backing which has been used, in conjunction with the "paste" of many moons past; and that to a small boy with a predilection for marble-playing, the said charts would appear as a godsend—so full of pits have they become, through the frequent and careless application of blunt "dividers." Writing in this manner, makes us somewhat reminiscent, and our minds wander back to the various "whales" with whom we have sailed. Investing "whales," who, on arrival in port—thanks to the thorough-going efficiency of their officers—will welcome the shipmasters from other vessels, and during the intervals between swilling cheap claret, and smoking bunker cigars, will expatiate on the manner in which they have invested in "ours." They will then pass on, to the absolute ruin which is surrounding the British Mercantile Marine; will spin maudlin, and tame stories concerning, the general ineptitude of the genus mate; but will forget to impart the great truth, that had it not been for those very mates (who navigated by intuition, and not by chart) the good steamer *Wibbly Wob* would never have got beyond the Wolf. This is another of the weaknesses of the one man navigator—he turns in at 8 p.m., and leaves the actual navigation of the ship, to the decadent mates of which he so loudly complains. Sometimes, this class of "navigator" is lucky in his choice of mates. Sometimes he isn't. In the latter eventuality, he comes to grief; otherwise he is a "splendid sailor." We all know the class of man, don't we? Fortunately, and as we have already remarked, he is gradually dying out; but there are far too many of him about, yet. And if any of his number happen upon these lines, we sincerely trust that he will give up his idiotic tricks; will understand that no man is infallible; and that his mates have been put on board, to share in the general navigation of the ship. Traditions die hard—nearly as hard as some of the ancient barnacles who cherish them. All the same, it is anything but a sensible idea, to keep on at a dodge which has absolutely nothing to recommend it. To crystallise the matter down to a fine point, the shipmaster is exactly what his employer would make him. If that owner continues to sail his vessels at the master's expense, then, one man navigation will continue in certain quarters. It is distinctly human to save expense, and if the Old Man is informed that, say, his wages are £18 per month, but that he will be paid £20, providing he supplies charts and chronometer; that if he isn't willing to assume command on those conditions, then he may go to Hades; well, you can be fairly certain that the charts on that ship, will be about as poor as they may possibly be, and yet remain charts. There is still a belief that, somewhere on one of the derrick poles, there is a sweet little cherub thing; that its sole mission in life, is to take care of chart-dodging shipmasters; and this being so, undue risks will continue, for just as long as the conditions prevailing, suggest them. Most of us, at some period or other in our nautical wanderings, have been shipmates with the Old Man who wouldn't trust the mates "sight," for Father Peter. That is, the shipmaster who mounts the upper bridge with the identical "horse's head," with which Captain Noah determined the position of the starboard peak of Ararat: the dear old fossil, who having already exposed his hired-for-the-trip chronometer, to the draughts and air-currents which prevail on the tramp's alleged chartroom, will measure the angle for which he is "out," and then, with the words "one, two, three-and-a-bit," will stalk back to the chronometer, and mark the time! Haven't we all seen—and admired—him? Of course we have! Have wondered how in thunder such men ever obtained a certificate—and a ship! Still, these men are about, and in the interests of safe navigation, it is high time that they were taught their proper position in the economy of the maritime world. We are glad to state, that in our opinion, the master who believes that safe navigation may only be attained, by acting on the truth that two heads are better than one—and that three are better, still—are in the vast majority. All the same, the one man navigator is by no means as scarce as some of our friends would pretend; and shipowner should unite with underwriter, in insisting that this nautical curiosity should be put away with the ribs and trucks of the mastodon? There are quite enough nautical freaks about, to-day, without adding thereto, needlessly, by the cultivation—from a mistaken sense of economy—of the style of navigator which we have been discussing, here.

A NAUTICAL PASSION-PLAY!

THERE is no getting away from the fact that his Majesty of Germany is a dramatist of the first water. The world has had continued evidence thereof. But we much doubt if a better showing of the trait has been rendered, than that which took place at Swinemünde, some few days ago, when Prince Bülow went thitherward, for the purpose of reporting progress to his versatile Boss. It appears that the Hunky Boy was on *Hohenzollern*—the Imperial yacht *Hohenzollern*, you understand—when the Prince arrived on the scene, and in the words of a contemporary, "As soon as Prince Bülow put off from the shore, the order was given to dress and man ship, and the officers, together with the Emperor's suite, paraded in full dress at the head of the ship's steps (sort of naïve, don't you think?), where the Imperial Chancellor was received by his Majesty and by the assembled company, at the salute. The Emperor then led off three ringing cheers for Prince Bülow, in which all present joined." So far, so good, and right up to this point, the staid *Times* appears to take the matter seriously. Thereafter, however, our comtemporary evidently felt the warm weather; wanted to let off some superfluous steam; became wickedly sarcastic, in point of fact. Why? Well, just you read the following: "By the side of an incident like this, the Anglo-French naval festivities at Brest, are regarded as fading into comparative insignificance." We should smile! Don't tell us of the "uniquity" of such little affairs, and anyhow, we should have been glad to have been there—at Swinemünde, you know—to see how the Imperial yacht *Hohenzollern* looked, when she was "dressed" and "manned"—to say nothing of having the whole caboodle at "the salute." Everybody, at this late date, knows that German silver isn't a very valuable metal; but hang it, sirs, it will shine almost as brightly as the real McKoy—if you only rub it hard-, and long-enough? And anyhow, who has any right to pass remarks because the One and Only elects to let off his super-heated, and Imperial vapour, by leading off with "three ringing cheers?" He might easily be occupying himself less innocently? For instance, he might be fussing around in an endeavour to alter the Rule of the Road at sea; or in working new quiffs into the steering rules which have been in existence, since the days before Germany was thought of. Moreover, if a highly respected gentleman has a Chancellor who is 'cute enough to triumph "over French diplomacy"—aye, even if nobody outside of the Fatherland can see it; what is wrong with letting things go a bit, in the matter of dressing and manning ship? Some people are never satisfied, and appear to imagine that these kinds of festivities are only correct, when used in connection with proper vessels, and genuine sailors—like those who have been jubilating over at Brest, and—well, yes, over at Paris! An Emperor's job, these days, doesn't appear to be one where beer and skittles are about all the time?

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *July 19, 1905.*

No alteration, worthy of note, has eventuated in the Coal Market, since our last time of writing. That is to say, the steadiness of which we told you, then, is still apparent; but the pit-stoppages which occur with such sickening frequency, contribute largely to this steadiness, which is, therefore, a fictitious kind of hardening. Anyhow, it cannot be truthfully suggested that business has been any more active. There certainly has been an increased enquiry; but most of it is merely a matter of inquisitiveness on the part of those of the cult who find time hanging heavily. True, some of the enquiry has materialised into bookings, which, in one or two lucky quarters, have been fair. But with the majority, circumstances are even as set out above.

BEST CARDIFF ADMIRALTYS are quotably steady at recent figures. Colliery stems are no more than fairly satisfactory, for there is ample room for much improvement, even in BESTS. The demand is limited, at the moment, and there is but little left of old-time business to work off. Coming to figures, we find that these are a general 12s. 9d., which is outside value. Moreover, it is by no means difficult to improve upon the quotation, quite to the extent of threepence—if you keep a stern unbending look spread over the portions to which this is usually allotted.

SECOND ADMIRALTYS remain scheduled at 12s., and the price is really about their present worth. The position of collieries in this group, is nothing to brag about; on the contrary, rather, for they are best described as easy. Even so, the figures given are being adhered to—until somebody comes along with the glint of business shining from his expressive eye; then—well, it is e'en as you'll make it.

ORDINARIES have been blessed (or favoured, which best suits you), with no increased demand, and as a consequence their position is as weak as at our last time of addressing you. The figures, here, are written from 11s. 6d. upwards; but with firm business in hand, the inevitable will happen. You know what it is, so pass we on to

MONMOUTHSHIRE COALS which, on this occasion, are a firm market. In the main, recent prices have easily obtained, while in some few instances, an enhanced figure has been reached. For BLACK VEINS, as much as 12s. has been paid, although 11s. 9d. may really be taken as the actual value. The collieries here, are busily employed on good stems, and are likely to continue so, for a week or two forward. The stoppages, too, are helping the seller, as usual. ORDINARIES, while unchanged in actual price, are steady at 11s. 3d., f.o.b. Newport, and the collieries have anything but a superfluous stock of the commodity on hand. SECONDS are undergoing a hardening process; but although 10s. 6d. is being asked, 10s. 3d. approximates into the figures at which most of the trading is passing.

DRYS are in no better position than has been their's for some time past, and the values remain as before—11s. 3d. to 11s. 9d. Sellers lack stems; stocks are heavy; demand *nil;* let us leave DRYS. They make us pessimistic.

RHONDDA No. 3's are a trifle easier at under 13s. 9d., but No. 2's are steadying up a little. The hardness of SMALLS has diverted a lot of bunkering to this grade, so the quotation has been raised to 9s. 9d.

SMALLS—good old smalls! All that we have said for the past month or two, and in their behalf, applies equally to-day. With that, let us leave them.

PATENT FUELS show no change, and PITWOOD, once again, is steady.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 7½d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	11s. 9d., 12s. 3d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 10½d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d., 12s. 3d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.
Drys ,, ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.
Best Newport ,, ...	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	11s. 0d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 0d., 11s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	14s. 6d., 15s. 0d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 3d., 14s. 9d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 7½d.	13s. 7½d.	13s. 6d., 13s. 9d.	13s. 6d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d., 9s. 9d.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 7½d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.
,, 2 ,, ...	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 7½d.	8s. 6d., 8s. 9d.
Smalls:						
Best Cardiff ...	8s. 6d., 8s. 9d.	8s. 7½d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d., 9s. 0d.	8s. 9d., 9s. 0d.
Seconds ...	8s. 0d., 8s. 3d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 0d., 8s. 6d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.
Ordinaries ...	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.	8s. 0d.	8s. 0d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d.
Best Newport ...	7s. 6d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d., 8s. 0d.	7s. 6d., 8s. 0d.	7s. 9d.
Seconds ...	7s. 3d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 3d	7s. 0d., 7s. 6d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	7s. 3d	7s. 3d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 4½d.	7s. 6d.
,, No. 3 ...	9s. 9d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	21s. 3d.	21s. 3d.	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d., 21s. 6d.	21s. 0d.
Ordinary ...	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Furnace Coke ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 4½d.
Patent Fuel ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 7½d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ..	18s. 6d., 19s. 0d.	18s. 9d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d., 19s. 3d.	18s. 9d., 19s. 3d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *July 19, 1905.*

HERE, too, there has been the reverse of anything exciting since our last, for prices, generally, are about on a par with what they were then. While these have been maintained, there has been anything but a mad rush of new business, so that insufficient has transpired to warrant a change in the figures ruling.

ANTHRACITE coals are receiving a fair enquiry, and collieries are moderately well off in the matter of stems. All the same, supplies are easily coping with demand, and sellers are just able to maintain late prices. Inferior sorts continue easy, with but little prospect of an early improvement.

MACHINE MADE COALS are unchanged in the matter of price, business therein remaining somewhat quiet. COBBLES are easy, but PEAS and NUTS are in fair demand at recent figures.

RUBBLY CULM is not so firm as of late, supplies being rather more plentiful, with an easier demand. STEAM COALS are somewhat steadier, especially for the superior sorts, which are well stemmed, and being maintained at 12s. 9d. SECONDS are quoted at from 12s. to 12s. 3d., but somewhat slack withal. Local BUNKER qualities, too, are inclined to dulness.

BELOW, we give the average prices for the week:—

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	17s. 0d., 18s. 3d.
Seconds do. ...	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.
Big Vein Large ...	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d., 11s. 0d.	10s. 6d., 10s. 9d.
Red ,, ,, ...	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.	9s. 7½d	9s. 7½d	9s. 9d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 0d.
,, ,, Peas ...	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d., 10s. 9d.	10s. 7½d.	10s. 7½d.	10s. 6d., 10s. 9d.
Rubbly Culm ...	5s. 6d., 5s. 9d.	5s. 6d.	5s. 6d.	5s. 3d., 5s. 6d.	5s. 3d.	5s. 0d., 5s. 6d.
Duff ...	3s. 6d.	3s. 6d.	3s. 4½d.	3s. 3d.	3s. 3d., 3s. 6d.	3s. 3d.
Patent Fuel:—	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 9d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 10½d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.
Bunker ,, ...	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 6d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	8s. 6d., 9s. 0d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 10½d.	8s. 9d., 9s. 0d.	8s. 9d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

STEADINESS prevails, the representative fixtures for the week varying as follow :

Week Ending, (Wednesday), July 19, 1905

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Aden *Dunolly*, 8s. 6d.
Colombo, (via Cape), *Knight Batchelor*, 4,142 n. 10s.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Ardoe*, 7s. 9d.
Southlands, 4,000 tons, 7s. 9d.
Steamer, 2,800 tons, 7s. 10½d.
Teneriffe, *Torr Head*, 6,000 tons, 6s. 3d.
Santos, *Edale, or sub.*, 11s. 7½d.
Las Palmas Madeira, *Lord Charlemont*, 6s. 3d.
Monte Video, *Burnholme*, 5,000 tons, 7s. 3d.
Campana, Steamer, 3,800 tons, 7s. 7½d. option **Villa Constitucion Rosario.**
Vera Cruz, Steamer, 4,000 tons, 7s. 3d.
Dakar, *Weybridge*, 7s. 6d.
Bahia, *Ruskin*, 10s. option **Pernambuco.**
Quebec, *Dunmore Head*, 3,000 tons, 5s. (Admiralty).
Steamer, 2,700/2,800 tons, 7s. 6d. (Admiralty)
Rio de Janeiro, *Porpoise*, 4,000 tons, 9s. 6d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Beethoven*, 4,500 tons, 5s. 3d.
Palestrina, 4,700 tons, 5s. 3d.
Afonwen, 4,700 tons, 5s. 3d.
Frederick Knight, 5,000 tons, 5s. 3d.
Genoa, *Maria Vittoria*, 3,000 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Parthenon, 3,800 tons, 6s. 1½d.
Collingwood, 3,600 tons, 6s. 3d.
Steamer, 3,500 tons, 6s. 6d.
Elixir, 3,200 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Whinfield, 3,350 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Venice, *Ailsawald*, 3,800 tons, 7s. 6d. optn. **Ancona**, (s).
Venus, 3,300 tons, 7s. 3d.
Hillhouse, about 7s. 3d.
Gadsby, 4,400 tons, 7s. 3d. (N). or **Ancona.**
Carthagena, *Gwendoline*, 1,850 tons, 7s. 1½d. coal, 7s. 10½d. fuel, (s).
Barcelona, *Elwine Koeppen*, 2,600 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Benan, 3,200 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Steamer, 1,800 tons, 6s. 10½d. (s).
Palermo, *Marie*, 2,200 tons, 6s. 6d. option **Messina/or Catania.**
Steamer, 6s. 6d.
Messina, *Frascati*, 3,000 tons, 6s. 6d. 400, optn. **Palermo/ or Catania.**
Constantinople, *Ramleh*, 3,200 tons, 5s. 10½d.
Naples, *Minterne*, 4,300 tons, 6s.
Zoe, 2,200 tons, 6s. 3d. 800 ppt.
Marseilles, *Tirreno*, 3,500 tons, 7·50 fcs. ppt.
Capua, 2,600 tons, 7·50 fcs.
Almeria, 3,300 tons, 7·50 fcs.
Algiers, *Ville de Bayonne*, 1,800 tons, 7·25 francs.
Deux Charentes, 2,000 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Corona, 2,200 tons, 7·25 fcs. option **Oran.** (N).
Euterpe, 1,800 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Alexandria, *Straits of Menai*, 3,800 tons, 6s. 6d.
Dalegarth, 2,900 tons, 6s. 6d. (replacing *Newquay* cancld)
Columba, 5,400 tons, 5s. 9½d.
Glenby, 2,600 tons, 6s. 6d.
Woodla, 5,800 tons, 5s. 10½d. (P.T.)
Leghorn, *Bladwen*, 3,600 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Regnant, 2,200 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
Sebenico, (Adriatic). Steamer, 4,000 tons, 7s. 3d. 350
Dunav, 4,000 tons, 7s. 3d. (s).
Oran, Steamer, 1,600 tons, 7·50 fcs. coal, 8·50 fcs. fuel, (s).
Lisbon, *Maroon*, 1,800 tons, 4s. 10½d.
Stakesby, 1,650 tons, 5s. (N).
Spezzia, *Orasco*, 3,200 tons, 6s. 3d. ppt. (N).
Pasages, *Solon*, 1,800 tons, 4s. 9d. (N).
Nice, *Isle of Ramsey*, 2,200 tons, 7s. coal, 7s. 9d. fuel. (s).
Vigo, *Compostela*, 650 tons, 5s.
Beyrout, *Eastgate*, 2,000 tons, 7s. coal, 7s. 9d. fuel.
Palma, Steamer, 1,500 tons, 6s. 6d.
Gibraltar, *Dalegarth*, 3,000 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Elorrio, 1,600 tons, 5s. 9d. (N).
Malta, *Exe*, 2,500 tons, 5s. 10½d. fuel. (Admiralty).
Shakespear, 2,400 tons, 5s. 10½d., fuel (Admiralty).
Syracuse, Steamer, 1,900 tons, 6s. 9d.

BALTIC, Etc.

Stockholm, *Dowlais*, 1,500 tons, 4s. 9d.
Mary Horton, 1,200 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Carlscrona, *Nautik*, 1,350 tons, 4s. 6d.
Cronstadt, *Cairnmona*, 2,100 tons, 4s. 6d.
Steamer, 2,000 tons, 4s. 6d.
Hiso, 2,300 tons, 4s. 7½d.
Varus, 1,850 tons, 4s. 6d.
Stettin, *Harold Horn*, 4s. 9d. (P.T.)
Copenhagen, *Manchester*, 1,200 tons, 4s. 4½d. (s).

BAY, Etc.

Sables, *Youkon* or *Clarence*, 1,400 tons, 5 fcs. (s).
Spurt, 1,500 tons, 5·12½ fcs.
La Rochelle, *Mary*, 1,700 tons, 4·75 fcs. (s).
Chantenay, *Hazelmere*, 1,450 tons, 5·25 francs. (s).
Charlaw, 1,200 tons, 5 fcs. (s).
Charente, *Swansea*, 1,200 tons, 5·25 fcs. coal, 5·75 fcs. fuel (s).
Nantes, *Baltique*, 1,750 tons, 5·25 fcs. coal, 5·75 fuel. (s.)
La Pallice, *Behera*, 2,300 tons, 4.37½ fcs.
Rocheforte, *Marima*, 2,000 tons, 4·75 fcs.

COASTING, Etc.

Havre, *Camille*, 1,400 tons, 4s. (s).
Olivine, 700 tons, 4s. 1½d. (s).
Skeldon, 1,750 tons, 3s. 10d. (s).
Raloo, 1,100 tons, 4s.
Dieppe, *Quickstep*, 1,100 tons, 4s.
Ossian, or sub., 600/800 tons, 4s. 3d. (nine voyages) (s).
Brest, *Speedwell*, 1,250 tons, 3s. 9d.
Glynn, 1,450 tons, 3s. 9d.
Hamburg, *Sappho, or sub.*, 1,600 tons, 4s.
Caen, *Flandria*, 2,000 tons, 4s.
Cape York, 600 tons, 4s. (s).
St. Kevin, 550 tons, 4s. (s).
Caen/Honfleur, Steamer, 750 tons, 4s. 3d.
St. Malo, *Stokesley*, 1,250 tons, 3s. 10½d.
Trouville, *Queens Channel*, 380 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
Rouen, *St. Patrick*, 750 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Thisbe, 1,250 tons, 4s. 7½d. (s).
Glynn, 1,400 tons, 4s. 7½d. (s).
Amethyst, 700 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
G. Player, 750 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Ormerod, 570 tons, 4s. 9½d. (s.)
Alice M. Craig, 1,200 tons, 4s. 7½d. (s).
M. J. Craig, 820 tons, 4s. 8d. (s).
Haulbowline, and/or **Queenstown**, *Bass Rock*, 760 tons, 2s. 10½d. (Admiralty).
Portland, *J. Duncan*, 2,500 tons, 2s. 4½d. (Admiralty).
Weir, 1,500 tons, 2s. 4½d. ,,
Throstlegarth, 2,000 tons, 2s. 4½d. ,,
Great Yarmouth, *Fenton*, 800 tons, 4s. 4½d. (s).
King's Lynn, *Treleigh*, 320 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Dover, *Denbigh*, 380 tons, 4s. 3d.
London, *Devonia*, 1,900 tons, 3s. 7½d.
Tourmaline, 950 tons, 3s. 9d.
Steamer, 700/850 tons, 3s. 9d. option **Rochester**, 3s. 10½d. (s).
Belfast, *Crofthead*, 400 tons, 3s. (s).
Pembroke, *India*, 400 tons, 3s. (Admiralty).

HOMEWARD.

Villagarcia to Cardiff/Newport, *Irwin*, 598 n. 7s.
Bilbao ,, ,, *Bangarth*, 2,000 tons, 4s. 1½d.

SHIPBUILDING.

THE returns compiled by Lloyd's Register of Shipping, state, that, excluding warships, there were 472 vessels of 1,301,457 tons gross, under construction in the United Kingdom, at the close of the quarter ended 30th June, 1905. The vessels in question are made up as follow:—

Description.	No.	Gross Tonnage.
STEAM.		
Steel	440	1,296,066
Iron	1	320
Wood and Composite	1	220
Total	442	1,296,606
SAIL.		
Steel	18	3,591
Iron	—	—
Wood and Composite	12	1,260
Total	30	4,851
Total Steam and Sail	472	1,301,457

THE following table gives the total figures for vessels (warships excluded) now building in the principal ship-building districts of the country, as compared with those for the same period last year. Each district includes places in the neighbourhood of the port after which it is named:—

		June 30th, 1905.		June 30th, 1904.	
District.	Description.	No.	Gross Tonnage.	No.	Gross Tonnage.
Belfast	(Steam) ...	22	208,525	21	168,660
,,	(Sail) ...	—	—	—	—
Total		22	208,525	21	168,660
Barrow, Maryport and Workington	(Steam) ...	6	2,580	12	18,500
	(Sail) ...	—	—	1	150
Total		6	2,580	13	18,650
Glasgow	(Steam) ...	89	267,606	69	178,202
,, ...	(Sail)	10	2,050	9	2,295
Total		99	269,656	78	180,497
Greenock ...	(Steam) ...	64	199,161	45	119,461
,, ...	(Sail) ...	—	—	2	4,250
Total		64	199,161	47	123,711
Hartlepool and Whitby ...	(Steam) ...	19	63,350	17	54,135
	(Sail) ...	—	—	—	—
Total		19	63,350	17	54,135
Middlesbrough and Stockton	(Steam) ...	24	88,817	28	84,535
	(Sail) ...	—	—	—	—
Total		24	88,817	28	84,535
Newcastle ...	(Steam) ...	77	259,108	65	174,266
,, ...	(Sail) ...	3	810	—	—
Total		80	259,918	65	174,266
Sunderland ...	(Steam) ...	50	160,368	48	157,865
,, ...	(Sail) ...	—	—	—	—
Total		50	160,368	48	157,865

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A new steel screw cargo steamer, building by the Tyne Iron Shipbuilding Company, Ltd., Newcastle, has been sold at about £35,000. Dimensions 348ft. x 50ft. x 25ft. 9in. moulded, estimated to carry 6,000 tons deadweight on 21ft. 3in. mean draft; three deck rule, with single deck laid, poop 29ft., bridge 100ft., file 35ft.; cubic capacity about 329,000ft. The machinery will be supplied by the North Eastern Marine Engineering Co., Ltd., with engines 24in., 39in., 66in. x 45in. stroke; two single ended boilers 16ft. x 10ft. 6in.; 180lbs. pressure; six steam winches; donkey boiler 9ft. x 9ft. The steamer will be launched this month, and delivered in August.

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The iron screw steamer *Linares*, lately owned by Messrs. Scott Brothers, Ltd., Newcastle, has been sold to Messrs. Hansen, Brown & Co., Ltd., Middlesbrough, at about £9,500. She was built by the Palmers Company, Limited, Newcastle, in 1883, and had new boilers fitted in 1903; 1,667 tons gross; dimensions 265ft. 6in. x 36ft. 3in. x 19ft.; carries about 2,200 tons deadweight on 17ft. 3in.; with engines 29in., 60in. x 39in. stroke by the Palmers Company. The steamer has been renamed *Lion*.

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The lodges on the North East Coast associated with the Boilermakers and Iron and Steel Shipbuilders' Society have, after taking a vote, given notice that they intend to apply for an increase in wages, of 1s. 6d. per week on time rates, and 5 per cent. on piece rates. It is understood that a conference will shortly take place, between the representatives of the men and the masters, to consider the question.

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Messrs. Swan, Hunter and Wigham Richardson, Ltd., Newcastle, have booked an order for French owners for the construction of two fast passenger steamers, of high-class, intended for the Mediterranean service. The engines which are to be of the Tweedy type, will be supplied by the builders. The order will entail considerable work in both the shipbuilding and engineering departments, and brighten the outlook of the yard for the coming winter.

+ + +

The steel screw steamer *Manchester Miller*, lately owned by the Manchester Liners, Ltd., Manchester, has been sold to Messrs. Watts, Watts & Co., Ltd., London. She was built by the Northumberland Shipbuilding Co., Ltd., Newcastle, in 1903. Dimensions 360ft. x 48ft. x 28ft.; 4,234 tons gross; with engines 25in., 41in., 69in. x 48in. stroke, by Messrs. Richardson, Westgarth & Co., Ltd. The steamer has been renamed *Fulham*.

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Shipbuilders' quotations have kept very steady for several months past, and they are now more than likely to be raised a little, as in the North of England, the quotation for steel ship's angles has been advanced 1s. 3d. per ton to £5 11s. 3d. So far, plates do not seem to have been put up, but the price for these will no doubt be raised in a few days.

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Messrs. Wm. Hamilton & Co., Port Glasgow, have booked an order for a fairly large cargo steamer for Glasgow owners, and Messrs. John Blumer & Co., Sunderland, are reported to have received an order from a Cardiff firm, for the construction of a cargo steamer, of about 4,800 tons deadweight capacity.

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The iron paddle steamer *Siren*, owned by the Tyne General Ferry Company, Newcastle, is reported sold to the Royal Mail Steam Packet Compay, London. She was built at Cardiff, in 1892. Dimensions 154ft. x 21ft. x 8ft. 6in.

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Messrs. W. Simons & Co., Ltd., Renfrew, have received the order to build the dredger for the Alexandra (Newport and South Wales) Docks and Railway Company, Newport, referred to in our last issue.

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The Wallasey District Urban Council have decided to advertise for tenders for the construction of two ferry steamers, and the Clyde Trust are inviting tenders for the construction of two barges of 1,200 tons capacity each.

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Messrs. Thomas Wilson, Sons & Co., Ltd., of Hull, have sold one of their old steamers to the Shipping Agency, Ltd., London.

FOR SALE OR CHARTER.

Steam Yacht **"CURLEW,"**

Length 60ft., beam 12ft., and draft 5ft.; c.s.c. engines; good cabin accommodation; and excellent outfit, including two good boats. Fully insured for a month's cruising in the Bristol Channel. Can be inspected at Channel Dry Docks, Newport.

For further particulars, apply THE CARDIFF CHANNEL DRY DOCKS Co., Ltd., Cardiff.

Maritime (AND OTHER) Money Matters.

WHAT is wrong with the world? The business world, that is? At least, with the portion that was the business world, sometime, in the days which appear to have gone beyond recall. Here are we with wars, rumours thereof, failures, rumoured failures, and heaven knows what beside; and yet, in the midst of it all, the total trade of the country is on the boom—if we are to attach any belief to Board of Trade returns; and quite a number of persons are making money. Not only persons, but syndicates thereof are in the merry swim, even as on the other hand, there are persons (and syndicates of persons) who are not in the merry swim, being rather in the backwash which will not admit of swimming—save under very great difficulties.

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TIME and again, we have told you our views concerning dry dock ventures. Have suggested that, in some instances, they are first-class properties; that in others their class is not quite so apparent; while yet in others, the class is neither apparent nor otherwise, most of their virtues being of a negative character. Of course, there is a certain amount of infatuation attached to these little whirls; and men who are generally credited with the possession of about as much brain as is usually accorded to one chunk of humanity, will enter into the said whirl. Sometimes, these speculators come out alright; sometimes, they don't.

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WE used to know a man whose speciality was dry dock enterprise—at least, one of his specialities was that way; and he made no end of money out of the business. Mind you, he was about the only one of his own clique who stood in this peculiarly (to him) gratifying position; for most of the other fellows lost, most disappointingly. But then, this is merely following out a general law? A law which provides that when one human being gains, some other unfortunate member of the crowd, must have lost? But the man we used to know, was invariably on the winning side—when playing with dry docks, you understand. We are not quite sure whether this was because he was smarter than the other fellows; or merely that he didn't bother himself with nonsensical scruples concerning the ethics of *meum et tuum*.

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BUT we are certain that this gentleman of whom we are reminded, was a high-class fictionist—to put the matter in swagger dictionary talk. If you would rather have it in the language of "the Square," the man we used to know was a log-book faker. Of course, you will see the potentialities toward wealth, which lay in the dual rôle of dry dock exploiter, and log-book faker? To work off both wheezes, it is necessary to be a dry dock man, a shipowner, and a fairly good scholar. The latter particular is not a *sine qua non*, because if you are smart enough, you can hire a super to carry out the paltry detail of the faking; the mere writing of up-strokes and down-strokes which, after all, is what successful faking amounts to.

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WELL, the man we used to know, being a dry-dock-and-ship-owner, had this sort of super. His (the man we used to know, you know) scrupulosity didn't amount to much, and his gall was large enough to admit of his getting in behind a locked door, if anybody came to interview him with a club. You might be inclined to think that this same man was hardly worth knowing. He wasn't, and that is mainly why we write him down as a man we used to know. All the same, this man made heaps of money, and he was also a leading figure in a chapel which we could name if we felt disposed. Where is he now? Sakes? Don't ask us! But wheresoever he might be, you may write it down that he is nibbling at a dry dock; is dallying with shipowning; has a superman after his own heart (and moulding); and that he is piling up the shekels.

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YOU will naturally understand that, by the words "we used to know," we refer to a by-gone age. Not too by-gone, you understand; but just by-gone enough. Still, leaving the foregoing, and coming right down to present-day happenings, we are sorry to note that dry dock work is nothing near as good as it was, in the "good old days" of which we have been reminiscing. At least, judging by some recent examples, it would appear not to be. For example, we note that one unfortunate individual has come to financial grief, partly through "depreciation in dry dock investments" which, in this particular heading, amounts to £8,610. Then there is another dry dock loss scheduled in the same list, as £2,660. You know, when one man works up a loss on dry dock enterprise, which meanders into the £11,270 stage, then, you will believe us when we remark that, in some instances, dry docks are the reverse of remunerative?

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HOWEVER, you need not rush off and sell out all your holding in dry dock stuff, for there are dry docks, and—well, dry docks; exactly as there are shipowners, and shipowners? Then, once more, there are hotel properties which pay the men who hold their stock, as well as some that don't. We do not know how many of the former kind there are at Minehead; but according to the schedule which we have already quoted, there is one, at least, of the latter. The losses, in this instance, amount to £3,080, and considered in some lights, a man might reasonably expect to acquire quite a decent chunk of a village hotel for that snug little amount? In other lights, again, the money mightn't go far where hotels are concerned. Say, in the matter of a caravanserai that was fitted with electric light, lifts, and orientally magnificent upholstering—to say nothing of a £1,000-a-year *chef*—well, £3,080 would not purchase a lot of stock in a hotel of that class?

+ + +

STILL, the sum mentioned should go far toward furnishing, say, the South Wing (you ought to write those kind of properties in capital letters?), don't you think? But after all, it is somewhat disappointing to note that it wouldn't go far enough to do the thing in style, and under the circumstances, we are inclined to leave the subject, even as we ask your opinion on German syndicates? Gosh! But there's an awful lot of syndicate about just at the moment, isn't there? What with the sample which is going to play old hash-me-goose with the anthracite business; the one that was going to commence building down at Sully; another which was to be started for the production of patent unfakeable log-books; yet another that was going to provide homes for broken financiers; and now this one that is going to play the something or other, with the Whitworth estate.

+ + +

IT'S awfully warm? Did you notice it? But no matter, for it's just the time of the year to expect it, and reverting to that German syndicate, well, if you good people who have the superfluous capital, would rather keep it to play push-ha'penny, instead of placing the stuff where it would keep the German out of the hunt—! No, we can't go on—and mainly because we have got to the bottom of the page.

Concerning "Workmen's Notes"—and other things.

We have something of an admiration for Mr. William Brace, vice-President of the Miners' Federation, and should be sorry to see him removed from the world of industrial strife. All the same, he is dreadfully naïve, in some of the deductions which he affects to draw from contemporary history. And the naïveté is not altogether a desirable trait. Through the indefatigable efforts of a press-cutting agency, we occasionally have an opportunity of scanning some of the "workmen's notes" with which Mr. Brace supplies a local "daily." In the very latest batch of cuttings to hand, we note a homily as follows: "Some ill-informed parties make the huge blunder of thinking that trade organisations are established primarily for the purpose of fostering industrial strife." Now, why are those "parties" ill-informed on the subject? In view of quite a number of instances which could be given, it is difficult to suppose that a trade organisation, as generally met with, is for any other purpose than for fostering industrial strife. Indeed, it is for this very reason that deep-thinking people will have none of the latter-day "unionism." It is somewhat unreasonable to hope for perfection, in this very indifferent world; but one has a right to expect a set of conditions, that are somewhat in line with the educational advantages of the day?

It is all very nice to suggest that "there is no end of courses to be pursued before a body of workmen put themselves in order to demand liberty to tender notices:" but how often is it that those same courses are neglected altogether? In view of the terrible amount of clap-trap which has been going around among "some ill-informed parties," concerning our alleged attitude to Trades Unionism; remembering that so far in the "slanging," there appears to be but little knowledge of the subject among those who have most to say—although that is matter for no surprise; let us give Mr. Brace a personal example of what we mean, while we ask him to bear in mind, that even as promises won't butter parsnips, neither will a quantity of scribble concerning "ill-informed parties," tend to mend a situation which has become well-nigh intolerable. Here you are, then, friend Brace: A machine-man lately employed in a printing works of which you might have heard—where this journal is printed, that is—some two or three weeks after his engagement, asked the management if there was any objection to his continuing as a member of the printers' union (never mind its official title, Mr. Brace, for what we have written is near enough).

Naturally, seeing that we believe in genuine union, as distinct from the pinchbeck article which passes current in our midst, the management referred to, intimated that it hadn't the slightest possible objection; that the machine-man involved, could be in our employ, and belong to three unions, an' it pleased him—always providing, of course, that he knew his business as a machine-man. As the management had no very grave doubts as to the man's ability, they were quite careless as to what he belonged to after working hours—so that, during working hours, he comported himself as a decent craftsman, and was a credit to himself and his employers. What happened, think you, Mr. Brace? Simply that the man in question wrote to that printers' union, and offered to continue as a subscriber thereto, at the same time intimating, that he was receiving more than union money. As a matter of fact, that machine-man was—and is—receiving an appreciable amount more wages per week than the union rate: but what was the assinine treatment meted out to him by those folk who—according to Mr. Brace—do not establish trade organisations, "primarily for the purpose of fostering industrial strife?" Well, sirs, they held a meeting in some unknown place, and in the height of their superior wisdom, they "expelled" that machine-man from their union.

Obviously, the man had no grievance; had managed to convince his employers, that he was worth more than the common or garden stuff which is on offer; was willing to support "the cause;" his employers had absolutely no objection—didn't care one way or another; and the result was even as we have stated. What do you think of it, Mr. Brace? If we were as sadly mediocre as some of the newspaper folk in the district, we should print that query at the top of one of our columns, issue by issue. We should, indeed. But then, you will probably have learned by this time, that mediocrity seldom, if ever, gets below the Custom House Street Bridge? In any case, there is none of it at the Docks, while there are quite big chunks of it, in town—unfortunately for the district. Then, again, if Mr. Brace will throw his gentle mind back to the continuance of the Hirwain strike—it isn't so very long ago, as time runs, although it possibly appears as ages in the diary of the labour leader—he might be good enough to tell us what he thinks of the action of one stentorian gentleman, who said things up against the men who wished to return to work, rather than to continue starving.

You know, Mr. Brace! That bright star in the labour leading crown, which suggested that the women of the combination should do even as had the women in some other combination—throw rocks at them, wasn't it? And having told us a few of these little items for which we have asked, you might say whether "ill-informed parties" are altogether adrift, when they size up the situation as far as to suggest, that trade organisations are established primarily, secondarily, thirdly, and every other "ly" "for the purpose of fostering industrial strife?" It is pretty enough to pass complimentary remarks about the fourteen pioneers who started the boilermakers' society; but we have a shrewd idea that if those sturdy—and honestly efficient—workmen, had pursued the tactics so loved by a number of their degenerate successors, then, there wouldn't have been half such a fine tale to tell. No, Mr. Brace. We hate to appear unkind, but we have to state that, in our serious opinion, the major portion of the present style of trade unionism, is just a cult for the purpose of enabling a number of non-workers, to eke out a comparatively "soft" living.

Will you be good enough to repeat that to the old granny who affects such a kindly and newspapery regard for trades unionism in the lump? And while on the subject, please forgive a brother journalist for asking you to give up using such terribly long periods. It is somewhat uncomfortable, in the midst of this summery weather, to have to struggle along over 16 lines of "righteous indignation," without getting an opportunity to "count four"—as we were wont to say, at school. The "tip" might be well followed by some of the other "giants" belonging to the same dime museum—or whatever it is they choose to style their place of business; and then, one of these days they might learn to write, which is a consummation devoutly to be hoped for. We shouldn't personally care a dump, one way or another, were it not for the fact that those press-cutting people will include nearly anything in the paper line, which tends to make their parcel hefty. We trust that Mr. Brace will understand that we have no ill-feeling in the matter; but when it is seriously intended to make us believe that the trades unionism which is on tap, in most instances, these days, has nothing to do with the fostering of industrial strife—well, forgive us, won't you? We have to use our best endeavours, to hide the ingenuous smile for which we have become noted. Yes indeed, now!

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on July 6, 1905, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

13,574/04 STEUART—*Improvements in and relating to rock drills and the like.*

The drill spindle receives a reciprocating motion by means of pairs of cams operating on both faces of a collar formed on the drill spindle. The cams are carried by short parallel shafts one of which is driven by a motor and the second derives its motion from the first by means of a pair of spur-wheels and accordingly the cams rotate in opposite directions. The spindle is provided at a portion of its length with a straight and a slightly helical feather which works in loose nuts formed with external ratchet teeth in which pawls on the casing engage in such a manner that the drill spindle does not revolve on its forward stroke but makes a portion of a revolution on the return stroke. Buffer springs are provided and the drill is adapted to be both fed axially forward and adjusted laterally on its stand.

13,822/04 — WHITTAKER — *Improvements in the manufacture of peat fuel and in apparatus therefor.*

This invention relates to a process for preparing peat fuel. It consists broadly in drying the peat in a centrifugal hydro-extractor from which it is removed by lowering a brush or scraper mounted on a pivoted counter weighted arm, so that the inside of the perforated wall of the extractor is brushed, whereupon the dried peat falls to the bottom, where it is removed through a door. The peat is then treated in an edge runner mill, the track of one of the rollers of which, is continuous and of the other is interrupted by gratings. These gratings in combination with a scraper, act as cutters for the peat which falls through them. The peat drops into the hopper mouth of a steam jacketted conical chamber of a kneading machine in which revolved a horizontal shaft, provided with lateral blades and a worm of diminishing pitch. The peat is expressed therefrom in a column. It may then be cut into briquettes or fall down a chute to a horizontal plunger press.

17,537/04—*Improved apparatus for counting and registering, chiefly designed for colliery use.*

This invention relates to a device for counting and indicating a recurring reciprocating movement, such as the up and down movement of a mine cage. It consists of a casing fitted with dials and pointers, and a train of wheels, one for each dial. A pawl on a sliding weight reciprocated by a cord leading from the cage and led over reducing sheaves, engages the unit dial lantern wheel and advances it step by step. One complete revolution of the unit wheel causes a radial pin therein to engage. Free movement of the wheels is prevented by detents.

17,573/04—WITCOMBE—*Improvements in tackle for lowering or hoisting sacks or other articles.*

This invention relates to means for enabling the operative lengths of the ropes employed in a lowering tackle to be adjusted. The tackle consists of a drum on which one length of rope is wound up whilst the other is unwound. It is formed in two portions. One portion is fast to the shaft, and around it is wound one length of rope. The other portion is loose on the shaft but is adapted to be clutched thereto. The second length of rope is wound in the reversed direction on this loose portion.

18,001/04—SPENCER—*Improvements in and relating to devices for screening coal and the like.*

For the purpose of preventing lumps of coal, which normally are too large to pass through the perforations of an inclined vibrating screen, from being broken and forced through by becoming jammed in the perforations to an abrading action by larger lumps riding over them the screen perforations are formed with approximately horizontal tongues of metal below each of the perforations.

18,106/04—WILLSON—*An automatic gas buoy.*

In this gas buoy an internal cylindrical chamber is provided, which is charged with calcium carbide. The carbide is supported on a grid, and the water in which the buoy floats penetrates to the carbide through an opening in the bottom of the buoy by the hydrostatic pressure. On an excess of gas being generated the water is expelled, sufficient remaining adherent to the particles of carbide to continue the generation of gas. The orifice can be closed by a valve when the chamber is being charged.

27,649/04 BELL—*Improvements in rail-joints for collieries, quarries, light-railways, and the like.*

The meeting ends of the rails are rebated to half their thickness, and the overlapping ends so formed are bolted together dispensing with fish plates.

28,611/04 RICE—*Improvement in gas actuated or hydrocarbon rock drilling machinery.*

The spindle of this rock drill is operated by a pair of pistons arranged in tandem thereon and working in separated cylinders by the internal combustion of gases therein.

2,608/05—*Improvements in or relating to wells and shafts of mines.*

This invention relates to tubbing for lining shafts. The tubbing is composed of curved plates forming portions of a hollow cylinder. The convex faces of the plates are plane and the inner or concave faces are tapered towards the edges to form a flattened pyramid. The centres of the plates are formed with a perforated flattened circular boss. Each plate is framed in grooved flanged bars. The flanges are provided with bolt holes.

3,781/05—GOERG & CHRIST—*Improvements in and relating to rock drills.*

This invention relates to securing a removable end length to a twist drill. The meeting edges of the two ends are each cast away on one side so as to overlap. A hole is formed by a notch of semi-circular section formed in both. The ends are inserted and surrounded by a flattened sleeve and secured together by a spring urged pin or bolt which passes through the sleeve and the hole in the ends of the drill lengths.

These applications for patents are, until August 21, 1905, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

The following applications for the registration of Trade Marks relating to the shipping and coal trades were advertised on July 12, and are open to opposition by interested parties within the period ending August 12th.

Class 4 *Including coal.*

No. 273,496, 9th June, 1905—BALDWICK—for: All goods included in class 4. Ellis & Everard, Ltd., 10, East Street, Leicester, Merchants.

No. 273,497, 9th June, 1905—THORNBLACK—for: All goods included in class 4. Ellis & Everard, Ltd., 10, East Street, Leicester, Merchants.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

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Telegrams: "Cory, Cardiff"; "Cory, London."

INSOLE, George & Son, Cardiff. Sole Shippers of Cymmer Steam Coal, Windsor Steam Coal, and Insoles No. 2 Rhondda Coal.
Telegrams: "Insoles, Cardiff."

LEWIS Merthyr Consolidated Collieries, Ltd., Proprietors and Shippers of "Lewis Merthyr" Navigation Steam Coal.
Telegrams: "Lewis Merthyr, Cardiff"; "Lewis Merthyr, London."

MARQUESS of Bute Collieries, Aberdare, Hirwain, and Rhondda Valley. Shipping ports:—Bute Docks, Cardiff: Penarth Dock; Swansea; Briton Ferry; and Newport (Mon.)
Telegrams: "Sema, Cardiff."

OCEAN (Merthyr) Coal Co., Ltd., 11, Bute Crescent, Cardiff, proprietors of Ocean (Merthyr) Steam Coal.

UNIVERSAL Steam Coal Co., Ltd., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Proprietors of "Universal Steam Coal."
Telegrams: "Versatile, Cardiff."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

VIVIAN, H. C. & Co., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole European Agents for "The Puritan Coal Mining Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A."
Telegrams: "Vivian, Cardiff."

WATTS, Watts & Co., Cardiff and London. Contractors for the supply of Coals at all Depôts abroad.
Telegrams: "Watts, Cardiff."

Dock Owners.

THE Cardiff Railway Company, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Ship Repairers.

SHEARMAN, John & Co., Ltd., Cardiff, and at Barry Dock.

THE Bute Shipbuilding, Engineering, and Dry Dock Company, Limited, Roath Basin, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Caisson, Cardiff."

THE Cardiff Channel Dry Docks and Pontoon Co., Ltd., Cardiff and Barry Dock.
Telegrams: "Entrance, Cardiff." "Channel, Barry."

THE Mercantile Pontoon Co., Ltd., Roath Dock, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Mercantile, Cardiff."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

Miscellaneous.

LEWIS & Tylor, Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole patentees and manufacturers of "Gripoly," a patent woven belting; and "Burals," a semi-metallic packing.
Telegrams: "Belting Cardiff." Telephone, Nat. 231.

Steamship Owners.

DAN. JENKINS & Co., Steamship Owners and Brokers, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Stonewall, Cardiff."
Nat. Telephone: 1318.

BARRY.

Dock Owners.

THE Barry Railway Co., Barry.

Ship Repairers.

BARRY Graving Dock & Engineering Co., Ltd.
Telegrams: "Bardock, Barry."
National Telephone No. 7. Post Office Telephone No. 7.

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WILLIAM SCOTT, Esq.,

(General Manager, Buts Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, Ltd.)

(See Page 179).

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MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF.

Thursday Afternoon.

THE hysteria consequent upon the terrible wickedness of the Germans, in trusting a few of their unconsidered shekels in Welsh coal enterprise continues, and if we are to believe some of the exponents of the newest disease, Britain's fate is sealed! *Pall Mall Gazette* is especially anxious on the matter, and we are of opinion that the Government is extremely callous in not answering our contemporary's tragic queries. The authority quoted, declares that it is beside the point to contend that the shares will be issued in London, and that the concern will have an English name. Personally, we fail to see any point in the whole contraption, and we are nearly sure that we have given the matter as much study as *P.M.G.*, while we are positive that our opportunities for sizing up the situation have been greater. Is anybody going to pretend that *Pall Mall Gazette* would be of less (or more) utility as a national sheet, merely because, say, an American financier should run it as a hobby? Of course not! The journal would continue in its old-time happy position, and come weal or woe, would be just as militantly British as it ever knew how to be? Then, there is another point quoted by our contemporary, although it doesn't seem to ease the situation any.

THAT is to say, we are assured that "of course the nature of the question of the coal remains, and due weight must be given to the opinion of Mr. D. A. Thomas, M.P. (we should smile!), that it is not of a kind suitable for Government acquisition for naval purposes." Of course! When Mr. D. A. Thomas tells you anything—well, you ought to believe it, because that gentleman's experience in coal matters has been somewhat unique; especially when it comes down to making a pile of money, through working at a time when his neighbours were engaged upon the merry pastime of settling the coal question, and a great strike? We wish it to be understood that Mr. D. A. Thomas has to be listened to with respect; there must be no shinnannakin on the subject; and if *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks it worth its while to quote the great man's assurances, and to "of course," about it; well, why doesn't it give over? Why go to such awful lengths as are implied by the words: "We ask again: What are the Government going to do?" Great Scott! Did our contemporary really imagine that the said Government was going to send an Under Secretary around in a cab, for the purpose of telling it things? If not, why all the pother, and all the fustian? As we have remarked, before, the whole hotch-potch is an outcome of the silly season.

THEN, there is another "great organ" in the breach, so to speak. *Daily Mail* assured its clients that "the reply of the Government to Sir Howard Vincent's question in regard to the sale of the Whitworth estate coalfield to a German syndicate, was awaited with great interest"; and gives the quoted sentence on the authority of its Cardiff correspondent—which is sort of vague? We can quite understand that the reply in question was "awaited with great interest" by the scribe with an unconsidered column to fill; but we are practically certain that not half-a-dozen men in Cardiff—outside of the few searchers after concessions and options—cared a brass, or other kind of, farthing, one way or the other. It might be considered cruel of us to write it thus openly, but the whole of the "sensation" concerning the Whitworth deal, has been worked up in London, where they might, or might not, know a deal about any kind of coal. It is very certain that Welsh colliery folk—and after all, they should know at least as much about the subject as London "bulls" or "bears"?—are not troubling themselves worth a cent, in the matter. And while the colliery man on the spot is inclined to be indifferent, the remainder of the nation need not get in any sort of a trepidated feeling over the business need it?

ALL manner of sidelights are resulting from the Liverpool dock strike! One of the most amusing, is that concerning the devotees of the fragrant weed. It appears that, among other alleged blessings, the "imported men" are being allowed to smoke, so for the purpose of "testing the law," the secretary of the labourers' union indulged in the metaphorical "three draws and a spit." A lynx-eyed policeman—

all policemen at Liverpool docks are lynx-eyed, you'll please understand—who saw the deed, suggested that if the secretary person wanted to smoke there, he would have to go outside and smoke—which is another weakness with the majority of the Liverpool dock police! The secretary wouldn't, and for the reason already stated. Which is to say, it was intended to show that the police were siding with the "imported men," against the regular, but non-working variety—otherwise, where did this permission to smoke come in. Anyhow, in the result, the "law tester" was fined 5s. and mulcted in 4s. 6d. costs, so it is highly probable that he will now understand that preferential treatment is by no means the divine right of the labour unions, alone. That is to say, dock boards may "wink the other eye," an' it pleases them? But what about the button? The wearing thereof appears to be as big a grievance—at least, not being allowed to wear it, you understand—as is the question of too little pay.

'Tisn't all Dutch cheese and onions being a multi-millionaire, even if the condition does make you the richest man in the world! There's Mr. Rockefeller, for instance. He is said to be suffering from melancholia—and why, think you? Merely because folk are saying nasty things about the trait which made it possible for one man to "corner" the greater portion of the world's wealth. Mind you, we are strongly of opinion that the whole claim is a canard: that any man who has pursued the path trodden by Mr. Rockefeller, is beyond the reach of melancholia, or any other sort of "olia." Still, if there is truth in the statement, it should be fairly easy for the great man to ease himself, somewhat. There are quite a number of deserving causes which could be put upon their metaphorical feet, without touching any more than the mere fringe of the £100,000,000, there, or thereabout, which are said to represent the life-gleaning of the world's champion accumulator. For instance, it should be possible to ease up the price of petroleum, and give the small traders who have been starved out of their legitimate callings, a chance. Then, again, instead of emulating a brother millionaire, who goes Skiboing around the world with a number of free libraries which nobody seems to want, why not try the pleasures of giving the hungry, bread, instead of a stone? There are possibilities, here?

Having tired of the suggested trick, there is quite a quantity of excitement to be gathered from attending to the needs of the British Mercantile Marine, on business lines. The man who will undertake the latter job, will go down in history with a halo around his neck, far larger than could be gained by the giving of a million libraries, which to our mind, is a species of philanthropy run to seed. If attending to the Mercantile Marine should pall, what is wrong with putting some time—and money—into a careful consideration of the Miners' Federation on this side of the Pond? There's a chance for hilarity, if you like; for the dispelling of every chunk of melancholia that ever was! No man could have anything to do with the Federation referred to, and be sad! Not he! There is one of two courses open, as far as we can see, in this connection. An attaché would either have to laugh himself sore in various parts of his anatomy; or he would have to become really "mad," at such one-sided tales as are continually on tap in connection with this combination of labour-leaders-and-led. Failing either of these proposed methods of dispelling that "tired feeling," Mr. Rockefeller could change his name, and then people would forget about him and his millions, what?

Somewhere in a preceding paragraph, we have touched upon the Miners' Federation, and that reminds us that the pretty little organisation held a meeting at Cardiff, on Monday last. There isn't much to wonder at in that, for the Federation frequently holds meetings. The latest one is somewhat different to the others, in that the engineers of the movement are face to face with another of those crisis things, for which the Welsh coal trade has become famous. At least, that is how the vice-president of the affair put it. The said crisis is to come about, for the reason that the Conciliation Board is on its last legs, or castors, or what it is such arrangements stand upon. Anyhow, Mr. Brace, of the Federation, assured his hearers, that it was necessary for the Executive Council (and they always write it with capital letters, you'll have noted) to ask for power "to open negotiations for the establishment of a wage system, to succeed the present Conciliation Board agreement." If this is neglected, the crowd is scheduled to find itself "face to face with a crisis, without a settled system for the regulation of the workmen's wages." This is more or less as it should be, so presumably nobody has any right to jib at the conditions?

Getting farther along with this same subject, we observe that Mr. Brace imformed his butties, that the Conciliation Board had been an experiment, and that it had succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations of either side. Mr. Brace's words, mind. Don't blame them on to us, if you please. All the same, the crowd was assured that it was "the unanimous conviction of the workmen, that there could be no wage agreement which did not recognise the principle that there should be no reduction in the minimum." By which it will be seen that the statement concerning the beyondness of the most sanguine expectations of either side, is somewhat equivocal? If the Conciliation Board has been such an unqualified success, why need the Bracelets of the bunch, commence a shout about "no reduction" all this distance off a termination of the tremendous success? We merely put the question to you, as a matter of form; just by way of courtesy; and not because we imagine that you will be idiotic enough to worry around to find the requisite reply. You see, there is no reply, mainly because the statement is a one-sided affair, and probably not more'n two men in a hundred set any stock by it!

Mind you, we hate to appear rude on occasions such as these. Indeed, if it were not for our absolute disinclination that way, we should be constrained to remark that, now and then, Mr. Brace could talk through portions of his anatomy, other than are to be found in the middle—there or thereabout—of his speaking countenance. You understand that we have no intention to suggest that the gentleman speaks through his neck, for that is an impossibility—even in a popular agitator. Still, there are various methods of saying things. One of them runs along after the following: "I do not think it will benefit the employers to be saving pence in the workmen's wages, at the time their (coalowners) agents are giving away coal at shillings per ton cheaper" (than its value?) Of course, Mr. Brace might have been off on a metaphorical lay, for all we know; but we have a sad remembrance that, the last time we purchased coal, the stuff cost us 23s. per ton, delivered into the domestic bunkers; and if there is any giving away connected with that price, please come down and tell us about it? Success of the Conciliation Board notwithstanding, we are also assured that "employers united to a man when the men's wages had to be reduced or attacked (attacked is a good word, and always goes down with the

mob!), but when they talked of uniting the employers"—here, let's start a fresh par with this?

VERY well, then. "But when they talked of uniting the employers"—do you grasp the immensity of the undertaking?—"for the purpose of maintaining prices at a point which would mean fair wages and a fair return upon capital, they said it was impossible." You know, we like that "fair return upon capital," principally because it is one of those pious shams with which we are occasionally greeted. We quite understand the meaning of fair wages. Yes, we do. It means that the workmen shall receive at least nine-tenths of the sales-money, while the remaining one-tenth shall be distributed around over the cost of production, exclusive of wages. We have studied this subject, and are taking no points from anybody on the question of "fair wages." Not us! And here. Consider this: "If the employers are not prepared to co-operate with the workmen to put an end to this dumping of coal in markets where it is not required"—pause here, and fully consider the expression, after which you will appreciate our allusion as to whence comes the agitator's talk?—"they (the miners) ought to show that the masters (who agree to the success of the most sanguine beyondness!) must take up that attitude . . . on their own responsibility." Yes, yes, it is somewhat sultry, we know. Still you'll bear with it for a while longer?

OLD METHOD OF SHIPPING COAL—The first Coal Staith, Cardiff West Moors, 1835.
(From an Oil Painting, by Alexander Wilson.)

WHERE were we? Oh, if the masters wouldn't co-operate with the men for the purpose of putting an end to an alleged dumping of coals, well, "they cannot expect the workmen to accept substantial reductions in their wages, because the prices were low." Certainly not. The idea is not to be entertained, for one moment. Under the conditions suggested, the "masters" should turn their collieries over to the workmen, openly, and not go on with the pretence that they are really running those industrial affairs, for their own good and comfort. Considered from any standpoint you care to assume, the agitator, when about to suffer a reverse, is ever most inclined to paw the ground—if we may be excused for likening the gentleman to a horse. You know, it is useless for us to fool each other. The Conciliation Board is anything but the huge success which the collier friend would have us believe, and mainly for the reason that such an institution is against nature. There is no particle of conciliation in the collier, considered from any phase you like; so how is it possible for a Conciliation Board to be other than a mere phrase? The collier will conciliate, if you give him the whole of his own, and two-thirds of yours. Under any other circumstances—short of *force majeure*—he will see you jiggered. He has evidenced this in the past; is doing so, now; and may be safely depended on to adopt the same tactics in the future.

WE are willing to admit that the collier is not to be

blamed for this state of affairs: at least, only indirectly. He is built that way; agitator knows it: comes along and works the vein for all it is worth: and the result is even as we have written—for the "master" allows it to be so. We may, all of us, deplore the conditions; but nothing much short of a miracle will alter it. However, having put themselves in line to regulate the future conduct of the masters, our friends next essayed to fix up the Government in so far as the regulation of coal mines is concerned. Fine fellows, these labour leaders! For ourselves, we shall not be surprised to find them, in the golden time that is coming, squaring up the Angel Gabriel, and working up a conciliation board to be used between those old jigs known as the Furies. Just you wait. The half of their talents have yet to be told—the agitators, you know; not the Furies. But getting down to that meeting of which we have told you, the late regrettable explosion came up for consideration, and among other items, a resolution was shoved through, for the purpose of showing the Home Secretary how to manage these little occurrences, according to the book. That is to say, a special investigation is to be asked for, and we should not be surprised to hear, that a good sprinkling of agitators had been offered for the job.

MODERN METHOD OF SHIPPING COAL—The Lewis Hunter Patent Coaling Cranes, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

You might never have noticed it, but generally speaking, an agitator has a quantity of time on his hands; and a really patriotic desire to lend some of it—for expenses and the like, you know—to the Government. This is as it should be, for as far as we can see, there is no use in being an agitator, unless you can assist the Government, in your odd moments between putting the "masters" right. For ourselves, we wouldn't think of taking on an agitator's job, unless we were assured beforehand, of a sight better screw than we could earn as a mere workman; and of the possibility of posing on every other Royal Commission, Select Committee, or whatever it is the Government offers as a sop to Cerberus. Not us! Moreover, we should want to see that, after the Government had held those Committee things, a law would have to be passed, making colliery explosions illegal. If they occurred after that, we should have the collieries up for contempt of court, or something equally distressing. We wouldn't have any shinnannakin, would we! You see, when the explosion occurred at the Cambrian Collieries—the pits which have become historic because of one Mr. D. A. Thomas' connection therewith—the inspector was asked if he had anything to suggest by way of improvement.

THE gentleman said "No," as "the law had been fully complied with in its practical sense," and all "blowers" had been diluted. By the way, what's a "blower," and how do you dilute him? And if he is in fairly good proportions above-ground (on the management, say), is it lawful to have another one or two, under-ground? We like to own

up, when we are in doubt upon a given point, for we are unlike some of our contemporaries, which pretend that they are *au fait* on every subject, yes! Of course, we understand that it is *comme il faut* to have a "blower" or so in a Federation, because "blower" is a swagger name for something else not totally unconnected with gas—but there! How one does get tempted to run on, when considering this phase of industry—no offence, you know. Still, with reference to that Cambrian Colliery disaster, and the "blowers" that were above or below, a Mr. D. Watts Morgan (he is something or other in the miners' agent business) undertook the prophetic rôle. As a matter of fact, we have heard it said that some of those miners' agents will undertake a number of things, while some of them will actually work—as long as the job isn't too difficult, or messy.

But coming along to that prophesy, we find that this Mr. D. Watts Morgan (no, there is no hyphen in the name; at least, as yet, and as far as we can see) "ventured to predict (to predict is to prophesy, isn't it?), that so far as the provisions of the law were concerned, they would be told about Wattstown that they had been observed, and that there would be no blame attached to anyone." It is somewhat difficult to understand what this particular person is after. Does he wish to saddle the blame of the dire calamity of which we all have heard, on to the devoted shoulders of some poor unfortunate wretch? If so, would he take a master, or a non-unionist, for choice? Most sensible folk, are of opinion that the Wattstown disaster was the result of natural causes; causes over which mankind had no control; so what this Mr. D. Watts Morgan (like to give the gentlemen his full title, mainly because Morgan is not an altogether uncommon name in the district, and we wouldn't have you, for worlds, mix his identity up with some mere male who just labours for a living, in the ordinary fashion, not us) is driving at—well, we leave it to you. It might help your decision in this direction, if we tell you that the prophet was kind enough not to blame the inspectors—which was good of him?—"but he held that the law was too weak."

Poor law! Why don't they feed it on nourishing food? It's awful to see a law getting too weak—aye, even if it is simply a law for the special governing of deep-chested and extensive-mouthed mob-orators? But there is a terrible lack of originality among these agitating gentlemen, don't you think? We remarked, 'way back, about the ease and rapidity with which these friends of the poor (you'll have noticed that they, themselves, are seldom fabulously wealthy?) demand a Government inquiry on this, that, or the other thing. Well, this Mr. D. Watts Morgan plumped solid for an inquiry of the kind, and we hope the Government will realise there remissness on this head; will fall over each other in an effort to remedy the crying evil; and if the inquiry is scheduled for any time this side of the millennium; we beg to suggest that Mr. D. W. M. (we can't go on writing his name for ever, you know) will be included therein. We note that the need is for an "independent man," who shall be appointed by the Home Secretary, so the latter individual had better attend to it—or keep away from (say, where does Mr. D. W. M. officiate? Blessed if we know, and yet tame people come in here, and prate to us of fame!)

Getting down to the end of the transactions, we find that one Stentorian Stanton was on tap, so to speak. Somebody in Cardiff, has been writing him down on a par with the law, as defined by one Dogberry. Anyway, his talkee-talkee was labelled as a "silly speech," and we have absolutely no objection to the phrase. In fact, it is something original come to look at the words dispassionately? However, we find that in Stentorian's own words, "This was not the first time miners' agents had been so treated," guid faith. Why it's simple mutiny—to treat a miners' agent in any such scurvy manner; that's exactly what it is. And why were miners' agents treated in this abominable fashion? Just because they happen to say something "which did not suit the palate of the editor." We have declared, ere this, that editors are queer animals. Here is proof! Not only queer, but obviously hard-up—or they'd never attempt to "palate" the stuff which emanates from the facial orifices, of a number of the miners' agents which we could name. Time was, that we had hankerings after an editor's job. That hankering is now off. If they have to live on such *panem* as suggested by Stentorian Stanton—take it away, please. Moreover, the last-named worthy entered a protest against "the shabby way in which they (miners' agents) were treated. Some men were not reported at all, and others had been misrepresented."

Land sakes! Don't these gentlemen take themselves seriously? Some of the cult, not reported at all; others, misrepresented. Why, its a national disgrace, and we are not a whit surprised to note that friend Stanton soulfully inquired, "Are we going to tamely submit to be kicked in this way?" Personally, we have a suspicion that the gentleman can have his kicking in nearly any fashion which best suits his ideas of the dignity appertaining to a miners' agent. And can you really imagine a labour leader "tamely" submitting to anything? Why, this Mr. Stanton is too delicious for words, and if he would promise to refrain from mixing his metaphors in this sadly Hibernian manner, why, we should like to have something good from him, which would be calculated to suit our palate; and we'd promise to send all the kicks for the benefit of the ribald editor-man, who cannot see the coruscating brilliancy which scintillates around the path of a miners' agent. That is what we would do. Anyhow, the same doughty (mind you spell that word correctly, Mr. Printer) champion wants fair play, and he is going to get it, so we presume he will bang another sixpence per week, after Monday, last? Personally, we should be inclined to state, that if the Press left those ranters severely alone, they would all die a natural death, in a very few years.

Publicity is as the breath of their nostrils, and if advertisement rates were quoted for reports of the alleged speeches, there would be no miners' agents left, as already intimated. Instead of saying things up against the poor overworked scribe who had silly season on the brain so badly, that he passed the same qualifying word in connection with "speech," Mr. Stanton should feel that the said scribe was—and is—a man and a brother. Personally, we do not believe that the stuff was silly; but then, we are as nearly convinced that it wasn't a speech. If you were to ask us for a straight opinion about the business, we should feel constrained to say that the whole concatenation was simply a jumble of meaningless mouthings. And ere leaving this theme, we feel that an apology is necessary to the patient reader, in that we haven't treated this subject seriously. We admit the soft impeachment; but then, the men we have been discussing do not, in our opinion, treat themselves seriously. What seriousness is there, in the bits of stuff which we have quoted for your benefit? None, is there? Furthermore, are we to be denied our share of the spindrift, so to speak, which is ever on the go, directly the silly season comes in with force? Of course

not. We may not be miners' agents. We will own right up that we are not. The loss is ours, you understand; but then, we are so sunken in depravity (we like to say these things, so as to stop the other fellow from using the same words!) that we cannot even deplore that loss. Turn we now to pleasanter themes.

LONDON must be in more parlous state than we thought! We knew that its trade was on the wane; that its river was rapidly filling up; that the argosies which once frequented the port and made its inhabitants wealthy, were gradually seeking out places where there is more water and less mud; but we hardly cared to think that it had got so low in the scheme of creation, that the crimp had passed from its bye-ways—perhaps for ever. However, such is the case, for we have it on the authority of *Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette* (good lor', ain't that a combination and a study in nomenclature for this hot weather?), and if the journal is calculated to know a deal about shipping affairs, then, it is really smart in covering that knowledge from the vulgar gaze of the mob, generally. The *Thingamy* (its proper name is too long, and occupies too much space) sadly remarks that "the docks have a listless air, and the sailors' quarter is strangely quiet"—which is a poetical manner of dealing with the subject. Poetical, you know, if it isn't altogether true. Next we read, that the "most disquieting fact of all is that the crimp—the parasite who has fed upon the sailors' generosity and folly in the days when London was a great seaport—is removing to" several other places, including Park Lane, we believe!

PERSONALLY, we have remarked about the decline of London; shall probably go on remarking about it; but we are not at all clear concerning the alleged removal of the crimp. But let it pass, even as we give you a few more selections from *Thingamy's* bundle of groans. What's the matter with this: "The shops of the sailors' quarter of the world's greatest seaport (supposedly Liverpool) have a richer supply of the gear loved of deep-water sailors—the gay serge suits, pink socks, and square-toed, Derby-tied shoes, for himself, and the gaudy bracelets and ear-rings for the girl he loves." What is wrong with it? Nothing, is there? Nothing that is, for a bit of descriptive-out-of-a-book-dealing-with-a-by-gone-age; but if intended for a point on latter-day nautical ethics, well, it is woefully out of the running, although we will not go so far as to suggest that the whole of it is twaddle. You see, these poor people who have to fill up column after column of nice clean paper, must get the stuff from somewhere: and if no other sources of supply are to hand, then, Captain Marryat is as good as any other? If the foregoing is a fair sample of the sailor-talk which flourishes to-day, in London, we are not a bit surprised to note that London's "Sailor-town has the quietness of a decayed cemetery."

SEE, *Thingamy* has 'em bad! It won't even agree that the cemetery might be taut and trim; no, the simile takes in a decayed cemetery, after the fashion of one which used to moulder along in the City Road! However, you are next given a biggish chunk of the personal history of one Irish crimp named Williams—the name being distinctly Irish? Fact, we assure you. And as crimps go, this Williams was about as picturesque a scoundrel as ever the seafaring profession heard tell of. We should be glad to give you pieces of his life's history, but can't, for reasons—mainly appertaining to copyright. We feel sure that *Thingamy* would never launch such a masterpiece of descriptive ability as is the life of Crimp Williams, without protecting the stuff. But leaving the one phase of fictional writing, we will come to another—all in the *Thingamy* screed. Here you are, friends: "the listlessness of our merchants has brought about the decay of London trade. At one time, great ships sailed from this city to the East, and returned to be unloaded in a London dock. Few great ships enter or leave a London dock now." Why "enter or leave?" Everybody knows that if a ship uses a given dock, she must enter and leave?

BUT let's get on, for as already stated, *Thingamy* has 'em bad. Those great ships "make for Antwerp . . . where the goods destined for London are unloaded on small lighters?" Why small lighters? Aren't there any big lighters in the much-and-cunningly-advertised Belgian port? Seeing that *Thingamy* is sure about the scarcity of "great ships" in the port of London, we hope that, after this, such picayune concerns as the P. and O., Union-Castle, and the few dozen other supposedly-big lines will take a back seat? There has been a bit too much "side" put on by these "small" concerns of late, and we are not altogether sorry that *Thingamy* is up against 'em. We cannot do better (just here) than give you the concluding words of our contemporary, on the occasion referred to. Here you are: "Once again, no grimmer commentary on the decay of London as a seaport can be given, than its desertion by the crimp." This may be alright, but in our opinion, there are considerably greater powers in the commentary line, than may be garnered from the crimp question. For instance, what better proof could you have with reference to London's backwardness in coming forward, than is to be found in the necessary amalgamation between two journals which, erstwhile, were able to eke out a modest living as two separate undertakings?

IN the good old days; days when the crimp flourished and waxed fat; days when P. and O. liners were considered as something decent in shipping; and days when Sailortown had merely the respectability which hovers around a well-kept cemetery; *St. James's Gazette* and *Evening Standard* had no necessity to pool. To-day, they have, and this is the biggest of all commentaries, don't you think? Poor old London! It doesn't know a thing about the beauties of advertisement, and stands aside for pushing Antwerp which loads up London's goods in small lighters, and then sends it all across the North Sea. Let us leave it, even as we offer up a prayer—for deliverance from the piff-niff which is scattered around, more or less, by every sensation-loving amalgamation which knows as much of the subject, as we know of Choctaw. London is slack in her efforts. We have remarked the same thing, ere this. But a quantity of unutterable nonsense will not benefit the situation. Instead of ringing the changes on the conditions that must ultimately bring along Macaulay's New Zealander, why doesn't *Thingamy* act up to its self-imposed responsibilities as a London journal; quit the realms of the fictionist; and go in solid for the improvement and benefit of the port whence it draws its support? Wouldn't this be more in line with modern needs? You cannot blame London for any retrogression, while it has journals which will print the piffle which we have been discussing.

YET another phase of the "business falsehoods" craze comes along! Some time ago, "A Skipper" made a confession. Needless to say, that confession was extremely open, and if it merely stated what every sailorman is well-acquainted with, it is understood that most of the "revelations" came as news to the 'longshore friend. Well, to

back up skipper No. 1, "Another Skipper" obliges the company with a song, and we are somewhat of opinion that the gentleman gives his case away, to a certain extent. Among the items which make us think so, are, "On more than one occasion I remember being asked to provide 'pro forma' accounts for very large sums upon the assurance that instructions for delivery would follow in a day or two. The instructions for delivery did not come, and on my subsequently calling at the office was told the goods would not be wanted." This is alright, and proper—according to the ethics of some tramp managers which we could mention. Even when "Another skipper" was told that the accounts implicated had been destroyed; but that he ultimately found that they had been included with another batch (mostly bogus) for payment; well, the gentleman is merely stating a more or less well-understood movement?

But going along a bit farther over this same communication, we find, "I actually once heard of a tramp steamer that stranded on Bilbao Bar, being brought home to a South Wales port to repair, and after all accounts, amounting to several thousands of pounds, were paid, the managers actually (lot of actually in it, isn't there?) managed to pay a dividend to the shareholders out of the balance of the sum the underwriters paid." Good heavens! That's nothing, "Another Skipper." We "actually once heard of a tramp steamer" that didn't go ashore on a bar: didn't as much as toboggan into a match-box, for the matter of that; but she went into dry dock for repairs (*sic*); and her owner made a decent dividend for himself, out of the "balance of the sum the underwriters paid"—in the belief that she had been ashore. Don't work off any more of these old japes on a long-suffering public, please, "Another Skipper." When it comes down to a real—or actually, if you like it better—business falsehood, we commend you to a sample of our knowledge concerning some of the tramp managers of whom we have heard. Yes! But then, of what use is it to prolong the theme? Fakers will be fakers—mainly because they cannot be anything else. Moreover, underwriters will be underwriters?

There is another trouble in store for the poor shipmaster! Female labour has made a start against him, and one of these days, he will find himself out-classed by the softer sex! So far, the lady skipper has merely graduated for fun, as the phrase has it: later on, one may depend on the undertaking being carried out seriously. When that time arrives, it is easy to foretell the everlasting advantage which the lady navigator will have, over her male competitor. Consider a hypothetical case: A rugged, and more or less grizzled skipper-man tacks into "the Square," at the same time as a dainty and shapely-looking feminine possessed of the then common "mistress mariner" certificate. They both gravitate to the particular office where a vacancy for a commander is supposed to exist. Now, what is likely to happen? Well, the grizzled one will be handed over to the tender care of the precocious piece of boy-flesh which is ever to be found in the shipowning office, while the "dainty and shapely-looking" navigator will be shown into the inner sanctum. The results? Go on, 'tis not for us to comment on these little affairs; but we are willing to put our few ha'pence on the lady getting the job, for personally, we know but some half-dozen shipowner-persons who would be ungallant enough to say "Nay," to the class of navigator suggested.

But the whole contraption opens up a lovely view for the future, don't you think? Can't you imagine hubby going down to "the office," on white-stocking-day, for the purpose of drawing his navigating wife's half-pay? You can also see the amount of money that would be ultimately saved? For it is hardly possible that anybody in that office, would be so idiotic as to pass out two whole sovereigns more than the correct half-pay to hubby, at the same time asking him for his address, so that the payer might call and re-collect the overpaid amount? No, sirs! There is a good time coming, and the lady skipper is going to inaugurate it. After her advent, we shall have the lady chief, and then certain supers that we could mention, would have a considerably rosier time, even, than they get now. There is a terrible amount of potentiality in the direction of a super's questions concerning thrust-shafts, and bottom-end brasses, say; and seeing that we have studied the gentlemen, somewhat exhaustively—while the results of that study would make interesting reading; we are prepared to believe that the lady chief will inaugurate a new era! The engines might reasonably be expected to become more wobbly; but if so, the super wouldn't growl about it, and—no, we can't go on. Really!

This is good reading! Lord Charles Beresford has been congratulating the master of the *Derbyshire* on the "excellence of his signalling." The facts of the case appear to be, that on July 11, the merchant steamer passed the Mediterranean Fleet, and was asked by signal, "Have you seen any men-o'-war?" The reply was given by semaphore, to the effect that the *Derbyshire's* captain had seen Russian torpedo-boats, and also a French cruiser. This action brought along the congratulations referred to. We suppose it is alright, but to our mind there is nothing remarkable in the occurrence. We know that it has become fashionable to suppose that the merchant captain can do nothing that is worthy of the traditions of his race. All the same, we much doubt if there is more than an inappreciable number of shipmasters afloat, to-day, who could not signal on any subject, and by any modern method, if their circumstances warranted such action. Any failure to signal, is not because of a lack of knowledge; it is solely because modern manning conditions make such signalling impossible. If your "hands" are all engaged in cleaning holds, and the mate is doing the steering—being the only man on deck—you cannot expect to get much signalling done, can you? However, Lord Charles has made the *amende honorable*, so the nation may now rest in peace—until the next scare is worked up?

The Merchant Service Guild, who have been actively interesting themselves in the subject of mariner's votes for some years, have received a further communication from Sir Elliott Lees, who is very kindly co-operating in the matter in the House of Commons. On the occasion of the last debate on a resolution moved by Sir Elliott, there was a unanimous feeling of sympathy on both sides of the House, although, owing to the inclusion of an amendment proposed by Mr. Bell, M.P., on behalf of railway workers, the Government withdrew their offer as to forming a committee to consider the subject. Subsequently, Sir Elliott framed a resolution which met the views of both sides of the House, and elicited the information from the Prime Minister that the Government would have no objection to the formation of a committee. Therefore Sir Elliott, has, on several occasions, attempted to bring forward a resolution for a committee, but progress in this way has been defeated by Sir Frederick Banbury, M.P. Appeals, both on the part of Sir Elliott and the Merchant Service Guild, to Sir Frederick, to withdraw his opposition have so far proved unavailing. Sir Elliott now fears it is too late

to hope to do anything more this session. This he regrets, but trusts that there may perhaps be some means of raising the question in another way on the Redistribution Bill next year.

We note that Lord Muskerry has again been calling attention to the miseries and life-loss which surround the subject of ballasting in steamers—or, for the matter of that, sailing vessels. Needless to say, the noble lords who sat comfortably in the Gilded Chamber, couldn't possibly see any hardship, or misery attaching to this curse of modern life at sea. The floor of the House of Lords meeting-room is fairly secure: and at most, none but stray zephyrs may enter the sacred portals, to fan the heated brows of the nation's law-makers who congregate there, more or less, during that portion of the year which is not devoted to grousing, or golf. Under the circumstances, therefore, it is somewhat nonsensical to suppose, that those noble gentlemen would be inclined to think that a statement of any kind, concerning the dangers and discomforts faced by the men who make a House of Lords possible, were worthy of their attention. All the same, it is quite time that a move were made in the direction indicated by Lord Muskerry; and although we are prone to believe that nothing will be done in the matter until the sailor secures a vote, and is thus in a position to force some measure of attention to his manifold grievances: we are somewhat surprised that the noble lords would rather await that time, than do something of their own sweet wills.

The Duke of Marlborough took exception to Lord Muskerry's statement, that the recommendations of the Light Load Line Committee had been treated, by the Marine Department of the Board of Trade, as "mere empty utterances." But why take exception? Is not it the truth? Have the Board of Trade done anything in the matter? And can the same Board move a finger, until accident has occurred—accident or misfortune? If they can do so, why don't they? Prevention is better than cure, so if the Board of Trade have not been—as usual—contemptuous in every detail belonging to the sailor's welfare, why is it that the same old state of misery prevails? It is all very pretty to say that "The view of the Select Committee was that they could rely on the Board of Trade to use the powers already conferred on them by Parliament to prevent the improper or insufficient ballasting of ships." But then, the Select Committee doesn't jeopardise its collective life by risking a voyage in a "light" vessel. It is fairly easy to rely upon the conduct of anybody that doesn't affect one, in the least? That is not the point. What the sailor wishes to make known, is the fact that he is unduly handicapped by prevailing methods of alleged ballasting; that his miserable life is made doubly miserable, through the parsimony which sends a ship to sea but once removed from the condition of an empty bladder; and if this state of affairs is resultant from determination on the part of the Board of Trade "to use the powers already conferred upon them," then, the sooner those powers are increased, the better will it be for all concerned. None of us wish to jib against the Board of Trade's powers: what most of us are hankering after is that vessels will be sent to sea in a sea-worthy state, as regards ballast. To-date, the great majority thereof, are anything but seaworthy, and it is time the evil were remedied. Naturally, Lord Muskerry's motion was rejected without a division.

Mr. G. O. Wallenberg, of Stockholm, is the purchaser of the steamer *A. J. Hocken*, recently reported sold.

MARITIME MARK MAKERS.

WILLIAM SCOTT, Esq.,
(General Manager, Bute Dry Dock).

TO the shipping man, generally—as distinct from he who merely does business in the Bristol Channel—the photographic illustration appearing on our this week's front page, will recall a well-known face. It is practically impossible for a man to spend half-a-century on this mundane sphere; to put in by far the major portion thereof, in attending to ships and shipping; to follow the business nearly everywhere that a ship may go; to mix with all sorts and conditions of men in that following; and yet, at the end of the suggested period, to successfully affect the belief that he is known to but few. That Mr. William Scott, general manager of the Bute Shipbuilding, Engineering and Dry Dock Company, Limited, has done all the foregoing—and possibly a bit more—we mean to show. With our friend's early days, we have no concern, our mission being to chronicle a few of the events in his business career. With this end in view, we will begin by saying that he started life as a mill-wright apprentice with the Wallsend Slipway, on Tyneside, and that he ultimately became the mechanical expert for the same progressive concern. That the latter position was anything but a sinecure, may be understood from the fact that in the exercise of his various duties, it was necessary for Mr. Scott to travel over the whole of Europe, for the purpose of attending to the hulls and machinery of the vessels—mostly oil-carriers—which were under the guarantee of his employers. In addition to the "oil-tankers," too, there were a goodly number of mail-boats, while the tramp of commerce was by no means forgotten. In a thirteen years' spell at sea, our Mark Maker enacted the rôle of "guarantee chief" to many fine steamers, and in so doing, laid the foundation of the knowledge which now stands him in good stead. Ere leaving this short description of Mr. Scott's sea service, we might mention that he was chief engineer of a boat engaged in carrying mails from New York to Venezuela, naturally for the American Government. This was one of the "Glen" boats, which had been chartered for the purpose. Sea service, proper, being finished, our friend returned to his *alma mater*, as already stated, and eventually, he was detailed for service at the Cardiff branch of the Wallsend Slipway, as assistant manager to the late Mr. George Rutherford. As most of our readers are aware, the Wallsend Pontoon of that period, is the Mercantile Pontoon of to-day, and it is rather a coincidence—to say the least—that Mr. Scott's present duties should include the managership of the same pontoon under its new name. However, before that managership became an accomplished fact, there was one other rôle in the mechanical world awaiting this versatile engineer—the post of general manager to the Tydvil Engineering Works, also at Cardiff Docks. We forget how many years our Mark Maker was at "the Tydvil," but it was long enough to win the approbation of the Bute Dry Docks directorate, and when a vacancy occured in the management, Mr. Scott was offered the position on, we believe, a fairly lengthy agreement. Circumstances had conspired to make the post of general manager to "the Bute," about two removes from a bed of roses, and even as has happened to most of the other dry docks in the Channel (and elsewhere), the slackness of trade has since made the said removes a bit disheartening. All the same, it might be taken for granted that with the turn in the tide, our Mark Maker will be just the man to take it at the flood—even as he has done in numberless instances elsewhere. Mr. Scott is a Member of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers; of the Institute of Naval Architects; of the North-East Coast Institute of Engineers and Shipbuilders; and his is a popular personality, wheresoever shipping men do congregate.

THE MARITIME REVIEW.
An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1905.

MARINE ENGINEERING AS A PROFESSION.

TO those who have not been watching the trend of this phase of affairs nautical, it might come as somewhat of a shock, to learn that indications are all in favour of the belief that marine engineering as a means of livelihood, is becoming dangerously near that condition which is tersely expressed by the words, "played out." But shock, notwithstanding, that belief is more or less justified, and if, to-date, none of the engineering organs have dealt with the subject, it is not because the seriousness of the subject has not been recognised by most of them. Supply and demand have had largely to do with the unsatisfactory state which has gradually developed, although there are other causes affecting the situation—causes which are remediable. For many years past, the question "What to do with our boys," has been answered in great measure by the decision, "We'll make him a sea-going engineer," and the inevitable glut in this branch of the labour market has resulted. Slowly, but surely, the supply has exceeded the demand, and in the future, that supply will more than treble the demand, unless drastic methods of elimination are rapidly resorted to. Comparatively speaking, engineering is a new thing; has not been hallowed by ages of exploitation; and in the very early days of its existence, there was a sort of "free stem" in the profession. Ships were turned out in a bewilderingly rapid fashion, and the crying need at that time, was for engineers with which to man them. The building of steamers has received a serious check; the mark in the progress of the British Mercantile Marine has been reached, when future development will be painfully slow; but the manufacture of engineers continues, with the same feverish activity as obtained, when the merchant tonnage was represented by the figures 3,000,000, instead of those of the present which, in round figures, we'll place at 10,000,000 tons. Obviously, something will have to be done, but what that "something" is to be, is not very clear. Time was, that the surplus stock of British marine engineers, was easily used up in supplying the necessary skill to foreign countries that were out upon the hunt for a merchant marine. Those foreigners had ambitions towards some sort of maritime position; they had the money with which to purchase the steamers; but their own countrymen were woefully ignorant of the business of engine-driving—if we may be forgiven for placing the matter in such a manner. The natural result—seeing that the Briton was prepared to supply engines, and engineers—was, that the foreigner bought the steamer, and hired the British engineer to attend to its engines. Year in, year out, this merry game continued; wages were fairly good; and *paterfamilias*, with a boy to launch on life's way, pursued the line that is usually followed in cases of this kind—the line of least resistance. To put a son "on deck," was, admittedly, a "mug's game." The dear old "white wings" were gradually passing; steam was monarch on the waters, as on shore, and the few sailors that were yet needed, were easily obtainable from the Continental scrap-heaps, so—"make Tommy an engineer, and he will then have bread for life." If but a few of those problematical fathers had indulged in the little game, things might not have developed into their present state, quite so rapidly. Unfortunately, however, whole families "took" to the business, and where, in the case of the sailorman, but one of a family of lads indulged his fancy for a life on the ocean wave; with the mechanically minded folk, the whole of the boys in the family were turned into more or less high-class engineers. As a natural result, wages gradually commenced to decline, and a fictitious belief in the efficacy of a "Union" was born. That is to say, the wages dropped but slowly, and the fact was placed to the credit of the Engineers' Union. At present, thinking engineers are coming to the knowledge that the power of their Union had little to do with the pleasant conditions which have obtained, and that the inexorable laws of supply and demand are more responsible. Engineers have ever been inclined to assure all and sundry, that if their services are not required at sea, they can still use the blessings to be derived from their trade, by working ashore. That this is but true in part, the vast majority are beginning to see. If the advance in the shipbuilding industry had continued as of old, engineers would still be wanted, in galore. Unfortunately, however, this is exactly what the shipbuilding industry hasn't done. It has practically reached top-notch, and all future additions are likely to be more of the nature of replacements in the tonnage list, than of the creation of new units. This means, that the ranks of engineering experts will go on increasing, while the outlets open to them as craftsmen, will remain almost at a standstill. What this again means to those with most at stake, needs no prophetic soul to determine. Wages have been constantly lowered, and the lowering process will continue; for, hide the fact as one may, the "good old days" of marine engineering, are even as are those of the sailorman—gone, beyond recall. The "Union" will be helpless in the matter, for any combination is of use, only, when the demand is greater than the supply. Human nature is the same to-day, as it was before mechanics were thought of; and when hunger pinches, "Unionism" will be as little thought of, as it has been right down the ages. To suppose anything different to the foregoing, is to suppose an absurdity: and while it is competent for any of us to deplore such a commonplace state of affairs, truth compels us to admit its existence. As already suggested, the foreign mercantile navies are closed to the British engineer: he has taught the foreigner the trade, and now, the foreigner—at less wages—will attend to the business. The last supporter of the British marine engineer—outside of Britain—was the gentle Jap, who employed the Briton in quite respectable numbers. At the moment, the British engineers who are earning a livelihood from the Land of the Rising Sun, are an inappreciable number. Yet it is but a few years ago, since that old yarn concerning the methods of the Japanese engine-driver was first worked up. You know the yarn to which we are referring? How, when a squad of British engineers steamed a vessel to the land of the Mikado, and on arrival were turned out to make room for native talent: again, how the merry Japs started the engines away, and because they hadn't the necessary knowledge, had to steam her 'round and 'round the Bay, until the fires had died out, and the engines stopped of themselves? As a yarn, the whole thing was good enough, and is somewhat on a par with what we have been taught to believe, concerning our Eastern allies. At present, however, the Jap knows enough, not only to start and stop a set of engines; but he is in a position to build them—at prices that would break the heart of his British colleague! Some few days ago, we were discussing this phase of industrial life, with a seagoing engineer who is the father of several boys, that have elected to serve an apprenticeship at the fitting bench. From the largeness of his own personal experience, this father is convinced that marine engineering as a means of livelihood, is, to put it colloquially, "played out." So much so, that as his boys pass out of their engineering, he is apprenticing them to the deck department which is attached to Britain's maritime

supremacy. It might be argued that this is an extreme case; but even so, it is but an indication of how matters in this connection are tending. With reference to the claim that if an engineer is not wanted at sea, he may still ply his trade on shore, a slight inquiry in the regions which are given over to the fitting shops of commerce, will soon convince you that, to put it plainly, the statement is buncombe. Ask a few questions in the vicinity of that locality known as the "scrap heap," and what are you certain of hearing? Simply that there are half-a-dozen applicants for every job that turns up: and the same thing applies when a marine engineer's berth falls vacant. The stampede for that job may not be quite so pronounced as is that which transpires when a mate is needed: but don't forget that engineering is, as already stated, comparatively a new thing: that in ten or a dozen years from now—at the present rate of increase—the competition for an engineer's vacancy, will be ten times more pronounced than is that for a deck officer. In the case of the latter, the manufacture—if we may put it thus—is practically at a standstill. Young fellows are still passing examinations, yes. But in nothing near the proportion in which the old 'uns are passing out. As time progresses, this feature will level matters up, although the fact will not unduly bless the poor fellows who have had the misfortune to live in the interregnum, so to speak. But in the case of the marine engineer, he is being made in his thousands, and regardless of the fact that the supply is already miles ahead of the demand. To say the least, the situation is most disquieting, and if any doubt of our statements be entertained, just take a stroll along James Street, Cardiff, and hint at a vacancy for a "second's job," on any old dug-out which pleases you: having hinted, watch the wild stampede that will ensue: and watching, pity the poor super who has to say "No," to all the crowd, save one fortunate individual. It is sad, we know: but it is the sad truth: That the day has gone, when the marine engineer had to be approached diplomatically, if it were intended to persuade him to quit the shore for a trip at sea. At present, the engineer, himself, has to work the diplomatic act, and the situation is by way of becoming worse, for his own cloth are among the greatest offenders in selling his birth-right. Do not we all know of the tin-pot repairing shop which is "bossed" by a one-time sea-going engineer: and where, say, the youthful Greek is taken in as an apprentice, because his father sends an occasional crock along for repairs? Of course, we do. And we also know what happens, when the young Greek has completed his time, and is in a position to know just enough about engineering, to enable him to patch up some kind of a job, somehow? We do! For we know that in future, the repairs of the Greek dad's steamers, will be carried out at Patras, or other classically-situated fittery; and to the everlasting loss of the British sample of the trade. As a matter of fact, these picayune exploiters of the business are they who are doing most in killing native supremacy, and we are strongly of opinion that legislation is necessary in their case. To say the least, it is unwise to allow a number of nibblers-after-trade to damage the country's interests, merely because they haven't enough of business acumen to carry on their work in a business-like manner? A law that should compel these exploiters to engage none but Britons, would never be objected to by the vast majority of employers who act that way from conviction, anymore than the remainder of us object to the penalty of hanging being meted out to the murderer. That is, capital punishment is accepted, because it is supposed to deter the minority from blood-letting. By the same line of reasoning, a law such as we have suggested, would be acceptable to the vast majority who do not need it, because by its means, the "nibbler" already referred to, would be compelled to confine his competition into legitimate channels: and he would also be less of a national danger. We are willing to admit that this exploiter of the foreigner-who-reciprocates-with-a-slice-of-work is in a minority; but then, he is a potential factor in the national disintegration which is toward. Once start a fitting shop, say, at Patras, and you have a school for the preparation of thousands more of the same countrymen. We know that the Greek has an equal right with the Briton to learn the business of an engineer; but then, the Briton has exactly the same right to refuse the tuition? If he won't refuse it of his own sweet will, then, in the interests of the remainder of the nation which he in no manner adorns, he should be made to. Leaving this exploiter, let us give a brief consideration to another sample of fitting shop which is doing much to worsen the situation. We refer to the shops where young fellows are taken as apprentices; are allowed to follow their own sweet bent—which, needless to say under the circumstances, will be a lazy one; and when out of their time, are kept on as "improvers" at 25s. per week. Kept until some kindly disposed super will give them a start as third or fourth engineer, so that the chief and second may have the felicity of teaching these embryonic engineers, the work which they have already served an apprenticeship to glean. Is this fair, either to the men who are acting as chief and second, or to the lads who have practically wasted five years of their lives? The five most impressionable years, too? Indeed, it is the slip-shod methods of apprenticeship, which undermines the budding manhood of most of the present-day apprentices. Tacked up to a vise-bench, with a number of "old growls" who are more or less filled with Utopian ideas concerning a millennium which is supposed to be due at any moment; is it any wonder that the latter-day youth starts his sea-career, with a number of unworkable notions concerning sociology; and a total absence of the skill which rightly belongs to marine engineering? Moreover, under the conditions which we have thus briefly touched upon, is it any wonder that marine engineering—as a means of livelihood—is rapidly becoming "played out?" Surely not!

AN ACT OF JUSTICE LONG DELAYED.

NEARLY four years ago the Allan Line steamer *Grecian* went ashore at the entrance to Halifax harbour, and became a total loss. At the time of the casualty, the vessel was under the charge of a licensed pilot named Fleming. The Court of Inquiry, presided over by Mr. Salmon, Wreck Commissioner, held that the master, Captain Harrison, should be responsible for the fault or negligence of the pilot, and suspended his Master's certificate for nine months, granting him a mate's certificate during the interim. On behalf of the Scottish Shipmasters' and Officers' Association, of which Captain Harrison was a member, and which provided him with defence, on the pronouncement of this verdict, an intimation of their intention to appeal was made, and the Association forthwith converted their intention into *au fait accompli* by appealing to the Admiralty Court here, to have the Canadian verdict reversed. The appeal was sustained, but an application for costs was not allowed, on the ground that the Court had no jurisdiction in this case, to make an order for these. The Association put themselves in communication with the Government, and the matter was made the subject of question in Parliament without result. The Dominion Government was then approached. While admitting that an injustice had been done Captain Harrison by the erroneous decision given in Canada, they sheltered themselves behind the plea that there was no precedent to justify them in recompensing the Master, or in returning him the costs of his defence and appeal. The Association were determined that if no precedent was in existence to cover this case, one should be created. It is, therefore, with extreme satisfaction, they learn from the Minister of Marine that the Government of Canada have at length given way, after a lapse of nearly four years, to their persistent representations; and have paid over to Captain Harrison, the whole costs incurred in his defence in the Canadian Court, and of the appeal on his behalf, here.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *July 26, 1905.*

A CAREFUL consideration of the happenings in the Coal Market since our last time of writing, shows that the condition of things has not varied appreciably. Business may not be truthfully stated to have been brisk, although in one or two sections a little more than the ordinary excitement has prevailed. In the matters of figures, these remain practically as at our last, and in the main, are rather inclined to steadiness, than otherwise.

COLLIERIES, in the majority of instances, are somewhat better placed in the matter of stems—some, again, being better circumstanced than their competitors. Where this little feature is in evidence, you will understand that the quotations are considerably firmer than where the contrary exists. All the same, during the past day or two, steadiness has not been too apparent; indeed, when all is said on the subject, the Market is inclined to be as kittle, kattle, as ever. Certainly, in the matter of forward shipment, there has been an improvement, generally—in so far as enquiries are concerned. But these have yet to materialise into real business.

FOR BEST CARDIFF ADMIRALTYS, we find that the quotation remains at 12s. 9d., and stems, here, in the majority of instances, are fairly good. Moreover, there are quite a few of the grade blessed with a sufficiency of business to last them over next month. Particularly is this noticeable with the superior brands, and for which the price is given with a certain and well-defined amount of "We don't care a hang, sirs." But then, the colliery man is ever in this position when he hasn't a great quantity of stuff to spare—small blame to him. Other qualities in this section, are moderately busy, but their position is anything but so good as is the case with the premiers. Actual values, are altogether another set of circumstances! So much so, that each one has to be settled on its own merits—and the persuasiveness of the buyer.

SECOND ADMIRALTYS have received no changing impetus to speak of, and while prices are much on a par with those which ruled last week, the tone—so-called—is inclined to the easy side of the deal. The plain facts are, that stems are by no means in favour of the seller, and when this is so, you know what to expect. Putting it in figures, we find that from 12s. to 12s. 3d. is the prevailing idea among sellers—an idea which the buyer is willing (and able) to discount a little.

ORDINARIES are offering from 11s. 6d. upwards, according to quality. For top sorts, 12s. is being demanded, and in one or two isolated instances, has been secured. Generally speaking however, the values are ranging around about last week's levels. Anything of a prompt nature—especially if it is also a big order will easily obtain a concession over the quotation.

DRYS are still in the "no demand" stage, this remaining as their characteristic feature. Stocks are very heavy, and thus it comes about, that buyers are able to book lower than quotations, which are: 11s. 9d. for BESTS, and from 11s. 3d. to 11s. 6d., for the others. For other sorts, see list, herewith:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	12s. 6d., 13s. od.	12s. 7½d.	12s. 7½d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	11s. 9d., 12s. od.	11s. 10½d.	11s. 10½d.	12s. od.	11s. 9d., 12s. 3d.	12s. od.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	11s. 3d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.
Drys ,, ...	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.
Best Newport ,, ...	11s. 6d., 12s. od.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 9d., 12s. od.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	11s. od., 11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. od., 11s. 6d.	11s. od., 11s. 3d.
Seconds ,, ...	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	14s. 6d., 15s. od.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. od.	14s. 3d., 14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 7½d.	13s. 6d., 13s. 9d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.	11s. od., 11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.	11s. od., 11s. 3d.	11s. od., 11s. 3d.
,, 2 ,, ...	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d., 9s. od.	8s. 7½d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d., 9s. od.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	8s. 9d.	9s. od.	8s. 9d., 9s. 3d.	9s. od., 9s. 3d.	9s. od.	9s. od., 9s. 3d.
Seconds ...	8s. 7½d.	8s. 7½d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d., 8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.
Ordinaries ...	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d., 8s. 6d.	8s. 4½d.	8s. 4½d.	8s. 3d.
Best Newport ...	7s. 6d., 7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.	8s. od.	8s. od.	7s. 9d., 8s. 3d.	8s. od.
Seconds ...	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 4½d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 3d, 7s. 6d.	7s. 6d., 7s. 9d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d., 7s. 9d.	7s. 7½d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d., 7s. 9d.
,, No. 3 ...	10s. od.	9s. 10½d.	9s. 6d, 10s. od.	9s. 9d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.
Foundry Coke:						
Special ...	21s. od., 21s. 6d.	21s. 3d.	21s. od.	21s. 6d.	21s. od., 21s. 6d.	21s. od., 22s. od.
Ordinary ...	17s. 6d., 18s. od.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	18s. od.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.
Furnace Coke ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 4½d.	16s. 4½d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 6d.
Patent Fuel ...	12s. 9d.	13s. od.	13s. od.	13s. od., 13s. 6d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d., 13s. 6d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ..	19s. od.	19s. od., 19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d., 19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *July 26, 1905.*

THE market, here, during the past week, has been steady and somewhat more encouraging. Prices, however, continue as before. For prompt shipment, a much better request is in evidence, but futures are rather limited.

ANTHRACITE LARGE, for instance, is a trifle firmer. Stems have been filling up, and supplies are therefore, restricted. This, coupled with an improved demand, has hardened the market, and BEST MALTING SORTS are quoted from 18s. upwards.

MACHINE MADE COALS are moving off slowly, and buyers are able to lower the quotation, to an appreciable extent. NUTS on the other hand, have remained fairly steady throughout. RUBBLY CULM, too, remains a satisfactory market, for a good demand continues, while the quantity at present available is somewhat limited. DUFF continues along between 3s. 3d. and 3s. 6d., at which range there is a fair enquiry.

STEAMS have undergone no change worth mentioning, BESTS being valued at 13s.—thanks to fairly good stems. SECONDS are inclined to easiness, and average around 12s., at which there is but little doing. Local bunker qualities are about maintained. PATENT FUELS may be safely marked at an average of 11s. 9d.—a little higher or lower, as the case might be.

BELOW, we give the average prices for the week:—

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	18s. od.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.	17s. 6d., 17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.
Seconds do. ...	16s. 6d., 17s. od.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. od.	16s. 6d., 17s. od.	16s. 6d., 16s. 9d.
Big Vein Large ..	10s. 9d.	10s. 7½d.	10s. 7½d.	10s. 6d., 10s. 9d.	10s. 6d., 11s. od.	10s. 9d.
Red ,, ,, ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d., 9s. 9d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 4½d	9s. 3d., 9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od., 16s. 3d.	16s. 1½d	16s. od., 16s. 3d.
,, ,, Nuts ..	16s. od., 17s. od.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 6d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.
,, ,, Peas ...	10s. 6d., 11s. od.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 7½d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 9d.
Rubbly Culm ..	5s. 6d., 5s. 9d.	5s. 6d.	5s. 6d.	5s. 3d., 5s. 6d.	5s. od., 5s. 6d.	5s. 3d.
Duff ...	3s. 3d.	3s. 3d.	3s. od., 3s. 6d.	3s. od., 3s. 3d.	3s. od.	3s. od., 3s. 6d.
Patent Fuel:	11s. 6d., 12s. od.	11s. 9d.	12s. od.	12s. od.	11s. 9d., 12s. od.	11s. 9d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d., 13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 6d., 13s. od.	12s. 9d., 13s. od.
Seconds ,,	11s. 9d., 12s. od.	11s. 10½d.	12s. od.	12s. od.	11s. 9d., 12s. od.	12s. od., 12s. 3d.
Bunker ,, ...	10s. 3d., 10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d., 10s. 9d.	10s. 7½d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d., 10s. 9d.
Thro' and Thro'	8s. 6d., 9s. od.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 10½d.	8s. 9d., 9s. od.	8s. 10½d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

CARDIFF, *July 26, 1905.*

As may be gathered from the appended list, chartering during the past week, has been fairly active—for these times. For the Mediterranean section, business has been moderately busy, but at the time of writing, an easier tone is manifesting itself. 'Twas ever thus—at least, it has been thus for some considerable time past, and not yet is the end of the depression reached. For representative fixtures since our last time of writing, a perusal of the following, might prove of interest :

Week Ending, (Wednesday), July 26, 1905

N. corrected Newport, S. Swansea, P. T. Port Talbot, Iceburg.

EASTERN.

Singapore, *Ratho,* 11s.
Cape, Steamer, 12s. 9d.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Endsleigh,* 8s.
Steamer, about 4,000 tons, 8s.
Olive, 8s
Steamer, 8s. 4½d.
Teneriffe, *Riplingham,* 3,300 tons, 6s. 6d.
Buenos Ayres, *Falloden,* 4,000 tons, 8s. 0d. 250, (N).
Las Palmas Madeira, *Lady Kirk,* 3,500 tons, 6s. 6d.
Las Palmas, *Altamira,* 1,850 tons, 6s. 9d. 200
Carrigan Head, 4,500 tons, 6s. 3d.
Goodwood, 4,100 tons, 5s. 6d. (Admiralty).
Steamer, 5,000 tons, 6s. 3d.
Cape Verdes, *Commonwealth,* 4,500 tons, 7s.
Monte Video, Steamer, 4,700 tons, 7s. 7½d. 250 1s. (N).
Sabang, Steamer, 12s.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Trevilley,* 4,400 tons, 5s. 3d. ppt.
Genoa, *Headlands,* 3,700 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Reynolds, 4,000 tons, 6s. 0d.
Steamer, 3,500 tons, 6s. 500
Steamer, 5,500 tons, 5s. 10½d.
Silvia, 2,600 tons, 6s.
Windsor, 5,[illegible] tons, 5s. 0d.
Agnello Campa, 4,000 tons, 5s. 0d.
Akaba, 4,[illegible] tons, 5s. 9d.
George S. Embiricos, 5,300 tons, 5s. 9d.
Palermo, *Garlands,* 2,500 tons, 6s. 6d. option **Messina/or Catania.**
Earl of Hastings, 2,000 tons, 7s. 3d. (s).
Venice, Steamer, 4,000 tons, 7s. 3d. option. **Ancona.**
Venus, 3,300 tons, 7s. 3d. option **Ancona.**
Valencia, *Cymrian,* 1,300 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
Naples, *Sceptre,* 3,500 tons, 6s. 800, option **Leghorn.**
Anthony Radcliffe, 3,500 tons, 800, „ „
Uplands, 2,400 tons, 6s. 6d. coal, 7s. 3d. fuel. (s).
North Briton, 2,600 tons, 5s. 9d. 800, option Newport loading 6s.
Marseilles, Steamer, 5,000 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Leo, 2,700 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Iberia, 2,100 tons, 7·25 fcs. (s).
Steamer, 4,500 tons, 6·87½ fcs.
Algiers, *Taormina,* 1,800 tons, 7 francs. spot.
Costanza, 2,800 tons, 7 fcs.
Alexandria, *Edale,* 4,600 tons, 5s. 7½d.
Steamer, 5,300 tons, 6s. 3d.
Castlegarth, 3,500 tons, 6s. 9d. coal, 7s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Lena, 3,[illegible] tons, 6s. 3d.
Oran, *Jersey,* 2,050 tons, 7·50 fcs. coal, 8·50 fcs. fuel, spot, (s).
Steamer, 1,600 tons, 7·50 fcs., ppt.
Barletta, *Rosalba,* 2,[illegible] tons, 7s. 7½d. coal, 8s. 4½d. fuel, (s).
Savona, Steamer, 1,400 tons, 6s. 7½d. option **Spezzia.** (s. or P.T.)
Cagliari, *Alleanza,* 2,300 tons, 7s. fuel, ppt. (P.T.)
Piræus, *Anastasios Coroneos,* 2,200 tons.
Mary Thomas, 2,500 tons, 6s. (N).
Steamer, 2,900 tons, 5s. 9d. (N).
Syra/Piræus, Steamer, 2,950 tons, 5s. 10½d.
Almeria, *Canganian,* 1,350 tons, 6s. 9d.
Gandia, *Silurian,* 1,350 tons, 6s. 9d.
Torre, *Huddersfield,* 3,000 tons, 6s. 1,000
Cadiz, Steamer, 1,400 tons, 6s. 3d.
Huelva, *Emil Retzlaff,* 5s. 3d. coal, 7s. 3d. goods.
Arcachon, *Corrwg* 1,100 tons, 6 fcs.
Guillianova, *Ceres,* 1,850 tons, 8s. coal, 8s. 9d. fuel, (N).
Vigo, *Whimbrel,* 700 tons, 5s. 6d. (N).
Gibraltar, *Carlo,* 1,700 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Muriel, 2,800 tons, 3s. 9d. „
Rhio, 3,600 tons, 3s. 9d. „
Rothesay, 2,500 tons, 3s. 9d. „
Lagos, (Portugal), *J. Duncan,* 2,500 tons, 3s. 10½d. „
Kildonian, 3,200 tons, 3s. 10½d. „
Knightsgarth, 4,000 tons, 3s. 10½d. „
Skeldon, 1,700 tons, 3s. 10½d. „
J. Duncan, 2,500 tons, 3s. 10½d. „
Volo, *Treneglos,* 1,850 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Malta, Steamer, 4s. 6d.
Eugenie, 2,100 tons, 4s. 7½d., (Admiralty).
Nice, *Fernside,* 2,000 tons, 9s. 6d. coal, 8s. 3d. fuel (s).

BALTIC, Etc.

Stettin, Steamer, 1,350 tons, 4s. 7½d. (s).
St. Petersburg, Steamer, 2,500 tons, 5s. 3d.
Cronstadt, Steamer, 4,500 tons, 4s. 3d.
Hekla, 3,700 tons, 4s. 3d. coal, 5s. fuel, option **St. Petersburg.** (s).

BAY, Etc.

La Pallice, *Everest,* 2,100 tons, 4·37½ fcs.
Maywood, 1,430 tons, 4·37½ fcs.
Holderness, 2,300 tons, 4·25 fcs. option **Rocheforte,** 4·50 fcs.
Bordeaux, *Gardepee,* 2,100 tons, 5·12½ fcs. (s).
Talabot, 1,600 tons, 5 fcs. spot.
Sables, *Arvor,* 650 tons, 5 fcs.
St. Nazaire, *Kylera,* 2,000 tons, 4·50 fcs. (s).

COASTING, Etc.

Rouen, *St. Patrick,* 730 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
The Countess, 650 tons, 4s. 7½d. (s).
St. Kevin, 750 tons, 4s. 7½d. (s).
Alice M. Craig, 1,200 tons, 4s. 7½d. (s).
Steamer, 700 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Yewdale, 480 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Caen, *Senga,* 500 tons, 4s. (s).
Dieppe, *Rowena,* 1,400 tons, 3s. 9d.
Havre, *Stokesley, or sub.,* 1,350 tons, 3s. 10½d.
J. Duncan, 2,500 tons, 3s. 9d.
Steamer, 400/500 tons, 4s. 1½d.
St. Malo, *Pearl,* 4s. (N).
Clonlee, 1,450 tons, 3s. 9d.
Cherburg, *Bay Fisher,* 520 tons, 4s. (s).
Newry, *Dunscore,* 160 tons, 3s. 6d.
Portland, *Skeldon,* 1,500 tons, 2s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Honfleur, *St. Kevin,* 750 tons, 4s. (s).
Brest, *Spurt,* 1,420 tons, 3s. 9d. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Pomaron to Swansea, *Cymrian,* 1,500 tons, 5s.
Oporto to Cardiff/Barry/or Newport, Steamer, 5s. 9d.
Bilbao to Cardiff, *Elmville,* 2,400 tons, 4s. 3d. ppt.
Agua Amarga to Newport, *Themis,* 3,800 tons, 5s. f.d. ppt
Bilbao „ „ Steamer, 4s. 4½d.
Villagarcia to Cardiff or Newport, *Whimbrel,* 393 n. 7s.

SHIPBUILDING.

The new volumes of "Lloyd's Register" make their appearance once again and furnish material for a comparison of the progress of the merchant shipping of all nations. They show a total increase in 1905, as compared with 1904, of 466 vessels and 1,211,704 tons. The Empire's share of this addition is indicated by the following figures:-

BRITISH FLAG.

	Vessels.	Tons.
1905 ...	11,365 ...	17,009,720
1904 ...	11,250 ...	16,580,845
Increase	115	428,875

The year 1904 itself, showed an increase of 116 vessels and 574.471 tons, so that in point of tonnage, we have not progressed so rapidly. These figures include the merchant fleets of the Colonies, which now number 2.017 vessels and 1.206.540 tons, an increase of 3 vessels and 17,045 tons. The statistics for the United Kingdom alone, are as follows:—

SAILING SHIPS.

	Vessels.	Tons.
1905 ...	1,455 ...	1,306,417
1904 ...	1,537 ...	1,392,132
Decrease	82	85,715

STEAMSHIPS.

	Vessels.	Tons.
1905 ...	7,893 ...	14,496,763
1904 ...	7,699 ...	13,999,218
Increase	194	497,545

This shows a net increase of 112 vessels, as compared with 84 in 1904. Sailing ships have been removed to the extent of 85,715 tons, which was about the figures for the previous 12 months. Steamers have augmented by 497,545 tons, as compared with 588,000 tons. The net growth in our shipping as a whole, is 411,830 tons. The following figures show the net steamship additions to the world's fleets:—

NET STEAMSHIP ADDITIONS.

	United Kingdom. Tons.	Foreign. Tons.
1905 ...	497,545 ...	833,199
1904 ...	588,324 ...	860,995

Taking steamships and sailing vessels together, the growth of tonnage in the case of the principal maritime countries is as follows:—

PRINCIPAL MARITIME NATIONS.

	1904. Tons.	1905. Tons.	Increase. Tons.
United Kingdom ...	15,391,350 ...	15,803,180 ...	411,830
Germany	3,369,807 ...	3,564,798 ...	194,991
United States	3,849,400 ...	3,996,479 ...	147,079
Norway	1,717,654 ...	1,776,218 ...	58,564
France	1,693,366 ...	1,728,038 ...	34,672
Italy	1,187,566 ...	1,189,066 ...	1,500
Russia	840,515 ...	862,909 ...	23,394
Sweden	751,533 ...	804,346 ...	52,813
Holland	687,529 ...	701,754 ...	14,225
Japan	671,417 ...	873,552 ...	202,135
Denmark	597,984 ...	626,512 ...	26,528
Austria Hungary ...	585,156 ...	618,194 ...	33,038

Spain is still inclined to shrink, the tonnage having decreased from 754,855 tons in 1904, to 731,581 tons, a loss of 23,274 tons. Italian shipping is practically stationary. The Japanese figures show a remarkable growth of tonnage, which seems inconsistent with the wastage of of the war. The German additions are nearly half as large as our own.

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The general position and outlook in the shipbuilding trade does not show much change. A few orders continue to be booked, but by no means sufficient to ensure steady future employment. Messrs. Swan, Hunter, and Wigham Richardson, Ltd., Wallsend, have been commissioned to build two high-class fast passenger boats for Messrs. Fraissinet & Co., of Marseilles. The Indo-China Steam Navigation Company has ordered two boats of between 3,000 and 4,000 tons, one from Messrs. W. Dobson & Co., Low Walker on Tyne and the other from Messrs. Hall Russell & Co., Aberdeen. Messrs. Houlder, Middleton & Co., London, have ordered two 7,000 tonners from the Northumberland Shipbuilding Company, Ltd., Howden-on-Tyne. The Clyde Shipping Company have contracted with the Caledon Shipbuilding and Engineering Company for the construction of a steamer of about 2,000 tons, with good speed and passenger accommodation. The Booth Steamship Company, Liverpool, have ordered a large steamer to be built by Messrs. R. & W. Hawthorn, Leslie & Co., Hebburn on Tyne. The Russian Transportation Company, Odessa, have ordered two 3,000 deadweight steamers, to be built in England.

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A deputation from the Boilermakers Society, headed by Mr. Cummins, the secretary, waited last week upon the North East Coast shipbuilding employers. According to the rules between the parties, when either side desires a change of wages or conditions, that side must give 14 days notice of a conference. at which the trade situation can be discussed. The present conference was called at the instance of the men, who desired that their wages should be increased. It lasted a couple of hours, and took the form of a preliminary discussion. At its conclusion, the representatives of the press were informed that no notice had been handed in, but that probably another conference would be held.

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The steel paddle steamer *Greyhound*, lately owned by the North Pier Steamship Co. (Blackpool) Ltd., in Liquidation, has been sold at about £8,000. She was built by Messrs. J. & G. Thomson, Ltd., Glasgow, in 1895. Dimensions 230ft. x 27ft. x 9ft. 7in. Fitted with two sets of engines, cylinders 21in., 45in. x 48in. stroke. Had new boilers in 1903, by Messrs. Laird Brothers. Steams 16/17 knots. Carries 990 passengers on No. 4 certificate.

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The iron screw steamer *Aviemore*, owned by Messrs. D. Scott & Son, Dundee, has been sold to Japanese buyers, at about £7,000. She was built and engined by Messrs. W. B. Thompson & Co., Dundee, in 1882. Dimensions 204ft. x 29ft. 9in. x 20ft. 6in.; 931 tons gross; with engines 24in., 48in. x 30in. stroke.

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The Granton Steam Trawlers, *Mont Viso*, *Mont Rosa* and *Simplon*, belonging to the Muirhead Trawlers Limited, have been sold to a Swansea firm. They were built in 1898, by Messrs. Cumming and Ellis, Inverkeithing, and are to be employed in trawling operations in the Bristol Channel.

FOR SALE OR CHARTER.

Steam Yacht "CURLEW,"

Length 60ft., beam 12ft., and draft 5ft.; c.s.c. engines; good cabin accommodation; and excellent outfit, including two good boats. Fully insured for a month's cruising in the Bristol Channel. Can be inspected at Channel Dry Docks, Newport.

For further particulars, apply THE CARDIFF CHANNEL DRY DOCKS Co., Ltd., Cardiff.

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

THERE certainly appears to be a fatality hanging around that great International Shipping Combine, of which the world has heard so much. The past year's working resulted in a loss of some £600,000, and come to think of it, you don't need to be excessively "smart," to put up such a showing as that? About a year ago, the shareholders were promised great things as a result of the energetic treatment, that was to be the outcome of Mr. Bruce Ismay's nomination, to the post of president of the Company. Somehow or other, there is a deal of Americanism in the word "president," when applied to a mere trading concern, and probably this is one of the reasons why the combine has made such a poor showing?

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THERE is no getting away from the fact that, although a huge success in practically every other branch of industry, the American friend is no great shakes where shipping is concerned. This is only as it should be, for although on this side of the Atlantic, we have a number of irresponsible persons who scarcely ever saw a ship, previous to the moment when they undertook the management thereof; it by no means follows that this is the kind of genius, who has made Britain maritimely supreme. There are failures in every trade; shipping is certainly no exception to the rule; and a few moments consideration will supply the searcher after truth, with quite a number of names which, as eighteen-carat "wasters," it would be hard to beat.

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MOST of these failures, too, have been born in all the glitter which modern methods may command. They have also been snuffed out in the glorious gloom which is the complement of the said glitter. Even as we write, we have in mind a number of those sporting gentlemen who, directly they assume the directorship of some poor little second-hand crock, may no longer patronise the necessary though humble tram-car. Nothing less than a "carriage," of some make or another, will suit. In other words these gentry fail, not so much because there is an undue depression in the shipping trade, as because they have developed swelled head, and metaphorically, "Don't know where they are." Furthermore, there is seldom anybody about, who is in a positon to tell them.

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NATURALLY, when Mr. "Shipowner" doesn't quite know where he is, his poor shareholders are likely to be in the same unenviable position, and thus the world wags. Still, common honesty compels us to admit, that for every failure on this side of the Pond, there are many successes. In their case, too, the shareholder knows all about it; and this is mainly the reason why reputable shipping concerns, are enabled to command as much of the public's money as is considered necessary. Across the seas, however, the position is somewhat different, and for a reason which we have given, times out of number. That is, the American is not a shippy individual. Of course, there are a few on that side of the world, who are up to every wrinkle on the shipowning board, and they invariably come out on top.

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BUT generally considered, the number of shipping men under the flag of Uncle Sam, is inappreciable, and for many years to come, that number will continue so. We quite understand that there are numerous efforts toward, with a view to altering all this; but those efforts, as already suggested, will be doomed to disappointment, and for the fact that it is impossible to raise a shipping community in a couple of years. The Briton would do no better, under the same conditions. That is to say, if John Bull had to depend on the antics of the "new chum" in shipping, then, you could make up your mind that the Mistress of the Seas title, would be passed over to some other nation. As things are being muddled up, now, there is a danger; but to "muddle through," is Britain's heaven-sent right?

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HOWEVER, reverting to the tactics of the "combine" of which we have written, it will be remembered that Mr. Bruce Ismay "raised Cain"—to put the matter in the vernacular—when he started in on his retrenchment idea. Office expenses were said to have been reduced in a most alarming (to the clerks) manner; and every item of expenditure was to have been subjected to microscopic examination. We suppose it was alright, and the retrenchment came off? That is, it appeared to come off, for in the latest balance sheet issued by the International concern, it would appear that all these retrenchments notwithstanding, the management expenses have increased to the tune of £40,000. The amount is not a big one, when the total capital at stake is borne in mind. All the same, it should be possible to purchase a deal of management for £40,000?

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THE fact of the matter is, the international "combine" is making the same mistake that other, and, what should be, better posted affairs in the shipowning world are doing. We know of quite a number of apparently flourishing shipping undertakings which, if the book-values of their fleets were written down to a sensible, and business-like limit—well, those concerns would cease to be of even the apparently flourishing sort. This is another instance where the fatality, to which we have already alluded, comes in. Things are going bad—cut the expenses. The badness continues—cut some more. In the first instance, most of the bad conditions were the result of an ill-manned enterprise: how then, will a continued cutting mend matters? It won't, of course, and the last stage, of the "cutters" is considerably worse than their first.

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ANYHOW, there are not wanting they who are prepared to swear, that the ordinary shares of this very great International Linking-up of the Earth, are by way of becoming worthless. This opinion has been arrived at after years of consideration, and it is admittedly easy to be wise after the fact. THE MARITIME REVIEW, however, ventured on the prophetic lay in this connection, at the time when the Company had just been floated; and when most of the units of the shipping press were prepared to put up affidavits, that this American quiff was THE security of the age. As we have stated on numerous occasions, the American is no more able to make an over-capitalised affair pay, than is his British competitor. The trouble is, that the public will not believe this great truth.

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THAT is to say, the public will not believe, until the flesh is coming off its fingers in chunks—thanks to the amiable manner in which it has been burned! The "combine" has already laid up several freight steamers; the new Cunarders will probably cause another big laying-up match. Here is more prophesy: Once those boats have been laid-up, we are convinced that when next they run, it will be under a flag that has nothing in common with that which is at present favoured for "house" purposes, by what we consider as the modern rendering of the Great South Sea Bubble. This is our candid opinion, and we have pluck enough to print it.

The Cargo-Carriers' Combine.

WARS and rumours thereof are in the air. When it isn't the German Emperor, it is the Czar of All the Russias—which are left; failing those disturbers of the world's peace, the American "combineer" is to the front; when he has had enough of it, the sailing ship owners' union takes a hand in the game: after the sailing ship man, comes the "tramp" owner; and after the tramp owners' union—the deluge! We dislike to appear rude in this consideration of current shipping topics: otherwise, we should hunt up our proverbial philosophy book, for the purpose of extracting therefrom, the correct rendering of the saw which deals with the potentialities of one fool, when a goodly number are desired.

BUT we are not inclined to be rude over the matter—only sorry. That is, we are sorry to see so much importance attached to the impossible, for it must be admitted that any union among the tramp owners of commerce, is altogether out of the question? The merry gentlemen will promise any mortal thing that is suggested. It is a weakness with them so to do. But when it comes to performing in unison; if a solid front is expected: when the gentle enemy is to be sent to the right-about, with the flea one reads of in his ear; then, don't you count unduly on the tramp owner. By nature, the tramp owner, as usually met with, is a queerly constituted biped. He cannot help it, of course, and is deserving of everybody's pity on that account.

ALL the same, he must not be taken too seriously, for when the tramp owner is taken thusly, he becomes bad tempered—and a bad-tempered man is of little use in forming a union? Mind you, there are tramp owners, and tramp owners. Quite a goodly number thereof, may be depended on at all times, and if the success of a contemplated union rested on their combined efforts, things would soon rattle along to a joyful issue. Unfortunately, however, there are far too many who may not be depended on—in any other direction than to scuttle away from their solemnly-given promises, directly an incentive so to do, is offered. It might be thought that we have a prejudice against the *genus* tramp owner, so we hasten to say that such is not the case. On the contrary, rather, for we have a very great chunk of respect for quite a number of him.

YOU see, we have worked for the tramp owner, and when you have done this, you are in something of a position to pass a few well-merited strictures on his conduct? At least, it appears that way, to us, and at this particular moment. It is all very pretty to start a union of owner-men; the movement is modern, and is, therefore, to be commended. But if it is expected to glean any benefits from that union—well, the expecter doesn't know his business. That is certain. If the British Mercantile Marine contained an assortment of tramp steamers which were identical, one with another, some hope of ultimate salvation might be permissable. As things are, with scarcely two vessels alike, the hope referred to is hopeless—if we may put it in that apparently equivocal manner!

YOU see, its like this. If turret owner is faced with a question of rate, he will vehemently declare that his boat is worth 10 per cent. more than is that of the trunk man—and he might, conceivably, have some little justification in the claim. Then, trunk man, under the same conditions, will solemnly declare that he will see everybody in Heaven, before he will fix his marine beauty for anything less than 10 per cent. over the rates offered for a mere shelter-decked steamer. The latter gentleman will be just as vehement in his declamation of his vessel's value over the ordinary single-decked steamer: and the owner of the single-decked steamer will declare that as his vessel is a ship, and not a modern freak, then, he is deserving of 10 per cent. more freight than the turret; 15 per cent. more than the trunk: 20 per cent. more than the shelter-decked-bluffer-of-dock-rates; and as much more ahead of every other kind, as he can possibly obtain.

THUS will the merry game continue. Meanwhile, the subject is productive of some animated discussion, and as far as we can see, it offers possibilities of publicity, to sundry gentlemanly discussers who might, under other conditions, pass along to the grave, having left never a foot-print in the metaphorical sands of time. For this reason, we are inclined to give the tramp owners' union a run. We like to uphold earnest endeavour, wheresoever we might lilt up against it. Numerous members of various chambers of commerce have run a tilt in connection with this subtle question of a tramp owners' union, and although it is somewhat invidious to make a distinction in this instance, we will quote the words—or give them to you, in effect—of one Mr. F. H. Lambert.

DON'T imagine that we are doing this, because we have an idea that the gentleman in question, is head and shoulders above his fellows in the matter of knowledge of the subject. Not at all, for really we have no statistics which help us to arrive at a just estimate as to what Mr. Lambert knows of the business. Indeed, and as far as we know, Mr. Lambert might not be a tramp owner at all: might have no more than a nodding acquaintance with this phase of business. Not that his disabilities in this line have anything to do with the question, for it is admitted that a man might know a good piece of bread when his molars close over it, and yet be blissfully ignorant of the first (and every other point) in its manufacture? Very well, then. Supposing, for example, that Mr. F. H. Lambert's chief reason of existence is to pose as a middleman, he is still a member of Cardiff's chamber of commerce; and the position carries certain privileges.

ONE of the said privileges is to stand up and speak—whenever the inclination, and the rules of debate, admit of the practice. Anyhow, Mr. Lambert did not think, that in the matter of the suggested union and its objects, "there was any need at the present moment (mind you, that was nine or ten days ago, and the situation might have altered since then?) to take any special measures in regard to the matter." That is plain to you, isn't it? Furthermore, the same gentleman "did not regard the matter as being so serious as indicated," and that ought to be good enough for most of the people who pretend to have an interest in the matter? All the same, we should have thought that some of the members of the same associated combination of business men who were really tramp owners; men, say, who had more than a couple of picayune boats to their credit, or otherwise, would have given their opinions on the subject; and we believe you will admit that we are justified in our thoughts on this occasion?

WHAT'S that? We haven't told what the contemplated union is for? Why should we bother with the detail of what will never materialise? In sultry weather like the present, it would be unkind of us. Beside, nobody seems to be quite sure what the union is going to do. It's alleged reason, is to freeze the hated alien-owned tramp from Britain's shores. Now you understand, don't you? You also see the necessity for treating the affair indulgently? The alien-owned tramp is there, right enough—but the "union" isn't.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on July 13, 1905, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

13,622 04—HUNTER—*Improvements in the construction of battleships, torpedo boats, floating targets and lightships.*

This improved construction of vessels consists in forming a rectangular "well" or tank in the body of the vessel below the water line. This tank is closed at the top and perforated at the sides and bottom to admit water. The advantages are stated to be increased buoyancy and steadiness.

14,418 04—BRAY—*An improved fastener for ropes, cords, and the like.*

This fastener consists of a bell crank lever, one arm of which forms a handle, and the other a small forked projection at right angles thereto. This lever is pivoted on a horizontal pin to a base plate, adapted to be secured to a wall, &c., in such a manner that when the handle is turned downwards the forked projection enters an open bottomed recess in the base plate. The cord is secured by winding same around the forked projection and turning the handle to cause the former to enter the recess. The base plate is also provided with lateral horns which may serve as a cleat.

17,780/04—PRIEST AND MORRALL—*Improvements in travelling carriages for overhead runways.*

This invention relates to a trolley from which a load is suspended which will switch off on to a branch of the track when a bias in the required direction is imparted to the load. It comprises a plate, provided at the top with two rollers each of which runs on the top edge of a pair of overhead track rails between which the plate is suspended. At each end of the bottom edge of the plate, a lens shaped pilot roller is pivoted in a swivelling bracket. These rollers are interposed between the track rails in front and behind the trolley. The swivelling brackets each have an arm which are cranked and pivotally connected together in an opening in the plate. Here their mutual pivot is provided with a vertical anti-friction roller also running between the track rails.

17,849/04—WILLIAMS—*Improvements in or appertaining to the cages of lifts or elevators for use in mines.*

This invention relates to the provision of stages or platforms for facilitating access to the sides of a mine shaft for inspection purposes. These platforms are hinged to the side of a mine cage, and adapted to be folded flat against the sides thereof when out of use.

18,000/04—ANDERSON—*Improvements in transporters.*

This invention relates to an apparatus for unloading packages from a vessel and transporting same to a waggon &c. on the quayside. It consists of a truck running on rails on which is mounted a turntable platform. This platform carries the boilers and engines and is provided with a mast from which jib arms extend over the vessel and the waggon to be loaded respectively. The arm over the vessel has pivoted to its end an extension which extends downwards to the deck of the vessel. The arms are provided with endless chain conveyors.

18,653/04—GROSE—*Improvements in and appertaining to the valves of rock-drilling machines.*

This invention relates to a special construction of valve for rock drilling machines.

19,982/04—BORNET—*An improved method of making hollow rock drills or jumpers.*

This invention relates to a method of forming tubular steel rods. It consists in hammering a billet of steel into a block of square of poly-gonal cross-section of such dimensions that its corners will just touch the interior cylindrical surface of a mould or matrix into which the block is inserted. When in position a central hole is punched in the block whereby the metal is forced outwards into complete contact with the cylindrical surface. The hollow cylindrical block so formed is rolled into hollow rods, which, it is stated, may be obtained of greater length than hitherto.

6,960/05—BENNIS—*Improvements in rotary tipplers for coal wagons.*

In this tippler which consists of the usual two tippler rings and tracks, the waggon is secured by two cross bars which are placed across its top and are tightened and secured by links and tightening screws. To prevent undue strain owing to the action of the waggon springs, when released from the weight of the coal, springs are inserted between the links and the frame.

29,266/04—CAMERON—*Improvements in or relating to revolving cranes or the like.*

For the purpose of enabling a crane to hoist a load near its base, a trolley running on a track on the underside of the jib is provided. This trolley carries the sheave over which the hoisting cable is led. The trolley is raised and lowered along the jib by a cable led over a sheave at the upper end.

589/05—GREEN—*Improvements in rotary tipplers for discharging coal or other minerals.*

This invention relates to means for rotating a tippler in both directions, by means of friction wheels in contact with the circular frame rings. These friction wheels are mounted on a shaft parallel to the tippler axis. This shaft is rotated in either direction by a system of open and crossed belts and fast and loose pullies.

3,085/05—SMITH—*Improvements in apparatus for handling coal or other granular material.*

This apparatus consists of a building arranged on a quay, &c., and having its floor at a level above that of the quay. The floor slopes downwards outwardly from the middle line. The roof of the building is open along the middle line and a track for a travelling tower is arranged thereon. This tower has outwardly directed arms on which grab bucket hoisting trolleys, &c., travel. The tower is also provided with a hopper for discharging coal into the building. Discharge chutes are arranged along the sides of the building.

These applications for patents are, until August 28, 1905, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

The following applications for the registration of Trade Marks relating to the shipping and coal trades were advertised on July 10, and are open to opposition by interested parties within the period ending August 19th.

Class 8—*including nautical instruments.*

No. 273,418, 6th June, 1905—THE MINERVA—for: all goods included in class 8. Sydney Lawrence, trading as Lawrence & Mayo, 67/69, Chancery Lane, London, and India. Optician.

Class 20—*Explosives.*

No. 273,778, 22nd June/05—COSONOID—for: Explosive substances. Cogswell & Harrison, Ltd., 29 A Gillingham Street, Victoria Station, London, Fire Arms and Ammunition Manufacturers.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

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MARQUESS OF BUTE COLLIERIES, Aberdare, Hirwain, and Rhondda Valley. Shipping ports:—Bute Docks, Cardiff; Penarth Dock; Swansea; Briton Ferry; and Newport (Mon.)
Telegrams: "SEMA, CARDIFF."

OCEAN (MERTHYR) COAL CO., LTD., 11, Bute Crescent, Cardiff, proprietors of Ocean (Merthyr) Steam Coal.

UNIVERSAL STEAM COAL CO., LTD., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Proprietors of "Universal Steam Coal."
Telegrams: "VERSATILE, CARDIFF."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

VIVIAN, H. C. & Co., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole European Agents for "The Puritan Coal Mining Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A."
Telegrams: "VIVIAN, CARDIFF."

WATTS, WATTS & Co., Cardiff and London. Contractors for the supply of Coals at all Depôts abroad.
Telegrams: "WATTS, CARDIFF."

Dock Owners.

THE CARDIFF RAILWAY COMPANY, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Ship Repairers.

SHEARMAN, JOHN & Co., LTD., Cardiff, and at Barry Dock.

THE BUTE SHIPBUILDING, ENGINEERING, AND DRY DOCK COMPANY, LIMITED, Roath Basin, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "CAISSON, CARDIFF."

THE CARDIFF CHANNEL DRY DOCKS AND PONTOON CO., LTD., Cardiff and Barry Dock.
Telegrams: "Entrance, Cardiff." "Channel, Barry."

THE MERCANTILE PONTOON CO., LTD., Roath Dock, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "MERCANTILE, CARDIFF."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

Miscellaneous.

LEWIS & TYLOR, Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole patentees and manufacturers of "Gripoly," a patent woven belting; and "Burals," a semi-metallic packing.
Telegrams: "BELTING CARDIFF." Telephone, Nat. 231.

Steamship Owners.

DAN. JENKINS & Co., Steamship Owners and Brokers, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Stonewall, Cardiff."
Nat. Telephone: 1318.

BARRY.

Dock Owners.

THE BARRY RAILWAY CO., Barry.

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MARITIME MARK MAKERS.

JOHN CORY, Esq., J.P., D.L.
(Chairman of Cory Bros. & Co., Ltd., &c., &c.)

(See Page 1951.

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MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

THE present is a strenuous age, and events follow rapidly, one upon the other. We are willing to acknowledge that there is but little of the original idea appertaining to the foregoing—but there is a large amount of truth. The awkwardness of the situation, lays in the fact that most of the "strenuousness" is brought about by a number of human beings, that fortune never intended to work. It is quite bad enough to have to keep at the mill, for the purpose of besting a legitimate competitor: but when a metaphorical "lily of the field"—or what, in the natural order of things, should be a lily of the field—lays himself out to increase the pace, to harden the strain (put it any way you care to), well, it is about time that a reconsideration of cause and effect were indulged in? The latest attempt to increase the pace, lays in the suggestion (from the German *Ganesha*) that the Baltic shall (if those with most interest therein will agree) be converted into a *mare clausum*; or to put it in the vernacular, a sea closed to the commerce of wicked Britain—for that is what the whole idea works out to. Nobody supposes that the idea will be allowed to fructify. All the same, these little pin-pricks are calculated to increase the pace (as already suggested), and the expenses of Government. The plain fact of the matter is, that the world has become so "revivalled" thanks to the exertions of sundry "cranks," that some of the best of the old saws which most of us learned at our mothers' knees, have been overlooked. There is that piece of dead knowledge which taught us that "Satan finds some mischief still, for idle hands to do." That saying—and its teaching—has fallen into desuetude, and as a natural consequence, the world is for ever being troubled with ebullitions of energy which, under other conditions, would be of inestimable value to its progress; but which, under existing circumstances, are little short of a nuisance.

WHEN *Ganesha* is tired of wiring wires which set the universe dangerously near to a general conflagration, he gets off on another tack—which has the same potentialities. If it isn't Morocco, it is Stamboul; failing that, it is a "mailed fist," out East; when that pails, personal communications with an American President fills the aching void; and now, as a bit of midsummer madness, we have the cool attempt made, to block out the world from one of the world's seas. Nobody takes the suggestion seriously; nobody with any sense, that is; at the same time, the continued threatenings are calculated to destroy all hopes of peaceful trading; and in the interests of mankind, generally, these disturbers of the peace should be shown the misguidedness of their actions. In the *mare clausum* dodge, there is a very simple method of showing the road home, so to speak. At present, when anybody threatens poor old Britain, she has to take it laying down, unless the threat is considered large enough to justify the unleashing of the dogs of war. Obviously, a war is too expensive to be entered upon lightly; but a Protectionist policy is cheap—and altogether effective. The Colonies are working out their destinies on this line: in fact, every country on earth is doing the same—with the exception of Britain. For this reason, she is for ever running up against the pin-pricks of life, and has no weapon with which to turn them aside—outside of a Flying Squadron. If this country were to plump solid for the Protection which is otherwise universal, we should soon find the *Ganeshas* of life, diverting their malign influences to other quarters—and we shouldn't hear talk of any *mare clausum* notions. Never a word, sirs!

CONSIDERING the claims to superlative beauty (or unqualified successfulness) which is supposed to hang around the consumptive-tendencied Conciliation Board, there is a terrible quantity of rant on the subject, about? Doubtless, the situation has appealed to you in this manner, and we do but echo your sentiments on this apparently vital matter? Again, you might be in a position similar to that which is enjoyed (we'll put it that way, for the sake of politeness) by ourselves, in that you get an occasional peep at the supposedly best portions of certain local news sheets—thanks to some indefatigable friends in London, who have earned a name as "press cutters." Right, then! 'Tis like this. The portion to which we are alluding on this occasion, is labelled "cool heads wanted," and seeing that the weather is somewhat sultry, we are not to be blamed for

struggling through with the "cutting" referred to? That is what we thought. Cool heads, when the sun is heaven-knows-how-many-degrees Fahrenheit, Centigrade, Réaumur, or which particular authority one believes in, is a desideratum. Thus our decision. Not mind you, that we were over-disposed to believe in the coolness, and read on more for the purpose of proving our loyalty to the "press cutters" than for other, and more valuable reason. However, we did read on, and ultimately came to the stuff with which we commence the next paragraph.

"But facts are facts (yea, lor'!), and it is patent, if regrettable, that the price of coal has been steadily falling since the last reduction was put into force by the machinery of the Conciliation Board." Right here, you are asked to stop, for long enough to work up some kind of definition concerning "the machinery of the Conciliation Board." Now what does that machinery consist of? Is it a combination of chins-and-fixings, eked out with a quantity of bluff: an arrangement in which conciliation is merely a term that has been coined with intent to deceive; a something in which diplomacy has considerably more weight, than actual fact: and an eventual despoiler of the trade of the district? Cool heads, forsooth! In our opinion, there is something more than a cool head needed in the present "crisis." And that something? Well, it has a little to do with the finding of a man, or a number of men, who will have pluck enough to give us the unadulterated facts concerning the subject with which the Conciliation Board affects to deal: who will throw this supposed diplomacy to the winds—or elsewhere: who will speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in connection with the coal trade's situation; and will then leave the matter to the decision of the public. Time was, that the district had such a set of machinery, and it was known as the Sliding Scale. By and bye, the district might again be similarly blessed: but, meanwhile, we have to wobble along, practically at the mercy of any wind-bag whose disinclination for work makes him a more or less "popular agitator."

We know that the trade is also at the mercy of another set of conditions—if we may be held guiltless of *lese majeste* for putting it that way. The "set" referred to, is made up of a number of coalowners who have insufficient pluck to enable them to face their responsibilities. Instead, they submit to any sort of indignity: put up with any kind of treatment: agree to almost anything that is demanded; and yet, at the same time, they would receive the solid support of the vast majority of the community, if they would but assert themselves in the manner to which they have a right. For, hide the fact as one may (and sometimes does) the community is heartily sick of the reign of King Demos: is longing for some sort of a change; and would hail with joy, the sturdy employer who would bring that change about. It is all very pretty to prattle along with "Owners cannot go on indefinitely paying wages on which they do not receive a fair return, indeed, in some instances, no return at all." But why not come out with the truth of the situation? Why not tell the dissatisfied workers that they are gradually, but surely, driving all trade from the country, by their agitator-made demands? Look where you will, and unrest is apparent. The labourer—in small sections, we know, but yet in large enough divisions to play havoc with the trade of a district—is for ever on the growl: and if you give him one concession to-day, he comes along to-morrow with a brazen-faced demand for another. At the present moment, he is fed, clothed, and housed beyond the wildest dreams that were his, a few years ago: he gets away with a day's pay, for something under a half-day's work; and with it all he is dissatisfied.

These facts are admitted on all sides, but directly a threatened deadlock is to the 'fore, the council which is offered, runs along as: "All that onlookers can hope for at this juncture is that both sides will go into the forthcoming negotiations with a determination to make the best of a rather unhappy conjunction of circumstances." Unhappy conjunction of fiddle-sticks! Why is the "conjunction" unhappy? Mainly because the labourer has been allowed to lose the grip of his proper perspective in the national picture. It is not his fault, anyway. The blame rests with the "masters" who have proved themselves as more fitting to be workmen. Scuttle, has done it all—or most of it. Instead of putting a united front before the malcontents; disrupture and petty disagreements have been too much in evidence. If the masters had but half of the cohesion of the men, the latter wouldn't be so perpetually on the growl. Is anybody going to believe that the workmen will "go into the forthcoming negotiations" with any sort of determination, other than that which will prompt them to get all there is to be got? Is justice or fairness to be hoped for, under any circumstances other than that which is engendered by the master hand? If so, then will there be a vast difference in the tactics which are to be pursued later on, as compared with those which have ruled in the past. Don't talk to us about cool heads, for as "facts are facts," the wages should drop still lower—aye, even if they go appreciably below that much-vaunted minimum that was going to do so much for the good of the district. How much good it has done, is apparent to the most careless observer. Which is to say it hasn't done any good at all; but has merely mussed up the coal trade, until it is merely a shadow of what it was, when the minimum was established.

In February, 1902, the certificate of Captain J. Harrison, of the Allan Line Steamship "*Grecian*," was suspended for three months by a Naval Court sitting in Canada, to inquire into the circumstances of the stranding of his steamer. An appeal against this decision was lodged, and, on the 10th of June following, the Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice reversed the decision of the Canadian Court. On the grounds, however, that because the Board of Trade did not initiate the Inquiry; did not oppose the Appeal; nor add, in any respect, to its expense; the President of the High Court, while sympathising with Captain Harrison in his position, said that it appeared to him impossible that, in this case, the Board of Trade should be saddled with any part of the costs. Although Captain Harrison was not a member of the M.S.G., it was felt that this decision as to costs involved an important point of principle affecting all captains and officers, and that it was a very serious thing if a shipmaster who was successful in an appeal should yet be required to pay the costs. Accordingly, the Guild communicated with the Minister of Marine and Fisheries in Canada, and elicited the reply that the matter would have his consideration. Also, they submitted the case to Lord Muskerry, who brought the matter before the House of Lords, asking whether His Majesty's Government could not assist in recovering these costs. The reply of the Earl of Dudley, on behalf of the Board of Trade, was a sympathetic one, and the promise was given that the Board of Trade would confer with the Colonial Office upon it, and that, if there was a way of meeting such cases in the future, they would endeavour to find it. The result is embodied in a letter which the Guild have just received from the Deputy-Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Canada, from

Sinking a Pit.

which it will be observed that the Canadian Government has agreed to bear the costs which were incurred :—

Ottawa,
12th July, 1905.

Sir,—Referring to previous correspondence with regard to the payment of certain expenses incurred by Captain James Harrison, in appealing against the decision of the Court of Inquiry at Halifax, in the case of the *Grecian*, I am to inform you that the Minister of Marine and Fisheries has obtained the authority of Parliament to pay him, as a matter of grace, the sum of $750·00 in full settlement of his claim. A cheque for that amount has been sent to Captain Harrison.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant.
(Signed) F. Gourdeau,
Duputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

T. W. Moore, Esq.,
Assistant Secretary,
The Merchant Service Guild.

Needless to say, this decision on the part of the Canadian Authorities, will give widespread satisfaction to Mercantile Marine captains and officers.

The Surface Works of a Typical Welsh Colliery.

With praiseworthy (as long as you are not a shipmaster) consistency, the old, old sentence of "off with his head" continues. The latest example of the metaphorical decapitation is in connection with the loss of the *Goidelian*, such loss being the subject of what is known as a Board of Trade inquiry (why, the fates and, perhaps, the Board of Trade, know) at Cardiff, last week. It is quite unnecessary for us to go into particulars: by this time, you know the procedure, by heart? Same old japes: similar questionings: identical cautionings, and remarks about "if." Also, the same old result—six months' suspension of the master's certificate. Of course, the master deserved it all: that goes without saying, for a shipmaster seldom bumps up against anything that he doesn't deserve. Moreover, if he didn't deserve it on this occasion, well, you can bet your life that—according to the Board of Bathos—he will deserve it at some future period in his life, so there you are! In this instance, the suspension is supposed to have materialised because the Old Man didn't get a cast of the lead, half-an-hour before the stranding eventuated. Here's a breakfast-table problem for you: If a shipmaster's livelihood is suspended for six months, for not taking a cast of the lead within half-an-hour of stranding; how many months would he get, if the cast were taken within ten minutes of the accident, and why?

Having satisfactorily disposed of the above, you are at liberty to worry along over any other series of problems which you may consider fitting to the time of the year, and the special circumstances of the case. For instance, you might profitably work out the suspension that would follow if the mate, or other officer, had unfortunately lost the lead line; or if the number of hands on board, had been altogether insufficient for the purpose of taking a chain of soundings: or if the captain had honestly believed, as an efficient navigator, that his ship was miles away from probable danger. In either of the foregoing (and each of which items are to be met with every day), supposing accident had followed, the alleged inquiry would have been in evidence: and just as inevitably, "off with his head" would have followed. Therefore, kind sirs, be good enough to think up the necessary "suspension" that should fit each case; mark them down on the tablets of your memory—or waistcoat-pocket: and then lay a hundred-to-one wager with anybody that will take you on, that in each of your decisions, you will be hopelessly wrong. That's what's the matter. However, in the *Goidelian* case, the captain had his ticket suspended for six months, because he was "solely responsible for the casualty"—not accident you'll observe.

We are somewhat surprised at the seeming callousness of the Shipping Federation, Limited. You will remember that the organisation has been supplying the Liverpudlian folk with "free labour," that should fill the place of the merry gentlemen who have been on strike, at the docks, there. Why these 'orny 'anded persons should be styled "free labourers," we are not altogether clear, for as far as we can learn, they are paid for their labour. Anyhow, there has been a law case on, in which certain of these "free" individuals has been suing the Federation for some £3-odd, the amount to be considered in the matter of wages. It appears that the labourers were to have been paid 30s. per week, and 1s. per hour overtime, and it was suggested that the answer to the claim would probably be, that complainant had left without notice, and in this manner had forfeited his wages. This is as may be, and we are not unduly bothering about this phase of the subject. What we are most concerned with, is the statement that the labourers were given sleeping quarters which consisted of the iron deck of a coal bunker; that the said deck was overcrowded with "free" gentlemen; and was dirty, and verminous, withal. The men complained of this state of apparent wretchedness, and because the—the—well, let us write 'em down as "p.o. chees," even as would any other self-respecting sailorman; because the "p.o. chees," then, were not "Keatinged." the free labourers gave 24 hours notice and left the scene.

This was alright, for you can hardly expect a free labourer to be so free, that he will supply free lunches to every kind of parasite that might, could, would, or should be included under the managament (for the time being) of Shipping Federation, Ltd.? And if the "bug-gun" were conspicuous by its absence, can you reasonably blame the poor labouring person for deciding that he had enough of it? You know, if those "p.o.chee" things were really thriving and frisky, it would take more than 30s. per week to rebuild the tissues which—in their numbers—they might destroy. Still, we do not wish to split straws, or to quibble over this phase of an unsavoury subject. Indeed, we merely touch on it for the reason that we have had some little experience of bunker-decks; and can well appreciate their state, if strewn over promiscuously, with a number of somnolent (and possibly unwashed) free labourers. According to the statements of the plantiffs in this case, at the expiration of the 24 hours notice, they were handed a shilling each, and a railway ticket to London. Whether this was for the specific purpose of mixing the peculiarities of the Liverpool sample of "p.o." things with those of the London variety, is not stated, so may be allowed to pass; but Shipping Federation told the conscientious objectors that they would be prosecuted for breach of contract—perhaps, at the Greek calends?

However, some of the evidence offered by a unit of this "free labour" coterie of brother men—so to speak—was distressing in the extreme. For example, the stevedore, himself, remarked that after he had arrived in Liverpool, in charge of about a hundred men, the city clocks chirped out a warning that the time was 2-30 a.m. This is not altogether a nice time to be wandering around in a place like Liverpool, is it? And under ordinary circumstances, one might be in danger of losing one's reputation—and other things? Never mind! These were free labourers, and nobody seems to have taken any liberties with them, for later on we find them on board the good steamer *Colonial;* and later, yet, asleep on the iron deck already referred to. In the words of the stevedore, "When I woke up, my face was as black as my coat with coal dust." Of course, this is open to explanation, and the man's coat might have been, originally, of a greyish sort of colour, but was now black with coal dust; or his coat might have been black at the time of his laying himself down to woo Morpheus on that bunker-deck? Proceeding, we find that "there were a hundred of us laying so close together, that we touched." The latter is not a football term, please note.

The horrors of what was left of that night being concluded, "we had to get a bit of soap to wash with, the best way we could." It doesn't really matter whether this means that the best way referred to the soap or to the wash, but in either case, the men put up with these not-too-sanitary conditions, from the 4th until the 11th of July, and then "chucked it." Can you altogether blame them? And if this sort of thing occurred in private life, what, think you, would happen? Would there be a prosecution for endangering the public health, or is it allowable,

these days, to herd men in, anyway you care to arrange? We merely ask for information, and mainly because we have our own ideas on the subject—which are rather antagonistic to this new-style fashion of plague (or worse) breeding. Naturally, the Federation was not to be blamed. It couldn't be, anyhow. For, as was remarked by their solicitor, they were not bound to find accommodation for the "free labourers," which is true. The Federation's business is to find men, and plenty of 'em. The mere fact that, having found them, they might be degraded to a depth lower than that usually assigned to the brute creation, has nothing to do with Shipping Federation, Limited's articles of association, or memorandum of that ilk? And if table "A" wouldn't really apply in either instance, how can it be expected that bucket "B," or bedstead "C," should?

It's a queer world—that which has to do with shipping? Time and again, the nation is treated to some revolutionising quiff (at least, to particulars thereof) and straightway goes into more or less hysterical convulsions over the matter. The latest dodge, has to do with submarine signalling, and from the day after to-morrow—there or thereabout—there is to be no more difficulty in foggy weather, for the submarine bell is going to fix matters off, in the proverbial brace of shakes. The whole caboodle is so simple, that it seems wonderful that no investigating genius has stumbled across it erstwhile. You merely have to fix up a lightship, and from any portion of her hull, you drop a large bell into the briny. That bell has to be "electrically connected" with something or other; and then you sit down and wait for the fog. Of course, we might have missed out some of the details, but in the main, our description is near enough. Very well, then. The fog comes along; so does a steamer, or two. But this is a case where "Don't worry," fits in. To make the thing regular and proper, it is essential that the steamers should be fitted as in the manner already described—which is to say, they must each be carrying a bell on their underneath portions.

So far, the matter is clear enough, and on the off chance, so to speak, the lighthouse man touches the button, hits a peg, hammers something or other, as in the manner provided, and then—what happens? Well, the approaching steamer—always providing she has the bell attachment—catches a sound wave, from underneath, and the Old Man knows that there is a lightship around, on the starboard beam, generally. Everybody smiles: the passengers rub shoulders against the nearest saloon pillar; the junior flunk passes a remark concerning the wish that Heaven will bless the Duke of Argyle; and there is no more sorrow on the sea. Thus far, we have endeavoured to give you a brief translation of the affair as it appeals to the daily paper man. There is only one little item which that worthy overlooks. A Cunarder might be induced to tote around one of those bell things; but then, Cunarders are in a splendid minority. What is going to happen to the vast majority of other steamers? Do you give it up? Well, they'll just go on as before. If they don't hit the lightship, they won't have run into her! All the same, submarine signalling has possibilities about it, yes.

You know, there is no getting away from the fact that the foreign seaman—when lined up under the British flag—is a really cherubic sort of biped. The country is continually receiving evidences which tend to the belief, and until the law is altered, and the "everything-that-is-dreadful Briton" is shipped instead, those evidences will come along. You might imagine that we are waxing sarcastic, and if we really "waxed" that way, you ought not to blame us? We have been thinking up the various examples of mutiny, knifing, and other amenities which have come our way, since first we became acquainted with the British Mercantile Marine. In the whole list, we cannot remember one instance of where a British crew acted in this manner. On the other hand, it is fairly easy to think up dozens of instances where the gentlemanly foreigner has run off with a British ship, after practicing a little ornamental carving on the bodies of the master and officers. Somehow or other—possibly because British law fosters the belief—the foreign sailor imagines that he may do exactly as he is able, in connection with the shipmaster of commerce. But if the British shipmaster as much as taps one of the foreign beauties (only once), on that portion of his anatomy which has been styled "the point," well, the Old Man is bound to "pick it in," as the phrase goes.

We remember strolling down Bute Street, not so very many years ago, and had just passed a given doorway, when a "boozed" or otherwise maddened Maltese-Joe, pirouetted out across the side-walk, and incontinently pulled a razor across the neck of an unfortunate "whale" who was sunning himself on the curb-stone. Naturally, there was a quantity of blood around on the scene, and without giving particulars, we will merely state that Maltese-Joe was ultimately (and kickedly) taken into custody. The end of the thing, as far as "Joe" was concerned, was that he was confined "during her Majesty's pleasure," mainly because he was a native of a sunny clime; couldn't speak English—and was therefore tootled to as a "poor foreigner." The cut sailor? Oh, he died, but as he was a Briton, and could speak English (after some sort of a fashion) that didn't matter. The occurrence comes to our mind, through that little episode which transpired a few days ago at Newport. You might have heard of it? One Captain Lawson, of the good steamer *Falloden*, while walking up a Newport street, had an appreciable quantity of steel knife introduced into the back portions of his anatomy, by an Arab sailor recently employed—but more recently discharged from the steamer in question.

The condition of the captain is serious; concerning the Arabian gentleman—well, he's a poor foreigner, so we ought to pity him? Of course! As a matter of fact, we do, and in the midst of that pity, can conjure up all manner of poetical fervour which has to do with another Arab's farewell to his equine friend. Again, of course! The Arab is an impressionable child of nature. In fact, his impressions are double-barrelled, so to speak, for he is not satisfied with receiving them himself, but, as in the case of the master of the *Falloden*, he can be depended on to give them, as well. It seems to us, that it is possible to work up a fairly good impression, providing you have a knife that has had a rub on the nautical grindstone; a man walking on in front of you, and whose back is therefore, most in evidence; and the will-plus-the-ability to make a butcher-like cut in the right place, at the right time? As far as we can see, the Arab merely acted up to his early training. He is one of "the Faithful;" the British shipmaster is a giaour—and several other things. When the "Faithful" gets up behind the giaour (and the former has a decent sort of knife in his possession) it is generally bad for the giaour. Whether it will be bad for the "Faithful;" well, we shall see, later on?

In view of the fact that the Cardiff Railway Company are pushing on to a finish, the new South Dock which will form such a valuable addition to the already exceptional

CARDIFF'S NEW "SOUTH" DOCK—View of Inner Gate Cill and Lock Floor.

facilities of the Bute Docks, we are reproducing, in this issue, a couple of illustrations showing the immensity of the work that has to be carried out, before a new wet dock is in readiness for the coal-carrying vessels which, in this instance, will occupy the major portion of the space therein. As companion pictures, we are also giving representations of pit-sinking. Here you have the commencement of the undertakings which have made modern Cardiff, and although the pit-sinking is by no means so expensive as the dock-making, it is necessary to have a goodly number of shekels in hand, before starting any such enterprise. We are wondering where the collier would be, if there were insufficient of that enterprise about, to enable us to have those collieries for the supply, and the docks

CARDIFF'S NEW "SOUTH" DOCK in course of construction, showing the Entrance Lock, as seen from the Sea Gates.

for the transport, of the stuff on which South Wales depends, for its commercial prosperity? Yet from time to time, the collier and his alleged "friends" would attempt to assure you that he, alone, is the *alpha* and *omega* of the business. Needless to say, these illustrations of ours, will forcibly remind you that, after all, the collier is but an inappreciable portion of the undertaking, and he will be acting in his own interests, if he refrains from placing obstacles in the way of those who are doing so much in the two directions indicated.

AGAIN, the labouring fraternity are making an endeavour to hash up the prospects of the Port of Cardiff. This time, it is the painters of ships' bottoms that are on the "stand off" lay. It is really unnecessary for us to go into the details of the matter, for they are much on a par with what usually occurs on such occasions. That is to say, the men claim that they have been refused a hearing from the masters: the masters are equally positive that this is not the case. But stripped of all verbiage, the cause of the trouble is, that the men have demanded a rise in wages to the extent of 1s. 6d. *per diem*, and an advance of 3s. 6½d. on night work. This is the time of year when anything appertaining to the "cool" particular should be appreciated by the employers. Somehow or other, though, the "coolness" in this instance is a bit too "frosty," for the masters are allowing the induced "coolness" to work its own way out. It is impossible to wonder at the impertinence of this demand, at a time when trade in the district is at a lower ebb than it has probably been, within the memory of any of the labourers involved. To our mind—and to the minds of most unprejudiced individvals—8s. 1½d., the old rate for night work, would appear to be a sort of bank directors' remuneration? And that 11s. 8d.—the new rate demanded – is rather too princely for painters of ships' bottoms?

WE note that the directors of the Barry Railway Company have decided on a successor to Mr. Richard Evans, as general manager of the Barry Docks and Railways, and the North Eastern's loss in this respect, will be the Barry Company's gain. Mr. E. Lake, the newly-elected general manager, will commence his duties as from October 1, and South Walians, generally, will wish him every success in his new vocation. That he will have plenty to do, goes without saying, for South Wales is the natural home of the "hustler," while Barry has all a "hustle" of its own! We note, also, that the Taff Vale Railway Company has parted with a good man in Mr. H. F. Golding, who, in future, will be the locomotive engineer to the Barry Railway Company—and that berth is, by no manner of means, a sinecure. We hope to give a more extended consideration to this subject, in an early issue.

ON Saturday last the s.s. *Serbury*, a large single-deck turret steamer, was launched from the yard of Messrs. William Doxford and Sons, Ltd., Pallion. Unlike the preceding launch from this yard, a week ago—when, owing to a subsidence of the ground near the river, a large turret steamer took no less than six days to launch—the *Serbury* was afloat within half a minute from her release from the blocks, and proceeded at once to her outfitting berth. She is built to the order of Messrs. George Horsley and Son, West Hartlepool, and is the eighth turret steamer built for this firm. The vessel was named *Serbury* by Mrs. Briggs-Bury of Manchester, who was accompanied by a number of friends.

Messrs. Harris and Dixon, London, are the purchasers of the new 6,000 deadweight steamer, now building by the Tyne Iron Shipbuilding Company, recently reported sold.

MARITIME MARK MAKERS.

JOHN CORY, Esq., J.P., D.L., (Messrs. Cory Brothers and Co., Ltd.)

TO endeavour, at this late period in the history of Cardiff, to give any new points concerning the life-work of our this week's Maritime Mark Maker, may well be considered as appertaining to that phase of work which has been styled supererogatory. Mainly for the reason that the subject has already received the extended attention of many abler scribes, and also because the name of Mr. John Cory has long been a household word in the social life of the town, where evidence of his philanthropic work is scattered in every direction. If a gathering of dissatisfied townsmen wish to air their views; if a number of scientifically-disposed gentlemen mean to enlighten the community; if the devoutly-inclined are of opinion that their efforts might be calculated to strengthen and help the halting ones in our midst; either or all may repair to the Cory Hall—one of "Mr. John's" creations—where ample accommodation and every facility will be their's. The sailor (or the soldier, for that matter), if in search of a place of rest, instinctively wanders along Bute Street, to the palatial building which will go down in history as the John Cory Soldiers and Sailors Rest. And these efforts could be multiplied almost indefinitely, if these columns were a fit and proper place for that multiplication. Our business, however, is for a consideration of the mere commercial side of life, and although the history of the firm of Cory Brothers and Company has already been told in various quarters, there is absolutely no reason why it should not be repeated in brief, for the benefit of the readers of THE MARITIME REVIEW—especially as that history is practically the life-story of the gentleman whose presentment appears on our this week's front page. The business which is now known, the world over, as that of Cory Brothers and Co., was started in the year 1844, by the father of our present Mark Maker. Needless to say, the year 1844 is ranked among the years which we modern folk designate as "the good old times;" but it may be safely assumed that then, even as now, the "goodness" depended absolutely on the amount of hard work which was expended thereon. Be this as it may, we find that shortly after its inception, the founder of the business which was destined to grow into such colossal proportions, took his sons into partnership, the title of the combination then being Richard Cory and Sons. On the retirement of the late Mr. Richard Cory, our Mark Maker and his brother—Mr. Richard Cory—continued the undertaking as Cory Brothers and Co. Thanks to the hard work to which we have already alluded, the concern prospered, and its ramifications gradually took on a world-wide character; for travel practically whithersoever you will, you cannot help running up against the name—and the commodity with which that name is indissolubly associated! The pioneers of foreign coaling depôts, there is no need to wonder that, to-day, they are *facile princeps* in the business, and much of the success is directly attributable to the shrewdness and business acumen of the large-hearted gentleman who is the subject of our present writing. In 1888, the company was turned into a limited liability concern, and its ultimate progress has in no manner suffered in consequence. In this condensed sketch, we do not pretend to more than touch on the attributes which have made Mr. John Cory the "Captain of Industry" which he undoubtedly is, and in conclusion, we will state that among his many and varied occupations, he finds time to be chairman of Cory Brothers and Co., Limited; deputy-chairman of Barry Railway Company; chairman of the Penrikyber Navigation Colliery Co., Limited; he is also chairman of the following companies: Aden Coal Co., Limited; Brazilian Coal Co., Limited; Cardiff Coaling Co., Limited; Cory's Madeira Coal Co., Limited—and many more, for which we have no space.

SHIPBUILDING.

In its tables dealing with the dimensions of the world's greatest steamships, "Lloyds' Register" gives a list of the modern leviathans of over 10,000 tons. The number of these vessels is still less than a hundred, but the list continues to receive additions. The numbers and nationalities of these steamers as they are returned for the years named, are :

STEAMSHIPS ABOVE 10,000 TONS.

	1899	1904	1905
Great Britain	8	45	48
Germany	10	25	26
United States	4	12	12
Holland	1	4	4
France	0	2	3
Denmark	0	2	2
Belgium	0	1	1
	21	91	96

+ + +

Having once lagged behind Germany in the matter of large steamers, Great Britain seems determined to maintain the lead which she afterwards secured. The biggest merchant steamer in the world is still, apparently, the White Star liner *Baltic*, of 23,876 tons ; for the *Amerika*, the new boat of the Hamburg American Line, is returned at the round figure of 23,000 tons. The *Cedric*, 21,035 tons, and the *Celtic*, 20,904 tons, are, like the *Baltic*, Combine ships, and some people might suggest that their British register is open to qualification. The *Carmania*, the new Cunard boat, is put at 20,000 tons, with her sister ship the *Caronia*, a little below that figure. There are only seven ships of 20,000 tons and upwards, and of these Great Britain boasts the four already named, the United States' two is the *Dakota*, of 20,714 tons, and the *Minnesota* of 20,718 tons, and the Germans the *Amerika*. Their next biggest ship is the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, 19,360 tons. France has no 20,000 tonner, the *La Provence* of 15,000 tons being her largest steamer. Belgium is still content with one vessel above 10,000 tons, the *Vaderland*, of 12,000 tons. Denmark's two big ships are just over 10,000 tons each, but three of Hollands' four are considerably larger. Seven years ago the *Kaiser Wilhelm*, of 14,349 tons, was the biggest merchant steamer in existence, so we have advanced a good deal since then, and no one can say, with certainty, that such steamers as the *Baltic* and the *Amerika* at all represent finality.

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The steel screw steamer *Scotian*, recently managed by Messrs. G. H. Elder & Co., Newcastle, has been sold by the mortgagees to Mr. F. Malmros, of Trelleborg, Sweden, at about £11,250. She was built by Messrs. Mackie & Thomson, Glasgow, in 1901. Dimensions 228ft. x 34ft. 5in. x 14ft. 4in.: carries about 1,700 tons deadweight on 15ft. 4in. mean draft : with engines 17in., 27½in., 46in. x 33in. stroke. She was offered for sale by auction, last month, in London, and withdrawn at £9,000.

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A new single deck cargo steamer, building by Messrs. W. Hamilton & Co., Port Glasgow, and now about ready for delivery, has been sold to Messrs. Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd., West Hartlepool, for about £31,000. Dimensions 330ft. x 45ft. 6in. x 23ft. 10in. moulded, deadweight about 5,500 tons on 22½ft. draft. Machinery by the Clyde Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, with engines 24in., 40in., 65in. x 42in. stroke : two single ended boilers 15ft. 3in. x 10ft. 6in.: 180lbs. working pressure.

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Messrs. Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd., have also purchased a new single deck cargo steamer building by Messrs. Robert Duncan & Co., Port Glasgow, and now ready for launching, at about £19,000. She is estimated to carry 2,750 tons deadweight on 17ft. 11in. draft. Dimensions 260ft. x 37ft. x 20ft. 6in.; with engines 19½in., 32in., 53in. x 36in. stroke. Two single ended boilers 12ft. 9in. x 9ft. 9in.

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The iron screw steamer *Neto*, lately owned by Messrs. Strong, Reid & Page, Liverpool, has been sold to Messrs. Whimster & Co., Glasgow, at about £6,000. She was built by Messrs. Dobie & Co., Glasgow, in 1882, and had new boilers fitted in 1899. Dimensions 260ft. x 34ft. x 24ft.; 1696 tons gross ; with engines 20in., 50in. x 36in. stroke.

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The steel twin screw steamer *Ibadan*, lately owned by Mr. F. S. Clarke, London, has been sold to Japanese buyers. She was built and engined by Messrs. D. J. Dunlop & Co., Port Glasgow, in 1896. Dimensions 204ft. x 35ft. x 12ft. 3in.; 793 tons gross ; with engines 11in., 18in., 28in. x 24in stroke.

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The steel screw steamer *Twilight*, owned by Messrs. John Wood & Co., West Hartlepool, is reported sold to Spaniards. She was built by Messrs. Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd., in 1894. Dimensions 270ft. x 38ft. x 19ft. 3in.; 1,919 tons gross ; with engines 20in., 31½in., 53in. x 36in. stroke, by the Central Marine Engine Works.

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It is reported that a new cargo steamer, now building, by Messrs. Wm. Gray & Co., Ltd., West Hartlepool, for Messrs. John Wood & Co., West Hartlepool, has been sold to Messrs. Maclay and McIntyre, Glasgow, for about £32,750. She will be ready for sea in September, and will carry about 5,200 tons deadweight on 20ft. 8in. draft.

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The steel screw steamer *Newquay*, owned by Messrs. J. J. & C. M. Forster, Newcastle, is reported sold to Messrs. Gueret, Limited, Cardiff. She was built by Messrs. Swan Hunter, Newcastle, in 1889, with engines 20½in., 36in., 59in. x 39in. stroke, by Messrs. Black, Hawthorn & Co. 2,112 tons gross. Dimensions 280ft. x 37ft. 5in. x 21ft. 8in.

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Tenders have been invited for a steamer of 600 tons which Messrs. Biles, Gray & Co., have designed for the Harbours Department of the Board or Trade. The vessel is intended to be a lighthouse tender in the Bahamas. Offers are due at 6, Lloyd's Avenue, London, E.C., by the 15th inst.

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Messrs. G. and J. Burns, Ltd., Glasgow, have placed an order for two high-class passenger and cargo steamers with Messrs. John Brown & Co., Limited, Clydebank. They will be employed in the routes between Glasgow and Ardrossan and Belfast.

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Messrs. James Currie & Co., Leith, have invited tenders from various shipbuilding firms for the construction of a screw steamer for their passenger and goods trade between Leith and Hamburg.

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Messrs. D. & W. Henderson, Glasgow, have received an order to build a cargo steamer of about 7,000 tons, for Messrs. Harris and Dixon, London.

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The steamer *Cavalier*, recently purchased by the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand, has been renamed *Karitane*.

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The old Tyne trader *John Grafton* has been sold to Messrs. Watts, Watts & Co., London. She is an iron steamer of 563 tons gross, and was built in the Tyne in 1883.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, 1905.

NEWFOUNDLAND NAVIGATION.

THIS somewhat difficult to understand why many of Britain's best colonial possessions have been neglected in the shameful manner which has obtained for very many years. That they have been neglected, may not be truthfully gainsaid; indeed, the neglect in many instances, has been so blatant, that out of sheer pity, private individuals have taken the breach, if we may put it thus, and have exploited them for all they are worth. The said individuals, too, have not always been blessed with any particular amount of worldly-knowledge, outside of an ability to drive a hard bargain, and a solid intention of annexing everything that was annexable—aye, even if the items were immediately resold to the blind Government, much after the manner in which this class of business is alleged to have been transacted, in the late Boer War; and which gentle trait is now being bandied about, under the style and title of "the Stores' Scandal." If a concrete example of this neglect is needed, it is necessary to go no farther than Britain's nearest colony—Newfoundland. If any one can find a better showing of the private-venture-worked particular than this, we shall not be averse to hear about it. Without going back into the dim vistas of the past; indeed, if we keep our retrospect to fairly recent date; we shall find ample proof of the neglect which a so-called paternal Government metes out, to the possessions which are among the brightest gems in its metaphorical crown. At the period to which we have referred, a more or less unkind Fate took us to certain parts of Newfoundland, where the "dry fish" of commerce is prepared for the world's markets. Arriving there, what did we find? Well, we found plenty of "dry fish"—and come to think of it, that is about all that we did find; that is, if we except the exploitation of the gentle folk who prepared the said "fish;" who knew no better; and who, because of their ignorance, should have received better attention from the powers that were, at that time. We remember one "settlement" that was "worked" by a home trading company, which supplied its agents with yearly drafts of labourers from Somerset and Dorset; and which paid its full-blooded and able-bodied workmen, the munificent sum of £1 per month, and victuals. These men were herded into a tenement styled a "cook-room," and a more soul-destroying environment, it would be difficult to imagine. Naturally, there was a "store" for the supply of the necessary articles of life, and yearly consignments of goods were shipped across in the company's vessels. Needless to say, the said "store" contained practically everything that a man could need, as well as sundry items that he would never need, and could well do without. What was hardly as natural, was the merry way in which Mr. Agent carried out his peculiar ideas of trading. That is to say, the various items which went to make up a consignment of goods, were invoiced to the gentleman referred to, at a price which allowed for a very handsome profit to the company implicated—possibly, to the extent of the proverbial sixty-per-cent. This was all very pretty. But it was by no means final, nor did it meet with the unqualified approval of the agent-person. Not it, for that gentleman had a neat little manner of fixing things off. That is to say, for the occupants of the "cook room" already mentioned, the firm's prices were exactly doubled; while for the few residents which the settlement boasted of, a mere fifty-per-cent. was added to the firm's invoiced value. When it is remembered that the same agent had the paying of the various workmen who ultimately posed as purchasers at the "stores," it will be understood that this particular brand of parasite, had a splendid opportunity of amassing much wealth? If the workman wanted any of the "luxuries" that were current, they were "sold" to him at the prices already suggested; and at pay-day—the end of each month—his indebtedness to the firm (and, of course, to the Agent) was deducted, and the remainder passed out to him. That the said remainder didn't unduly worry the workman, may be taken as a dead certainty. You might reasonably ask as to where the Government came in, and consequently, we hasten to state that it was occasionally represented by a British gunboat, the commander of which had to visit the "stores," and examine the price list current at that precise and psychological date. You may take it as another certainty, that the prices, on those occasions, were "marked down"—as they say at latter-day drapery emporiums. All the same, you must not imagine that the marking was of any benefit to the workmen. It was more than their heads were worth, for any of them to dare purchase three-penny-worth while the pretended "sale time" was in progress; for it must not be forgotten that Mr. Agent was an autocratic (and as a rule disgustingly ignorant) person, and compared with the Russian bureaucrat of which we hear so much, at present—well, the comparison was all in favour of the Russian. You may take this from us, who happened to have been there—both before, and after the visit of the gunboat aforesaid. Immediately following the departure of the vessel, prices went up at a bound, and by the time its smoke was becoming just a bit hazy around the bend of the "arm" of the sea, prices in that "settlement" were normal—which is to say, twice as high as had been assessed by the firm. Under these circumstances, you will readily understand that to be "agent" for a home firm, was about the readiest chance of becoming wealthy, which existed in the whole of Newfoundland? You will also understand, that after some five or six years as "agent," it was the correct thing to carry the exploitation of the country, to greater lengths? Say, to the extent of sequestering copper mines, timber tracts, "concessions" of one sort or another, and to ultimately die, and have a stained glass window in a local church? To many of our readers, these remarks might well come in the nature of a twice told tale; to others, they might just as well be new. In either instance, we shall be doing a good turn to some of the poor struggling souls by animadverting on the wickednesses; for we have very good reason to believe that the tricks are by no means numbered among the things which have been, but are not; and if a number of his Majesty's liege subjects abroad, are too simple to obtain justice for themselves; then, his Majesty's advisers should give a little attention to the matter. That the dodges to which we have referred are by no means done away with, our correspondence amply demonstrates, and a letter to hand no later than July 29, and which touches on this particular subject, is mainly our reason for treating with the matter, here. We are willing to admit that the Newfoundland Government is making an effort to justify its existence; that it has awakened to a new understanding of the responsibilities which devolve upon it; and that with a bit of luck (and some fine weather), it intends to do something for which the world out that way, shall arise and call it—well, blessed, shall we say? For instance, we note that the Governor, Sir William Macgregor, started away, on Sunday last, for a six week's cruise along the coast of Labrador. That cruise is not to be viewed in the light of a pleasure jaunt. On the contrary, rather, for its itinerary embraces quite a number of big undertakings. Included among the party which will accompany the worthy Governor, are a number of English and Colonial scientists, and when those estimable people are around, the cause of

civilization is bound to benefit. To show you the importance—and probable cost of this latest "sail away"—we might mention that the little pic-nic will be carried on two Colonial cruisers (*Fiona* and *Scylla*), the survey ship *Ellinor*, and the hospital ship, *Strathcona*. Taken altogether, the fleet should make a goodly showing, and on arrival at any of the "settlements" of which we have written, they should prove the finest incentive to a general "marking down" of goods, that it is possible to imagine? Indeed, we can quite imagine the "bless you, my children" aroma that will follow in the wake of the Governor's little party: can think up the possible shooting and trouting expeditions that will be worked up for this especial occasion; can understand the care that will be taken to show that everything in each separate "agentdom" is exactly as it should be; how the party of scientists will, with continued luck, return to St. Johns, Newfoundland: and how each unit of the little caboodle will be prepared to swear, that for happiness, prosperity, and general contentedness, the denizens of that far-off and somewhat dreary land, will be hard to beat. Thus will another of the little side-lights of the Colonial expansion have been worked: for another year, will the grumblings of the fishermen have been stifled; and if we, at home, do not believe that the conditions of life, "out there," are only once removed from the beatific—then, it ought not to be laid to the blame of the Government, did it? Of course not! However, it must not be supposed that the expedition, to which we have referred, will do nothing save indulge in shooting expeditions, and work up trouting parties. On the contrary, rather, for it is saddled with the onerous job of fixing the longitude of the principal headlands—an undertaking which, according to most nautical ideas, could have well been done, some hundred or so years ago? Still, it's better late than never, and if, after the return of this combination of business-with-pleasure undertaking, the navigation around the base of certain of "Greenland icy mountains" is safer than it was wont to be, of old—well, the cruise of the doughty Governor and his *entourage*—which is a good word—will not have been made in vain? And by the way, this fixing of the longitude of the principal headlands, should show fairly well, that the neglect to which we have called your attention, is no mere idle tale: that it has been pretty much in evidence, right down the ages? Who would believe that the said longitude had been allowed to diddle along, until the summer of 1905? Yet such is the case, or why should the Governor—at great expense to the Colony—undertake the determination of that longitude, now? But we shall not pursue the longitudinal subject any further. It is by way of being definitely decided, at last: moreover, the seaboard thereaway, is to be charted, during the continuance of the same cruise: and sundry other nautical arrangements are to be carried out. That is to say, the cruisers will be used for hydrographical surveying purposes—among other items: and the scientists intend to collect some industrial and mineral *data* from along the coast! To our mind, this attempt to collect "industrial *data*" from the bleak, barren, and practically uninhabited shores of Labrador, is supremely funny. You see, we have been there, and thus the subtlety of the whole arrangement is calculated to appeal to us. We quite understand that it is necessary to give some reason for the employment of a trio of Government vessels; and one reason is nearly as good as any other, when all brands thereof are of equivocal value? We also realise that it would be hardly the thing to say, right out, that any such expedition were merely in the nature of a pleasure trip, so we are inclined to accept the longitude notion, the seaboard charting, the hydrographic survey business, and the collection of industrial and mineral *data*. Aye, even if the whole concatenation has to be carried out inside a six weeks limit. You know, it should be possible to fix a number of longitudes in six weeks—especially of headlands which are not too far removed, one from another? Furthermore, if a crowd of scientists are really industrious, it should be in a position to work up a valuable addition to the charts of the world within the same period? And in the matter of hydrographic surveys—particularly in waters where great depth is the rule—the same gentlemen should be able, in off moments from their other duties, to work out quite a number of soundings, don't you think? Personally, we are glad to know that the Colonial Government has awakened to its responsibilities, and that after the summer of 1905 there will be hardly a headland whose longitude is a doubtful quantity; that the various chunks of seaboard thereaway, will be as an open book to the careful navigator—who trusts more to his lead-line than to the information of "the Department:" and that any searcher after unconsidered copper—or other—mines, will know exactly where to seek for his "concession." In addition to the reasons which we have set out, this expedition is going to observe the solar eclipse which is due on August 30. Rude folk might be inclined to suggest, that the eclipse is the main reason for all this shipping expense; but we are not rude. If any such thing entered into our considerations, then, the statement that "The expedition is expected to have important results by showing the commercial possibilities of Labrador," would certainly arouse them. When a six weeks' cruise is going to determine longitude, make charts and hydrographic surveys, pick up mineral *data*, and show the commercial possibilities of a whole district which, to date, has laid under a cloud—if we may write it thus—then, we are of opinion that a grand awakening has transpired in Newfoundland. Particularly when it is remembered that an observation of an eclipse is to be thrown in, so to speak. Is it necessary for us to continue further with the theme? We think not, for by this time, you will have sized up the situation, about as closely as makes no odds. Government neglect, however, is buried. A new era has dawned for Newfoundland—and for our part, we are unfeignedly glad!

NEW LIGHT ON HOLY ISLAND.

IT has been long a matter of serious complaint among navigators frequenting the Clyde, that the character of the light on the south-west end of Holy Island, was of an unsatisfactory and misleading character; and that it was, furthermore, badly situated. It was frequently found that the green light above the red, was mistaken for the lights of an approaching vessel. Especially was this the case, when hazy weather prevailed, and the result, on more than one occasion was, that shipmasters have found themselves and vessels piled up, before the mistake was realised. The many complaints which, from time to time, have reached the Scottish Shipmasters' and Officers' Association, induced that body of navigators to ask for a more distinct and powerful light, with the addition of a fog signal. The demand has not been in vain—which, under the circumstances, is just as it should be, for after all, the navigator is calculated to know something of the needs of navigation?—for the Northern Lighthouse Board have busied themselves in the matter. So much so, that they have notified the Association, that the new light which has been (or is being) established on Pillar Rock Point, on the south-east end of the Island, will be flashing—red and white alternately; will show one flash every fifteen seconds, and will be visible at a distance of some seventeen miles. The fog signal connected with the same "lead," will, during thick or foggy weather, give two blasts—high, low—of five seconds duration, each, in quick succession, every two minutes. Both the light and the fog signal will—say the Lighthouse Board—be in operation, on October 1, next; so you rock-dodging gentlemen who frequent that particular portion of Neptune's realm, will do well to make a note of the fact—which is best allowed for by writing it in your "Findlay," what?

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *August 2, 1905.*

SINCE our last time of writing, business in the coal trade has been fairly active—for these out-of-joint times. The terrible Whitworth estate tragedy (or farce, if you like it better) continues, and some few of the local giants who have a perpetual longing for cheap advertisement, are still concerning themselves with the awful subject, 'fore all the world as if they, alone, were the protectors of the nation's welfare. It is all very funny, even supposing it isn't utterly ridiculous, and the one soothing thought in the whole business is, that yet in a little while the silly season will be "off," and the serious business of life will again claim the attention of the said "giants?"

BUT reverting to the actual passings in the Welsh coal market, we find that there has been a certain improvement, particularly for early shipment. Then, again, the approaching holidays have given a fillip to prices. Not too great a fillip you understand, but just enough to keep them from falling lower than they were, when last we had the pleasure of giving you our weekly review. In the main, the prices are unaltered; but if the holiday touch had not intervened, the alteration would probably have been in evidence—downward. As things are, the brake was applied as suggested, and in a few especially favoured instances, the quotation has been raised, although actual transactions on the new figures have been anything but plentiful.

HOWEVER, there is no getting away from the fact that a few of fortune's favourites have succeeded in increasing their stemming responsibilities, and that, at the moment, their position—in comparison with some of their competitors—is passing good. Then, in the matter of tonnage supplies, the arrivals have been satisfactory. There ever appears to be something uncanny in this phase of the coal trade. To-day, there is scarcely any shipping about, and nobody is particularly impressed with the idea that there is going to be much to-morrow; yet, in spite of this, the morrow brings along a supply which somewhat staggers the exponents of coal, although nobody appears to be in a position to give a reason for the condition.

YOU see, somebody pulls the string, and the nice little fleet of tramps which must have been dodging outside the dock-gates, amble along in their dozens, and there is immediate activity. Take last week as an example. Then, there was an increase of 35,000 tons in the exports of coal, over the quantities shipped the week before. Now, there is an abundance of tonnage offering—to the undoing of the efforts of the gentle chartering youth; and as a natural result, rates have, to use the words of our own chartering genius, "gone all to pieces, especially in the case of the Mediterranean section." Poor genius! He is ever on the growl, and if we were not *au fait* to his besetting sin, we should declare that things nautical are more out-of-joint, than is really the case.

INSTEAD of inclining to any such nonsense, we are going to stick to our old-time belief, to the effect that the present slump is merely another instance of history repeating itself; and that if it has "hung out" for something longer than usual, when the change does arrive, the good time will be proportionately extended. The study of history is of mighty little use, if one is disinclined to profit by its teachings, what? The healthy, and non-dyspeptic man—whether his business is that of coal-pushing or steamer-share-shoving—while admitting that "Sweet are the uses of adversity," is yet sure that he "Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything." Moreover, the whole bag of tricks costs him but little, eh?

WHILE the present rates of freight, and current prices of coal, make business practicable where the opposite was in vogue but a few days ago, it cannot truthfully be said, that the altered conditions have resulted in any great influx of new business. Enquiries continue to float around for materialisation in the possibly dim and distant future; but actual business transactions are for nothing more than of the prompt shipment variety—thanks to the holiday-bug. We have told you before, that it would be a national calamity to allow a few steamers to rest in dock over a given holiday, and there is no change in the tactics pursued in certain shipowning quarters, yet awhile. That is, no matter how much sloth is allowed to crystallise around a steamer's path, once she is safely away from Cardiff Docks; while she is there, earth and heaven—to say nothing of the other alternative—must be invoked to see her safely away for another wrestle with the sloth referred to.

FUNNY people, these shipping folk? But as we have already suggested, prices have, at least, been well maintained, with a fairly good prospect of their being kept at current levels. Especially if dear old "Mabon" is spared to thoroughly recuperate for that problematical fight which is before himself and his lambs—if we may believe the tales which his blessed convalescence gives us. Even as the hart panteth for—you know the rest of it?—so does the "veteran leader of men" pant after a "scrap" with the wicked employer. Sometimes, the said "pants" are of the striped pattern; but more often they are of the check variety—and so the merry game continues! That might sound oracular, but let it pass, please. There is a break in the weather and even as we write, the rain descends in torrents. Moreover, the weather has no copyright in breaks, don't forget.

THE seller of coal has a belief that improved prices will be with him, ere long, and personally, we hope he may be right; but the seller is an individual who is blessed (or cursed) with lofty notions—aye, even at the worst of times. He cannot help it, you know, for he is built that way. Like the remainder of mankind (although you couldn't get him to admit it for fourpence a time) he is born to sorrow, even as the sparks fly—whithersoever they will Sometimes, he extracts some portions of joy from the sorrowful deal—and then there are summer confections hung upon the angles or curves of the sharer of his joys and sorrows; at other times, the extract is of the gall and wormwood sort—and then "confections" are distinctly "off." But more power to the merry gentleman. We wish him all that he may wish himself; more than that cannot be expected of us?

COMING to the particularising theme, we find that BEST CARDIFF ADMIRALTYS are moderately firm at about 12s. 9d.—while the whole of 13s. is softly breathed as a quotation, in certain instances. Mind you, it is only a breathed affair as yet, for we can find no record of the figures having been reached, in actual business. In the latter instance, as you might readily guess, the quotation emanates from the coalowner who is the fortunate possessor of a full stem (and a fuller gall), and has, therefore, little to spare, just now! Furthermore, there are quite a few collieries in this grade, whose engagements are sufficient to comfortably tide them over the present month. In their case, additional stemming is naturally difficult, and the quotation is given with rather more than a pretence of firmness. All the same, the actual value of BESTS pans out to 12s. 9d. as an average—which means that quite a few are willing to discuss the relative beauties which coruscate around a possible 12s. 6d., "If you'll make it large and prompt," yes.

SECONDS are showing some little attempt at steadiness, although the demand has been insufficient, so far, to enable sellers to raise prices—which continue at about last levels, if the conditions of the particular colliery involved is allowed for. With regard to figures—quoted figures, you understand—these range around from 12s. to 12s. 6d., and the top qualities are being really maintained at the latter, as stems are good enough to admit of this. But for the average SECOND, the former figures are about the actual value. There is no great activity here, but as already stated, steadiness is in evidence, although the demand is somewhat limited.

ORDINARIES continue in a state of easiness; values likewise; these latter, being expressed in figures, will be written as ranging from 11s. 6d. to 12s.—according to the variety implicated. There is but little new business coming forward, and while prices are unaltered (for the reason that nothing has transpired to warrant any alteration) there is but little doubt that anything of a tempting nature, would work a reduction in short order. Nice state of affairs, isn't it? To see that prices continue "as they were," merely because nobody seems to be in any undue hurry to buy the stuff! But the figures quoted have been obtained in one or two instances, although buyers are too few to stimulate, or otherwise, this section of the coal trade.

DRYS may not be said to have assimilated any additional steadiness, for their old-time inactivity—that masterly condition which has been their's of late—continues. Naturally, this same condition keeps the grade in a weak state, and promptly, good coals could be obtained at 11s. 6d. Indeed, for anything required for this position, BESTS are readily obtainable at 11s. 9d. stems, all 'round, being dishearteningly easy, with supplies greatly in excess of the demand.

MONMOUTHSHIRE COALS. There is but little that is new to report in connection with this phase of local industry. For immediate requirements, prices have ruled as firmly as last week—more particularly in the case of BLACK VEINS, and stems for which are, at the moment, somewhat tight. Moreover, Collieries here are well supplied with a good show of tonnage. For prices, we find them mainly as at our last time of writing—11s. 9d., which figure it is difficult to improve upon.

ORDINARIES, too, are in fairly good demand, for the quotation is steady at 11s. 6d. All the same, there is no undue amount of business passing herein, at least, above 11s. 3d., and ORDINARIES may not be truthfully written as worth anything above this, at the moment. Even the so-called sympathy with the premier sorts has had no visible effect, in this direction, for restriction of output is the one condition which is operative in this particular grade.

SECONDS have hardened. This, consequent upon an improved demand, which has resulted in a filling of stems. The sellers' idea is around from 10s. 3d. to 10s. 6d., and as in other quarters, the bulk of the transactions have been for prompt loading, forward business being altogether slow and disappointing.

RHONDDA No. 3's are an unchanged section. Values show a maintenance of those ruling at our last—13s. 6d. to 13s. 9d.; but they are easy inclined, rather than otherwise. Stems are fairly good, and this, of course, keeps collieries well-employed; but outside of these engagements, business is the reverse of brisk.

RHONDDA No. 2's, having experienced a good week in the matter of demand, are firmer. Supplies, on this account, have been somewhat restricted, and the quantity available at an early date, being anything but considerable, prices have ruled in the close neighbourhood of 10s.—which has been paid, too.

SMALL COALS. Here, once again, you have the redeeming feature of the market. The demand continues great as ever: the supply equally restricted—the latter accounted for by fulness of stems, and approaching holidays. BESTS have readily commanded 9s., and at the time of writing, 9s. 6d. is the quotation—although this is scarcely applicable, seeing that dealers have none to sell! SECONDS have ranged between 8s. 6d. and 9s., while for ORDINARIES, there has been a flattering demand at 8s. 6d. Other vagaries, we give below, although NEWPORTS have advanced considerably during the last day or so, present value for BESTS of that ilk, being around by 8s. 6d.

PATENT FUELS are steady—not so much on positive business, as because of the firmness of SMALLS. Average values are at 13s. 3d. PITWOOD, which is quoted at from 19s. 6d. to 19s. 9d., is much firmer than of late.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	12s. 7½d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 0d, 13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d., 13s. 0d.
Second Ditto. ,, ..	11s. 9d., 12s. 3d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d., 12s. 3d.	12s. 1½d.	12s. 3d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ..	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.
Drys ,,	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.
Best Newport ,,	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.
Ordinary Bests ,,	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 4½d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.
Seconds ,,	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,,	14s. 6d., 14s. 9d.	14s. 7½d.	14s. 6d	14s. 0d.	14s. 0d., 14s. 6d.	14s. 3d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,,	13s. 0d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 7½d.	13s. 7½d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,,	9s. 9d.	9s. 10½d.	9s. 9d., 10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.	9s. 9d., 10s. 3d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ,,	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.
,, 2 ,,	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d., 9s. 0d.	8s. 9d.
Smalls:						
Best Cardiff	8s. 9d., 9s. 0d	8s. 10½d.	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d., 9s. 3d.	9s. 0d., 9s. 3d.
Seconds	8s. 6d	8s. 7½d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 10½d.	8s. 9d., 9s. 0d.	8s. 9d.
Ordinaries	8s. 3d	8s. 3d., 8s. 6d.	8s. 4½d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 3d., 8s. 6d.
Best Newport	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.	8s. 0d.	8s. 0d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d.
Seconds	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 6d, 7s. 9d.	8s. 0d.
Rhondda No. 2	7s. 6d., 7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.	8s. 0d.	8s. 0d., 8s. 6d.	8s. 3d.
,, No. 3	9s. 0d., 10s. 0d	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d	9s. 7½d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.
Foundry Coke:						
Special	21s. 3d.	21s. 3d.	21s. 0d., 21s. 6d.	21s. 3d., 21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.	21s. 3d.
Ordinary	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d., 17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.
Furnace Coke	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d	16s. 6d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 3d.
Patent Fuel	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d	12s. 0d., 13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.
Pitwood ex ship.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d., 19s. 9d.	19s. 7½d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *July 26, 1905.*

THIS market has undergone but little change since our last, and generally speaking, business remains in a state of quietude. For prompt shipment, there is a moderate amount of enquiry, and stems for this position are decently full in a few favoured quarters. The demand, however, is anything but active, and nominally, prices are unchanged.

ANTHRACITE COALS of the best descriptions, are steady at the moment, seeing that stems therein, are passing good. But beyond this, there is very little new business about, and the tendency is all toward easiness. Inferior qualities have anything but a good request, and while values vary, according to quality and position, they are easy and open to an appreciable reduction—where the date of shipment suits the stem. BIG VEINS average from 11s. to 11s. 6d., with RED VEINS at about 9s. 6d. The others we give you below.

DUFF continues fairly active, present figures being represented by a steady 3s. 3d. There is ample room for improvement in this section, as supplies are more than equal to the demands made thereon. CULM shows no great disposition to weaken, and values have been, during the past week, maintained. Collieries are busy, and there is a fair enquiry.

MACHINE MADE COALS show no improvement. As a matter of fact, lack of appreciation is the prevailing trouble, here, and quotations, although unchanged, may be easily improved upon. STEAMS are somewhat steadier, on account of firmer enquiry. Stemming, also, has been better—this, more especially with the BEST SORTS, which are now firmly quoted at 13s. But 3d. under has eventuated, quite as frequently as has the quotation, and can be considered as present value.

SECONDS are even as at our last, and prompt supplies are very plentiful. BUNKER QUALITIES, too, are negotiable at under the quotation, which is 10s. 9d., stems being very easy. PATENT FUELS are, nominally, unchanged: but they are an easy section at about 11s. 6d.

BELOW, we give the average prices for the week:—

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:						
Best Hand Picked	18s. 9d.	19s. 0d	19s. 0d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d., 18s. 9d.	18s. 7½d.
Malting Large	16s. 6d	16s. 3d	16s. 0d., 16s. 3d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.
Seconds do.	11s. 6d	11s. 6d, 11s. 9d	11s. 6d.	10s. 4½d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.
Big Vein Large	9s. 0d	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d	9s. 3d., 9s. 6d	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d., 9s. 6d.
Red ,, ,,	15s. 0d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.	15s. 9d	15s. 9d.
Machine Made Cobbles	16s. 0d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.
,, ,, Nuts	16s. 0d., 17s. 0d	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 6d.
,, ,, Peas	10s. 0d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	5s. 3d., 5s. 6d.	5s. 3d., 5s. 9d.	5s. 6d.
Rubbly Culm	5s. 6d.	5s. 6d.	5s. 3d.	3s. 0d., 3s. 0d.	3s. 6d.	3s. 3d., 3s. 6d.
Duff	3s. 3d., 3s. 9d	3s. 6d	3s. 6d.			
Patent Fuel:—	11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.
Steam:						
Best Large	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d	12s. 9d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.
Seconds ,,	12s. 0d	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.
Bunker ,,	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
Thro' and Thro'	8s. 7½d.	8s. 7½d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d., 8s. 9d.	8s. 7½d

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

CARDIFF, *August 2, 1905.*

CHARTERING, during the past week, has not been unduly active. Whether this is because of the approaching holidays, or rather from the inherent cussedness which hangs around this phase of the country's industry, we do not care to say. In fact, where chartering, or its lack, is concerned, it is ever safer to keep clear of reasons of any sort.

IN EASTERN directions, business is more than usually dull—which is admitting a very great deal. WESTWARD, rates have been maintained—what there is of them, which is not a terrifying amount.

MEDITERRANEAN freights show an appreciable (from the charterers' point of view) weakness, especially for Italian ports. GENOA rates, for example, have declined considerably, since our last, those current being represented at about 5s. 3d., although for handy-sized tonnage, this has been, in one or two instances, improved upon.

BAY AND COASTING are in the schedule, but business in this connection at the moment, is uniformly and disappointingly dull. HOWEVER, low rates notwithstanding, a fair amount of tonnage has been taken up; personally, we are inclined to believe that if rates were at half their present level, the same thing would apply. For representative fixtures in the various trades, we refer you to the subjoined list:

Week Ending, (Wednesday), August 2, 1905

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Cape, *Angola*, 5,500 tons, 12s. 3d. 300
Colombo, *Argyll*, 11s.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Hillgrove*, 8s. 6d. 250
Steamer, 8s. 6d.
Broomfield, 2,700 tons, 8s. 6d.
Kirkoswald, 8s. 6d.
Mary Park, 8s. 6d. (**Monte Video f.o.**)
Rio de Janeiro, *Drumcliffe*, 9s. 9d.
Las Palmas, *Restormel*, 3,200 tons, 6s. 3d. option **Teneriffe.**
St. Michaels, *Bengore Head*, 2,700 tons, 6s. 3d. option **Fayal.**
Buenos Ayres, Steamer, about 8s. 9d. (N).
Madeira, *Forest*, 2,000 tons, 7s.
Zarate, *Giusseppe Accame*, 3,500 tons, 9s.
Cape Verdes, *Eastlands*, 3,600/4,000 tons, 7s.
Bahia Blanca, Steamer, 4,500 tons, 9s. 3d. (N).

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Reptonian*, 4,500 tons, 5s.
Etonian, 5s.
Hambleton, 4,000 tons, 5s.
Genoa, *Aeolus*, 3,400 tons, 6s.
Steamer, 4,500 tons, 5s. 6d.
Sarnia, 5,000 tons, 5s. 6d.
Polynesir, 25,00 tons, 5s. 9d.
Wenvoe, 4,500 tons, 5s. 6d.
Frank Coverdale, 5,000 tons, 5s. 6d.
Mora, 5s. 6d.
Epiros, 3,000 tons, 5s. 9d.
Steamer, 5,000 tons, 5s.
Steamer, 5s.
Segontian, 1,400 tons, 6s. 3d.
Palermo, *Dovedale*, 3,500 tons, 6s.
Brindisi, Steamer, 3,800/4,200 tons, 5s. 3d.
Alexandria, *Ruperra*, 5,500 tons, 6s. 100
Dingwall, 2,400/2,600 tons, 6s. 6d.
Banco, 3,600 tons, 6s.
Newstead, 3,700 tons, 5s. 7½d.
Constantinople, *Lyell*, 2,800 tons, 5s. 6d.
Steamer, 5s. 6d. option **Haida Pasha.**
Piræus, Steamer, 4,600 tons, 5s. 6d. (N).
Venice, *Kolozsvar*, 2,600 tons, 7s. 1½d. coal, 7s. 10½d. fuel, (s).
Valencia, *Sargasso*, 1,400 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
Ortona, *Duchess of Cornwall*, 2,200 tons, 7s. 3d.
Catania, *Pendeen*, 2,900 tons, 5s. 9d. coal, 6s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Algiers, *Sarah Radcliffe*, 2,000 tons, 7 fcs. coal, 8 fcs. fuel, (s).
Steamer, 2,400 tons, 6·75 fcs.
Eastfield, 3,000 tons, 6·75 fcs.
Danube, *Maria*, 3,700 tons, 5s. 9d.
Barcelona, *Broadgarth*, 4,800 tons, 6s. 3d.
Volo, *Dunsley*, 2,500 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Messina, Steamer, 1,500 tons, 7s. (s).
Clymene, 1,600 tons, 7s. coal, 7s. 9d. fuel (s).
Tunis, Steamer, 2,550 tons, 9·12½ fcs. coal, 10·12½ fcs. fuel, (s).
Cagliari, *Manoussis*, 2,700 tons, 6s. 6d. coal, 7s. 3d. fuel, (s).
Marseilles, *Amalfi*, 2,700 tons, 7 fcs.
Alcana, or sub., 5,500 tons, 7 fcs. (N).
Nigaristan, 3,600 tons, 6·87½ fcs. (N).
Spennymoor, 4,000 tons, 6·75 fcs. (s).
Oran, *La Vienne*, 1,900 tons, 7·25 fcs. (N).
Trieste, *Florida*, 4,700 tons, 5s. 6d.
Naples, Steamer, 4,400 tons, 4s. 9d. 1,000.
Lagos, (Portugal), *Greenhill*, (part cargo), 2,450 tons, 3s. 10½d. (Admiralty.)
Gibraltar, *Cassia*, 1,350 tons, 5s. 6d. spot.
Malta, *Mendelssohn*, 3,500 tons, 4s. 6d.
Lady Iveagh, 2,900 tons, 4s. 3d.
Lisbon, *Speedwell*, 1,200 tons, 4s. 9d. ppt.
Garth, 1,800 tons, 4s. 9d.
Ross, 1,400 tons, 4s. 3d.
Vigo, *Lionel*, 1,350 tons, 5s.
Torre, Steamer, 4,500 tons, 5s. 3d.

BALTIC, Etc.

Cronstadt, Steamer, 2,500 tons, 4s. 6d.
Steamer, 2,100 tons, 4s. 6d.

BAY, Etc.

Nantes, *Johanna*, 1,200 tons, 5·25 fcs. (s.)
Charente, *Rive de Gier*, 2,400 tons, 4·87½ fcs.
Helene Lohden, 1,500 tons, 4·80 fcs. (s).
Chantenay, *Schaldis*, 1,650 tons, 4·87½ francs. (s).
Bordeaux, *Abertawe*, 1,770 tons, 4·87½ fcs. (s).
La Rochelle, *Clarence*, 1,350 tons, 4·37½ fcs. (s).

COASTING, Etc.

Devonport, *Alacrity*, 1,250 tons, 2s. 1½d. (Admiralty).
Belfast, *Prase*, 240 tons, 3s. 3d.
Depots, *County Clare*, 330 tons, 3s. 9d.
Guernsey, *York*, 140 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Bremen, *Hansa*, (part cargo), 600 tons, 5s. (s).
Kings-Lynn, 660 tons, 5s. (s).
Portland, *Inver*, 1,200 tons, 2s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Passage West, *Emma*, 135 tons, 5s. 3d.
Rouen, *M. J. Craig*, 800 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Vril, 420 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Gransha, 1,450 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Senga, 500 tons, 4s. 9d. option **Duclaire**, (s).
Steamer, 600 tons, 4s. 7½d. (s).
Steamer, 550 tons, 4s. 7½d. (s).
Alice M. Craig, 1,150 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Hampshire, 800 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
St. Malo, *The Monarch, or sub.*, 700 tons, 4s. (s).
Caen, *Race Fisher*, 580 tons, 4s. (s).
Theodora, 1,200 tons, (Private terms). (s).
Caen/Honfleur, *Vectis*, 1,150 tons, 4s.
Havre, *Curran, or sub.*, 1,450 tons, 3s. 10½d. (s).
Mercator, 1,300 tons, 3s. 9d. option **St. Malo.**
St. Valery, *Le Havrais*, 300 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Brest, *Normandiet*, 1,130 tons, 3s. 9d.
Cherbourg, Steamer, 2,900 tons, 4s. coal, 4s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Fecamp, *Nephrite, or sub.*, 650 tons, 4s. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Carthagena to Swansea, *Monza*, 3,100 tons, 5s. f.d.
Bilbao to Briton Ferry, *Jason*, 850 tons, 4s. 9d. ppt.
Sunlight, 1,500 tons, 4s. 9d. ppt.
Pasages to Newport, Steamer, 2,300 tons, 4s. 6d.

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

EH, eh! But its a long lane that has no turning—as the proverbial philosophist would remark, although for the matter of that, some very short lanes have nothing of the turning particular about them. But for months past—how many, exactly, we shouldn't care to hazard—no one seems to have had pluck enough to face the word "acquire," in connection with steam shipping. You know, the word which we have placed in inverted commas, has a terrible amount of fascination about it, and on occasion, has been responsible for much tribulation, vexation, botheration, and several other "ations" with which we have no time to concern ourselves.

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HOWEVER, there is a break in the monotony, and sundry enterprising people are out to show the remainder of the world, that old "acquire" is by no means dead. If their prime little parcel of property is not altogether new; if she is not particularly valuable, as steamers rank, these days; if she is not absolutely in the front row as a clipper steamer; she is worthy of acquirement, for divers persons down Newport way, have registered a company with a capital of £10,240 in £40 shares, and the concern will go down in history as the Elorrio Steamship Company, Limited. Personally, we wish this little venture every success, and we sincerely trust that her dividends will ever be above the mark which will call for the trade attention, of those of her shareholders who are analytical chemists.

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WHAT'S that? Who are the enterprising ones? Well, in the first place—this time—the *Elorrio* was under the management of Messrs. Richard W. Jones and Co., who have unacquired (this is our manner of putting it) their management, and are going to act as ship's husband and general agents to seven gentlemen, who are respectively named: B. H. Jones, who is a shipowner; A. T. Jones, a clerk; G. T. Jones, another clerk; A. R. Twist, clerk, once more; A. J. Atkinson, analytical chemist; C. White, a gasworks-manager; and R. W. Atkinson, again, an analytical chemist. We are hardly sure whether this is a case for congratulation, and if so, where it should rightly belong.

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IT will be admitted that there is a certain amount of responsibility attaching to the business of managing owner? For that matter, there is a chunk or so hanging around the business of ship's husband—even if he was never legally married to her? But as far as we can learn, the responsibility in the latter instance, is considerably less than rules in the former, and it is right here that we are in the dark, as to where we should apportion our congratulatory encomiums. Somehow, we seem to realise that Messrs. Richard W. Jones and Company, as managers, ought to have a tougher time than will the same good people when merely engaged as husbands to *Elorrio*. How it will work out in toughness to the others who are exactly seven, time, alone, will tell.

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FROM shipowning to dry docks is but a step, is it? As a matter of fact, the one is complement to the other, although it must not be forgotten that it is possible to run a ship without having a dry dock handy; while to run a dry dock it is essential to have a ship or two—unhandy, for choice? There is a bit of subtlety herein involved, if you have but time to hunt it up. We haven't, so we pass on to ask if you have heard of the labour troubles in the dry dock world? Labourers won't labour; painters won't paint; in consequence of all this, ships won't dry-dock. With the foregoing in mind, you naturally turn to the question of what you are likely to receive, as your share of the results of the dry dock manager's worry over the past half-year?

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WELL, it all depends on the particular dry dock which is implicated—or with which you are implicated, as the case might be. Some dry docks are inclined to pay very fairly—some ain't. With the latter sort, we are not concerning ourselves on this occasion—they'll come in, later on. But among the payers, we note that the Cardiff Channel Dry Docks and Pontoon Company, Limited, come first, with the interest on the "A" and "B" debentures, due on Tuesday, paid up like a shot. We have heard one or two envious individuals ask, "However does 'Billy Jones' do it, in these hard times?" For ourselves, we do not care to hazard a reply. If we were to give any sort of answer, we should have to state that he has done it out of earnings—bad times and all, notwithstanding.

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WHY should we make this statement? Well, it's like this: We took a surreptitious stroll around the property over which Mr. William Jones is "Boss," and we kept a very keen lookout for some sort of a tree about which travellers have talked. Needless to say we are referring to the pagoda tree. Do you suppose that we found any such tree at "the Channel?" Well, we didn't! *Ergo*, the interest was not the result of a shake at any pagoda tree, was it? But if we didn't find that particular tree, we noticed one or two other items which are popularly supposed to be conducive to dividend paying—when considered in connection with a dry dock. What was it? Why, a few steamers "in" for repair, of course. That's what it was. Personally, and supposing we managed a dry dock, we should attach more importance to a couple of good repair jobs, than should we to half a dozen of those tree things, yes!

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STILL, the Channel Dry Docks isn't the only pebble on the shiprepairing beach, if you'll forgive us for placing the matter in that somewhat poetical manner. There is the Mountstuart Dry Docks, for example. Keeping to the metaphorical idea, it is a fairly good sort of pebble, don't forget. Jealous folk are apt to say things up against the Mountstuart Dry Docks—especially when dividends are the subject of discussion. But that is merely human, isn't it? If you were managing a dry dock which never—even in the "boom"—paid more than three per cent., and at the same time had to consider a dry dock which paid ten per cent., and a 2½ per cent. bonus—well, you'd get wrathy, and would say things, wouldn't you? Of course, you would—unless you were a sort of double-breasted Christian, in which case, you might find a difficulty in squaring matters—but never mind!

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BUT reverting to "the Mountstuart," which has paid out that "ten and two-and-a-half," more'n once, yes—well, it's no wonder that the three-per-cents. say things up against it? Never mind; just you read the following: "The directors' report for the year ended June 30, showed a profit, after paying interest on the debentures, of £21,169. After providing for the interim dividend, and a further distribution at the rate of six per cent. per annum on the preferred, and four per cent. per annum on the deferred shares . . . a balance remained of £4,518 to carry forward." Very well then. The foregoing is an excerpt from the directors' report of the Mountstuart Dry Docks, Limited. It's good enough—alongside of the old three-per-cent., isn't it? Certainly!

SHIPMASTERS IN CONSULTATION.

As showing the wide range of subjects handled by the Mercantile Marine Service Association, the following "Quarterly Report" should prove of interest.

THE ALIENS BILL :—The Association has been in frequent correspondence with Mr. McArthur, M.P., and other Members have been urged to support the amendments moved by the Member for the Exchange Division, on behalf of the shipmasters. Unfortunately, Mr. McArthur was only able to carry the amendment to one of the clauses of the Bill, the remaining clauses being passed by the Government by the aid of the closure. The Home Secretary had agreed to the insertion of the words "Owner or Agent" to the word "Master" in the remaining clauses of the Bill, but these were not moved on behalf of the Government, and consequently the Bill passed through the Commons without the desired amendments. The Home Secretary has, however, agreed to get these amendments moved in the House of Lords, and steps have been taken to obtain the support of some of the noble lords, so that when the Bill passes through the Upper House, it may appear in a slightly different form, obviating an unjustifiable hardship upon shipmasters, who, alone, are responsible (under the Bill as at present drafted) for the landing, at British ports, of undesirable aliens.

FOG SIGNALS ON THE NEWFOUNDLAND COAST :—Representations have been made to the Government of Newfoundland, as to the need of a fog signal at Ferryland Head, in the neighbourhood of Cape Race. The Deputy Minister of Marine in reply, states that "a fog alarm at Ferryland Head would be of enormous value to our foreign and coastwise vessels, as also to many ocean steamers who desire to make and take a departure from Cape Race, and the matter will no doubt receive, at the hands of the Government of Newfoundland, the attention it deserves." Masters of vessels in the North Atlantic trade will doubtless be glad to hear, that there is some prospect of a warning signal being erected in this important locality, and which, considering the number of wrecks near Cape Race, is a much needed improvement.

THE LUNAR PROBLEM AND NAVAL ARCHITECTURE :—The notice issued by the Board of Trade, as to the change in the subjects for the Extra Examination, viz. ; the exclusion of the Lunar Problem, and the substitution of a knowledge of Naval Architecture, has received the consideration of the Council. It was felt that as the Nautical Almanac Office propose to discontinue the Lunar Distances in the Nautical Almanac after 1906, and the problem is seldom of practical use in present day navigation (except in sailing ships), the Council approved of its omission in the Extra Certificate Examination, although they recognise that, to the nautical student who desires to excel in a thorough knowledge of his profession, Lunars should not be unknown. The Council also approve of Naval Architecture being included in the Syllabus, but they are of opinion that the student should be at liberty to select any recognised work on the subject, as a text book.

THE LIGHTING OF THE ST. GEORGE'S CHANNEL :—In response to many requests, representations were made to the Trinity House as to the necessity for improvement in some of the leading lights in this much frequented Channel. It was specially urged that the lights on the Smalls and Bardsey Island, should be altered from occulting into powerful quick flashing lights. The Elder Brethren, in reply, state that they note with satisfaction the expression of appreciation as to the new Skerries Light, and the improvements which have been effected in several of the principal lights guarding the English Channel ; and they were at all times glad to receive suggestions as to improvements in, or additions to, aids in navigation. With respect to the Smalls, South Bishop, and Bardsey, it was pointed out that the power of these Lights had recently been very considerably increased, the Smalls white sector from 9,500 to 35,000 candle power ; the red sector from 3,700 to 14,000 ; the South Bishop from 25,250 to 128,750 ; and Bardsey from 7,750 to 35,000. The Lights are still of the old fashioned occulting order, but the Trinity Brethren add that the suggestions and recommendations of this Association have been duly noted, and will be taken into consideration when the opportunity occurs, for effecting further improvements in the lights on this part of the coast.

GALLANTRY AT SEA :—The council have unanimously voted the Association's Silver Medal to Mr. George Patterson, M.M.S.A. Chief Officer of the steamer *"Torrington"*, for his seamanlike services in rescuing the survivors of the Spanish steamer *"Uriate No 2,"* sunk in collision, off Deal.

FOG SIGNAL AT CAPE SPARTEL :—The need for a fog signal in connection with this light having been brought to the notice of the Association, representations have been made to the Foreign Office to this effect, and the matter is now under the consideration of the Authorities at Tangier.

LEGAL DEFENCE :—The interests of Members have been defended by the Association's Solicitors in the Board of Trade Inquiries into the case of the *"County of Anglesea"* (shifting of ballast); *"Harcalo"* (stranding) ; the *"Eulomene,"* missing ship (on behalf of the relatives of the deceased master); and in an overloading case, (the master being absent during the loading)—all with successful results. Other cases of Members were receiving attention in the event of Board of Trade Inquiries being held. Among general matters of advice given were the following :—Master's claim for medical expenses, maintenances and passage home ; pilot's failure to answer signals ; collision between a steamer and pilot schooner ; shipmaster and Income Tax ; shipmaster's investment to obtain command, &c. &c.

SUEZ CANAL PILOTS :—The question of the appointment of Canal Pilots and the comparatively few Englishmen engaged, has come under consideration, and representations have been made to the directors of the Canal on the subject. From statements recently published, it appears that the pilots, number 94, of whom 29 are Greek ; 20 Italian ; 16 French ; 14 Austrian ; 11 British ; 2 German; 1 Dutch ; and 1 Danish. It might be assumed by this, that British subjects have not applied, in any great number, for these positions ; but attention was drawn to the case of a member of this Association. In July 1903, he made formal application for an appointment as Canal Pilot ; was interviewed by the officials ; and was told that his application would be considered when a vacancy occurred. Since that application was lodged in 1903, 12 vacancies have been filled by one Englishman, two or three French, and the others, mostly, Greeks. No satisfactory reply has been received, although attention has been repeatedly drawn to the application. Taking into account the preponderance of British tonnage paying Canal dues, and the considerable financial interest Great Britain has in the company, it does appear unaccountable why applications from British shipmasters should be passed over in these appointments ; and this Association trusts that the English directors on the Board of the Company will investigate the matter with a view to remedying the grievance complained of.

SHIPMASTERS' INVESTMENTS:—Attention has been called to one or two recent cases of bankrupt shipmanagers, where the savings of shipmasters and officers have been taken under false representations, and the money lost. The practice of investing to obtain command is not to be recommended unless under exceptional circumstances ; but many masters, through the promise of employment have been induced to part with their money, with little or no security given. Some of these men have lost the whole of their investment, and have been obliged to seek the aid of charity in their latter days. The practice appears to be increasing among a certain class of shipmanagers, and the circumstances, in one case, were such as to justify calling the Public Prosecutor's attention to the matter.

SHIPMASTER'S SPECIAL SERVICES:—Many instances have come under the notice of this Association, where shipmasters have rendered extraordinary services in the saving of ship and cargo, and the matter has passed unnoticed by the underwriters. In a case that occurred a few years ago, a ship and cargo valued at £90,000 was saved from loss by fire, through the special exertions of the master after many privations and risk to life. Although in a desperate condition, the captain refused to ask to be taken off by passing steamships, or to be towed into safety, but, with the aid of his officers and crew, most heroically fought the flames, and succeeded in getting the vessel into port. Yet no communication conveying the thanks of the underwriters was received by him, although, he understands, a small sum (£20) has been voted to him. The case was brought under the notice of Lloyd's, with the view to the award of Lloyd's Medal for these special services, but without result. Shipmasters, in doing their duty, are not influenced by the hope of any reward ; but in these days, when interested parties may endeavour to make as big claims as possible upon underwriters, it behoves the latter to give every encouragement to masters who perform extraordinary services in their interests. Virtue may be its own reward, but no master can be called upon to risk the lives of himself, officers and crew, in a desperate effort to save property, when other means are at hand to preserve life even at the sacrifice of property. It is a short-sighted policy on the part of underwriters to ignore facts, and assume that because a master has brought his vessel into port, no matter what the circumstances are, he has only done his duty.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU :—During the Quarter, the number of Applications from Shipowners for Masters and Officers, were 156; consisting of 10 Masters, 142 Officers and 4 Shore appointments, and the Members on the list seeking-employment numbered 86, consisting of 6 Masters and 80 Officers.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on July 20, 1905, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

11,767/04—MEHLHORN & von KLITZINU—*Improvements in floating docks.*

This invention relates to the provision of compartments or chambers in floating docks, which communicate by means of valve controlled openings with the external water, in such a manner that, the air enclosed in such chambers is compressed by the water on sinking the dock, such compressed air assisting in the expulsion of the water when the dock is again raised.

14,359/04—SUGDEN—*Improvements in safety devices for miners' cages and the like.*

This invention relates to a device for arresting the descent of a mine cage on breakage of the hoisting rope. Inside the guides which surround the guide ropes, a pair of blocks are provided. The faces of these blocks adjacent to the rope are roughened. Between the blocks and the guide are a pair of wedges: these wedges are suspended point uppermost from cords led over sheaves on the top of the cage and their other ends support a plate also above the cage. A weight is suspended from the junction of the hoisting rope with the hoisting chains on the top of the cage. When the rope breaks the weight falls on to the plate, whereby it is depressed and draws up the wedges causing the blocks to grip the guide ropes.

14,969/04—NORTHEY—*Improvements in submarine sound signalling apparatus.*

For the purpose of enabling a bell, adapted to be operated from the shore, to be suspended, submerged below a buoy, without requiring a plurality of anchors and chains: the bell is suspended from a ball and socket joint within a cage. The cage is built up of two circular rings which cross at the top and bottom, where eyes are provided for attachment to the buoy and anchor cables respectively.

17,205/04—TUCKFIELD AND GARLAND—*Improved portable means for propelling and steering boats.*

This invention relates to a motor, the crank shaft of which is provided with a screw propeller, which is adapted to be fitted pivotally over the stern of a vessel in the place of a rudder. For the purpose of adjusting the motor to varying draughts, the bracket, by means of which it is supported, slides on a standard with a number of holes and is secured by a pin.

18,107/04—MILLER—*Improvements in conveying apparatus designed more particularly for coaling ships at sea.*

This invention relates to improvements in coaling apparatus of the type in which the load is conveyed along cables suspended from the masts of two vessels ahead and astern of each other respectively.

18,612/04—von SCHRÖTTER—*Improvements in and relating to ship's hatches.*

This invention relates to the employment of channel section curved bars for hatchway cover supports. These bars are reinforced at their ends with angle pieces having double flanges. The outer flanges engage in recesses formed by plates secured to the inner face of the hatch coaming. The inner flanges form the bearing for screws adapted to force packing pieces against the joint.

18,706/04—GOODWIN—*Improvements in lubricating axles, shafting and the like.*

This invention relates to means for lubricating the journals of the axles of rolling stock. A reservoir for lubricant is arranged below the journal. Inside the reservoir and below the journal a roller in contact with the journal and partially immersed in the lubricant, is mounted on a spindle which has its bearings in blocks which are urged upwards by springs within guides.

19,433/04—MOODY & CLEGG—*Improvements in connection with hoists, mine cages and the like.*

This invention relates to a device for arresting the descent of a mine cage, on fracture of the hoisting cable. It consists of a series of cam levers pivoted, one on each guide, the cam surfaces of which are held out of contact with the guide rope by chains connecting the hoisting chains of the cage with the ends of the levers. On fracture of the hoisting cable, springs draw the ends of the levers downwards and their cam surfaces jam the guide ropes.

19,907/04—BULLIVANT & SELBY—*Improvements in ropes and cords.*

A rope having great tensile strength which is also resistant to kinking is composed of an untwisted or twisted metal wire core and a plaited or braided hemp cover. Alternatively a hemp inner core an untwisted or twisted wire second core and a plaited or braided hemp cover.

29,106/04—DAVIS & SIEFE, GORMAN & CO., Ltd.—*Improvements in diving apparatus and in apparatus for working in irrespirable gas.*

This invention relates to the provision of lateral projections on both ends of the screw of a diver's air release valve, which, by butting against fixed stops on the valve casing at the terminal positions of the valve screw, prevent the screw from becoming over wound.

508/05—AMICO—*Improved chair for the prevention of sea-sickness.*

This chair consists of a framework provided with a rest and adjustable back and leg rests supended by overhead springs and also connected by springs with the deck to prevent excessive oscillation.

575/05—WINZER—*Improvements in load carriers or hooks.*

This invention relates to a hook which is provided with an internal counting mechanism. The counter is adapted to be actuated by a key when a load is sustained by a hook and once only for each loading.

These applications for patents are, until Sept. 6, 1905, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

The following applications for the registration of Trade Marks relating to the shipping and coal trades were advertised on July 26, and are open to opposition by interested parties within the period ending August 26th.

CLASS 4—Including coal.

NO. 273,879—26th June, 1905—CYANTHRENE—for: all goods included in Class 4.

The Badishe Anilin & Soda Fabrik, Friesenheimerstrasse, Ludwigshafen-on-Rhine, Germany, manufacturers of dyes, chemicals, etc.

CLASS 20: Explosives.

NO. 273,796—22nd June, 1905—RECOILITE—For cartridges.

Holland & Holland, 98, New Bond Street, London W Gun and Rifle Manufacturers.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

OUR MARITIME DIRECTORY.

CARDIFF.

Colliery Proprietors.

CORY BROS. & CO., LTD., Cardiff and London. Depôts at all the principal Coaling Stations in the World.
Telegrams: "CORY, CARDIFF"; "CORY, LONDON."

INSOLE, GEORGE & SON, Cardiff. Sole Shippers of Cymmer Steam Coal, Windsor Steam Coal, and Insoles No. 2 Rhondda Coal.
Telegrams: "INSOLES, CARDIFF."

LEWIS MERTHYR CONSOLIDATED COLLIERIES, LTD., Proprietors and Shippers of "Lewis Merthyr" Navigation Steam Coal.
Telegrams: "LEWIS MERTHYR, CARDIFF"; "LEWIS MERTHYR, LONDON."

MARQUESS OF BUTE COLLIERIES, Aberdare, Hirwain, and Rhondda Valley. Shipping ports:—Bute Docks, Cardiff; Penarth Dock; Swansea; Briton Ferry; and Newport (Mon.)
Telegrams: "SEMA, CARDIFF."

OCEAN (MERTHYR) COAL CO., LTD., 11, Bute Crescent, Cardiff, proprietors of Ocean (Merthyr) Steam Coal.

UNIVERSAL STEAM COAL CO., LTD., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Proprietors of "Universal Steam Coal."
Telegrams: "VERSATILE, CARDIFF."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

VIVIAN, H. C. & CO., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole European Agents for "The Puritan Coal Mining Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A."
Telegrams: "VIVIAN, CARDIFF."

WATTS, WATTS & CO., Cardiff and London. Contractors for the supply of Coals at all Depôts abroad.
Telegrams: "WATTS, CARDIFF."

Dock Owners.

THE CARDIFF RAILWAY COMPANY, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Ship Repairers.

SHEARMAN, JOHN & CO., LTD., Cardiff, and at Barry Dock.

THE BUTE SHIPBUILDING, ENGINEERING, AND DRY DOCK COMPANY, LIMITED, Roath Basin, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "CAISSON, CARDIFF."

THE CARDIFF CHANNEL DRY DOCKS AND PONTOON CO., LTD., Cardiff and Barry Dock.
Telegrams: "Entrance, Cardiff." "Channel, Barry."

THE MERCANTILE PONTOON CO., LTD., Roath Dock, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "MERCANTILE, CARDIFF."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

Miscellaneous.

LEWIS & TYLOR, Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole patentees and manufacturers of "Gripoly," a patent woven belting; and "Burals," a semi-metallic packing.
Telegrams: "BELTING CARDIFF." Telephone, Nat. 231.

Steamship Owners.

DAN. JENKINS & CO., Steamship Owners and Brokers, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Stonewall, Cardiff."
Nat. Telephone: 1318.

BARRY.

Dock Owners.

THE BARRY RAILWAY CO., Barry.

Ship Repairers.

BARRY GRAVING DOCK & ENGINEERING CO., LTD.
Telegrams: "BARDOCK, BARRY."
National Telephone No. 7. Post Office Telephone No. 7.

To the Proprietors of

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THE RIGHT HON. LORD WINDSOR, P.C., ETC.
(Lord Lieutenant of Glamorganshire.)

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MARITIME MURMURS.

Docks, Cardiff,

Thursday Afternoon.

The lack of originality displayed by certain Parliamentarians, must be disappointing to most of their followers—and admirers? Appearances would warrant the belief, that once a man has entered Parliament, and has worked-up a certain rôle (even supposing it is but a second-hand one!), he will see everybody hanged, drawn and quartered, before he will relinquish it for another line of alleged argument. As an exemplification of our contention, consider Mr. Swift MacNeill, in his continued fussings around in connection with flogging in the Navy. When this worthy M.P. first exploited the flogging dodge, it had potentialities, and was worthy of attention as a sensation-worker. But that was in the vistas of the past. To-day, the whole contraption is calculated to raise merely a flutter on the combination which is supposed to make the nation's laws. You see, when Mr. MacNeill first attempted to boom himself into fame as the Great Anti-Floggist, the remainder of his honourable friends had but a tuppenny-ha'penny knowledge of the question. Under the circumstances, therefore, it was comparatively easy to harrow up their souls, and to get them to back up this modern Don Quixote. But the constant repetition which has been indulged in, has convinced those same honourable friends—even as it has you, and us—that the whole shout about "flogging in the Navy," is merely a political catch-phrase; has been used for contentious purposes, mainly; and as a phase of national life, has absolutely nothing to recommend it. To keep to the theme which Mr. MacNeill appears to have close to his inward portions, we are of opinion that the gentleman has been engaging on the pastime which the sailor, whom he affects to champion, would style, "flogging a dead horse."

Now, you cannot get much fun from that sort of play, and we are surprised to note that originality is at such a low ebb, in the direction indicated, that the same old come-all-ye must be tabled, whenever there is a lull in the usually heated conversation of "the House." A few days ago, the same old jape was resuscitated, and Mr. MacNeill found a friend to back him up. That same friend—a Mr. Bright, which, we submit, is an especially fitting name?—asked Mr. Pretyman (whose painful duty it is to attend to the welfare of the Admiralty) if he would not "take steps to put a stop to the brutal practice of flogging in the Navy?" Naturally enough, this question got Mr. Pretyman's "tempy" up, a bit, and for about the hundred-and-fiftieth (there or thereabout) time, he denied that there is any such brutal practice. Moreover, Mr. Pretyman stated that in talking that way, the hon. (Bright) member was throwing an undeserved slur on the officers of the Navy. But what will you? When a little cheap notoriety is sought, it doesn't much matter how much slur you throw, does it? The officers in the Navy are prepared to fight for their country—that is why they are afloat; hon. members who sit at home at their ease, are merely prepared to shout "Rule Britannia" for their country—that is why they sit in the national "talking shop?" The mere fact that their knowledge of flogging is of the most rudimentary kind, has nothing to do with the case. Somebody has told them that the poor little sailor-boy is birched—that is good enough. The mere fact that the cane is only requisitioned in the case of an irrepressible, counts for nothing—as far as talking hon. members are concerned. We shall not be surprised to hear, that when the Angel Gabriel blows his last toot, some MacNeill or another, will still be seeking a postponement of the final burst-up, that he may be allowed to ask the then keeper of the Admiralty's conscience, why in thunder he doesn't discontinue flogging in the Navy. They are great people—some of those hon. members?

Without wishing to say that the neglect for the susceptibilities of the House of Lords, as recently shown by the Commons is by way of retribution, we are yet of opinion that it is calculated to have the same effect on those noble gentlemen who, on every possible occasion, mete out the same kind of treatment to the champions of the sailor. Rightly or wrongly, the Lords are sure that the Commons are dealing with them and their recommendations in a cavalier manner—exactly as the former are wont to handle all demands for fair treatment to the merchant sailor. Of course, it is exceedingly ill-bred, on the part of the Commons, and they ought to know better; but it might be taken as a

sign of the times? We are assured that even the measures introduced by the Lord Chancellor, have been treated as "beneath contempt" (whatever that is) when it is laid out in an ordinary manner, and Lord James of Hereford sees no excuse for such a state of things. Think of it, such nationally important Bills as that dealing with the Sale of Intoxicants to Children, and the Prevention of Corruption Bill, have been ignored by the Lower House; and there is trouble in the Gilded Chamber, alas! Personally, we are sorry for the Lords, and something should be done in the matter.

But after all, they are having meted out to them, exactly the kind of treatment which they have measured to others. Think of the flouted Light Dues discussion; the Flag Bill; the Light Load Line Bill; the Winter Deck Load suggestions: the Mariners' Votes affair: and a dozen other enactments which are of infinitely more national importance, than would be a hundred japes concerning the inappreciable amount of whisky or beer that is sold to children. What was the fate of the much-needed legislation to which we have referred? Well, they were all treated as if they, too, were "beneath contempt." It is all very well for Lord James to declare that the Commons were given "generous holidays" at Easter and Whitsuntide; the statement might be true; but what has that to do with the case? If the Lords merely sit and prattle, when grave issues are spread before them, can they reasonably object if the Commons return the compliment, when Bills of "a singularly uncontroversial character"—and therefore, of little or no importance—are sent down for the consideration of the Lower House? We should think not. The whole subject appears to be a case of: If the Lords will not take themselves seriously, how can they expect others to do so?

Personally, we have no concern for the "contemptuous" manner in which Bills, generally, are received by the Lords, as our mission is to discuss enactments which have to do with the shipping industry. And as suggested above, most of those enactments are treated exactly in the manner described by Lord James—that is, as if they were beneath contempt. It is ever a case of dump the sailor, and if he cares to, let him drown. In like manner, the shipowner may do as he will—as long as he antés up a profit on the administration of an antiquated Lighthouse Board. Just inform the noble lords that because there is no Flag Bill—or an Act following on its suggestions—any two cent foreigner may pass an examination and practice as a ship-master, officer, or pilot in a British vessel, and what happens? Well, the gentlemen assume a wooden look; appear as if they are bored: frown at any of their number who has pluck enough to face a dangerous situation; and in the end, will measure out a few well-chosen words which will effectually damn all hopes of redress in the direction indicated. Tell us some more about "beneath contempt" dodges, please. We are always anxious to hear of affairs of this kind, because we realise that the British Empire is a colossal undertaking, that has been made solely by the sailor.

In like manner, if one noble lord informs his colleagues that, to say the least, it is unfair to expect a crowd of seamen to obey laws which have been made by a number of amateurs, and in which the seaman has had no say, and again, what happens? Simply the same wooden look and bored attitude comes in; the amateur is allowed to get his fell work in; the British sailor, because he has been educated, leaves the Mercantile Marine, and his place is filled by a non-English-speaking foreigner. Suggest that if the mariner is given an opportunity to record his vote, although away from home engaged on the vital business of bringing the nation its food, and what are you told? Just that there is no precedent for such conduct; that for ages, past, the sailor was satisfied to allow anybody to legislate for him; and that, according to the Constitution, he should be satisfied in continuing on the same lay. Give the noble lords a soul-harrowing picture—or description—of the miseries surrounding a tramp steamer's mid-winter light-ship passage; animadvert on the dangers, and sickening propensities which coruscate around a steamer that will roll to an angle of forty-five degrees, continuously, for forty-eight hours on a stretch, and what transpires?

Well, a set of aquiline features are surprisedly turned in your direction; you are given a look which suggests that, at best, you are a natural history specimen; you are sized-up, and metaphorically dissected, while your moral character is a subject of especial doubt. But with it all, you will be treated as if your pleadings for those who cannot help themselves, are quite "beneath contempt." In effect, it will be insinuated that there is no evidence to support your claim that an under-ballasted steamer is a danger to herself, and to every ship she meets; and that as there are dozens—nay hundreds—of under-ballasted steamers at sea, they cannot be such a menace to life, as you are foolish enough to state. Besides, the noble lords have been told that "grandmotherly legislation" is ruining British shipping (and it is the truth); and that as some of their number have invested in this class of property—well, you cannot expect them to go on spoiling their own chances of prosperity? But the noble gentlemen know too little of the subject, to be enabled to differentiate between the actual "grandmotherly legislation," and that which is merely apparently so. But in either instance, you may depend upon receiving your mede of the "beneath contempt" particular.

In this connection, Lord James pathetically asked if their Lordships were to go on passing Bills, "without even the courtesy of an acknowledgment," and as far as we can learn, there was nobody present possessed of interest enough to make them hazard a reply. There was another poetical question put forth by the same noble lord, and it lilted along as, "Are those measures simply to be regarded as seed thrown by the wayside, and nothing more heard of them?" If it had been our privilege to be there, at that psychological moment, we should surely have said "Ask us another," after which we should have squared ourselves up in readiness for the sizing-up process to which we have already referred. We believe with Lord James, when he remarked that "I certainly think we have a right to protest against our power of legislation being treated as a nullity by the House of Commons, and the degrading and humiliating position in which we are placed." The noble Lords have that right of protest, don't forget; and if they would try to rise to the understanding that this is 1905—not 1705—there would soon be an end to the "degrading and humiliating" idea, so there would. Lord Newton was of opinion that "the only possible remedy was some re-arrangement of the session and of the method of taking Supply," and that is where we are sorry for Lord Newton.

If the "only possible remedy" lays in the direction plotted out by Lord Newton, then, the House of Lords is in nearly as bad a predicament, as is the Mercantile Marine. The only re-arrangement that is calculated to help stave off further degradation and humiliation, is for the House of Lords to take itself seriously; to deal with the various

subjects which are brought to its notice, after the manner prevailing with live men of the present generation. If the House of Lords will carry on its alleged business in the archaic manner which has obtained to date, then, it must not be surprised if the House of Commons—which is made up of fairly 'cute business men—takes liberties (or apparent liberties) with it. The noble gentlemen must be feeling the unfortunate situation most acutely, for the Archbishop of Canterbury endorsed most of what had been said concerning the humiliation that was about. Here is the endorsement: "It is certainly not fitting that we should be deprived of the opportunity of making our voices heard upon subjects of great importance." This might not mean that the voices of the noble lords are weak, and so may not be raised above the din of the Common folk; it might only mean that, up to now, they have been satisfied with a perfunctory knowledge of events.

In the Commons, a man has to hustle, if he would keep his seat: but with the Lords, it is a decided case of men may come, and men may go, but we go on for ever—as the poet said. Under these circumstances, the noble lords are so sure of their jobs, that they see no reason to exert themselves, with the only natural result; a result which, according to Lord Spencer, reduces the House of Lords "to a mere court of record." If the ill-used gentlemen would do a little more for the sailor of all grades, we should be more sorry for them than we are at present. But in the words of the more or less immortal song which was supposed to deal with the amours—or the lack thereof—of one 'Liza, "You've only got yourself to blame," each of your lordships. Take yourselves seriously, and the world will follow suit; go on frivolling—well, business men have no time to frivol in public; the best brands of them keep it for use in the bosoms of their own families—where there are no reporters, yes! The Tower of London is admitted to be the best resting-place for ancient armour and weapons that have served their day; what is the matter with putting the old-time House of Lords methods in to keep the armour company? Nothing, is there?

In connection with some of the Mediterranean and Black Sea port "ship's business" so-called, there is a delightful amount of wear-and-haul on the part of the agent employed by the "shipowner." From time to time, the latter gentleman is exhorted to set his house in order, and just as frequently he essays to do this, by supplying his steamers with another printed "form." This the shipmaster is expected to fill and return, 'fore all the world as if a "statement" sent to shipowner, were calculated to put the hoodoo on any sharks (metaphorical) that might go hanky-pankying, around the business belonging to the tramp of commerce. The latest exponent of this phase of nautical advice, is the Vice-Consul at Sulina. The Danube is, notoriously, one of the "hardest nuts" in the whole gamut of seafaring adventure, and the shipmaster who successfully emerges from its swampy shores, with his "ship's business" in anything like decent order, has qualified for inclusion within the ranks of smart business men. To an impartial—and disinterested—mind, there is something of the "funny" nature surrounding Danube procedure, as connected with the British tramp and all her varied needs.

The Heathen Chinee is cracked up as being a don hand for everything appertaining to ways that are dark, and for tricks that are vain; "Dick Dass," in sundry of the Indian ports, is supposed to be the re-incarnation of several of the shady individuals that have flourished in the long ago; the Yankee "sharp" is declared to be a man on whom flies may not cling in overwhelming numbers; but the whole lot of them, in combination, couldn't stand for five minutes, if placed in competition with some of the web-footed gentry who practice on the shores of the river which has been handed down to us, as reminiscent of a waltz tune! We write this in no bad-tempered frame of mind. On the contrary, rather, for the words of Vice-Consul Sarell, when he suggests that "shipowners" should pay more attention to the protection of their interests in sending their vessels to Sulina, finds an echo in our minds as we remember past dodges, that were aimed at our undoing in that same salubrious district. But then, we are sure that shipowner will do nothing of the kind. He has been exhorted in the same strain for the past twenty-five years; has promised to give the matter his careful attention right along through those years; has made a feeble effort in the direction indicated; and has failed miserably—or there would be no necessity for Mr. Sarell to again call attention to the wretched state of affairs thereaway?

As far as a practical experience of the district is calculated to teach, we are of opinion that any would-be reformer would be studying his own interests, if he decided to say nothing on the subject! Any attempts to cleanse the business methods which are in vogue on the Danube's side, are doomed to failure, and for reasons that have been obvious right down the tale of years, since the waterway became open to the British tramp. We note that Mr. Sarell is divided in his opinions on the subject, and is hardly clear as to whether the feeling of security brought about by the latter-day system of insurance against demurrage, "and other such eventualities" (which is a beautifully comprehensive term?); or the usual indifference to detail which exists among those who do business with shipping; is responsible for the rotten state which certainly exists. For our part, we are somewhat surprised that a thinking individual should offer any such reasons as the foregoing. Insurance of any kind, or indifference worked out on any basis, has nothing to do with the case, and we should have thought that an up-to-date Consul would have realised the truth of our statements, within three days of practicing on the river referred to.

In plain language, the whole muss-up on the Danube is resultant from two causes. The first—and chief—is, that the gentlemen who engage in shipping business in that part of the world, have pre-empted (if we may write it thus) the right to transact the business of the tramp of commerce, by investing therein to that end. When a gentle Greek merchant puts his name into a British steamer's share list, it is fairly certain that he does so with a bit of string attached to the essential shekels. That bit of string is kharki-coloured, and in this manner is hidden from the view of all but the very keen-sighted. But although you cannot see that bit of string too easily, it is there; and when the dear little tramp fusses along inside of the Sulina pier-heads, you are safe in assuming that until she gets into the same position outward-bound, she is in the hands of some of her shareholders who mean to make a dividend on their own; and without troubling the managing owner who stays at home in peace—of a sort. And very capable hands they are! There is no straining, or cavilling at the gifts which the gods send them: for they just pursue the course which custom has prescribed, and if there isn't the equivalent of a big dividend over and above ordinary expenses squeezed out, then we should like to hear about it.

Another feature in the business is, that everything which the ship may possibly need, is contracted for with

the very folk who have invested that they may be given the right to contract. Does the festive packet need bags for her cargo? Contractor supplies them. Is it a few planks for shifting boards; separation cloths; lightening; provisions; or any of the thousand-and-one essentials for expeditious handling? Then, along comes the contracting gentleman, waves that piece of paper which has been signed by the Boss, and there you are. The shipowner, generally considered, is a trusting animal, and thus it comes about that when his very dear friend visits Britain in the fall of the year; lays himself out to spend anything up to £500 in travelling, hotel, and *backsheesh* expenses; and promises to supply by contract, anything from a grain shovel or basket, to a new set of engines at 20 per cent. below cost, and a 25 per cent. rebate to the man who signs the contract; well, what would you? You naturally suppose that all the Danube monkey-work commences at home? And your supposition is right, every time. It is useless for any consular gentlemen to suggest "more attention" at Sulina. The exact spot where the attention is needed, is in the owner's office in England, yes.

You see, this phase of shipping business is carried out on the assumption that all competition is bad; there must be none of it, in connection with "our *Hipsy Fip*." Mr. Andros Somethingofavitch, the genial gentleman who travels to bleak Britain when the autumn leaves have been lately swept from off the landscape, is a plausible alien. He has a touch of the smile that won't come off—and a hide thicker than most of the outer coverings to be found on the rhinoceros. He poses as the "very tear frendt" of "shipowner"; enters his office; focusses a couple of odd eyes on the gentleman; swears he isn't a low-down cuss like Georgios Allofavitch; and with an amount of humidity and greasiness which do his histrionic powers credit, produces the badly-printed piece of paper which is dubbed contract. This genial guy is the "shipsshandler," and he is out for anything not altogether appertaining to the business of "broker." The latter worthy invests, and so works his little dodge in a more lordly manner. But both of them may be depended on to square the circle, once the *Hipsy Fip* enters within their radius of action. Who is the circle? That is as may be, for to our certain knowledge, and in this connection, there are various kinds. Beside, we are not going to give you too many points for one solitary threepenny piece, not us.

However, there is no competition on the Danube—it is all done at home. If Somethingofavitch has merely promised 25 per cent. off the bill, and the contract has not been signed: then, Allofavitch will go a bit better; will offer 33⅓ per cent. off, and the assurance that Something—ofavitch is a deep-dyed-villain-that-never-was-married; and who, in consequence, is unfit to associate with (and probably corrupt the morals of) the child-like master who will navigate the *Hipsy Fip* to Sulina. This brings us down to cause No. 2 in the monkey-work racquet. The shipmaster, usually considered, is vetoed as incapable of purchasing to anything like advantage, a daily 22lb. of alleged beef. Andros must do it for him—or Georgios, if he has blarnied the Boss best! Indeed, in every instance where "ship's business" is concerned, the Old Man must stand aside, until it is all finished. If, at the precise moment, a scapegoat is needed, then the Old Man is graciously allowed to fill the rôle, and thus is equity brought about! Shipowner—of the class considered here—will first sign away all power from the shipmaster, and then, when he finds that the steamer is being exploited for all she is worth (and a bit over), will wire to that same shipmaster, a frantic exhortation that he will see "our interests fully protected."

If the whole business were not so pitiful, it would be amusing. Mr. Vice-Consul Sarell declares that the major portion of the trouble materialises, for the reason that most of the vessels entering the Danube, are freighted under loosely-worded charter parties. The loose-word particular is there right enough; we have tried to interpret them ourselves: but in the general sizing-up of the situation, the charter plays but a small part in the loss which results. If the alleged master arrives at a port where, to all intents and purposes, he must hand his vessel over to the enemy; where he is met, at every turn, with a contract for this, that, and the other thing; is it of any real use to cackle about the state of affairs which follows? Certainly not. Shipowner cannot expect to get his ship supplied at apparently low rates; to receive in return for a signed contract, anything up to 33⅓ per cent. off the face value of an already under-quoted bill; and then to come out of the deal with a balance on the right side. We are willing to admit that a poor shipowner, these days, should be allowed to ride to business in a "classy" landau; the exigencies of the situation demand it. But if such tactics spell fizzle, it is useless to go on grumbling about it. Even the modern "shipowner" may not hope to have both the penny and the bun?

You might be inclined to ask why such assinine tricks are indulged in? If so, then there are two reasons here, again. One is, that management commissions, of a legitimate kind, will not liquidate the constantly-growing responsibilities of "shipowners'" separate establishments—which is to say that the two sealskin sacques cost more than one, even if you buy them at contract prices and get a rebate off at time of settlement; the other reason lays in the fact that "shipowner," for some unaccountable reason, has worked up a grand disbelief in the honesty of the man who makes it possible for him to indulge in those separate establishments, sealskin sacque touches, and landaus with trimmings—the shipmaster. Rightly or wrongly—in all probability the latter—the shipmaster has come to be written down as everything that is dishonest. He may not be trusted, anywhere. Therefore, the nice, honest alien who practices by the Beautiful Blue (and other coloured) Danube gets the preference. See? "Shipowner" cannot realise that if shipmaster is actually the thief that some of his detractors allege, it is still better policy to place all business transactions in his hands. When a man is surrounded by light-fingered—and lighter conscienced—gentry, it is surely the correct thing to keep the possibilities of wrong-doing narrowed down as much as possible?

That is to say, if you are so unhappily circumstanced, that your attention is altogether centred on sealskin sacques—and other things; if you cannot spare the time that is necessary for the carrying out of your ostensible business in life; if you feel that you are liable to be exploited in all directions; is it not good policy to work the "leaking" possibilities to as narrow a limit as may be? Of course it is. In other words, if the Old Man is a wrong 'un, and the commercial men with whom he mixes, abroad, are of the same calibre; isn't it good business to see that you merely enrich one man—the shipmaster; instead of enriching him, and the whole herd with whom he has to do business? For if the Old Man is really a wrong 'un, you may bet your last ha'penny that he will not get "left" in the general scramble; while he might easily turn out to be a honest man who would scorn to lower his dignity by

stooping to petty larceny. In either instance, "shipowner" has everything to gain in trusting him—and everything to lose by not doing so. It does not take so much money to enrich one schemer—especially if, in comparison with the crowd among whom he labours, his needs are of a modest kind—as it does to enrich a mob?

THEREFORE, the better plan for "shipowner" to follow, is not to bother unduly about those "loosely worded charter parties" which are a mere circumstance in the case. Trust the Old Man—if your investments will admit of that trust—and by doing so, you will have removed the greater portion of the sting which comes about through loosely worded charters, yes. If the Old Man is master of the situation, he might easily remove some of the disabilities which follow upon the charters referred to; but if he is tied hand and foot; if he is merely playing in the drama, the rôle of little dog; well, he can be expected to bark, only when he is given permission by those gentlemanly Danube Sonofavitches, who are exploiting the British shipowner in more ways than one. Of course, if the latter worthy has signed away his birthright; if he has placed himself, unreservedly, in the not-too-kindly hands of his natural enemy; then, there is precious little use in shouting. The shouting is most potential before the signatures are affixed. We have given this extended consideration to an old sore, because the time approaches when the Variousavitches are packing their little bags; are printing their "gondracts:" are placing therein, all the little odds-and-ends which are used on shipboard, but are "forgetting" all the big items on which the greatest profit may be made; and soon, they will be swarming around the office of "shipowner," even as they have done for years—and will probably go on doing, for years that yet may come.

IF "shipowner" will take the tip from us who have been where he has not—that is, at the trinity of ports which enable the European Commission to wax fat, and haughty; if he will not consider himself too clever to glean a point from practical—as against theoretical—experience; he will change his old-time tricks. That is to say, he will carry on his business under the belief that the shipmaster is fully as honest as the remainder of the business community; that his ranks contain no greater per centage of rogues than do the ranks of other business men; that if, in any case, he is a wrong 'un, it is still better to fatten up one of the breed, than it can possibly be to swell out a whole herd of the same *genus;* well in that case, we shall not have written in vain. If "shipowner" will but remember that "forms" are merely a delusion and a snare; that a knave can easily get outside of them, while a honest man has no need of them; that the mere fact that all accounts are paid from the home office is no reason to suppose that the said accounts are of the nature of Cæsar's wife; and that taken anyway, the average "shipowner" of to-day is not a Sherlock Holmes, where spying out discrepancies comes in; then, he will be on the high road to doing away with business swindles on the Danube.

WE do not aspire to Consular infallibility; have no leanings toward the prophetic rôle; we merely write as actual experience has taught us, and from the full belief that present-day tricks of "shipowner," are solely calculated to put a premium on dishonesty. It is a human trait which has existed from the beginning of time—that which induces a man to have the game as well as the blame. Moreover, any man worth his salt, will surely claim that game, providing the blame is forthcoming; and the sporting element is not confined to landau-running, or backing the favourite on a local race-course. By this we mean, that if a properly constructed man—one who has not been revivalled into a caricature—finds that another man is trying to bull-dose him in a manner that is painful and several other kinds of particulars: the first-named will surely strive to be "up sides" with the other fellow. Now although "shipowner" cannot be made to see it, the fact remains that in the nautical game of euchre which we have been discussing, the shipmaster holds the "joker" and both "bowers;" and the man who is circumstanced thusly, cannot lose the "trick" if he tries to! When a man starts off with the whole of your property, your best policy is to trust—or sack—him? Here we leave the subject—which is a good one for holiday time!

SOME pessimistic folk are for ever assuring us that the times are out of joint. Personally, we do not believe it. If there is any out-of-jointedness around, it is in connection with the working man who has been coddled and wet-nursed, until he is unable to take care of himself: and is therefore an "easy mark" for any non-working and glib-tongued national danger which ambles along, under the guise of uplifter-of-the-down-trodden—otherwise agitator. In our last week's issue, we commented on the latest strike in the Bristol Channel—that of the labourers who cover steamers' bottoms with the composition and boot-topping of commerce. Locally, they have been styled painters—much to the disgust of the genuine article which has served an apprenticeship at the business. The strike continues, and to the moment of writing, nothing of a startling character has transpired in connection therewith. The fact is, the men hardly realise why they are on strike, and as far as we can learn, the particular "union" which is affected, is by way of being taught a severe lesson. The pity of it is, that the actual sufferers are in no need of any such lesson; and the wire-pullers will not suffer.

As invariably happens, the wire-pullers will advise a "no surrender" policy as long as the funds hold out; when they are gone up the flue—or elsewhere—the spirit of sweet reasonableness will manifest itself; the men will meet their employers; a little snivelling will be indulged in, eked out with the usual amount of fustian; low murmurings will gradually become lower; and as many of the striking cult which can obtain an opportunity, will return to work wondering what 'twas all about. The wire-puller will draw his salary during the strike—and it might easily run into pounds per week; the strikers will draw "strike pay," which will just as easily run into shillings. The pathos in the business is, that the strikers will have made the "fund," while the wire-puller will "administer" it. Yet in the midst of the whole conglomeration of misery, the deluded men cannot see that they are being fooled in quite a splendid style. They never can, for that matter, and they are living proofs that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. The times might be as bad as possible; men might be hanging around on half-, or three-quarter "time;" women and bairns might be living on half-, or three-quarter meals in consequence; but it is all the same to the wire-pullers, who are sadly in need of drastic legislation.

WE are a great nation. Nobody dares deny it. We make all manner of sacrifices to trace the cancer microbe to his lair with hope to exterminate him; we do the same with other bacilli; we insist on anxious workers taking Act of Parliament holidays; of being shaved and shorn on given days; establish public sanitoria; feed, clothe, and educate the children of those who have brought them into the world albeit too lazy to attend to them, afterward; in

short, we do nearly everything that is essential to the well-being of the nation, and then allow an irresponsible labour-agitator to come on the scene, to muss the whole business. You know, when one comes to size the situation up as it really is, the Briton should feel somewhat humble? He poses as a lion, and if it were not for his long ears, the "cross" on his back, and his occasional "hee-haw," the remainder of the world would believe him. But that same old "hee-haw," gives him away on each occasion. It will go on giving him away, until he realises that cancer germs, or tuberculosis bacilli, are not the only menaces to the public health. In our opinion, the greatest danger of all, is the tongue-y individual who has nothing to lose from his inflammatory diatribes, but everything to gain in the matter of an easy livelihood, if they take due effect.

In connection with the foregoing, the usual nonsensical statements are current, locally, and quite an eye-opener was given to the malcontents, last night. It came about this way: The Cardiff Channel Dry Docks and Pontoon Company had a steamer—the *Madura*—on their pontoon. The boat belongs to good customers, and it was, therefore, in the interest of the company, and of the port, that she should be attended to in Cardiff's usual style—which is written "with efficiency and dispatch." In this instance, the work necessitated the removal of a few plates; this again necessitated the removal of cement-work which, according to "union" ethics, belongs to the tank-cleaner, who happens to be "on strike." Well, the boilermakers, rather than see a good job hung up and a loss incurred to a good supporter, undertook to remove the cement, themselves. Then arose a mighty shout. The wicked boilermakers had positively helped the more wicked employers, against the amiable and long-suffering labourers who had nothing but a day's pay at stake. The latter down-trodden babelets are hoping that the matter will be attended to in the "proper quarter," after which, those hard-hearted boilermakers will certainly be boiled in something greasy, what?

Here you have a typical case of the fat-headedness of these demagogues. A steamer comes to port, and her owners are constant supporters of the ship-repairing industry; never a man among the strikers have, in all probability, ever seen the owners in question; but because they were good enough to decide on sending their vessel to Cardiff for any necessary repairs, before this tuppenny-ha'penny strike was thought of, they must be penalised by delay and loss for the benefit of the imaginary Sacred Cause. Gives you the pip, doesn't it? A handful of labourers—a mere, inappreciable portion of the community—wish to dictate terms to the vast majority in this ridiculous manner, and finding they are incapable of working their sweet will, raise a shout to high heaven. Nobody wishes to debar these labourers the excitement that is consequent on a strike; they may go on striking indefinitely; but every sane man must acknowledge that they have no right to interfere with the action of other workmen who have better sense? In plain words, these men are engaging in the not-over-pleasant pastime of jibbing against a metaphorical buck-saw. Who will be most hurt in the end—well, you don't need a prophet, here?

In the case of the *Madura*, the undertaking was exceptional, although we fail to see why the management should apologise for their prompt action on that account. The vessel pontooned for painting and other small work; larger work developed, and unless the vessel were to lose her charter, that work had to be fettled off. In the result, the clerks, officials and apprentices exemplified the fact, that no special training is necessary for the laying-on of bottom composition: that "hair-strokes" are an inappreciable quantity in the deal; and that true to promise, the steamer was enabled to proceed on her merry way this (Friday) morning, in time to save her charter—and the credit of the Channel Dry Docks and Pontoon Company, Limited, as well as, incidentally, of the Port of Cardiff. Of course, the matter was made the subject of discussion at the meeting which was held on Thursday night; equally of course, nothing definite was arrived at. There never is, for that matter. The men hold a metaphorical pistol at the employers' heads; say "give us a rise of 1s. 6d. per day and as much again for a night, or—we're off home." Naturally, the public has no sympathy with this kind of nonsense, and the trade of the port must not be played with in any such manner?

We are of opinion that when the detonator is being placed on the final cartridge that is to make a new world of poor old Mother Earth, there will still be found some estimable persons who will assert that the British seaman is a blackguard, while his foreign rival is everything-that-is-nice-and-good. This, too, in spite of the fact that we are continually treated to examples which go to prove the contrary. Last week, we wrote of that nice gentlemanly Arab seaman who "had a grudge" against the captain of the vessel which had brought him to these enlightened shores; and who, in settlement of the said grudge, quietly and almost unobtrusively, inserted the major portion of a knife blade into that captain's back. In this instance, it might have been another case of "Hate and fury ill-supplied," for the cut, although a serious one, was unattended with fatal results. The splendid Arab person has been "up for trial;" has had a lovely opportunity of dilating on the beauties of the culinary art as understood on British steamers generally, and the *Falloden* in particular; has shown entirely to his own satisfaction, that if a wicked shipmaster doesn't confine his progression to the straight and narrow way as understood by the Arabian, well, there is likely to be trouble: and has been put away for further consideration at the Assizes—by which time, the crime will have had a chance to mellow down, a little?

Of course, there is every sort of ameliorating circumstance in the case of this free child of nature? His untutored, and un-revivalled soul, could scarcely be expected to brook the continual supply of mere salt-beef that was good enough for the Old Man. The gentleman should have had ortolans, say, or quails on toast. But, however the matter is ultimately flogged out, we are not going to subscribe to any belief which affects that an Arab is a nice kind of man to have about a ship—unless he is a dead (and thoroughly embalmed) Arab. No! We have sailed with nice seamen, and we have sailed with Arabs. The last time we sailed with Arabs—she was a "pilgrim ship"—we lost most of our earthly goods, and our belief in the breed. In return for that loss, we had a gain. At least, a gentleman at Port Said assured us that such was the case, and if he were right, then, our gain was in the plural number. We are disinclined, at this late date, to particularise too much about the said gain; but we feel that the circumstances demand our admission that they were young and lively; also that they appeared to have more than six legs—and sixteen mouths. It might appear, after the foregoing, that we are somewhat prejudiced where Arabs are concerned? If so, we will leave the theme, and turn to a later example of the nice foreign seamen.

Suppose we consider that pretty little group of Chinamen who are said to have mutinied on the *Dordogne*. That particular group was picked up at Cardiff, where, somehow or other, the ruck of the universal world that has to do with shipping, is apt to gravitate. Those Celestial Beauties returned, on the second engineer, the compliment which Bill Nye is said to have perpetrated on one Ah Sin. That is to say, they "went for" that second engineer. Incidentally, it might be remarked that the engineer appears to have got in an upper cut on one of the gang, and being true "unionists," they drew their knives, and made nasty overturns in return. Mr. Mueller, the engineer in question, shouted out some words of disapproval, at this turn of events. Personally, we are not going to blame Mr. Mueller, for if a crowd of grinning Chinamen (they always grin, if you have noticed the matter; they do, if you haven't) undertook to practice their carving abilities on ourselves, well, you could bet that we should shout—some very tasty language, even as we undertook a *divertissement*, so to speak, in flank. Anyhow Mueller's shout reached the ears of the first officer, who threw in his bit on the side of law and order.

But do you suppose those nice, pig-tailey Chinamen took any notice of a mere mate? Well, they didn't, and that was where the fun waxed fast and furious. We know, because we happened to get into a similar how-d'ye-do on one occasion—and the place twitches to this day: when it rains, yes. But 'tis Mueller's séance that we are discussing, isn't it? Right, then. The mate said, "Go below, you gentlemanly inhabitants of a Flowery Land," or words to that effect, but never a go, goed the mutineers. At this juncture the Old Man and some more mates intervened—incidentally, with revolvers—when the knifey pig-tailers were quickly corralled until the New York police boat arrived, and ultimately, all around was peace. What was the trouble with the Chings? Well, as soon as they found that they were not to be allowed to land in Free America, and add more competition to the local dives and laundries, those foolish fellows became "morose and threatening." When a Chinaman gets that way, he isn't a nice sort of Chinaman, whatsoever he might be under the influence of opium, or fear. As far as we can learn, this "morose and threatening" feeling led to the outbreak, and the outbreak led to chokee.

Very well, then. It is here that a seeming joke has been worked off. Please note that we are writing the word "seeming." The chief officer—that's the mate, you know—told the American Solon (all magistrates in America are Solons, you might have noticed?) that it was impossible to engage a British crew at Cardiff, and he was right, if it be supposed that the British crew be asked to sail for Chinese wages. Not that the mate put it that way. He was a man possessed of too imaginative a mind for that—unless his humour was of the subtle kind, which we are half-inclined to believe. For the mate stated that you couldn't get a British crew at Cardiff, "owing to the religious revival conducted by" an already sufficiently advertised gentleman. Once more we remark, very well, then. In addition to the revival jape, the mate was of opinion—according to the story, that is; personally, we doubt the whole hotch-potch—that the British seamen referred to, didn't seem to think that service aboard a tramp steamer was exactly a Christian occupation. Now what about the subtle humour which we have mentioned? In our opinion, that mate was full of it, yes! However, the subject of Christians on tramps, is too good an one for the local "daily" to disregard—in the silly season.

Thus it came about that a "chapel"-run arrangement that some of you might have heard of (while if you haven't, we are convinced that you have lost nothing), instituted inquiries at the Docks, here. What happened? Well, "the suggestion was ridiculed and laughed at." Fancy shipowners positively laughing in these hard times! Yea, lor'! Anyhow, "Some said 'Bosh!' (which is an expressive word, as long as a newspaper man doesn't use it?) What utter rot!" (another expressive phrase, and one which proves that the revival hasn't done much good at the Docks?). Others, again, contented themselves with the remark, "Just as though Evan Roberts and the revival would effect the engagement of crews." This is all very well, and might be good enough for a mere daily paper scribe. For ourselves—no, you can't pull our leg in any such ridiculous and simple manner. The revival might easily have had a lot to do with the business—if only indirectly. You know, and we know, that sundry of the foreigner-employing shipowners in the district, have been giving much largess to the chapel, as a direct tribute to the soul-moving ministrations of the revivalist? Weak-headed persons sometimes act in that unaccountable manner? Right, then. What happens?

Simply that the additional expenses have to be made up some way. They can't be made up from freights; underwriters are numbered among the "particular ones," just now; investors are marking time; so cheap labour must square the deficit? Clear enough, when you consider the matter in a proper light, isn't it? Of course it is, and that is mainly why we suggested that the mate of the steamer in question, had a quantity of subtle humour concealed about his person. All the same, the talent at the Docks, told "our representative" that it was difficult to get a crew composed of all British Seamen, and apparently, "our representative" (confiding person) believed it. Not the least humorous part of the whole contraption lays in the fact, that the secretary of the British Sailors' and Firemen's Union sends a letter to the same identical "daily," wherein the gentleman remarks, "I am prepared to prove that this Chinese crew was shipped in preference to a British crew." Of course, he is. Who doubted the truth of the situation? Who, that is, outside of the bottom end of St. Mary Street? Still, a nice foreign crew is a splendid investment, don't you think? If you cannot get any work out of it—work that is calculated to pay your shareholders, that is—the Old Man may still depend on getting plenty of excitement, and a few jabs under his clothes, in return for his kindness in patronising the gentle alien. And the jabs alluded to, are a splendid dispeller of the monotony that is about on occasion. Sea-life is dref'fly monotonous, at times!

The jubilations in the Solent are being carried out on a magnificent scale, aren't they? *Ganesha* must be taking in the spectacle with a certain amount of internal misgiving! But why this *entente* thing couldn't have come about fifty years ago, is the one answer that most Britons would like to receive. For the matter of that, our French friends are, no doubt, equally inquisitive. However, better late than never, and if the good feeling is allowed to continue on both sides; nay, to increase; then, a certain toy navy of which the world has received such flattering tales, need never keep any of us awake, for ten minutes. Personally, we are convinced that if Napoleon were alive to-day, he could not succeed in running amuck as he did in his own time and generation; there are quite a number of Frenchmen who would be convinced that the disposal of one tyrant would be immeasureably better than the legalised murder of millions of hapless humans, who happened to live at the same time as the tyrant. The moral is worthy of consideration. Although possibly more wicked, the world is considerably wiser than it was in Napoleon's time, don't you think?

SHIPBUILDING.

Work in the shipbuilding trade is steady, even brisk, if one is to judge from the somewhat startling figures recorded in Lloyds' Register returns, which show that there is a very great increase in the amount of work in hand in most of the yards, as compared with last year. The production of new tonnage on the Wear for July has been exceptionally heavy, amounting to eight vessels, of 33,051 tons. For the seven months of the year now completed, Wearside builders have launched 51 vessels of 164,930 tons, or ten vessels of 39,959 gross tons more than the record for the same period of last year. If the same rate of production is continued over the remaining five months of the year, 1905 will register a tonnage output which will compare with any year of the past.

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Messrs. Philipps, Philipps and Co., of London, have placed orders on the North East Coast for ten steamers, to be delivered between April next and the end of 1906. The steamers are all to be of the single deck type, and will each carry about 6,000 tons deadweight, and be suitable for the grain and general produce trade between the River Plate and Europe. Of these ten vessels, Messrs. J. L. Thompson and Sons, Sunderland, are to build four; Messrs. Short Brothers, Sunderland, two; Messrs. W. Pickersgill & Sons, Sunderland, two; and Messrs. John Readhead and Sons, South Shields, two. The orders constitute a very important addition to the work in hand at Sunderland, which has secured eight out of the ten vessels, and the outlook for the future at that centre has accordingly been greatly improved.

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Messrs. Robert Stephenson and Co., Ltd., Hebburn-on-Tyne, have launched a steel screw hopper barge, built to the order of the Cardiff Railway Company. The barge is of the following dimensions:—140ft. x 33ft. x 13ft. 2in. moulded. The machinery which will be supplied by the Shields Engineering Company, Ltd., consists of a set of compound surface-condensing engines, with cylinders 21in., 44in. x 30in. stroke, supplied with steam from a single ended boiler 14ft. x 10ft. 6in., which is being built by Messrs. Robert Stephenson and Co., Ltd., the working pressure being 130 lbs. per square inch.

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The China Navigation Company, Limited, London, have sold three of their old steamers:—the *Taiwan*, 1,734 tons gross, built and engined by Messrs. Scott and Co., Greenock, in 1882, to Messrs. Diederichsen, Jebson and Co., Hamburg; the *Whampoa*, 1,734 tons gross, built and engined by Messrs. Scott and Co., Greenock, in 1882, to Mr. H. Robertson, Shanghai; and the *Tungchow*, 1,502 tons gross, built and engined by Messrs. Scott and Co., Greenock, in 1886, to Mr. H. J. Craig.

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The iron screw trawlers *Tyne Belle* and *Tyne Castle*, built by Messrs. Edwards Brothers, North Shields, in 1893, the *Tyne Meadows*, *Tyne Monarch* and *Tyne Mouth*, built by Messrs. Sir Raylton Dixon and Co., Middlesbrough, in 1882, and lately owned by the Tyne Steam Fishing Company, Limited, North Shields, have been sold to Mr. C. Planteijdt, of Ymuiden, Holland.

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The steel screw steamer *Mutual*, owned by Messrs. T. Smailes and Son, Whitby, is reported sold to Japanese buyers, at about £12,000. She was built by Messrs. T. Turnbull and Son, Whitby, in 1892. Dimensions 271ft. 5in. x 40ft. 8in. x 19ft. moulded, 2,128 tons gross, with engines 21in., 34in., 56in. x 36in. stroke, by Messrs. Blair and Co., Ltd.

Messrs. Sir James Laing and Sons, Sunderland, have received an order from a South American firm for the construction of two fast light draft passenger and cargo steamers, of about 260 feet in length, and for the same firm Messrs. Gourlay Brothers and Co., Dundee, are to build a fast steamer of about 300 feet in length.

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The steel screw tug *Wolfhound*, built last year by Messrs. Willoughby Brothers, Ltd, Plymouth, for Mr. G. F. Treleaven, Plymouth, has been sold to the Alexandra Dock Company. Her dimensions are 80ft. x 16ft. 6in. x 10ft., with engines 14½in., 30in. x 20in. stroke. We understand the price paid is about £3,000.

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The steel screw steamer *Torpedo*, lately owned by Messrs. Thomas Wilson, Sons, and Co., Ltd., Hull, has been sold to Greek buyers at about £3,000. She was built and engined by the Earles Company, Limited, Hull, in 1885. Dimensions 150ft. 3in. x 25ft. x 13ft., 487 tons gross, with engines 14½in., 22in., 36in. x 24in. stroke.

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The steel screw steamer *Prosper*, lately owned by Messrs. Hans Kiaer and Co., Drammen, has been sold to Japanese buyers at about £11,500. She was built at Campbeltown in 1895. Dimensions 230ft. x 32ft. 6in. x 16ft. 4in., 1,361 tons gross, with engines 17½in., 27½in., 45in. x 33in. stroke, by Messrs. Kincaid and Co.

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The steel screw steamer *Herakles*, lately owned by Mr. J. Drakenberg, Stockholm, has been sold to the Japanese Admiralty. She was built in Sweden in 1897. Dimensions 182ft. x 30ft. x 16ft., 592 tons gross, with engines, 20in., 32in., 51in. x 30in. stroke.

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The steel, steam trawler *Ceres*, built by Messrs. A. Hall and Co., Aberdeen, in 1892, and lately owned by the Anglo Norwegian Steam Fishing Company, Ltd., Hull, has been sold to Spanish buyers.

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The steel screw steamer *Squall*, built in Holland in 1904, for the Shipping Investments, Limited, London, has been sold to Messrs. Stewart Brothers, Auckland. Dimensions 140ft. x 24ft. 2in. x 10ft. 4in., 369 tons gross, with engines 14in., 32in. x 24in. stroke.

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The steel steam trawler *U.S.A.*, recently managed by Mr. C. Heron, of Swansea, has been sold to a Scotch firm. She was built by the Smiths Dock Company, Ltd., North Shields, in 1903.

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The steamer *Falshaw*, recently purchased by Messrs. Maclay and McIntyre of Glasgow, has been renamed *Ivanhoe*.

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Messrs. Alfred Holt and Co., Liverpool, have placed an order with Scotts Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, Greenock, for the construction of two steamers.

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The steel, steam trawler *Sea Gull*, lately owned by Mr. T. R. Oswald, of Milford, has been sold to Danish buyers. She was built at Milford by the late owner in 1894.

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We understand that a firm having offices in London and Glasgow, are about to order eight cargo steamers of fairly large size.

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The steamer *A. J. Hocken*, recently purchased by Mr. G. O. Wallenburg, Stockholm, has been renamed *Bur*.

Friday, August 11, 1905.

GOVERNMENTAL MARINE MAKESHIFTS.

It cannot be denied that, on occasion, the Government of the greatest Navy on earth, in its efforts to dodge its legitimate payments, descends to tactics which, at best, are of a very questionable nature. If the same economical endeavour were apparent in every phase of Naval expenditure, there would be room for no cavilling when the cheeseparing to which we are alluding was in evidence. Unfortunately, however, there is but precious little economy as a general thing, for rank waste is the order of the day, in nearly everything where the nation's money is used for naval purposes—the only exceptions being, where blessings which have been derived at the expense of the shipping industry, are concerned. That is to say, in the matter of coastal lights—which are kept going solely at the expense of mercantile shipping—there is but little economy, and not much greater efficiency. What was, is good enough, and the mere fact that, to-day—thanks to the phenomenal increase in the Mercantile Marine—there is, a large surplus over expenditure in this direction, has nothing to do with the case. Everybody that has given the slightest attention to the subject, knows that the shipping industry not only pays for the coastal lights, but that it is also robbed of several hundreds of thousands of pounds per annum, which finds its way into the Treasury, as a sort of unearned increment: an indirect tax on shipping enterprise. Time and again, this matter is brought forward; deputations are received; promises of careful consideration are given by those in power; polite tarradiddles are uttered; and again the whole subject is pigeon-holed—until a body of voters come along, who will insist on the redress which is their due. It would be quite bad enough if the coastal lights were run at cost; but when a thumping big profit is made, even while a number of the lights supplied are hopelessly out of keeping with the times: then, is it high time that something more than the usual promises—which are terribly like the proverbial pie-crust—were to the 'fore. And, as it is with the lights, so is it with pilotage. Warships get their leading lights for nothing; they also get their nautical leaders (the pilots) on the same remunerative terms! Seeing that it is the law, we suppose that no one should jib at this state of affairs, but should hustle around in an endeavour to get that law altered? When, however, a number of warships that are nothing at all of the sort, sneak in under the conditions which obtain in the matter of the genuine article, then, is it anything but a credit to those who are responsible? In all probability, the pilot of commerce would not kick unduly, at giving a portion of his time and skill, in guiding a *bona fide* battleship into safety. That he is inclined to kick when he is being "rushed" in the same particular, has been evidenced, time and again. The most recent example herein, was supplied by the steamer *Kharki*, which incurred pilotage expenses to the extent of four guineas, when plying between Penarth Roads to Roath Basin, and *vice versa*, on several occasions. The Cardiff stipendiary magistrate gave it as his opinion that the *Kharki's* master was responsible for the payment of the money, and for £10 10s. which were to be viewed in the light of costs for settling the matter; the magistrate also stated a case, that the opinion of the High Court might be obtained on the subject. As a matter of course, the appeal was heard, and the Crown undertook to show that if *Kharki* wasn't really a man-of-war, then, she came close enough to the *genus*, to be given her pilotages for nothing. First of all, let it be understood that this insignificant collier figures in the Navy List, and comes under the "List of Small Steam Vessels, Tugs, etc., employed on Harbour Service." In the list referred to, the steamer is scheduled as "*Kharki*, s., coal vessel (steel), 1,465 tons." All the same, she is as much a tramp steamer, as would be, say, the *Flapsy Dapsy*, owned by any fifth-rate firm of ship-managers, anywhere. Mind you, there is a terrible lot of ambiguity about this vessel, for although she figures in the Navy List, and is not registered under the Merchant Shipping Act, 1894, she is still under the ægis of the Board of Trade, who surveys her under Rule 1 of that same Act; and upon which survey her seaworthiness, or otherwise, is established. Moreover, *Kharki* doesn't wear the Red Ensign—in which respect, she is hardly to be considered as a merchant vessel: but then, she doesn't wear the White Ensign, so she has no right (or reason) to be considered a man-of-war. As a compromise in the matter of bunting, she wears—on occasion—a Devonport Dockyard flag, and that her mission may be unequivocally considered as peaceful, she carries no guns. So far, so good, and it will probably be admitted that to all intents and purposes, *Kharki* is neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring, if we may write it thus. She is Government-owned, but masquerades along under a dockyard flag; figures in the Navy List, but is under the administration of the Board of Trade: is a warship (for pilotage purposes) but couldn't shoot a seagull, if the poor bird should take it into its head to dispute *Kharki's* right of way, anywhere. The master of this semi-detached-man-of-war-collier-from-the-dockyard, is just the common or garden master mariner which one meets all over the world. That is to say, the gentleman holds a Board of Trade certificate (even as does his "naval" steamer), and is by no manner of means to be considered in the light of a naval officer, although he claims the privileges of the cult, in getting his lights and pilotages for nothing. The crew of the *Kharki*, too, are of the Mercantile Marine persuasion- although some of them happen to be Navy pensioners; and taken altogether, the steamer is as near unto the festive tramp, as should make no odds to anybody? Anyhow, the man who claimed the original £4 4s. for services rendered, was—and is—a duly licensed Cardiff Pilot, and he had supplied his knowledge of local nautical difficulties, at the request of the master of the *Kharki*. Moreover, the pilotage, at Cardiff, is of the non-cumpulsory sort. Coming along to rates, we find that the price charged was in accordance with the Bristol Channel Pilotage Act, and the registered tonnage basis as provided therein. That is to say, *Kharki* was assessed for pilotage, exactly as would any other steam-collier that was under the care of a Board of Trade certificated navigator, and why the "registered owners" of this vessel endeavoured to screen themselves behind a "courtesy" admission, is among those things which no fellah can understand? To say the least, it is unconscionably mean to attempt to put a constant trader on the same terms as the ship that might make but one voyage to a given port, in the whole of her fighting life-time. That is, *Kharki* is continuously employed in running coals from the Bute Docks to Devonport, so that about once in every week, a pilot will be expected to give his tide's-work, inward and outward, for nothing. As already stated, the Cardiff stipendiary held, that *Kharki* should not be classed as a "King's ship," seeing that she was used exclusively for commercial purposes, and was known to those with most interest therein, as a "yard craft." Furthermore, the magistrate was of opinion that the immunity enjoyed by "high officers and direct representatives of the Crown in their official capacity as agents of the Crown," could not be extended to the *Kharki's* master, who was merely a subordinate of the coaling officer, at Devonport.

It is fairly certain, that to the lay-mind, the magistrate's decision was a just and proper one? And would be subscribed to, by ninety-nine men out of every hundred? But among the odd men, is ranked the Attorney-General, who argued—on behalf of *Kharki*—that her case came clearly within the line of benefits accorded to the King's ships in the matter of pilotage, as "she was undoubtedly one of his Majesty's vessels." This is all very true. *Kharki* is one of his Majesty's vessels: but then, *Kharki* didn't call for pilotage services: it was *Kharki*'s master who did this, and that master is not one of his Majesty's servants, in the sense that would apply to a *bona fide* naval man? As we have already stated, there is a quantity of ambiguity attached to *Kharki*, which is Government-owned, and commercially run: but there is no such ambiguity about her master, who is just an ordinary Mercantile Marine shipmaster: is nothing of a naval officer: is not on the books of the Navy: is not eligible for pension: is, in short, just the good old coasting skipper that helps maintain Britain's supremacy on the waters. The Lord Chief Justice, in working up his decision, started out on the suppositionary tack. Said he: "Supposing she were carrying coal as tender upon a battleship. It seems to me a very narrow distinction to say because the vessel happened to be carrying coal she is not to have the exemption the battleship would have." But then, *Kharki* wasn't carrying coal as tender upon a battleship. She was carrying coal as an ordinary trader, and although we have no information on the subject, we much doubt if she were franked clear of dock dues, and simply because she was flying a dockyard flag? Again, it is highly probable that *Kharki* had to pay her sailors for their muling; and the bunker people for her fuel; and in like measure, for everything that tended towards her continuing as a useful unit of the national fleet? This being so, why should the pilotage service be picked out to supply a number of free, gratis and for nothing portions of her travelling expenses, so to speak? In the result, the pilotage service was penalised in the manner indicated, for in giving judgment, the Lord Chief Justice stated that the case was one of considerable importance and of some difficulty—why, we must beg to be excused from saying. The importance—to the pilot—we are willing to admit; but where the difficulty comes in—well, we give it up. All the same, the appeal was allowed, and the semi-detached-man-of-war-collier, for the time being, will have her pilotages free. Of course, the Lord Chief Justice was good enough to admit that there were strong arguments on both sides, "but he did not feel justified in going against the view that a King's ship was exempt from ordinary pilotage duties." Neither do we, but it must not be forgotten that the *Kharki* is not a King's ship "within the meaning of the Act;" nor is she engaged on "ordinary pilotage duties," within the same "meaning." In plain language, she is "bumming her way" along over the waters which she is employed upon, and with somewhat poor taste, the powers that be are aiding and abetting in that "bumming?" Mind you, his Lordship granted further leave to appeal, so there is a two-to-one chance of the pilot getting his money, after all. That is, the magistrate who first tried the case, was of opinion that the master of the *Kharki* was liable for the pilotage expenses incurred: the Lord Chief Justice says, "No:" the Upper House—if the case goes that far—will probably decide with the magistrate, and mainly on the assumption that they haven't any salary to justify. But the whole fit-out is anything save edifying, and one would almost be inclined to wager that, in any case—and in view of the fact that it is national money involved—the pilot would have been paid for a service which occurs once a week? Once now and then, a pilot wouldn't be inclined to jib at giving his services to a genuine warship; but when it comes down to a "constant trader," well, the injustice of the finding would appeal to nearly anybody outside of a Lord Chief Justice. Again, the courtesy wasn't first extended to a "King's ship:" it was a warship, pure and simple, that was indicated in the pilot's "free list." It is shown, very conclusively, that *Kharki* is anything but a warship, so why should she be included in the "list" referred to? Mind you, there is another, and simpler way out of it, and we are rather surprised to note that the Naval powers haven't tumbled to it, by this time. We have already reminded our readers that pilotage into Cardiff Docks is of the non-compulsory kind; that dozens of shipmasters—and in charge of bigger ships than *Kharki*—undertake the business on a lone hand, so to write it; so what is the matter with placing *Kharki* under the care of a man who, after making half-a-dozen weekly trips into Cardiff, would be bold enough to bring his ship in, without an eventual appeal to the law? To our mind, this is the simplest way out of the imbroglio. Not every shipmaster, under the circumstances, would ask for pilotage services in such simple navigation as is found between Penarth Head and Roath Basin locks; and the little "King's ship" would be just as paying a concern, we venture to submit, if skippered by a man who didn't find himself in the position of having to impose on good nature, if we may write it thus? We commend our suggestions to the careful consideration of the Lord Chief Justice. By following them, the country will be saved much valuable time, and good red gold.

THE PASSING OF THE "BRIT."

WITH the commencement of the summer vacation granted to the "future Nelsons" of England, synchronises the end of H.M.S. *Britannia*—so far, the *alma mater* of the majority of Naval officers at present afloat, as well as of a goodly number thereof who are rusting away in an enforced retirement. There can be no gainsaying the fact that the occurrence will leave a big mark in British Naval history, for the passing of the old ship and the coming of the new college which takes its place as the home for the "bright intelligenced" lads who are to be operated on in future, will form the dividing line between two distinct eras. To-day, there is a bond of fellowship between one-time pupils of the "Brit," wheresoever they meet. The oldsters held out a helping hand to the youngsters, more because both had graduated in the same nautical school, than for any other reason. The freemasonry of the sea was intensified by the knowledge that both had put in similar periods on the old ship—aye, had probably swung from the same hooks, o' nights. All this is to be altered, for on the reassembling of the cadets, the Royal Naval College will be the forcing ground of all future Admirals, and whether the change will be productive of ultimate good, remains to be seen. Personally, we prefer to keep an open mind on the subject. But of one thing we are absolutely sure: A decade will have to pass, ere the old feeling of comradeship will spring up between Naval officers the world over; between men who have never previously met, but are instinctively drawn together, because their first bit of Naval discipline was received on the "old ship." In future, the inevitable sniff of doubt will obtrude, when two Naval men meet abroad. The elder will hold himself in, until the youngster declares whether he is "college trained," or is a "Brit." boy; and the younger man will surely affect a disdain for the older man who, of necessity, was trained in that "old crock"—for such will the "Brit." become to the new order! However, *tempori parendum* is as true to-day, as was it ever: and the worst one may wish the Royal College is, that it may ultimately become as great a landmark and rallying word as (if we may be forgiven the mixing of the metaphor) was the good old ship which it has been built to supersede. Here let her go.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *August 9, 1905.*

BEST CARDIFF ADMIRALTYS remain at their late standard of steadiness—although the fact is by no means the result of any overweening desire on the part of users, to make heavy purchases. On the contrary, rather, for restriction of output, which is a necessary concomitant to holidaying, is more to blame—if you care to put it that way. It is all the same, if you don't, and we are somewhat of opinion that there will be a scarcity of the commodity, for some little time ahead. When "Dai" goes off on a proper "bendo," you never know your luck in getting him back to work, once more.

MOREOVER, and as we stated in our last, the collieries of this group, generally, have a sufficiency of engagements with which, under careful management, the present month will be fairly dismissed. As our own young man naively remarks, "There is practically nothing new to record, and there is a scarcity of happenings!" If that isn't good enough for most of you, then, we should like to hear about it? In the matter of figures, BESTS are up to 13s.—which is another of those nominal affairs. That is to say, when there is but little free coal to offer, the quotation doesn't amount to much, in other than individual instances?

UNDER the circumstances, therefore, we are certain that 12s. 9d. may be taken as actual value, although we are bound to admit that the quotation is given with all the firmness incidental to a loud check suit, eked out with a glaring cummerbund! This is the summer season; it is also the holiday time! In either instance, you can be sure of the loud checks, and, providing the gentlemanly coal dealer is not too much inclined to *embonpoint*, the cummerbundish affair, yes. However, other qualities in this grade (qualities that do not admit of the red sash, say) are gravitating around the 12s. 6d. mark, which price (for reasons already stated) is being maintained.

SECONDS have undergone no startling change. They are listed for sale, and that is a point that is worthy of remembrance. Business in them is, at the same time, restricted within the limits which are said to be narrow, and judging by present appearances, there is but little firmness due in this particular grade, at any very early date. Of course, a few of the collieries are busy, but they are the fortunate exceptions, and deserve the credit which is their due, for keeping this department of the Welsh coal trade in existence. The majority of collieries have too much coal on hand—and in other places—to admit of any stiffness, when price is discussed.

THE seller endeavours to keep his SECONDS at the 12s. notch. Sometimes, he succeeds: but more frequently, the reverse transpires. If you are anxious to see this exponent of the art and mystery of coal selling come down a bit, just approach him with a vague demand for something prompt. What will happen? Well, you may safely depend on working that 12s. quotation down to the extent of a threepenny piece—in some isolated cases, a bit lower even than that. Still, if we take things as we find them, and strike a decent sort of average all 'round, we shall have to admit that the resultant figures will work out to about 12s., as stated above.

ORDINARIES, as perhaps you will have supposed, show no improvement over last week's conditions, for stocks largely exceed the demand—if the limited happenings hereaway may be glorified with the name of "demand." With stocks in that uncomfortable—to the seller—position, it is useless to expect any improvement, what? Anyhow, there are no signs of any such thing, and buyers are blissfully roping in all the favours! Coming to value, we find that for the top sorts, 11s. 9d. is about all that may be marked, with others ranging along at a nominal 11s. 6d.—which figures are being adhered to, if only in appearance.

DRYS, in the matter of new business, are even that! Which is to say, the dull trait which appears to have become of a perennial nature in this grade, is very much in evidence. Sellers are disposed to satisfy all demands of the buyer, on a 11s. 9d. basis; but, dear us, there aren't many buyers about. As a matter of fact, the 11s. 9d. quotation is merely by way of "bluff," for if a parcel is needed for an early date—well, it is a simple matter to improve upon the quotation which we have given. INFERIORS, too, are no better, although the figures are written as 11s. 6d. Not that you have to attach much importance to figures, always, have you? If a dealer is sure that nobody wants his stuff, he is fairly safe in putting up a fancy price.

MONMOUTHSHIRE COALS. These, in the matter of price, are unchanged, so it will be understood that the department as some of the younger coal hustlers are wont to remark—continues to manifest that firmness of which we told you, in our last. With the majority of the collieries involved, stems are very satisfactory, and this coupled to the holiday restriction, has left sellers with precious little free coal. When the seller is in this (to him) happy position, you have no need to wonder that he is inclined to chirpyness? In the matter of actual figures, we find that BLACK VEINS are selling at 11s. 9d.—for what there is available. Moreover, the inquiry (some of the exponents of the art write the word "enquiry," and the coal goes off just the same) continues up to the average of what has been ruling of late.

ORDINARY SORTS are showing a steady tone (at least, that is how our own especial one writes it, and we don't care to argue against him), although outside of present commitments of the collieries implicated, there is anything but a brisk demand. Still, stems, for the time being, are well-filled, and for this reason—mainly—there is a certain well-defined amount of "side" assumed, by those who are responsible for giving the quotation. The latter, here and there, is scheduled as 11s. 6d.; but the actual value in this section lays more in the vicinity of 11s. 3d.—with a range of a copper or so, on either side. Inquiries for this month's shipments, have been fair; but inquiries are of very little use—unless they materialise into actual business, which, in this instance, they are somewhat reluctant to do.

SECONDS have been worked into some small show of firmness, thanks to holidays and a somewhat better stemming propensity. The quotation for the top qualities, has been put up to the extent of a threepenny piece, and now stands at 10s. 6d. Other Eastern Valley sorts have not secured above the 10s. 3d., but the position of SECONDS, generally, is certainly an improved one. May it long continue so, and go one better, is the soulful wish of those who handle the grade!

RHONDDA NUMBER 3's continue in a well-stemmed condition, and thus the gentle seller is enabled to keep the prices at near recent levels, that current being 13s. 6d. In some few instances, a slightly increased demand is enforced—that is to say, where the position of the colliery is sufficiently good to enable the selling gentleman to ease himself as suggested. All the same, the odd sixpence has secured most of the transactions, and this is a matter for congratulation. Why? Mainly because new inquiry is anything but pressingly abundant, so that you will understand that NUMBER 3's are maintaining themselves per favour of present (and past) engagements, more than because there is anything startling doing therein at the moment.

RHONDDA NUMBER 2's, as we suggested they would be, at our last time of writing, are a firm section, and for prompt shipment—for which position stems are somewhat tight—the whole of 10s. 3d. is being demanded. In this grade

too, the request continues good—very good, we might truthfully write; but owing to the limited quantity offering, transactions have been anything but numerous. This is where the irony of the business comes in! When the stuff is plentiful, nobody needs it; when the contrary obtains, then everybody is keen about it! In fact, at times such as the latter, Welsh coal is like the nice little girl one reads of: you know, the one who used to declare something about, "They're after me, they're after me, etc.?"

SMALL COALS have remained a sound section, the firmness which has been in evidence for some considerable time, past, being retained. Prices have not varied appreciably, since our last, which is easily understandable, in view of the fact that supplies are quite as scarce as then. On the other hand, the demand is exactly the reverse, being very free; much more so than is good for the mind and patience of the exponent of SMALL COAL. He is tantalised by seeing a fortune held out to him—if only he can obtain enough of the stuff with which to coin the shekels which, he feels, should be his! We have suggested that there will be no immediate decline in value, but even so, there will surely be an easing off in the course of a few days.

COMPARING figures in connection with SMALLS, we find that the quotation for BESTS is from 9s. to 9s. 3d.; but in point of actual value, they are worth no more than the 9s. —which is high enough, in view of other values, don't you think? SECONDS are marked at 8s. 9d., and even here, the superior sorts are asking 9s. This latter demand is more for the reason that they have none to spare, than for the hope that anybody will pay up to the extent indicated! ORDINARIES are swearing (at least, their exponents are) that they will accept nothing under 8s. 6d. at the moment; but you need not believe them—unless you like. Personally, we do not.

PATENT FUELS, in the matter of price, are unchanged. A fair business has been done, but altogether insufficient to influence values one way or another, that current being represented by the figures 15, and the letter S.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	HOLIDAY.	Quotations only nominal.	13s. 0d.
Second Ditto. ,,	12s. 3d.	12s. 0d., 12s. 3d.	12s. 0d.			12s. 0d., 12s. 3d.
Other Second Cardiff ,,	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.			11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.
Drys ,,	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.			11s. 9d.
Best Newport ,,	11s. 6d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.			11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.
Ordinary Bests ,,	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.			11s. 0d., 11s. 6d.
Seconds ,,	10s 3d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.			10s. 3d., 10s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,,	14s. 6d.	14s 3d.	14s. 3d.			14s. 9d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,,	13s. 6d.	13s. 0d., 14s. 0d.	13s. 6d., 13s. 9d.			13s. 7½d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,,	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 3d.	10s. 1½d.			10s. 3d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro."	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.			11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.
,, 2 ,,	8s. 9d.	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.			8s. 10½d.
Smalls:						
Best Cardiff	9s 0d., 9s 6d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.			9s. 0d., 9s. 3d.
Seconds	8s 9d	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.			8s. 9d.
Ordinaries	8s. 6d	8s. 3d., 8s. 6d.	8s. 4½d.			8s. 6d.
Best Newport	8s. 3d.	8s. 0d., 8s. 6d.	8s. 3d.			8s. 3d.
Seconds	7s 0d., 8s. 0d	8s. 0d.	7s. 9d.			7s. 9d.
Rhondda No. 2	8s. 0d.	7s. 9d.	8s. 0d.			8s. 0d.
,, No. 3	9s. 0d., 10s. 0d	9s. 9d.	9s. 7½d			9s. 6d.
Foundry Coke:						
Special	20s. 9d.	20s. 6d., 21s. 0d.	21s. 0d.			20s. 9d.
Ordinary	17s. 9d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.			17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.
Furnace Coke	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d	16s. 3d.			16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.
Patent Fuel	12s 9d., 13s. 3d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 3d.			13s. 0d.
Pitwood ex ship	19s. 6d., 20s. 0d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d.			19s. 6d., 19s. 9d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *August 9, 1905.*

BUSINESS here has undergone no improvement, and the market continues dull and unprofitable. ANTHRACITE COALS are, quotably, at recent figures; DUFF shows no change; MACHINE MADE COALS are easy throughout; but STEAMS, as suggested in our last, are steady. In the latter, BESTS are quoted up to 13s. 3d., with 3d. off as actual value, while SECONDS are fairly well maintained at 12s. PATENT FUELS are quoting at 11s. 6d. to 11s. 9d., at which they are steady.

BELOW, we give the average prices for the week:—

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:				HOLIDAY.	Quotations only nominal.	
Best Hand Picked	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.			18s. 0d.
Malting Large	17s 0d	16s. 9d.	16s 9d.			16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.
Seconds do.	11s. 0d.	10s. 9d	10s. 9d.			11s. 0d. ,, ,,
Big Vein Large	9s 6d., 10s. 0d	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.			9s. 6d., 10s. 0d.
Red ,, ,,	10s. 0d., 10s 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.			16s. 0d., 16s. 3d.
Machine Made Cobbles	16s. 0d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.			16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.
,, ,, Nuts	10s. 6d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.			10s. 0d., 10s. 3d.
,, ,, Peas	5s. 6d.	5s. 6d.	5s. 3d., 5s. 6d.			5s. 4½d.
Rubbly Culm	3s. 3d.	3s. 0d., 3s. 6d.	3s. 3d.			3s. 0d., 3s. 6d.
Duff						11s. 6d.
Patent Fuel:	11s 0d 11s 9d	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d.			
Steam:						
Best Large	12s. 9d.	13s 0d.	13s. 0d.			13s. 0d., 13s. 3d.
Seconds ,,	11s 9d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.			11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.
Bunker ,,	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 6d.			10s. 6d.
Thro' and Thro'	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d., 9s. 0d.	8s. 9d., 9s. 0d.			8s. 0d

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

CARDIFF, *August 9, 1905.*

SEEING that, since our last time of writing, the holiday insect has been pretty much in evidence, it naturally follows that any list of freights for that period, will be anything but indicative of the condition of the freight market. Toward the end of last week, business was very quiet, and rates—with the exception of those to the Westward—were steady. In the case of those on Western account, there was a firmer tone, although in very truth, it didn't amount to much.

MONDAY was a more or less holy blank. Tuesday was the same with a half-day's pretence hanging over the horizon. Indeed, Wednesday was no whit better, for when the Bristol Channel man elects to go in for a holiday, he usually carries out his election even as does he in other directions. We don't exactly mean that he "goes the whole hog;" but he does "go" the half day. As far as the matter is connected with chartering, he might easily have followed suit on Thursday, for all the good his efforts have brought.

HOWEVER, at the time of writing, the insect has ceased to bite, and for what little business really transpired, the following is a fair indication :

Week Ending, (Wednesday), August 9, 1905

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN.

Bombay, *Istrar*, 6,000 tons, 11s.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Empress*, 3,400 tons, 8s. 9d.
Buenos Ayres, *Farringford*, 8s. 7½d. (N).
Gloamin, 10s. 9d. (Rails). (N).
Las Palmas, *Westlands*, 4,500 tons, 6s. 3d.
Redruth, 3,200 tons, 6s. 3d. option **Maderia.**
Onslow, 3,200 tons, 6s. 3d.
Bahia Blanca, *Marte*, 4,700 tons, 9s. 4½d. (N).
Steamer, 9s. 6d.
Rio de Janeiro, *Pinewood*, 10s.
Steamer, 10s. 6d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Groeswen*, 5,000 tons, 5s. spot.
Harrovian, 4,500 tons, 4s. 9d.
Whateley Hall, 5,000 tons, 4s. 9d. ppt.
Genoa, *Morpeth*, 3,400 3,600 tons, 5s. 1½d.
Teutonic, 4,000 tons, 5s. 3d.
Coranian, 1,400 tons, (private terms.) (s).
Alexandria, *Sir Richard Grenville*, 3,500 tons, 5s. 7½d.
Venice/Ancona, Steamer, 3,500 tons, 6s. option Brindisi, 5s.
Oporto, *Scoresby*, 1,200 tons, 5s.
Pauillac, *Serantes*, 2,600 tons, 4·50 fcs.
Beyrout, *Magda*, 3,000 tons, 6s. 6d. coal, 7s. 3d. fuel, (s).
Spezzia, *Duneric*, 2,500 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Bona, *Isle of Anglesey*, 1,700 tons, 8 fcs. coal, 9 fcs. fuel, (s).
Mersyn, *Ermine*, 2,300 tons, 7s. 6d. coal, 8s. 3d. fuel, (s).
Algiers, *Port Darwin*, 3,000 tons, 6·75 fcs.
Crimea, 2,000 tons, 7 fcs. (N).
Gibraltar, *Kilmaho*, 3,200 tons, 3s. 6d. (Admiralty).
Porthcawl, 2,300 tons, 3s. 6d.
Lisbon, *Iolo Morganwg*, 1,600 tons, 4s. 9d.

BAY, Etc.

St. Nazaire, Steamer, 1,800 tons, 4·50 fcs. (s).
Abertawe, 1,200 tons, 4·25 fcs.
Steamer, 1,800 tons, 4·50 fcs. (s).
Chantenay, *L'Aveuir*, 750 tons, 4·52½ francs.
Deusto, 2,200 tons, 4·62½ fcs.
La Rochelle, Steamer, 1,500 tons, 4·12½ fcs, option **Rocheforte,** 4·37½ fcs.
Sables, Steamer, 1,500 tons, 4·50 fcs.
La Pallice, Steamer, 2,800 tons, 4 fcs.

BALTIC, Etc.

Carlscrona, *Eva*, 1,600 tons, 4s. 6d.
Cronstadt, *Nile*, 3,000 tons, 4s. 6d.
Kœnigsberg, (above bridges), *Juno*, 750 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Nordenham, *Mlawka*, 750 tons, 4s. 6d.

COASTING, Etc.

Plymouth, Steamer, 330 tons, 3s. 9d.
Dublin, *Surprise*, 3s. 9d.
Belfast, *Watchful*, 340 tons, 3s. (s).
London, *Prudhoe Castle*, 3s. 7½d.
Portland, Steamer, 2s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Gransha, 1,600 tons, 2s. 4d. ,,
Depots, *Jacinth*, 500 tons, 3s. 9d.
St. Malo, *Harlow*, 1,100 tons, 3s. 10d. (s).
Honfleur, *St. Kevin*, 750 tons, 4s. (s).
Vigilant, 700 tons, 4s. (s).
Rouen, *Queens Channel*, 400 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Raloo, 350 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Havre, Steamer, 700 tons, 4s. option **Dieppe,** (s).
Trouville, *Harrington*, 380 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Cardiff, *Belgica*, 3,100 tons, 4s. 1½d. ppt.
Manu, 3,000 tons, 4s. 1½d.
Pasages to Newport, *Abertawe*, 815 n. 4s. 6d.
Bilbao ,, ,, *Activo*, 1,600 tons, 4s. 4½d. ppt.
Bayonne to Cardiff or Barry, Steamer, 1,600 tons, 5s. 9d.
Freijo ,, ,, *Lionel*, 648 n, 7s.

GREAT SCOTT! There is another jeremiad about, concerning the "Decline and Fall of the British Empire," and if there is nothing exactly new in the idea which has brought it forth, or in the manner of dealing with that idea, there is still room for a little quiet consideration after reading it. The booklet is from the pen of an Oxford University man, and he has "declined" poor old Britain, in a most masterful manner. The whole of India has gone to Russia: Germany gets South Africa: the "Sick Man of Europe" ropes in Egypt; and Uncle Sam marries Canada. As for the thoughts of a "White Australia," that is tabooed altogether, for the whole caboodle is romped in under the paternal wing of the Mikado. Without going too far into detail, we might remark that the author of this booklet, drags in Lord Rosebery and the "Derby winner" Cicero. With this for a peg—and a very decent one—the "Declining" gentleman hangs a pretty little tale about talk. He remarks that "Cicero was a great talker. He talked incessantly and on all subjects. He talked of old age and virtue (they usually go together, don't they?); he talked of books and politics (you can't have one without the other, these days, judging by these "Declinations"!); he talked of Pompey (but left out all mention of Pompey Green) who was the Kitchener of the Italian 'man in the street'; but above all things, he talked of the Roman Empire." But, land sakes, there is a man across the Channel, who is always talking about the Roman Empire, these days, isn't there? Anyhow, the Oxford gentleman whom we have quoted, remarks that "Shortly after Cicero talked about it, the Roman Empire began to decline. Empires do not ask for orators (it gets 'em all the same?). They ask for men of action (how could these act, if they had never been "talked at")?, who are prepared to do their duty." But somehow we are not taking this latest writer too seriously. The German Empire hasn't done so badly on talk, we're sure. And if it does ultimately get that South African bit already referred to, our Oxford friend may take it as a dead snip, that she talked herself into it! Still, there is a terrible quantity of good solid home truth about this "Decline" book, and we can recommend it for your perusal, at any time when you are getting a "cocky" sort of feeling on your hearth-stone. If the little booklet doesn't take it all out of you, then, you'll have the feeling very badly.

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

THERE can be no getting away from the fact that trade depression in this country is very real. Especially is it noticeable in the Welsh coal trade, and if our alleged friends, the Germans, are really inclined to put any of their own money into the Whitworth coal deal, then, they stand more than a sporting chance of losing the major portion thereof. Personally, we have serious doubts about the investment of German money in this direction; viewed dispassionately, the Teuton would appear to have too much sense; and if he can "bounce" those London "financiers" into supplying the needful, he is considerably smarter than most of us are inclined to admit.

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OF course, there are still a few Welsh colliery companies which manage to hold their heads up, so to speak; concerns which, from one favourable condition and another, find life anything but the bare and boring affair which many of their competitors experience. But then, one swallow is of precious little account in the making of a summer—so is one successful colliery company in the making of a successful coal trade. However, there are a few which maintain the credit of the bunch, and the Great Western Colliery Company, Limited, is among the number. Time was—and that not so very long ago when this exponent of Welsh coal loomed large in the public eye.

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INDEED, there was talk about the advisability of "swopping horses while crossing the brook." Nevertheless, the swopping took place, and the results have fully justified the exchange? That is to say, a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum has been paid, and the colliery company which is in a position to pass out the shekels to this extent—in these dolorous times—is to be congratulated? Moreover, there must be some very good management in evidence, or the commodity dealt with is an exceptionally good one? In this instance, it is probably a happy combination of both particulars, so that, after all, no undue surprise need be expressed at the joyful circumstances?

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WE have, ere this, commented on the good management which crystallises around the Cardiff Exchange and Office Company, Limited. That same management continues, for we note that with the close of the last financial year, the earnings have been sufficient to stand a dividend of 7 per cent. per annum; to add a further sum of £400 to general reserve; and to leave a balance of £452 8s. to be carried forward to the next account. In this connection, the sinking fund, which amounts to £2,382 1s. 3d., is a real affair, seeing that it is invested in Consols. Especially in view of the fact that the whole of the buildings are in thorough repair, and are, moreover, "well let."

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THE directors of the Cardiff Railway Company have issued their report and accounts for the half-year ended June 30, 1905 the thirty-seventh half-year of the company's existence. With reference to the depression in the coal trade, the directors state that "the shipments at the Bute Docks, as well as the neighbouring ports in the Bristol Channel, have fallen far below the shipping capacity at the various docks." Yet in face of this, the district is treated to all manner of mutterings of threatened industrial strife, 'fore all the world as if the trade of the country were in the enjoyment of a big "boom," instead of the opposite.

TO make ends meet, big undertakings have to keep expenses at the lowest possible mark that is consistent with efficiency; but meanwhile, the "labour leader" prattles of increases, as if the employer had but to shake the tree, when down will fall a choice assortment of golden fruit! It is interesting to note that in connection with the Cardiff Railway Company's business, and in spite of the fact that it is an ever-increasing one, expenses over the past financial year show a saving of £5,241 over those of the preceding year. The totals were: For the year 1904, £137,891; and for 1905, £132,650.

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"THE balance available for dividend for the half-year to June 30, 1905, is £77,982 4s. 8d. The directors recommend that this balance should be appropriated as follows: Dividend at 4 per cent. per annum on preference shares, £20,000; dividend on preferred ordinary stock of 1896 at 4 per cent. per annum, £10,000; dividend on second preferred ordinary shares of 1901 at 3 per cent. per annum, £3,000; dividend on ordinary shares at 3 per cent. per annum, £21,000; and to be carried to contingency account, £8,000, leaving a balance to next half-year of £15,982 4s. 8d." Thus the report of the Cardiff Railway Company's directors.

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AT an extraordinary meeting of the South Wales Electrical Power Distribution Company, held at Cardiff, on Saturday last, Mr. R. Forrest presiding, the following resolution was unanimously passed: "That it shall be lawful for the directors, in exercise of the borrowing powers conferred upon the company by the South Wales Electrical Power Distribution Company Act, 1900, and subject to the restrictions imposed by the said Act, to create £100,000 additional debenture stock of the company, bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum (being the fourth and fifth instalments of £50,000 each, part of the £250,000 which the company are empowered to borrow under Section 26 of the said Act), and to issue the same to persons at such times, in such amounts and manner, on such terms, and subject to such conditions, and with rights and privileges as the directors think fit."

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THE Rhondda and Swansea Bay Railway Company's report for the past half-year, shows a gross receipt of £1,731 better than for the preceding half-year. In figures, the receipts are £54,743, while the working expenses have also increased to the extent of £322. The net result, is a profit of £24,389—an increase of £1,409. After providing for interest on debenture stock and other fixed charges, there is a balance of £15,801, from which the directors recommend a dividend upon the preference capital for the half-year, at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, which leaves £3,167 to be carried forward. The company would hardly appear to be ultra-progressive, in view of the fact that the expenditure on capital account amounted to but £2,197?

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THE pinch of trade depression is affecting the Great Western Railway Company, for it has reverted to a 3¾ per cent. per annum dividend over the past half year, as compared with a 4 per cent. per annum dividend over the preceding half year. "Times are hard, and the wages low," but that is no reason to suppose that the remainder of the sailor's chant fits in? Even as bad times follow those of the good variety, so must the good times follow bad. Viewed in the light of present-day happenings, however, it takes a terrible pile of faith to subscribe to the belief, doesn't it? The only profession which appears to be making a livelihood with no risk, is that of the agitator to whose peculiar tricks, most of the present depression must be attributed. With uncertainty in the labour market, it is useless to expect good trade.

Concerning our Daily Bread.

AT the present moment, when the rain is falling in torrents, and when the gentle farmer is raising his voice aloud, concerning the ultimate ruin which will be his—and the country's—providing "the weather doesn't mend," it will not come amiss if we give a little consideration, to the subject of the national wheat supply? Generally considered, the farmer is supposed to be the backbone of the country, and that without his kindly offices, we should incontinently starve. As a matter of fact, this is one of the pious shams which have been handed down to us from a remote age, and about which, but a very few Britons have taken the trouble to give a fair amount of attention.

TIME was, that the farmer was a very real factor in the national development, but his position has been usurped by the merchant sailor. Prejudices die hard; the fact is universally admitted; and for this reason, there are a number of good people who are prepared to fuss around over the miseries of the farmer, even as they totally disregard those which gather around the the path of the farmer's latter-day representative—the sailorman. At the first glance, it might appear incredible that the modern sailor has ousted the farmer in the matter of food supply; but the fact remains, and may not be successfully gainsaid. Possibly it is because of this incredibility, that Merchant Jack receives such a small portion of the nation's consideration?

FOR the purposes of comparison, let us take the figures for the year 1904, in as far as they are connected with the national wheat supply. We find that from a printed reply given by the Secretary to the Board of Trade, to Dr. Shipman, M.P., the estimated total production of wheat in the United Kingdom over the period indicated, amounted to 4,740,000 imperial quarters. In itself, this quantity appears to be a fairly large one; but when compared with the amount which Jack has brought us, it is practically of a negligible character? For instance, the total quantity of foreign wheat imported into the United Kingdom during the same period, amounted to 12,924,567 imperial quarters.

THE foregoing figures are startling enough, in all conscience, seeing that in round numbers, the foreigner supplies us with about three times as much wheat, as does the farmer. But there is more to come, for we find that from British Colonies and possessions, a further 9,891,350 imperial quarters came to hand—or altogether from outside, a total of 22,815,917 imperial quarters, against the 4,740,000 quarters raised by the "distressful farmer," of whom we are constantly hearing so much. Putting the matter on a per centage basis, we find that imported wheat in the total supply, amounts to 82 per cent.; and that, consequently, the farmer is responsible for a mere 18 per cent of the whole.

THE showing is by no means reassuring, is it? We are willing to admit that this condition ought not to be countenanced—especially when there are such vast tracts of unworked, but what should be profitable land, in the country. All the same, it is useless to dodge facts, and the better plan—while these conditions prevail—is to search around for some method which will be calculated to ensure a continuous supply of the "staff of life." As things are, to-day, this method is conspicuous by its absence, and when the long-talked-of war is with us, it might easily be then too late, to attempt to put the national house in order? If to the horrors of war, is added swift and sudden starvation, because the foreign hordes that man our vessels have decided to run off with our grain cargoes—?

IT must also be admitted that the suggestion is by no means far-fetched, for in the average tramp steamer (and it is the "tramp" which poses as the grain wagon) where but three officers are British, the remaining six or eight seamen being foreigners, it would not be a big undertaking to rush the after-guards—so-called—and enact a sail-away dodge without any further rehearsal? The same trick has been worked out of sheer cussedness, and when no possible gain—other than an immediate "drunk"—was in view. How much more readily will this be likely to happen, if the nice foreign seamen know that they will have a ready sale for the pirated ship and cargo, with no questions asked? The subject is much more serious than most of us are inclined to think.

SELF-PRESERVATION is said to be nature's first law, but for our part we are inclined to doubt it. If such a law ever existed, we are of opinion that it has been honoured more in the breach, than in the observance thereof. It is most certainly disregarded to-day; and blatantly so. The British Government will spend an annual £40,000,000 in warships and incidentals; but it will not spend a penny in assuring a sufficient supply of bread to the nation, when those warships are called upon to justify their existence. Loss, or capture, no Government may altogether guard against; but it will not take a considerable amount of forethought to guard against traitors from within—the foreign riff-raff which at present poses as "British seamen." Of all the nations of the world, Britain is worse-served in this connection.

THE land which owns the vaulting ambition which appears to be o'er-leaping itself—Germany, to wit—is badly off in the matter of daily-bread; but not half so bad as Britain. The actual figures in the case of Germany, are expressed by 37·2 per cent. of foreign wheat. In other words, while Britain would practically be altogether starved if her foreign supply failed her, Germany would merely be one-third starved. That is, while the Teuton would get two square meals per diem, the Briton would get but a portion of one. In the case of France, the per centage of foreign wheat imported, is but 2·9 per cent. of the whole—and yet France has a Navy which is second only to Britain's!

TO continually increase a Navy is an expensive job, and when its increase is assured, but one side of the question of defence has been provided for. To see to it that the nation's food supply is in the hands of the nation, only, is not such an expensive item. The trouble is, that those who are entrusted with the business of defence, can only look at the question from one point of view. As fighters, they are second-to-none; but unfortunately for the nation, they can only look at the question from a fighting point of view. They dream in ships, and think in guns and ammunition—even as they leave the food question to anybody, which is merely another method of writing nobody.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on July 27, 1905, together with an indication of their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

18,788/04—FLEMING & GALE—*Improvements in or relating to otter boards for use in connection with trawl nets.*

For the purpose of enabling the wooden portions of an otter board to be easily renewed, the otter board is composed of an iron frame built up of bars of channel section secured together by bolts and nuts. The wooden planks are held in place by the flanges of the channel bars.

18,876/04—WILLIAMSON—*Improvements in conveyors.*

This invention relates to conveyors of the type in which a reciprocating horizontal motion is imparted to the trough by a connecting rod and crank, and a vertical vibrating motion is set up during the course of the horizontal motion by irregular surfaces arranged beneath the trough on the supporting rollers. The invention consists in employing inclined surfaces beneath the trough, which bear on the peripheries of rollers arranged on fixed supports below same. In a modification the trough is suspended by brackets having inclined surfaces which rest on the peripheries of rollers arranged above the trough.

19,124/04—TAYLOR—*A new or improved fan apparatus adapted for circulating and cooling the air in the compartments of railway, tramway and other vehicles, and the compartments of ships.*

This invention relates to a fan apparatus for ventilating a compartment of a moving vehicle, but it is also stated to be applicable to ships. It consists of a pair of fans arranged above one another on a vertical spindle. The upper fan which has radial flat blades lying in radial planes through the axis of the shaft, is arranged in a casing above the compartment. This casing is provided with shutters whereby either of its sides may be opened to allow a current of air, induced by the moving vehicle to impinge on the blades of the upper fan and rotate same. The lower fan has screw blades and being mounted on same spindle partakes of the rotation of the motor fan. It acts to exhaust or induce a current of air in the compartment in accordance with its direction of rotation, and it may be enclosed in a wire gauze casing.

19,204/04—BROWN—*Improvements in and connected with steam steering gears for vessels.*

This invention relates to improvements in the type of steering engine valve gear, in which a single rotating valve is employed to control the supply of steam to the engines, which valve is adapted as usual to be placed in the operative position by the endways movement of its spindle by the operator and returned to the inoperative position by the action of the engines.

19,257/04 OGILVY & ARMSTRONG *Improvements in apparatus for holding ships' boats in their chocks and automatically releasing them in the case of emergency.*

This invention relates to a device for automatically releasing a ship's boat on the ship foundering. The boat is held down on its chocks by claws hooked over the gunwale, chains are led from these claws through eyes secured to the deck, to a pin pivoted to the deck, over which their ends are passed. This pin is held vertical by its end being held in a notch of a horizontal lever pivoted in a bracket secured to the deck. The free end of this lever is provided with a ball float. On the vessel foundering, the lever will be lifted by the ball floating, and the vertical pin will collapse and release the chains and boat.

22,585/04—HOGG—*Improvements in or connected with the hoppers of hopper barges, dredgers, or like vessels or hoppers on land.*

This invention relates to a syphon apparatus for discharging the effluent liquid overflowing when filling barges or dredging, by means of which the finer particles of spoil more readily settle. This is effected by discharging the overflow through an open-mouthed bell-like vessel, which dips below the level of the liquid in the barge. The discharge pipe is led from the top of the bell with its outlet below the level in the barge, so that a quantity of liquid is supported above that level in the bell by atmospheric pressure.

7,203/05—BENNET—*A new or improved system of lining railway and other tubular tunnels.*

This invention relates to lining tubular tunnels with hollow bricks, moulded to fit the flanges and curvature of the segments of the metal lining of the tunnel.

7,581/05—GROUVAT—*Improvements in and connected with hats for miners.*

A hat stated to be suitable for miners is composed of a felt crown of dome shape and a metal brim. The outer edge of the brim is stiffened by being turned over to form a beading. The inner edge is turned upwards to form a flange, the upper edge of which is likewise beaded. The felt crown is rivetted between the flange and a leather liner.

8,284/05—NOAHAT & FOURNIER—*Improvements in automotor torpedoes.*

A torpedo is driven by the action of three flywheels arranged so that on the commencement of its journey, all flywheels are started at equal speeds but one only exerts a driving effort at the commencement. When the velocity of this flywheel has decreased below a definite limit the second partakes in the driving and subsequently the third. This is effected by coupling the flywheels to the driven shaft by bevel gearing of different ratios and by the use of free wheel clutches. The propulsion may be assisted by a turbine. The flywheels also keep the direction of the torpedo constant by their gyroscopic action.

These applications for patents are, until Sept. 12, 1905, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be obtained from the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

The following applications for the registration of Trade Marks relating to the shipping and coal trades were advertised on August 2, and are open to opposition by interested parties within the period ending September 2.

CLASS 8—Including nautical instruments.

No. 273,415—June 6th, 1905—THE CHAMELEON for: Binocular field glasses, Telescopes, Spectacles, Opera glasses, Photographic Cameras and general Photographic apparatus included in Class 8. Sydney Lawrence, trading as Lawrence & Mayo, 67 & 69, Chancery Lane, London, and India, Ophthalmic Optician.

No. 273,783—June 22nd, 1905—IMRIS for: All goods included in Class 8. Sydney Hambrook Imrie-Smith, 2, Via Nicolo, Macchiavelli, Milan, Italy, Photo and Phono Dealer.

No. 273,939—June 28th, 1905—CELEVOX for: All goods included in Class 8. The firm trading as the Berliner Telephone Manufacturing Company, 200, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C., Telephone Manufacturers.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

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CARDIFF.

Colliery Proprietors.

CORY Bros. & Co., Ltd., Cardiff and London. Depôts at all the principal Coaling Stations in the World.
Telegrams: "Cory, Cardiff"; "Cory, London."

INSOLE, George & Son, Cardiff. Sole Shippers of Cymmer Steam Coal, Windsor Steam Coal, and Insoles No. 2 Rhondda Coal.
Telegrams: "Insoles, Cardiff."

LEWIS Merthyr Consolidated Collieries, Ltd., Proprietors and Shippers of "Lewis Merthyr" Navigation Steam Coal.
Telegrams: "Lewis Merthyr, Cardiff"; "Lewis Merthyr, London."

MARQUESS of Bute Collieries, Aberdare, Hirwain, and Rhondda Valley. Shipping ports:—Bute Docks, Cardiff; Penarth Dock; Swansea; Briton Ferry; and Newport (Mon.)
Telegrams: "Sema, Cardiff."

OCEAN (Merthyr) Coal Co., Ltd., 11, Bute Crescent, Cardiff, proprietors of Ocean (Merthyr) Steam Coal.

UNIVERSAL Steam Coal Co., Ltd., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Proprietors of "Universal Steam Coal."
Telegrams: "Versatile, Cardiff."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

VIVIAN, H. C. & Co., Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole European Agents for "The Puritan Coal Mining Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A."
Telegrams: "Vivian, Cardiff."

WATTS, Watts & Co., Cardiff and London. Contractors for the supply of Coals at all Depôts abroad.
Telegrams: "Watts, Cardiff."

Dock Owners.

THE Cardiff Railway Company, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Ship Repairers.

SHEARMAN, John & Co., Ltd., Cardiff, and at Barry Dock.

THE Bute Shipbuilding, Engineering, and Dry Dock Company, Limited, Roath Basin, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Caisson, Cardiff."

THE Cardiff Channel Dry Docks and Pontoon Co., Ltd., Cardiff and Barry Dock.
Telegrams: "Entrance, Cardiff." "Channel, Barry."

THE Mercantile Pontoon Co., Ltd., Roath Dock, Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Mercantile, Cardiff."

CARDIFF—*Continued.*

Miscellaneous.

LEWIS & Tylor, Bute Docks, Cardiff. Sole patentees and manufacturers of "Gripoly," a patent woven belting; and "Burals," a semi-metallic packing.
Telegrams: "Belting Cardiff." Telephone, Nat. 231.

Steamship Owners.

DAN. JENKINS & Co., Steamship Owners and Brokers. Cardiff.
Telegrams: "Stonewall, Cardiff."
Nat. Telephone: 1318.

BARRY.

Dock Owners.

THE Barry Railway Co., Barry.

Ship Repairers.

BARRY Graving Dock & Engineering Co., Ltd.
Telegrams: "Bardock, Barry."
National Telephone No. 7. Post Office Telephone No. 7.

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